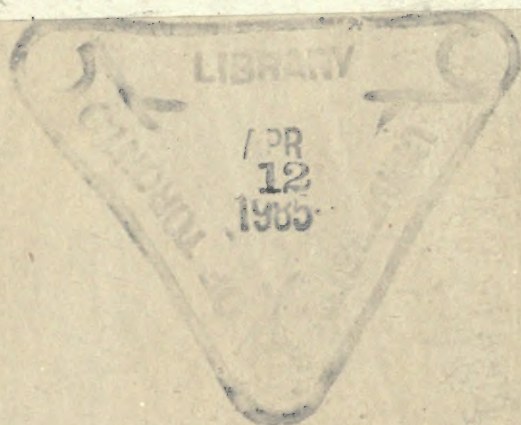
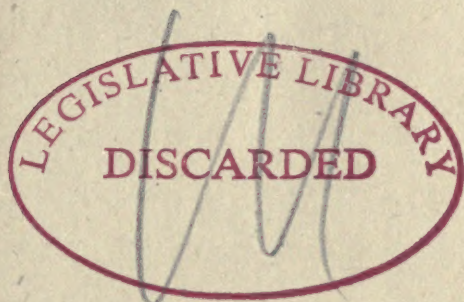





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LIVING AGE.

CONTENTS FOR 1894.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

AND NEWEST YOUTHFUL
AND BEAUTIFUL

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,
1894.

PUBLISHED BY
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.



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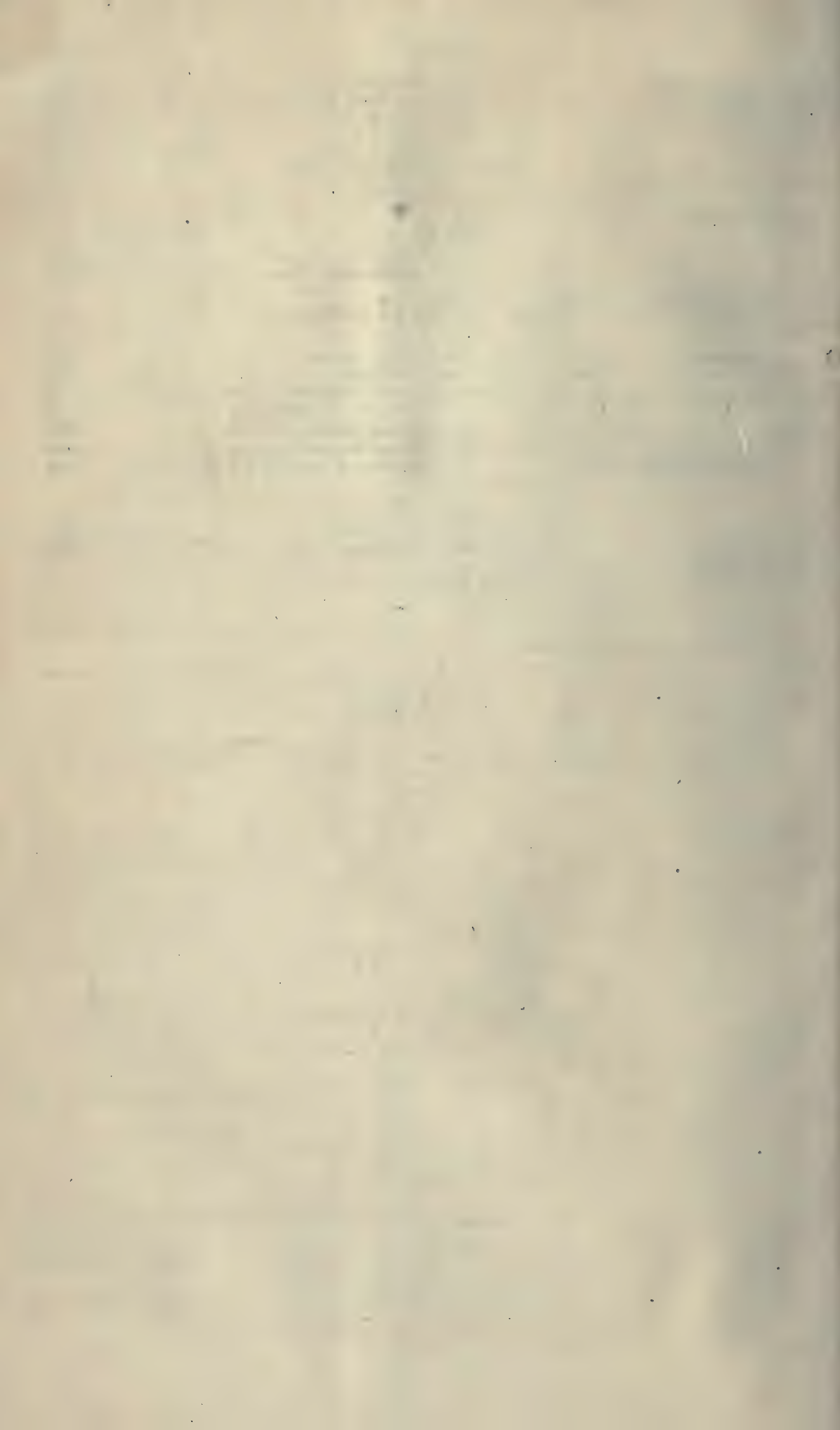
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THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

"The day had been one of dense mists and rains, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle was fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard."—*Gen. Meigs to Secretary Stanton, Nov. 26th.*

By the banks of Chattanooga watching with a soldier's heed,
In the chilly autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed;
For the foe had climbed above him with the banners of their band,
And the cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders — "Howard, Thomas, to the bridge!
One brigade aboard the "Dunbar"! Storm the heights of Mission Ridge,
On the left the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl the rebels down!
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout and the slopes before the town!"

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors, where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster-day;
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward its alarms,
And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands, surely, swiftly swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country waved in smoke on Orchard Knob.

Day, and night, and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the Range,
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled densely mist and rain,
Till the ascending squadrons vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city anxious eyes the clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them father, brother, sons,
While they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up!
Aha, they rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-clouded skies,
And the battle-field is bloody where a dewdrop never falls,
For a voice of tearless justice to a tearless vengeance calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions! Well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in his mountain temple 'gainst the terrors of his aid;
And the clouds might fitly echo pæan loud and parting gun,
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor-host, undone.

They have conquered! Through the region where our brothers plucked the palm
Rings the noise in which they won it with the sweetness of a psalm;
And our wounded, sick, and dying, hear it in their crowded wards,
Till they know our cause is Heaven's, and our battle is the Lord's.

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming glad as freedom's morning-bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their cheeks against the bars,
Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

Tories, safe in serpent-treason, startle as those airy cheers
And that wild, ethereal war-drum fall like doom upon their ears;
And that rush of cloud-born armies, rolling back the nation's shame,
Frights them with its sound of judgment, and its flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal hearts despondent grown,
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown,
And the patriot-poor shall wonder, in their simple hearts, to know
In the land above the thunder their embattled champions go.

— *Watchman and Reflector.*

T. B.

COUSIN PHILLIS

PART I.

It is a great thing for a lad when he is first turned into the independence of lodgings. I do not think I ever was so satisfied and proud in my life as when, at seventeen, I sat down in a little three-cornered room above a pastry-cook's shop in the county-town of Eltham. My father had left me that afternoon, after delivering himself of a few plain precepts, strongly expressed, for my guidance in the new course of life on which I was entering. I was to be a clerk under the engineer who had undertaken to make the little branch line from Eltham to Hornby. My father had got me this situation, which was in a position rather above his own in life; or perhaps I should say, above the station into which he was born and bred; for he was raising himself every year in men's consideration and respect. He was a mechanic by trade, but he had some inventive genius, and a great deal of perseverance, and had devised several valuable improvements in railway machinery. He did not do this for profit, though, as was reasonable, what came in the natural course of things was acceptable; he worked out his ideas because, as he said, "until he could put them into shape, they plagued him by night and by day." But this is enough about my dear father; it is a good thing for a country where there are many like him. He was a sturdy Independent by descent and conviction; and this it was, I believe, which made him place me in the lodgings at the pastry-cook's. The shop was kept by the two sisters of our minister at home; and this was considered as a sort of safeguard to my morals, when I was turned loose upon the temptations of the county-town, with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

My father had given up two precious days, and put on his Sunday clothes, in order to

bring me to Eltham, and accompany me first to the office, to introduce me to my new master (who was under some obligations to my father for a suggestion), and next to take me to call on the Independent minister of the little congregation at Eltham. And then he left me; and though sorry to part with him, I now began to taste with relish the pleasure of being my own master. I unpacked the hamper that my mother had provided me with, and smelled the pots of preserve with all the delight of a possessor who might break into their contents at any time he pleased. I handled and weighed in my fancy the home-cured ham, which seemed to promise me interminable feasts; and, above all, there was the fine savor of knowing that I might eat of these dainties when I liked, at my sole will, not dependent on the pleasure of any one else, however indulgent. I stowed my eatables away in the little corner cupboard—that room was all corners, and everything was placed in a corner, the fireplace, the window, the cupboard; I myself seemed to be the only thing in the middle, and there was hardly room for me. The table was made of a folding leaf under the window, and the window looked out upon the market-place; so the studies, for the prosecution of which my father had brought himself to pay extra for a sitting-room for me, ran a considerable chance of being diverted from books to men and women. I was to have my meals with the two elderly Miss Dawsons in the little parlor behind the three-cornered shop down-stairs; my breakfasts and dinners at least, for, as my hours in an evening were likely to be uncertain, my tea or supper was to be an independent meal.

Then, after this pride and satisfaction, came a sense of desolation. I had never

been from home before, and I was an only child; and though my father's spoken maxim had been, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," yet, unconsciously, his heart had yearned after me, and his ways towards me were more tender than he knew, or would have approved of in himself, could he have known. My mother, who never professed sternness, was far more severe than my father; perhaps my boyish faults annoyed her more; for I remember, now that I have written the above words, how she pleaded for me once in my riper years, when I had really offended against my father's sense of right.

But I have nothing to do with that now. It is about Cousin Phillis that I am going to write, and as yet I am far enough from even saying who Cousin Phillis was.

For some months after I was settled in Eltham, the new employment in which I was engaged—the new independence of my life—occupied all my thoughts. I was at my desk by eight o'clock, home to dinner at one, back at the office by two. The afternoon work was more uncertain than the morning's; it might be the same, or it might be that I had to accompany Mr. Holdsworth, the managing engineer, to some point on the line between Eltham and Hornby. This I always enjoyed, because of the variety, and because of the country we traversed (which was very wild and pretty), and because I was thrown into companionship with Mr. Holdsworth, who held the position of hero in my boyish mind. He was a young man of five and twenty or so, and was in a station above mine, both by birth and education; and he had travelled on the Continent, and wore mustaches and whiskers of a somewhat foreign fashion. I was proud of being seen with him. He was really a fine fellow in a good number of ways, and I might have fallen into much worse hands.

Every Saturday I wrote home, telling of my weekly doings—my father had insisted upon this; but there was so little variety in my life that I often found it hard work to fill a letter. On Sundays I went twice to chapel, up a dark, narrow entry, to hear droning hymns, and long prayers, and a still longer sermon, preached to a small congregation, of which I was, by nearly a score of years, the youngest member. Occasionally, Mr. Peters, the minister, would ask me home to tea after the second service. I dreaded

the honor; for I usually sat on the edge of my chair all the evening, and answered solemn questions, put in a deep bass voice, until household prayer-time came, at eight o'clock, when Mrs. Peters came in, smoothing down her apron, and the maid-of-all-work followed, and first a sermon, and then a chapter was read, and a long impromptu prayer followed, till some instinct told Mr. Peters that supper-time had come, and we rose from our knees with hunger for our predominant feeling. Over supper the minister did unbend a little into one or two ponderous jokes, as if to show me that ministers were men, after all. And then at ten o'clock I went home, and enjoyed my long-repressed yawns in the three-cornered room before going to bed.

Dinah and Hannah Dawson, so their names were put on the board above the shop-door—I always called them Miss Dawson and Miss Hannah—considered these visits of mine to Mr. Peters as the greatest honor a young man could have; and evidently thought that if, after such privileges, I did not work out my salvation, I was a sort of modern Judas Iscariot. On the contrary, they shook their heads over my intercourse with Mr. Holdsworth. He had been so kind to me in many ways that, when I cut into my ham, I hovered over the thought of asking him to tea in my room, more especially as the annual fair was being held in Eltham market-place, and the sight of the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the wild-beast shows, and such country pomps, was (as I thought at seventeen) very attractive. But when I ventured to allude to my wish in even distant terms, Miss Hannah caught me up, and spoke of the sinfulness of such sights, and something about wallowing in the mire, and then vaulted into France, and spoke evil of the nation, and all who had ever set foot therein, till, seeing that her anger was concentrating itself into a point, and that that point was Mr. Holdsworth, I thought it would be better to finish my breakfast, and make what haste I could out of the sound of her voice. I rather wondered afterwards to hear her and Miss Dawson counting up their weekly profits with glee, and saying that a pastry-cook's shop in the corner of the market-place, in Eltham fair week, was no such bad thing. However, I never ventured to ask Mr. Holdsworth to my lodgings.

There is not much to tell about this first year of mine at Eltham. But when I was nearly nineteen, and beginning to think of whiskers on my own account, I came to know Cousin Phillis, whose very existence had been unknown to me till then. Mr. Holdsworth and I had been out to Heathbridge for a day, working hard. Heathbridge was near Hornby, for our line of railway was above half finished. Of course, a day's outing was a great thing to tell about in my weekly letters; and I fell to describing the country—a fault I was not often guilty of. I told my father of the bogs, all over wild myrtle and soft moss, and shaking ground over which we had to carry our line; and how Mr. Holdsworth and I had gone for our mid-day meals—for we had to stay here for two days and a night—to a pretty village hard by, Heathbridge proper; and how I hoped we should often have to go there, for the shaking, uncertain ground was puzzling our engineers—one end of the line going up as soon as the other was weighted down. (I had no thought for the shareholders' interests as may be seen; we had to make a new line on firmer ground before the junction railway was completed.) I told all this at great length, thankful to fill up my paper. By return letter, I heard that a second cousin of my mother was married to the Independent minister of Hornby, Ebenezer Holman by name, and lived at Heathbridge proper; the very Heathbridge I had described, or so my mother believed, for she had never seen her cousin, Phillis Green, who was something of an heiress (my father believed), being her father's only child, and old Thomas Green had owned an estate of near upon fifty acres, which must have come to his daughter. My mother's feeling of kinship seemed to have been strongly stirred by the mention of Heathbridge; for my father said she desired me, if ever I went thither again, to make inquiry for the Reverend Ebenezer Holman; and if indeed he lived there, I was further to ask if he had not married one Phillis Green; and if both these questions were answered in the affirmative, I was to go and introduce myself as the only child of Margaret Manning, born Moneypenny. I was enraged at myself for having named Heathbridge at all, when I found what it was drawing down upon me. One Independent minister, as I said to myself, was enough

for any man; and here I knew (that is to say, I had been catechized on sabbath mornings by) Mr. Hunter, our minister at home; and I had had to be civil to old Peters at Eltham, and behave myself for five hours running whenever he asked me to tea at his house; and now, just as I felt the free air blowing about me up at Heathbridge, I was to ferret out another minister, and I should perhaps have to be catechized by him, or else asked to tea at his house. Besides, I did not like pushing myself upon strangers, who perhaps had never heard of my mother's name, and such an odd name as it was—Moneypenny; and if they had, had never cared more for her than she had for them, apparently, until this unlucky mention of Heathbridge.

Still, I would not disobey my parents in such a trifle, however irksome it might be. So the next time our business took me to Heathbridge, and we were dining in the little sanded inn-parlor, I took the opportunity of Mr. Holdsworth's being out of the room, and asked the questions which I was bidden to ask of the rosy-cheeked maid. I was either unintelligible, or she was stupid; for she said she did not know, but would ask master; and of course the landlord came in to understand what it was I wanted to know; and I had to bring out all my stammering inquiries before Mr. Holdsworth, who would never have attended to them, I dare say, if I had not blushed and blundered and made such a fool of myself.

"Yes," the landlord said, "the Hope Farm was in Heathbridge proper, and the owner's name was Holman, and he was an Independent minister, and, as far as the landlord could tell, his wife's Christian name was Phillis; anyhow, her maiden name was Green."

"Relations of yours?" asked Mr. Holdsworth.

"No, sir—only my mother's second-cousins. Yes, I suppose they are relations. But I never saw them in my life."

"The Hope Farm is not a stone's throw from here," said the officious landlord, going to the window. "If you carry your eye over yon bed of hollyhocks, over the damson-trees in the orchard yonder, you may see a stack of queer-like stone chimneys. Them is the Hope Farm chimneys; it's an old place, though Holman keeps it in good order."

Mr. Holdsworth had risen from the table with more promptitude than I had, and was standing by the window, looking. At the landlord's last words, he turned round, smiling—"It is not often that parsons know how to keep land in order; is it?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I must speak as I find; and Minister Holman—we call the Church clergyman here 'parson,' sir; he would be a bit jealous if he heard a Dissenter called parson—Minister Holman knows what he's about as well as e'er a farmer in the neighborhood. He gives up five days a week to his own work, and two to the Lord's; and it is difficult to say which he works hardest at. He spends Saturday and Sunday awriting sermons and avisiting his flock at Hornby; and at five o'clock on Monday morning he'll be guiding his plough in the Hope Farm yonder just as well as if he could neither read nor write. But your dinner will be getting cold, gentlemen."

So we went back to table. After a while, Mr. Holdsworth broke the silence: "If I were you, Manning, I'd look up these relations of yours. You can go and see what they're like while we're waiting for Dobson's estimates, and I'll smoke a cigar in the garden meanwhile."

"Thank you, sir. But I don't know them, and I don't think I want to know them."

"What did you ask all these questions for, then?" said he, looking quickly up at me. He had no notion of doing or saying things without a purpose. I did not answer, so he continued, "Make up your mind, and go off and see what this farmer-minister is like, and come back and tell me; I should like to hear."

I was so in the habit of yielding to his authority, or influence, that I never thought of resisting, but went on my errand, though I remember feeling as if I would rather have had my head cut off. The landlord, who had evidently taken an interest in the event of our discussion in a way that country landlords have, accompanied me to the house-door, and gave me repeated directions, as if I was likely to miss my way in two hundred yards. But I listened to him, for I was glad of the delay, to screw up my courage for the effort of facing unknown people and introducing myself. I went along the lane, I recollect, switching at all the taller roadside weeds, till, after a turn or two, I found myself close in front of

the Hope Farm. There was a garden between the house and the shady, grassy lane; I afterwards found that this garden was called the court; perhaps because there was a low wall round it, with an iron railing on the top of the wall, and two great gates between pillars crowned with stone balls for a state entrance to the flagged path leading up to the front-door. It was not the habit of the place to go in either by these great gates or by the front-door; the gates, indeed, were locked, as I found, though the door stood wide open. I had to go round by a side-path lightly worn on a broad grassy way, which led past the court-wall, past a horse-mount, half-covered with stone-crop and the little wild yellow fumitory, to another door—"the curate," as I found it was termed by the master of the house, while the front-door, "handsome and all for show," was termed the "rector." I knocked with my hand upon the "curate" door; a tall girl, about my own age, as I thought, came and opened it, and stood there silent, waiting to know my errand. I see her now—Cousin Phillis. The westering sun shone full upon her, and made a slanting stream of light into the room within. She was dressed in dark blue cotton of some kind; up to her throat, down to the wrists, with a little frill of the same wherever it touched her white skin. And such a white skin as it was! I have never seen the like. She had light hair, nearer yellow than any other color. She looked me steadily in the face with large, quiet eyes, wondering, but untroubled by the sight of a stranger. I thought it odd that so old, so full-grown as she was, she should wear a pinafore over her gown.

Before I had quite made up my mind what to say in reply to her mute inquiry of what I wanted there, a woman's voice called out, "Who is it, Phillis? If it is any one for butter-milk, send them round to the back-door."

I thought I could rather speak to the owner of that voice than to the girl before me; so I passed her, and stood at the entrance of a room, hat in hand, for this side-door opened straight into the hall or house-place where the family sat when work was done. There was a brisk little woman of forty or so ironing some huge muslin cravats under the light of a long vine-shaded casement window. She looked at me distrustfully till I began to speak. "My name is Paul Manning," said I; but I saw she did

not know the name. "My mother's name was Money-penny," said I,—“Margaret Money-penny.”

“And she married one John Manning, of Birmingham,” said Mrs. Holman, eagerly. “And you’ll be her son. Sit down! I am right glad to see you. To think of your being Margaret’s son! Why, she was almost a child not so long ago. Well, to be sure, it is five and twenty years ago. And what brings you into these parts?”

She sat down herself, as if oppressed by her curiosity as to all the five and twenty years that had passed by since she had seen my mother. Her daughter Phillis took up her knitting,—a man’s long gray worsted stocking, I remember,—and knitted away without looking at her work. I felt that the steady gaze of those deep gray eyes was upon me, though once, when I stealthily raised mine to hers, she was examining something on the wall above my head.

When I had answered all my Cousin Holman’s questions, she heaved a long breath, and said, “To think of Margaret Money-penny’s boy being in our house! I wish the minister was here. Phillis, in what field is thy father to-day?”

“In the five-acre; they are beginning to cut the corn.”

“He’ll not like being sent for, then, else I should have liked you to have seen the minister. But the five-acre is a good step off. You shall have a glass of wine and a bit of cake before you stir from this house, though. You’re bound to go, you say, or else the minister comes in mostly when the men have their four o’clock.”

“I must go—I ought to have been off before now.”

“Here, then, Phillis, take the keys.” She gave her daughter some whispered directions, and Phillis left the room.

“She is my cousin; is she not?” I asked. I knew she was, but somehow I wanted to talk of her, and did not know how to begin.

“Yes—Phillis Holman. She is our only child—now.”

Either from that “now,” or from a strange momentary wistfulness in her eyes, I knew that there had been more children, who were now dead.

“How old is Cousin Phillis?” said I, scarcely venturing on the new name, it seemed too prettily familiar for me to call

her by it; but Cousin Holman took no notice of it, answering straight to the purpose.

“Seventeen last May-day; but the minister does not like to hear me calling it May-day,” said she, checking herself with a little awe. “Phillis was seventeen on the first day of May last,” she repeated in an amended edition.

“And I am nineteen in another month,” thought I to myself; I don’t know why.

Then Phillis came in, carrying a tray with wine and cake upon it.

“We keep a house-servant,” said Cousin Holman, “but it is churning day, and she is busy.” It was meant as a little proud apology for her daughter’s being the handmaiden.

“I like doing it, mother,” said Phillis, in her grave, full voice.

I felt as if I were somebody in the Old Testament—whom, I could not recollect—being served and waited upon by the daughter of the host. Was I like Abraham’s steward, when Rebekah gave him to drink at the well? I thought Isaac had not gone the pleasantest way to work in winning him a wife. But Phillis never thought about such things. She was a stately, gracious young woman, in the dress and with the simplicity of a child.

As I had been taught, I drank to the health of my new-found cousin and her husband; and then I ventured to name my Cousin Phillis with a little bow of my head towards her; but I was too awkward to look and see how she took my compliment. “I must go now,” said I, rising.

Neither of the women had thought of sharing in the wine; Cousin Holman had broken a bit of cake for form’s sake.

“I wish the minister had been within,” said his wife, rising too. Secretly I was very glad he was not. I did not take kindly to ministers in those days, and I thought he must be a particular kind of man, by his objecting to the term May-day. But before I went, Cousin Holman made me promise that I would come back on the Saturday following and spend Sunday with them, when I should see something of “the minister.”

“Come on Friday, if you can,” were her last words as she stood at the curate-door, shading her eyes from the sinking sun with her hand.

Inside the house sat Cousin Phillis, her golden hair, her dazzling complexion lighting up the corner of the vine-shadowed room.

She had not risen when I bade her good-by ; she had looked at me straight as she said her tranquil words of farewell.

I found Mr. Holdsworth down at the line, hard at work superintending. As soon as he had a pause, he said, " Well, Manning, what are the new cousins like ? How do preaching and farming seem to get on together ? If the minister turns out to be practical as well as reverend, I shall begin to respect him."

But he hardly attended to my answer, he was so much more occupied with directing his work-people. Indeed, my answer did not come very readily ; and the most distinct part of it was the mention of the invitation that had been given me.

" Oh, of course you can go—and on Friday, too, if you like ; there is no reason why not this week ; and you've done a long spell of work this time, old fellow."

I thought that I did not want to go on Friday ; but when the day came, I found that I should prefer going to staying away, so I availed myself of Mr. Holdsworth's permission, and went over to Hope Farm some time in the afternoon, a little later than my last visit. I found the " curate " open to admit the soft September air, so tempered by the warmth of the sun, that it was warmer out of doors than in, although the wooden log lay smouldering in front of a heap of hot ashes on the hearth. The vine-leaves over the window had a tinge more yellow, their edges were here and there scorched and browned ; there was no ironing about, and Cousin Holman sat just outside the house, mending a shirt. Phillis was at her knitting indoors : it seemed as if she had been at it all the week. The many-speckled fowls were pecking about in the farmyard beyond, and the milk-cans glittered with brightness, hung out to sweeten. The court was so full of flowers that they crept out upon the low-covered wall and horse-mount, and were even to be found self-sown upon the turf that bordered the path to the back of the house. I fancied that my Sunday coat was scented for days afterwards by the bushes of sweetbrier and the fraxinella that perfumed the air. From time to time Cousin Holman put her hand into a covered basket at her feet, and threw handfuls of corn down for the pigeons that cooed and fluttered in the air around, in expectation of this treat.

I had a thorough welcome as soon as she

saw me. " Now this is kind—this is right down friendly," shaking my hand warmly. " Phillis, your Cousin Manning is come ! "

" Call me Paul, will you ? " said I ; " they call me so at home, and Manning in the office."

" Well, Paul, then. Your room is all ready for you, Paul ; for, as I said to the minister, ' I'll have it ready whether he comes o' Friday or not.' And the minister said he must go up to the Ashfield whether you were to come or not ; but he would come home sometimes to see if you were here. I'll show you to your room, and you can wash the dust off a bit."

After I came down, I think she did not quite know what to do with me, or she might think that I was dull, or she might have work to do in which I hindered her ; for she called Phillis, and bade her put on her bonnet, and go with me to the Ashfield, and find father. So we set off, I in a little flutter of a desire to make myself agreeable, but wishing that my companion were not quite so tall ; for she was above me in height. While I was wondering how to begin our conversation, she took up the words.

" I suppose, Cousin Paul, you have to be very busy at your work all day long in general."

" Yes, we have to be in the office at half-past eight ; and we have an hour for dinner, and then we go at it again till eight or nine."

" Then you have not much time for reading ? "

" No," said I, with a sudden consciousness that I did not make the most of what leisure I had.

" No more have I. Father always gets an hour before going afield in the mornings ; but mother does not like me to get up so early."

" My mother is always wanting me to get up earlier when I am at home."

" What time do you get up ? "

" Oh !—ah !—sometimes half-past six ; not often though ; " for I remembered only twice that I had done so during the past summer.

She turned her head and looked at me.

" Father is up at three ; and so was mother till she was ill. I should like to be up at four."

" Your father up at three ! Why, what has he to do at that hour ? "

" What has he not to do ? He has his private exercise in his own room : he always

rings the great bell which calls the men to milking; he rouses up Betty, our maid; as often as not he gives the horses their feed before the man is up—for Jem, who takes care of the horses, is an old man, and father is always loth to disturb him; he looks at the calves, and the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn before the horses go afield; he has often to whip-cord the plough-whips; he sees the hogs fed; he looks into the swill-tubs, and writes his orders for what is wanted for food for man and beast; yes, and for fuel too. And then, if he has a bit of time to spare, he comes in and reads with me—but only English; we keep Latin for the evenings, that we may have time to enjoy it; and then he calls in the man to breakfast, and cuts the boys' bread and cheese; and sees their wooden bottles filled, and sends them off to their work; and by this time it is half-past six, and we have our breakfast. There is father!" she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful laborer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field, and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving some directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him, and he interrupted himself and stepped forwards, holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But—Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land: it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Mon-

day—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now, I will give out the psalm, 'Come all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

"I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he; "but it is not a bad practice—not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all."

I had nothing particular to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-colored knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand, as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so they, holding each other, went along towards home. We had to cross a lane. In it there were two little children, one lying prone on the grass in a passion of crying, the

other standing stock still, with its finger in its mouth, the large tears slowly rolling down its cheeks for sympathy. The cause of their distress was evident—there was a broken brown pitcher, and a little pool of spilt milk on the road.

"Hollo! hollo! What's all this?" said the minister. "Why, what have you been about, Tommy," lifting the little petticoated lad, who was lying sobbing, with one vigorous arm. Tommy looked at him with surprise in his round eyes, but no affright; they were evidently old acquaintances.

"Mammy's jug!" said he, at last, beginning to cry afresh.

"Well! and will crying piece mammy's jug, or pick up spilt milk? How did you manage it, Tommy?"

"He" (jerking his head at the other) "and me was running races."

"Tommy said he could beat me," put in the other.

"Now, I wonder what will make you two silly lads mind, and not run races again with a pitcher of milk between you," said the minister, as if musing. "I might flog you, and so save mammy the trouble; for I dare say she'll do it if I don't." The fresh burst of whimpering from both showed the probability of this. "Or I might take you to the Hope Farm, and give you some more milk; but then you'd be running races again, and my milk would follow that to the ground, and make another white pool. I think the flogging would be the best; don't you?"

"We would never run races no more," said the elder of the two.

"Then you'd not be boys; you'd be angels."

"No, we shouldn't."

"Why not?"

They looked into each other's eyes for an answer to this puzzling question. At length, one said, "Angels is dead folk."

"Come, we will not get too deep into theology. What do you think of my lending you a tin can with a lid to carry the milk home in? That would not break, at any rate; though I would not answer for the milk not spilling if you ran races. That's it!"

He had dropped his daughter's hand, and now held out each of his to the little fellows. Phillis and I followed, and listened to the prattle which the minister's companions now

poured out to him, and which he was evidently enjoying. At a certain point, there was a sudden burst of the tawny, ruddy-evening landscape. The minister turned round and quoted a line or two of Latin.

"It's wonderful," said he, "how exactly Virgil has hit the enduring epithets, nearly two thousand years ago, and in Italy; and yet how it describes to a T what is now lying before us in the parish of Heathbridge, County —, England."

"I dare say it does," said I, all aglow with shame, for I had forgotten the little Latin I ever knew.

The minister shifted his eyes to Phillis's face; it mutely gave him back the sympathetic appreciation that I, in my ignorance, could not bestow.

"Oh, this is worse than the catechism!" thought I; "that was only remembering words."

"Phillis, lass, thou must go home with these lads, and tell their mother all about the race and the milk. Mammy must always know the truth," now speaking to the children. "And tell her, too, from me that I have got the best birch rod in the parish; and that if she ever thinks her children want a flogging she must bring them to me, and, if I think they deserve it, I'll give it them better than she can." So Phillis led the children towards the dairy, somewhere in the back-yard, and I followed the minister in through the "curate" into the house-place.

"Their mother," said he, "is a bit of a vixen, and apt to punish her children without rhyme or reason. I try to keep the parish rod as well as the parish bull."

He sat down in the three-cornered chair by the fireside, and looked around the empty room.

"Where's the missus?" said he to himself. But she was there in a minute; it was her regular plan to give him his welcome home—by a look, by a touch, nothing more—as soon as she could after his return, and he had missed her now. Regardless of my presence, he went over the day's doings to her, and then, getting up, he said he must go and make himself "reverend," and that then we would have a cup of tea in the parlor. The parlor was a large room with two casemented windows on the other side of the broad flagged passage leading from the rector-door to the wide staircase, with its shallow,

polished oaken steps, on which no carpet was ever laid. The parlor-floor was covered in the middle by a home-made carpeting of needlework and list. One or two quaint family pictures of the Holman family hung round the walls; the fire-grate and irons were much ornamented with brass, and on a table against the wall between the windows, a great beau-pot of flowers was placed upon the folio volumes of Matthew Henry's Bible. It was a compliment to me to use this room, and I tried to be grateful for it; but we never had our meals there after that first day, and I was glad of it; for the large house-place, living-room, dining-room, whichever you might like to call it, was twice as comfortable and cheerful. There was a rug in front of the great large fireplace, and an oven by the grate, and a crook, with the kettle hanging from it, over the bright wood fire; everything that ought to be black and polished in that room was black and polished; and the flags and window-curtains and such things as were to be white and clean, were just spotless in their purity. Opposite to the fireplace, extending the whole length of the room, was an oaken shovel-board, with the right incline for a skilful player to send the weights into the prescribed space. There were baskets of white work about, and a small shelf of books hung against the wall, books used for reading, and not for propping up a beau-pot of flowers. I took down one or two of those books once when I was left alone in the house-place on the first evening—Virgil, Cæsar, a Greek grammar—oh, dear! ah, me! and Phillis Holman's name in each of them! I shut them up, and put them back in their places, and walked as far away from the book-shelf as I could. Yes, and I gave my Cousin Phillis a wide berth, although she was sitting at her work quietly enough, and her hair was looking more golden, her dark eyelashes longer, her round pillar of a throat whiter than ever. We had done tea, and we had returned into the house-place that the minister might smoke his pipe without fear of contaminating the drab damask window-curtains of the parlor. He had made himself "reverend" by putting on one of the voluminous white muslin neckcloths that I had seen Cousin Holman ironing that first visit I had paid to the Hope Farm, and by making one or two other unimportant changes in his dress. He sat looking steadily at me, but

whether he saw me or not I cannot tell. At the time I fancied that he did, and was gauging me in some unknown fashion in his secret mind. Every now and then he took his pipe out of his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and asked me some fresh question. As long as these related to my acquirements or my reading, I shuffled uneasily and did not know what to answer. By and by he got round to the more practical subject of railroads, and on this I was more at home. I really had taken an interest in my work; nor would Mr. Holdsworth, indeed, have kept me in his employment if I had not given my mind as well as my time to it; and I was, besides, full of the difficulties which beset us just then, owing to our not being able to find a steady bottom on the Heathbridge moss, over which we wished to carry our line. In the midst of all my eagerness in speaking about this, I could not help being struck with the extreme pertinence of his questions. I do not mean that he did not show ignorance of many of the details of engineering; that was to have been expected; but on the premises he had got hold of, he thought clearly and reasoned logically. Phillis—so like him as she was, both in body and mind—kept stopping at her work and looking at me, trying to fully understand all that I said. I felt she did; and perhaps it made me take more pains in using clear expressions, and arranging my words, than I otherwise should.

"She shall see I know something worth knowing, though it mayn't be her dead-and-gone languages," thought I.

"I see," said the minister, at length; "I understand it all. You've a clear, good head of your own, my lad,—choose how you came by it."

"From my father," said I, proudly. "Have you not heard of his discovery of a new method of shunting? It was in the *Gazette*. It was patented. I thought every one had heard of Manning's patent winch."

"We don't know who invented the alphabet," said he, half smiling, and taking up his pipe.

"No, I dare say not, sir," replied I, half offended; "that's so long ago."

Puff—puff—puff.

"But your father must be a notable man. I heard of him once before; and it is not many a one fifty miles away whose fame reaches Heathbridge."

"My father is a notable man, sir. It is not me that says so; it is Mr. Holdsworth, and—and everybody."

"He is right to stand up for his father," said Cousin Holman, as if she were pleading for me.

I chafed inwardly, thinking that my father needed no one to stand up for him. He was man sufficient for himself.

"Yes, he is right," said the minister, placidly,—“right, because it comes from his heart—right, too, as I believe, in point of fact. Else there is many a young cockerel that will stand upon a dunghill and crow about his father, by way of making his own plumage to shine. I should like to know thy father,” he went on, turning straight to me, with a kindly, frank look in his eyes.

But I was vexed, and would take no notice. Presently, having finished his pipe, he got up and left the room. Phillis put her work hastily down, and went after him. In a minute or two she returned, and sat down again. Not long after, and before I had quite recovered my good temper, he opened the door out of which he had passed, and called to me to come to him. I went across a narrow stone passage into a strange, many-cornered room, not ten feet in area, part study, part counting-house, looking into the farmyard; with a desk to sit at, a desk to stand at, a spittoon, a set of shelves with old divinity books upon them; another, smaller, filled with books on farriery, farming, manures, and such subjects, with pieces of paper containing memoranda stuck against the whitewashed walls with wafers, nails, pins, anything that came readiest to hand; a box of carpenter's tools on the floor, and some manuscripts in short-hand on the desk.

He turned round, half laughing. “That foolish girl of mine thinks I have vexed you”—putting his large, powerful hand on my shoulder. “‘Nay,’ says I; ‘kindly meant is kindly taken;’ is it not so?”

“It was not quite, sir,” replied I, vanquished by his manner; “but it shall be in future.”

“Come, that's right. You and I shall be friends. Indeed, it's not many a one I would bring in here. But I was reading a book this morning, and I could not make it out; it is a book that was left here by mistake one day; I had subscribed to Brother Robinson's sermons; and I was glad to see this instead of

them, for sermons though they be, they're . . . well, never mind! I took 'em both, and made my old coat do a bit longer; but all's fish that comes to my net. I have fewer books than leisure to read them, and I have a prodigious big appetite. Here it is.”

It was a volume of stiff mechanics, involving many technical terms, and some rather deep mathematics. These last, which would have puzzled me, seemed easy enough to him; all that he wanted was the explanations of the technical words, which I could easily give.

While he was looking through the book to find the places where he had been puzzled, my wandering eye caught on some of the papers on the wall, and I could not help reading one, which has stuck by me ever since. At first, it seemed a kind of weekly diary; but then I saw that the seven days were portioned out for special prayers and intercessions: Monday for his family, Tuesday for enemies, Wednesday for the Independent churches, Thursday for all other churches, Friday for persons afflicted, Saturday for his own soul, Sunday for all wanderers and sinners, that they might be brought home to the fold.

We were called back into the house-place to have supper. A door opening into the kitchen was opened; and all stood up in both rooms, while the minister, tall, large, one hand resting on the spread table, the other lifted up, said, in the deep voice that would have been loud had it not been so full and rich, but with the peculiar accent or twang that I believe is considered devout by some people, “Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do all to the glory of God.”

The supper was an immense meat-pie. We of the house-place were helped first; then the minister hit the handle of his buck-horn carving-knife on the table once, and said,—

“Now or never,” which meant, did any of us want any more; and when we had all declined, either by silence or by words, he knocked twice with his knife on the table, and Betty came in through the open door, and carried off the great dish to the kitchen, where an old man and a young one, and a help-girl, were awaiting their meal.

“Shut the door, if you will,” said the minister to Betty.

“That's in honor of you,” said Cousin

Holman, in a tone of satisfaction, as the door was shut. "When we've no stranger with us, the minister is so fond of keeping the door open, and talking to the men and maids, just as much as to Phillis and me."

"It brings us all together like a household just before we meet as a household in prayer," said he, in explanation. "But to go back to what we were talking about—can you tell me of any simple book on dynamics that I could put in my pocket, and study a little at leisure times in the day?"

"Leisure times, father?" said Phillis, with a nearer approach to a smile than I had yet seen on her face.

"Yes, leisure times, daughter. There is many an odd minute lost in waiting for other folk; and now that railroads are coming so near us, it behooves us to know something about them."

I thought of his own description of his "prodigious big appetite" for learning. And he had a good appetite of his own for the more material victual before him. But I saw, or fancied I saw, that he had some rule for himself in the matter both of food and drink.

As soon as supper was done the household assembled for prayer. It was a long impromptu evening prayer; and it would have seemed desultory enough had I not had a glimpse of the kind of day that preceded it, and so been able to find a clue to the thoughts that preceded the disjointed utterances; for he kept there, kneeling down in the centre of a circle, his eyes shut, his outstretched hands pressed palm to palm—sometimes with a long pause of silence, as if waiting to see if there was anything else he wished to "lay before the Lord" (to use his own expression)—before he concluded with the blessing. He prayed for the cattle and live creatures, rather to my surprise; for my attention had begun to wander, till it was recalled by the familiar words.

And here I must not forget to name an odd incident at the conclusion of the prayer, and before we had risen from our knees (indeed, before Betty was well awake, for she made a nightly practice of having a sound nap, her weary head lying on her stalwart arms); the minister, still kneeling in our midst, but with his eyes wide open, and his arms dropped by his side, spoke to the elder man, who turned round on his knees to attend. "John, didst see that Daisy had her

warm mash to-night; for we must not neglect the means, John—two quarts of gruel, a spoonful of ginger, and a gill of beer; the poor beast needs it, and I fear it slipped out of my mind to tell thee; and here was I asking a blessing and neglecting the means, which is a mockery," said he, dropping his voice.

Before we went to bed he told me he should see little or nothing more of me during my visit, which was to end on Sunday evening, as he always gave up both Saturday and sabbath to his work in the ministry. I remembered that the landlord at the inn had told me this on the day when I first inquired about these new relations of mine; and I did not dislike the opportunity which I saw would be afforded me of becoming more acquainted with Cousin Holman and Phillis, though I earnestly hoped that the latter would not attack me on the subject of the dead languages.

I went to bed, and dreamed that I was as tall as Cousin Phillis, and had a sudden and miraculous growth of whisker, and a still more miraculous acquaintance with Latin and Greek. Alas! I wakened up still a short, beardless lad, with "*tempus fugit*" for my sole remembrance of the little Latin I had once learned. While I was dressing, a bright thought came over me; I could question Cousin Phillis instead of her questioning me, and so manage to keep the choice of the subjects of conversation in my own power.

Early as it was, every one had breakfasted, and my basin of bread and milk was put on the oven-top to await my coming down. Every one was gone about their work. The first to come into the house-place was Phillis with a basket of eggs. Faithful to my resolution, I asked,—

"What are those?"

She looked at me for a moment and then said, gravely,—

"Potatoes!"

"No, they are not," said I; "they are eggs. What do you mean by saying they are potatoes?"

"What do you mean by asking me what they were, when they were plain to be seen?" retorted she.

We were both getting a little angry with each other.

"I don't know. I wanted to begin to talk to you; and I was afraid you would talk to me about books as you did yesterday. I have

not read much; and you and the minister have read so much."

"I have not," said she. "But you are our guest; and mother says I must make it pleasant to you. We won't talk of books. What must we talk about?"

"I don't know. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last May. How old are you?"

"I am nineteen. Older than you by nearly two years," said I, drawing myself up to my full height.

"I should not have thought you were above sixteen," she replied, as quietly as if she were not saying the most provoking thing she possibly could. Then came a pause.

"What are you going to do now?" asked I.

"I should be dusting the bed-chambers; but mother said I had better stay and make it pleasant to you," said she, a little plaintively, as if dusting rooms was far the easier task.

"Will you take me to see the live-stock?"

NICOJACK CAVE.—Nicojack Cave, from which the enemy derived their chief supply of nitre for the manufacture of gunpowder, is a wonderful cavern, extending under the base of Sand Mountain, a distance of over seven miles. The earth is impregnated with nitrate of lime, and this is mixed with carbonate of potash. A double decomposition takes place. The nitric acid of the nitrate of lime goes over to the potash, forming nitrate of potash, and the carbonic acid of the carbonate of potash passes over to the lime, forming carbonate of lime, which, being insoluble, precipitates to the bottom, leaving the nitrate of potash in solution, and this is afterwards crystallized by boiling in iron kettles after the manner of the manufacture of potash. Before their capture, these mines produced three hundred pounds of nitre a day.

I yesterday procured a guide and visited the cavern. We dressed ourselves in rough clothing, and procuring long pitch-pine torches and canoes, penetrated and explored its devious windings and turnings for more than three miles. The entrance is through a large opening or gateway in the rock at the base of the mountain, eighty feet broad, and as many feet high, through which rolls a volume of water large enough and deep enough to be called a river. The water is as cold as ice, and clear as crystal. In the wet, stifling atmosphere, floundering in mud and water and darkness, we clambered over rocks, and explored the interior for more than six hours, until we were glad enough to come out into the light again. There are caverns here of infinite size and capacity, so lofty and so broad that we could not throw a stone to the rocky roof overhead, or the rocky wall beyond. There are other

I like animals, though I don't know much about them."

"Oh, do you? I am so glad! I was afraid you would not like animals, as you did not like books."

I wondered why she said this. I think it was because she had begun to fancy all our tastes must be dissimilar. We went together all through the farmyard; we fed the poultry, she kneeling down with her pinafore full of corn and meal, and tempting the little timid, downy chickens upon it, much to the anxiety of the fussy ruffled hen, their mother. She called to the pigeons, who fluttered down at the sound of her voice. She and I examined the great sleek cart-horses; sympathized in our dislike of pigs; fed the calves; coaxed the sick cow, Daisy; and admired the others out at pasture; and came back tired and hungry and dirty at dinner-time, having quite forgotten that there were such things as dead languages, and consequently capital friends.

caverns whose only entrance is through a small cavity, reached only by crawling on the belly for rods. These are covered overhead with crystals and stalactites of wonderful beauty. A canoe lies in the mouth of the cave, which will take the adventurer to the source, seven miles into the interior; but I had had enough of explorations, and did not care to repeat it.

These visits are not unattended with danger. It is necessary to have the services of an experienced guide, or there is great likelihood of losing one's way in the labyrinth of caverns and curious windings. Several accidents of this nature are related. One of them happened within the last ten days. A lieutenant and three men went into the cavern for an afternoon's diversion, and have not been heard from since. They doubtless lost their way, and wandered about until starvation and then death relieved them.

The name of the cave had its origin in a similar incident. A negro, by the name of "Jack," entered the cave, and has never since reported. This was thirty years ago. Hence "Nigger Jack Cave," and then, for the sake of euphony, "Nicojack Cave."—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

The Desk-Book of English Synonymes. Designed to afford assistance in Composition, and also as a work of reference requisite to the Secretary, and indispensable to the student. By John Sherer. Groombridge and Sons. Pp. 240.

Our author's chief authorities in this very useful compilation are Crabbe, Richardson, and Webster; and, from the very careful and complete manner in which he has got up his "Analytical Index," we should think the volume would readily serve every purpose intended.

Part of an Article in Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. HAWTHORNE.

FORTUNATELY for us, only the best of American literature ever secures a footing among us. There is a vast quantity of what passes for very fine writing in the States, which it would be worth nobody's while to republish here. But when an American's claim to whisper in the world's ear is once established, his transatlantic birth seems to affect favorably for him his English audience; so that when he comes among us he is already naturalized, and, uniting the claims of a distinguished foreign guest with those of an illustrious denizen, he receives far more honor than would be bestowed on a native writer of equal merit and celebrity. His foreign extraction, his different breeding; and the union of the strange and familiar in his language and ideas, are what probably confers on his companionship, in the estimation of our social epicures, all the superiority of flavor which game possesses over poultry.

It is many years now since the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne was inscribed among those English worthies of the time, whom Britannia delighteth to honor. Everybody who could pretend to a taste capable of discerning a flavor more delicate than that of the red-herrings and devilled bones so agreeable to the popular palate, perceived and commended the strange, wild, simple charm of this writer's genius. A still more select body of admirers—among whom we do not claim to be admitted—were enraptured with characteristics which, whether blemishes or additional charms, are doubtless inherent, and elements of his individuality, and without which the image of his mind could not be projected truly on the disc of literature—to wit, a certain mysticism and mistiness; mysticism, in dimly showing us strange and indistinct corners of our moral world, where the objects are so faintly defined that, like shapes in the glowing coals, they admit of as many interpretations as there are lively fancies in the interpreters; and mistiness, in a wilful incompleteness of incident, and refusal to explain the various hints and other devices by which curiosity has been stimulated, for the purpose of aiding the general moonlight effect. All these are peculiarities which his readers will recognize as distinctive of him, whether they like them or not; and another characteristic, which can scarcely, perhaps,

be called a peculiarity, is an inclination to paint obliquities of character. His fondness for the analysis of the moral and mental framework of humanity is evidently absorbing; and as our greatest anatomists are much more apt to accumulate in their museums the deviations and fantasies into which nature has strayed in diversifying the human form, the giants and curious abortions, inseparable twins, and two-headed bodies, than more commonplace if more comfortable tenements of clay, so Hawthorne seems especially to delight in displaying moral twists rather curious than delightful to contemplate. And, along with these, co-exist in his pictures highly idealized and sublimated personages—singular, not so much for unusual gifts as for freedom from defects, and perfect with a negative perfection. Anybody who has read his latest novel, "The Romance of Monte Beni," will recognize most of these elements and types—the mystical, in the character of Donotello, with his strange gifts, his more than semi-supernatural origin, and his metaphysical transformation; the misty, in the obscurity of the influences which surround Miriam, and which are never explained; the sublimated being, in the girl-painter Hilda; while, for specimens of studies more curious than pleasant, we would take Clifford of "The House of the Seven Gables," old Roger Chillingworth of "The Scarlet Letter," and Zenobia and other personages of "The Blithedale Romance." But however diverse and seemingly unreconcilable his characters, he always manages to surround them with an atmosphere in which they can live and act together harmoniously for the ends of the work, as fairies and classic personages and absurd mechanics all unite in producing the gracefully grotesque effect of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The strangest circumstance of all is, that, whatever the obscurity of incident or mistiness of plot, there is perfect limpidity in the language; so that the vague effects are produced rather by strange associations than by blurring or confusion, as the shadows of the sky mix with roots and pebbles in the dark depths of a pellucid fountain.

But it would be unfair and untrue to leave the inference possible, that all the main characteristics of his style were summed up in calling it a clear and harmonious rendering of strange combinations of ideas. For he has a singular power and felicity of observation,

the power being shown in the ease and certainty with which he grasps and plays with a subject, the felicity in the faculty of selection which unconsciously winnows what he wants to describe of all its chaff and commonplace investiture. And when his genius takes this direction, the results, conveyed in his clear, excellent form of expression, are such as to recall the simple yet subtle charm with which Addison and Goldsmith and Irving wrought. As a specimen of this style, we especially remember the account of the old custom-house which forms the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," and is a charming piece of Old-World painting. And, lastly, he has a gentle yet spirited humor, never better displayed than in "The Celestial Railway," that happy sketch of modern "Pilgrim's Progress," showing the changes which have taken place since Bunyan's time in the mode of journeying towards the Shining City; where the pilgrims are passengers, and the journey is made by train from the City of Destruction—Apollyon, the ancient foe of wayfarers, having taken the office of stoker, and every facility being given for observing the humors and temptations of Vanity Fair; while the travellers, far from bearing, like poor Christian, their burdens painfully on their backs, see them safely consigned to the luggage-van, with a promise (admirable stroke of humor!) that all shall be punctually given back to the owners at the end of the journey.

All of us form, almost unconsciously, an idea of the personal character of a writer with whose works we are familiar, when his walk in literature is, like Hawthorne's, such as to admit of the display of individuality; and few have impressed their audience with a more distinct stamp of their personality than this author. We think of him as a man unusually shy and reserved, both because he habitually

prefers to draw on imagination and on a narrow circle of reality for his subjects, rather than to look abroad on the actual world; and because an acquaintance with that world could only be maintained at the expense of that delicate bloom and wild fragrance which are the chief among his charms. Dreamy he must be, listless of aim, as seeing little to allure him in the ordinary material objects of men, and given to look at common things in an uncommon light, which transfigures and even sometimes distorts them; yet capable of the shrewd glance that penetrates into surrounding realities, and saves him from being a visionary. But above all, whatever else he might turn out to be, we should have predicted that he was eminently, with all his shyness and reserve, a gentle and a genial man. For while he is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law;—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free; so that we know not what degree of iniquity a character must attain to, absolutely to deprive it of his sympathy. Looking thus on the tragic parts of his subject, he prefers, in treating of simple and common matters, to regard them in their graceful and sunny aspect. His sharpest satire is kindlier than the geniality of a really sarcastic man; and for mere weaknesses which do not amount to vice—indolence, vagabondism, and suchlike—he does not conceal his partiality. Kindly, clear, picturesque, graceful, quaint—such are the epithets which define his path in literature.

COLMAN'S "GIBRALTAR."—This celebrated picture remains on exhibition in Sowle's Gallery, and is daily visited by hundreds. The estimate in which it is held abroad may be inferred from the following criticism in the last issue of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* (London):—

"Colman has much of the qualities of design and composition which distinguish Gifford, without his false tint. Neither Turner nor Pyne, in our view, has painted a picture more replete with

breathable atmosphere, breezy waters, translucent distances, and general harmonious effect, truer to the qualities of the Mediterranean than is his 'Gibraltar.' His rendering of smoke would delight Ruskin; coal-smoke heavily but gracefully uncoiling itself before a light breeze, as it slowly mounts the sky, letting the eye through its dark masses into the clear light beyond. Smoke, steam, air, or vapor, are too often made of one quality, tough, opaque, and lifeless."

From All the Year Round.

THE CAGE AT CRANFORD.

HAVE I told you anything about my friends at Cranford since the year 1856? I think not.

You remember the Gordons, don't you? She that was Jessie Brown, who married her old love, Major Gordon, and from being poor became quite a rich lady: but for all that, never forgot any of her old friends in Cranford.

Well, the Gordons were travelling abroad, for they were very fond of travelling; people who have had to spend part of their lives in a regiment always are, I think. They were now at Paris, in May, 1856, and were going to stop there, and in the neighborhood all summer, but Mr. Ludovic was coming to England soon, so Mrs. Gordon wrote me word. I was glad she told me, for just then I was waiting to make a little present to Miss Pole, with whom I was staying; so I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to choose me something pretty and new and fashionable, that would be acceptable to Miss Pole. Miss Pole had just been talking a great deal about Mrs. FitzAdam's caps being so unfashionable, which I suppose made me put in that word fashionable; but afterwards I wished I had sent to say my present was not to be too fashionable; for there is such a thing, I can assure you! The price of my present was not to be more than twenty shillings; but that is a very handsome sum if you put it in that way, though it may not sound so much if you only call it a sovereign.

Mrs. Gordon wrote back to me, pleased, as she always was, with doing anything for her old friends. She told me that she had been out for a day's shopping before going into the country, and had got a cage for herself of the newest and most elegant description, and had thought that she could not do better than get another like it as my present for Miss Pole, as cages were so much better made in Paris than anywhere else. I was rather dismayed when I read this letter; for, however pretty a cage might be, it was something for Miss Pole's own self, and not for her parrot, that I had intended to get. Here had I been finding ever so many reasons against her buying a new cap at Johnson's fashion-show, because I thought that the present which Mrs. Gordon was to choose for me in Paris might turn out to be an elegant and fashionable head-dress; a kind of cross between a turban and

a cap, as I see those from Paris mostly are; and now I had to veer round, and advise her to go as fast as she could, and secure Mr. Johnson's cap before any other purchaser snatched it up. But Miss Pole was too sharp for me.

"Why, Mary," said she, "it was only yesterday you were running down that cap like anything. You said, you know, that lilac was too old a color for me, and green too young; and that the mixture was very unbecoming."

"Yes, I know," said I; "but I have thought better of it. I thought about it a great deal last night, and I think—I thought—they would neutralize each other; and the shadows of any color are, you know—something I know—complementary colors." I was not sure of my own meaning, but I had an idea in my head, though I could not express it. She took me up shortly.

"Child, you don't know what you are saying. And besides, I don't want compliments at my time of life. I lay awake, too, thinking of the cap. I only buy one ready-made once a year, and of course it's a matter for consideration; and I came to the conclusion that you were quite right."

"O dear Miss Pole! I was quite wrong; if you only knew—I did think it a very pretty cap—only—"

"Well, do just finish what you've got to say. You're almost as bad as Miss Matty in your way of talking, without being half as good as she is in other ways; though I'm very fond of you, Mary, I don't mean I am not; but you must see you're very off and on, and very muddle-headed. It's the truth, so you will not mind my saying so."

It was just because it did seem like the truth at that time that I did mind her saying so; and, in despair, I thought I would tell her all.

"I did not mean what I said; I don't think lilac too old, or green too young; and I think the mixture very becoming to you; and I think you will never get such a pretty cap again, at least in Cranford." It was fully out, so far, at least.

"Then, Mary Smith, will you tell me what you did mean by speaking as you did, and convincing me against my will, and giving me a bad night?"

"I meant—O Miss Pole, I meant to surprise you with a present from Paris; and I

thought it would be a cap., Mrs. Gordon was to choose it, and Mr. Ludovic to bring it. I dare say it is in England now; only it's not a cap. And I did not want you to buy Johnson's cap, when I thought I was getting another for you."

Miss Pole found this speech "muddled-headed," I have no doubt, though she did not say so, only making an odd noise of perplexity. I went on: "I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to get you a present—something new and pretty. I meant it to be a dress; but I suppose I did not say so; I thought it would be a cap, for Paris is so famous for caps, and it is—"

"You're a good girl, Mary" (I was past thirty, but did not object to being called a girl; and, indeed, I generally felt like a girl at Cranford, where everybody was so much older than I was), "but when you want a thing, say what you want; it is the best way in general. And now I suppose Mrs. Gordon has bought something quite different?—a pair of shoes, I dare say, for people talk a great deal about Paris shoes. Anyhow, I'm just as much obliged to you, Mary, my dear; only you should not go and spend your money on me."

"It was not much money; and it was not a pair of shoes. You'll let me go and get the cap, won't you? It was so pretty—somebody will be sure to snatch it up."

"I don't like getting a cap that's sure to be unbecoming."

"But it is not! it was not! I never saw you look so well in anything!" said I.

"Mary, Mary, remember who is the father of lies!"

"But he's not my father," exclaimed I, in a hurry, for I saw Mrs. FitzAdam go down the street in the direction of Johnson's shop.

"I'll eat my words; they were all false: only just let me run down and buy that cap—that pretty cap!"

"Well, run off, child. I liked it myself till you put me out of taste with it."

I brought it back in triumph from under Mrs. FitzAdam's very nose, as she was hanging in meditation over it; and the more we saw of it, the more we felt pleased with our purchase. We turned it on this side, and we turned it on that; and though we hurried it away into Miss Pole's bedroom at the sound of a double knock at the door, when we found it was only Miss Matty and Mr. Peter, Miss

Pole could not resist the opportunity of displaying it, and said, in a solemn way to Miss Matty,—

"Can I speak to you for a few minutes in private?" And I knew feminine delicacy too well to explain what this grave prelude was to lead to, aware how immediately Miss Matty's anxious tremor would be allayed by the sight of the cap. I had to go on talking to Mr. Peter, however, when I would far rather have been in the bedroom, and heard the observations and comments.

We talked of the new cap all day; what gowns it would suit; whether a certain bow was not rather too coquettish for a woman of Miss Pole's age. "No longer young," as she called herself, after a little struggle with the words, though at sixty-five she need not have blushed as if she were telling a falsehood. But at last the cap was put away, and with a wrench we turned our thoughts from the subject. We had been silent for a little while, each at our work with a candle between us when Miss Pole began,—

"It was very kind of you, Mary, to think of giving me a present from Paris,"

"Oh, I was only too glad to be able to get you something! I hope you will like it, though it is not what I expected."

"I am sure I shall like it. And a surprise is always so pleasant."

"Yes; but I think Mrs. Gordon has made a very odd choice."

"I wonder what it is. I don't like to ask, but there's a great deal in anticipation; I remember hearing dear Miss Jenkyns say that 'anticipation was the soul of enjoyment,' or something like that. Now, there is no anticipation in a surprise; that's the worst of it."

"Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Just as you like, my dear. If it is any pleasure to you, I am quite willing to hear."

"Perhaps I had better not. It is something quite different to what I expected, and meant to have got; and I'm not sure if I like it as well."

"Relieve your mind, if you like, Mary. In all disappointments sympathy is a great balm."

"Well, then, it's something not for you; it's for Polly. It's a cage. Mrs. Gordon says they make such pretty ones in Paris."

I could see that Miss Pole's first emotion was disappointment. But she was very fond

of her cockatoo, and the thought of his smartness in his new habitation made her be reconciled in a moment; besides that, she was really grateful to me for having planned a present for her.

"Polly! Well, yes; his old cage is very shabby; he is so continually pecking at it with his sharp bill. I dare say Mrs. Gordon noticed it when she called here last October. I shall always think of you, Mary, when I see him in it. Now we can have him in the drawing-room, for I dare say a French cage will be quite an ornament to the room.

And so we talked on till we worked ourselves up into high delight at the idea of Polly in his new abode, presentable in it even to the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson. The next morning Miss Pole said she had been dreaming of Polly with her new cap on his head, while she herself sat on a perch in the new cage and admired him. Then, as if ashamed of having revealed the fact of imagining "such arrant nonsense" in her sleep, she passed on rapidly to the philosophy of dreams, quoting some book she had lately been reading, which was either too deep in itself, or too confused in her repetition for me to understand it. After breakfast, we had the cap out again; and that in its different aspects occupied us for an hour or so; and then, as it was a fine day, we turned into the garden, where Polly was hung on a nail outside the kitchen window. He clamored and screamed at the sight of his mistress, who went to look for an almond for him. I examined his cage meanwhile, old discolored wicker-work, clumsily made by a Cranford basket-maker. I took out Mrs. Gordon's letter; it was dated the fifteenth, and this was the twentieth, for I had kept it secret for two days in my pocket.

Mr. Ludovic was on the point of setting out for England when she wrote.

"Poor Polly!" said I, as Miss Pole, returning, fed him with the almond.

"Ah! Polly does not know what a pretty cage he is going to have," said she, talking to him as she would have done to a child; and then turning to me, she asked me when I thought it would come? We reckoned up dates, and made out that it might arrive that very day. So she called to her little stupid servant-maiden, Fanny, and bade her go out and buy a great brass-headed nail, very strong—strong enough to bear Polly and the new cage, and we all three weighed the cage in

our hands, and on her return she was to come up into the drawing-room with the nail and a hammer.

Fanny was a long time, as she always was, over her errands; but as soon as she came back, we knocked the nail, with solemn earnestness, into the house-wall, just outside the drawing-room window; for, as Miss Pole observed, when I was not there she had no one to talk to, and as in summer-time she generally sat with the window open, she could combine two purposes, the giving air and sun to Polly-Cockatoo, and the having his agreeable companionship in her solitary hours.

"When it rains, my dear, or even in a very hot sun, I shall take the cage in. I would not have your pretty present spoilt for the world. It was very kind of you to think of it; I am quite come round to liking it better than any present of mere dress; and dear Mrs. Gordon has shown all her usual pretty observation in remembering my Polly-Cockatoo."

"Polly-Cockatoo" was his grand name; I had only once or twice heard him spoken of by Miss Pole in this formal manner, except when she was speaking to the servants; then she always gave him his full designation, just as most people call their daughters Miss, in speaking of them to strangers or servants. But since Polly was to have a new cage, and all the way from Paris too, Miss Pole evidently thought it necessary to treat him with unusual respect.

We were obliged to go out to pay some calls; but we left strict orders with Fanny what to do if the cage arrived in our absence, as (we had calculated) it might. Miss Pole stood ready bonnetted and shawled at the kitchen door, I behind her, and cook behind Fanny, each of us listening to the conversation of the other two.

"And, Fanny, mind, if it comes, you coax Polly-Cockatoo nicely into it. He is very particular, and may be attached to his old cage, though it is so shabby. Remember birds have their feelings as much as we have! Don't hurry him in making up his mind."

"Please, ma'am, I think an almond would help him to get over his feelings," said Fanny, dropping a courtesy at every speech, as she had been taught to do at her charity school.

"A very good idea, very. If I have my keys in my pocket I will give you an almond for him. I think he is sure to like the view

up the street from the window ; he likes seeing people, I think."

"It's but a dull look-out into the garden ; nowt but dumb flowers," said cook, touched by this allusion to the cheerfulness of the street, as contrasted with the view from her own kitchen window.

"It's a very good look-out for busy people," said Miss Pole, severely. And then, feeling she was likely to get the worst of it in an encounter with her old servant, she withdrew with meek dignity, being deaf to some sharp reply ; and of course I, being bound to keep order, was deaf too. If the truth must be told, we rather hastened our steps, until we had banged the street-door behind us.

We called on Miss Matty, of course ; and then on Mrs. Hoggins. It seemed as if ill-luck would have it that we went to the only two households of Cranford where there was the encumbrance of a man, and in both places the man was where he ought not to have been ; namely, in his own house, and in the way. Miss Pole—out of civility to me, and because she really was full of the new cage for Polly, and because we all in Cranford relied on the sympathy of our neighbors in the veriest trifle that interested us—told Miss Matty and Mr. Peter, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins ; he was standing in the drawing-room, booted and spurred, and eating his hunk of bread and cheese in the very presence of his aristocratic wife, my lady that was. As Miss Pole said afterwards, if refinement was not to be found in Cranford, blessed as it was with so many scions of county families, she did not know where to meet with it. Bread and cheese in the drawing-room ! Onions next.

But for all Mr. Hoggins's vulgarity, Miss Pole told him of the present she was about to receive.

"Only think ! a new cage for Polly—Polly—Polly-Cockatoo, you know, Mr. Hoggins. You remember him and the bite he gave me once because he wanted to be put back in his cage, pretty bird ?"

"I only hope the new cage will be strong as well as pretty, for I must say a—" He caught a look from his wife, I think, for he stopped short. "Well, we're old friends, Polly and I, and he put some practice in my way once. I shall be up the street this af-

ternoon, and perhaps I shall step in and see this smart Parisian cage."

"Do !" said Miss Pole, eagerly. "Or, if you are in a hurry, look up at my drawing-room window ; if the cage is come, it will be hanging out there, and Polly in it."

We had passed the omnibus that met the train from London some time ago, so we were not surprised as we returned home to see Fanny half out of the window, and cook evidently either helping or hindering her. Then they both took their heads in ; but there was no cage hanging up. We hastened up the steps.

Both Fanny and the cook met us in the passage.

"Please, ma'am," said Fanny, "there's no bottom to the cage, and Polly would fly away."

"And there's no top," exclaimed cook. "He might get out of the top quite easy."

"Let me see," said Miss Pole, brushing past, thinking no doubt that her superior intelligence was all that was needed to set things to rights. On the ground lay a bundle, or a circle of hoops, neatly covered over with calico, no more like a cage for Polly-Cockatoo than I am like a cage. Cook took something up between her finger and thumb, and lifted the unsightly present from Paris. How I wish it had stayed there !—but foolish ambition has brought people to ruin before now ; and my twenty shillings are gone, sure enough, and there must be some use or some ornament intended by the maker of the thing before us.

"Don't you think it's a mousetrap, ma'am ?" asked Fanny, dropping her little courtesy.

For reply, the cook lifted up the machine, and showed how easily mice might run out ; and Fanny shrank back abashed. Cook was evidently set against the new invention, and muttered about its being all of a piece with French things—French cooks, French plums (nasty dried-up things), French rolls (as had no substance in 'em).

Miss Pole's good manners, and desire of making the best of things in my presence, induced her to try and drown cook's mutterings.

"Indeed, I think it will make a very nice cage for Polly-Cockatoo. How pleased he will be to go from one hoop to another, just

like a ladder, and with a board or two at the bottom, and nicely tied up at the top—”

Fanny was struck with a new idea.

“Please, ma’am, my sister-in-law has got an aunt as lives lady’s-maid with Sir John’s daughter—Miss Arley. And they did say as she wore iron petticoats all made of hoops—”

“Nonsense, Fanny!” we all cried; for such a thing had not been heard of in all Drumble, let alone Cranford, and I was rather looked upon in the light of a fast young woman by all the laundresses of Cranford, because I had two corded petticoats.

“Go mind thy business, wench,” said cook, with the utmost contempt; “I’ll warrant we’ll manage th’ cage without thy help.”

“It is near dinner-time, Fanny, and the cloth not laid,” said Miss Pole, hoping the remark might cut two ways; but cook had no notion of going. She stood on the bottom step of the stairs, holding the Paris perplexity aloft in the air.

“It might do for a meat-safe,” said she. “Cover it o’er wi’ canvas, to keep the flies out. It is a good framework, I reckon, anyhow!” She held her head on one side, like a connoisseur in meat-safes, as she was.

Miss Pole said, “Are you sure Mrs. Gordon called it a cage, Mary? Because she is a woman of her word, and would not have called it so if it was not.”

“Look here; I have the letter in my pocket.”

“I have wondered how I could best fulfil your commission for me to purchase something to the value of—um, um, never mind—fashionable and pretty for dear Miss Pole, and at length I have decided upon one of the new kind of “cages” (look here, Miss Pole; here is the word, C. A. G. E.), ‘which are made so much lighter and more elegant in Paris than in England. Indeed, I am not sure if they have ever reached you, for it is not a month since I saw the first of the kind in Paris.’”

“Does she say anything about Polly-Cockatoo?” asked Miss Pole. “That would settle the matter at once, as showing that she had him in her mind.”

“No—nothing.”

Just then Fanny came along the passage with the tray full of dinner-things in her hands. When she had put them down, she

stood at the door of the dining-room taking a distant view of the article. “Please, ma’am, it looks like a petticoat without any stuff in it; indeed it does, if I’m to be whipped for saying it.”

But she only drew down upon herself a fresh oburgation from the cook; and sorry and annoyed, I seized the opportunity of taking the thing out of cook’s hand, and carrying it up-stairs, for it was full time to get ready for dinner. But we had very little appetite for our meal, and kept constantly making suggestions, one to the other, as to the nature and purpose of this Paris “cage,” but as constantly snubbing poor little Fanny’s reiteration of “Please, ma’am, I do believe it’s a kind of petticoat—indeed I do.” At length Miss Pole turned upon her with almost as much vehemence as cook had done, only in choicer language.

“Don’t be silly, Fanny. Do you think ladies are like children, and must be put in go-carts; or need wire guards like fires to surround them; or can get warmth out of bits of whalebone and steel; a likely thing indeed! Don’t keep talking about what you don’t understand.”

So our maiden was mute for the rest of the meal. After dinner we had Polly brought up-stairs in her old cage, and I held out the new one, and we turned it about in every way. At length Miss Pole said,—

“Put Polly-Cockatoo back, and shut him up in his cage. You hold this French thing up” (alas! that my present should be called a “thing”), “and I’ll sew a bottom on to it. I’ll lay a good deal, they’ve forgotten to sew in the bottom before sending it off.” So I held and she sewed; and then she held and I sewed, till it was all done. Just as we had put Polly-Cockatoo in, and were closing up the top with a pretty piece of old yellow ribbon,—and, indeed, it was not a bad-looking cage after all our trouble,—Mr. Hoggins came up-stairs, having been seen by Fanny before he had time to knock at the door.

“Hallo!” said he, almost tumbling over us, as we were sitting on the floor at our work. “What’s this?”

“It’s this pretty present for Polly-Cockatoo,” said Miss Pole, raising herself up with as much dignity as she could, “that Mary has had sent from Paris for me.” Miss Pole was in great spirits now we had got Polly in; I can’t say that I was.

Mr. Hoggins began to laugh in his boisterous, vulgar way.

"For Polly—ha! ha! It's meant for you, Miss Pole—ha! ha! It's a new invention to hold your gowns out—ha! ha!"

"Mr. Hoggins! you may be a surgeon, and a very clever one, but nothing—not even your profession—gives you a right to be indecent!"

Miss Pole was thoroughly roused, and I trembled in my shoes. But Mr. Hoggins only laughed the more. Polly screamed in concert, but Miss Pole stood in stiff, rigid propriety, very red in the face.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pole, I am sure. But I'm pretty certain I am right. It's no indecency that I can see; my wife and Mrs. FitzAdam take in a Paris fashion-book between 'em, and I can't help seeing the plates of fashions sometimes—ha! ha! ha! Look, Polly has got out of his queer prison—ha! ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Peter came in; Miss Matty was so curious to know if the expected present had arrived. Mr. Hoggins took him by the arm, and pointed to the poor thing lying on the ground, but could not explain for laughing. Miss Pole said,—

"Although I am not accustomed to give an explanation of my conduct to gentlemen, yet, being insulted in my own house by—by Mr. Hoggins, I must appeal to the brother

of my old friend—my very oldest friend. Is this article a lady's petticoat, or a bird's cage?"

She held it up as she made this solemn inquiry. Mr. Hoggins seized the moment to leave the room, in shame, as I supposed, but, in reality, to fetch his wife's fashion-book; before I had completed the narration of the story of my unlucky commission, he returned, and holding the fashion-plate open by the side of the extended article, demonstrated the identity of the two.

But Mr. Peter had always a smooth way of turning off anger, by either his fun or a compliment. "It is a cage," said he, bowing to Miss Pole; "but it is a cage for an angel, instead of a bird! Come along, Hoggins; I want to speak to you!"

And, with an apology, he took the offending and victorious surgeon out of Miss Pole's presence. For a good while we said nothing; and we were now rather shy of little Fanny's superior wisdom when she brought up tea. But towards night our spirits revived, and we were quite ourselves again, when Miss Pole proposed that we should cut up the pieces of steel or whalebone—which, to do them justice, were very elastic—and make ourselves two good comfortable English calashes out of them with the aid of a piece of dyed silk which Miss Pole had by her.

THE DOUBLE-SCREW PROPELLOR.—It has been said with truth and humor that at the present day Aristotle is to be consulted for new discoveries; and many of our engineering novelties may be found in old authorities, though of later date than the writings of the Stagyrte. Recently, says a London paper, the chief engineer of her majesty's dockyard at Portsmouth constructed a steam-launch, in order to test the applicability of the system of twin or double-screw propellers driven by independent engines for our men-of-war. This had already been accomplished in 1851 by Mr. George Renzie, with Carpenter's double screws; but a correspondent of the *Times* thus traces the invention a century earlier:—

"So long ago as 1752, D. Bernouilli, proposed to use screw-propellers at the bows, sides, and stern of a ship, and to drive them by a steam-engine. A sketch of this early suggestion is given in the "Annales des Arts et Manufactures," tome

50, p. 329. In 1775 Kraft noticed this invention in a memoir at St. Petersburg, and two years afterwards we find it mentioned in the *Monthly Review*, vol. 56, p. 525. As usual the idea was frequently reproduced or copied by other inventors; but even a century ago it included provisions for raising screws out of water when out of use."

GEORGE ELIOT's novels have been translated into French by M. d'Albert Durade at Basle—"Adam Bede," in two volumes; "La Famille Tulliver, ou Le Moulin sur la Floss," in two volumes; and "Silas Marner, le Tisserand de Rav-elac," in one. "Romola," by G. Eliot, is now added to the Tauchnitz series of English reprints; and "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Miles Standish" form the third volume of Tauchnitz's authorized edition of "Longfellow's Poetical Works."

From Bentley's Miscellany.
IMPERFECT CRIMINALS.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

Quam propè ad crimen eine crimine? How nearly may a man approach to guilt, without being guilty? was a favorite topic or vexed question when Casuistry flourished.

One of Mr. Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales is concerned with "a venerable gentleman, one Mr. Smith," whose silver hair is the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature,—whose solitude is one night broken, allegorically, by the entrance of fancy with a show-box, wherein he is made to see himself committing sins which may have been meditated by him, but never were embodied in act. Not a shadow of proof, it seems, could have been adduced, in any earthly court, that he was guilty of the slightest of those sins which were thus made to stare him in the face. "And could such beings of cloudy fantasy, so near akin to nothingness, give valid evidence against him at the day of judgment?" Such is the query propounded, such the problem discussed, such the grave question vexed, in the *fantasiestück* entitled, FANCY'S SHOW-BOX: A MORALITY.

For, to meditative souls in general, and to curiously speculative Mr. Hawthorne in particular, it is, as he says at starting, a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract guilty stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which have never come into outward and actual existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? It is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clenches its gripe upon the guilty heart, and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, our author argues, "sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand-fold more virulent by its self-consciousness."

"Be it considered, also, that men over-estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are dimly seen, they can bear to contemplate it. They may take the steps which lead to crime, impelled by the same sort of moral action as in

working out a mathematical problem, yet be powerless with compunction, at the final moment. They knew not what deed it was that they deemed themselves resolved to do. In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled and full resolve, either for good or for evil, except at the very moment of execution."

Mr. Hawthorne would hope, therefore, in conclusion, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

There is another story* in the same volume which tells how two villains were just about, for plunder's sake, to stab to the heart a traveller sleeping by the wayside, when interrupted by approaching footsteps. Hereupon each ruffian quietly takes a dram on the spot, and together they depart, *rê infectû*, "with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing." In a few hours, it is added, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. (But does this square with the writer's previous conclusion?)

The recording angel's book-keeping is altogether divergent from that of clerks of sessions and criminal courts. It is not theft, as lawyers advise us, to determine to steal a purse, nor to follow the man who carries it for the purpose of stealing it, nor to stretch out the hand for the purpose of taking it, nor even to lay hold of it with the same intention. The definition is not satisfied—we quote an essayist on the Morality of Advocacy—"till the purse is actually removed from its place; but as soon as that is done, the crime is complete, whatever may have been the temptation, however rapidly repentance, and even confession and restitution, may follow. The servant who sees a halfpenny lying about, takes it into her hand with the intention of stealing, and immediately changes her mind and puts it back, is a thief. A professional criminal, who has planned a robbery for weeks together, who has gone out with the full intention of committing it, and who runs away at the last moment because he sees a policeman coming, has committed no crime at all." This injustice, if so it must be called, at any rate this ethical anomaly, is inevitable here

* "David Swan."

below. But they manage these things differently in another place.

Le mal qui ne se fait pas, observes M. Desiré Nisard, "n'est su que de celui qui seul connaît le nombre des bons et des méchants et qui pèse les sociétés et les siècles."*

"For though in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will."†

The ancients frequently touched on this subject of a guilty will. It is the *animus*, and not the act, that constitutes the crime, says Juvenal:—

—"Scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
Facti crimen habet."

Seneca teaches that he who is about to commit an injury, has committed it already: *injuriæ qui facturæ est jam fecit*. So Keats, in an admired passage,‡ speaks of the "two brothers and their murdered man," meaning the man they were taking away with them, for the purpose of murdering him.

Benvenuto Cellini relates, in his autobiography, how he had formed a resolution, in case he could meet with that malicious fellow, Bandinello, one of the blackest (painted) of Ben's many black beasts, "to fall upon him, and punish his insolence" without quarter. One evening, just as Cellini arrived at the square of St. Domenico, in Florence, Bandinello entered it on the other side—as Ben knew to be Ban's nightly wont. Whereupon, writes Ben, "I came up to him with a full resolution to do a bloody piece of work upon the spot. I looked up, and saw him upon a little mule, which appeared no bigger than an ass, and he had with him a boy about ten years of age. As soon as he perceived me, he turned as pale as death, and trembled all over; I, who knew what a cowardly wretch he was, cried out to him, 'Fear nothing, vile poltroon! I do not think you are worth striking.' He gave me a look of the most abject pusillanimity, and returned no answer.

"I thereupon resumed just and virtuous sentiments, and returned thanks to the Almighty for preventing me from perpetrating the rash action I intended. Being in this manner delivered from the diabolical frenzy by which I had been agitated, I recovered my spirits," etc. §

Ben (italicè) it was for Ben that he stopped just in time, and that Ban became not his ban—in the shape of a life-long remorse (if at least Ben was capable of that sort of feeling).

—"Oh yet,
Thank Heaven that you have not quite bartered
regret

For remorse, nor the sad self-redemptions of grief
For a self-retribution beyond all relief!"*

Possibly the author of these lines was not unmindful, as he wrote them, of a near relation's picture of "nobler bliss still" than the sudden relief of pain—the rapture of the conscience, namely, at the sudden release from a guilty thought. We refer to Harley L'Estrange, when "the sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision." He had meditated foul wrong towards his oldest friend. And thus already had he been apostrophized on the eve of its meditated accomplishment: "But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if to-morrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished! . . . Wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain?"†

So again Adam Smith moralizes on the ease of a man who, having resolved, and perhaps taken measures to perpetrate some crime, has fortunately been prevented by an accident which put it out of his power—such a man being "sure, if he has any remains of conscience, to regard this event all his life after as a great and signal deliverance." He can never think of it, our philosopher goes on to say, without returning thanks to Heaven for saving him from actual guilt, and therefore from life-long horror and remorse: but though his hands are innocent, he is conscious that his heart is equally guilty as if he had executed his resolve. Still, it gives, practically, great ease to his conscience, to consider that the crime was *not* executed, though he knows that the failure arose from no virtue in him. "To remember how much he was resolved upon it, has no other effect than to make him regard his escape as the greater and more miraculous: for he still fancies that he has escaped, and he looks back upon the danger to which his peace of mind was exposed, with that terror, with which one who

* "Études d'Histoire," p. 259.

† Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.

‡ "Isabella: or, the Pot of Basil."

§ "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," book iv. ch. iv.

* Owen Meredith, "Lucile."

† "My Novel," book xii. chapters xxviii. and xxxi.

is in safety may sometimes remember the hazard he was in of falling over a precipice, and shudder with terror at the thought." * For, by one stroke and

—"In one moment, we may plunge our years In fatal penitence, and in the blight Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears, And color things to come with hues of Night." †

Shakspeare had thought deeply, and has touched repeatedly, on this general subject. The distinction broadly drawn by human judgments between a guilty design and a guilty deed, he illustrates in Bolingbroke's answer to Aumale when the latter rushes in and implores pardon beforehand for a yet unavowed crime :—

"*Bol.* Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee." ‡

To which a parallel passage might be quoted in Isabella's plea for the life of Angelo :—

"Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
*His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way : thoughts are no sub-
jects ;
Intents but merely thoughts.*" §

Suffolk less charitably pleads, a special pleader, against the spirit of leniency such as this, where he supposes the case of one

"Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed." ||

It is too truly objected by English critics, that a French dramatist's notion of virtue would seem to resolve itself into the conception, in the first instance, of some base design against the honor of a friend, or the chastity of a woman, and a valiant conquest of the meditated villany at the last moment. His hero must sin greatly in thought, before he can prevail upon himself to exhibit a little virtuous instinct in act. His example is that of loose and vagrant passions checked on the eve of consummation by an impulse. "In England, we place the morality of the stage on a different basis. We do not dramatize mental violations of the Decalogue, and take

* Adam Smith, "Theory of Moral Sentiments," part ii. sec. iii.

† "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto iii.

‡ "King Richard II.," Act V. Sc. 3.

§ "Measure for Measure," Act V. Sc. 1.

|| "King Henry VI.," Part II. Act III. Sc. 1.

credit to ourselves for the non-commission of crimes which we hold it to be demoralizing even to contemplate." We do not sit in the playhouse "merely for the satisfaction of seeing an *imperfect criminal* retreat from his purpose in the end." *

"When with a sudden revulsion his heart recoils from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction." †

Let us hope that the French conception of virtue, as thus delineated, may not take root downward and bear fruit upward, on English soil ; and that few censors of our press may have to say of native fiction what a discerning judge ‡ said of a novel entitled "Creeds," that the author's definition of innocence, so far as it could be made out, is, to be ready and willing to do wicked things, but not yet to have done them.

True, most true, that between the crime designed, and the crime committed, there is a great gulf fixed—by the *communis sensus* of practical ethics. When CEnone reasons with Phèdre,—

"Quel crime a pu produire un trouble si pres-
sant ?
Vos mains n'ont point trempé dans le sang in-
nocent ?" §

the wo-begone queen replies,—

"Grâces au ciel, mes mains ne sont point criminelles."

But for all that, in her case, it is due alike to rhyme and reason to add,—

"Plut aux dieux que mon cœur fut innocent
comme elles !" §

But it is something, it is much, that besides her self-reproachful *Plût aux dieux !* she can vent, as regards criminal action, an earnest *Grâces au ciel !* She has not crossed the gulf, which, deep as it may be, it takes but one step to cross. She has not come to the pass of the accomplished criminal, who, in virtue or by vice of his accomplished fact, must fall into the strain of guilty Hesperus, and say,—

"Wickedness,
How easy is thy lesson ! Now I stand
Up to the throat in blood ; from Mercy's records

* *Westminster Review*, New Series, V. 96. Art. : "The English Stage."

† Longfellow, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

‡ In *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, II. 463.

§ Racine, "Phèdre," I. 3.

For evermore my guilty name is razed.
But yesterday, oh, blessed yesterday,
I was a man ;
And now—I start amazed at myself.” *

It is a remark of Mr. Disraeli's, that the pursuit of gaming, oftener than any other, leads men to self-knowledge. Appalled, he argues by the absolute destruction on the verge of which the gamester finds his early youth just stepping ; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thralldom, and with a ruined fortune and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, and his conscience clear † from those dark stains which Phèdre deprecated, from that one “damned spot,” of which all the perfumes of Arabia could not cleanse Lady Macbeth's little hand.

It is Horace's teaching, in one of his seriously reflective moods, that not Heaven itself can annihilate or undo a deed done—*non tamen irritum Quodcunque retro est, efficiet* :—

—“neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.” ‡

“Oh, the fierce sense
Of hopelessness ! *The fault is done !* No keen
Remorse, no holy law of penitence,
Not God himself *can make it not have been ;*
Though angels whisper peace, that thought comes
in between.” §

Premeditation, writes Mr. Carlyle, is not performance, is not surety of performance ; it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whose wills perform. From the purpose of crime, he adds, to the act of crime, there is an abyss ; wonderful to think of. “The finger lies on the pistol ; but the man is not yet a murderer ; nay, his whole nature staggering at such a consummation, is there not a confused pause rather—one last instant of possibility for him ? Not yet a murderer ; it is at the mercy of light trifles || whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts ; and he is

* Beddoes, “The Bride's Tragedy,” Act IV. Sc. 1.

† See “The Young Duke,” book iv. ch. vi.

‡ Hor. Carm., III. 29.

§ Chauncy Hare Townsend, “The Mystery of Evil.”

|| So Longfellow, in the context of a passage already cited :—

“Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine.” —Miles Standish, sec. v.

it, and will for Eternity be it ;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him ; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse ; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, *Wo, wo on him !*” *

We may apply in this stern, solemn sense, what Oswald says in Wordsworth's tragedy :

“Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed :
Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.” †

But this same Oswald is a daring sophist ; and in his sneering disdain of compunctious visitings on the part of the man he is tempting to crime, he thus touches on the contingencies of criminal action—

“What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.” ||

This consideration of contingencies, this question of to be or not to be, is forcibly illustrated in Schiller's *Wallenstein's Tod*. In the first act of that tragedy, Wallenstein soliloquizes in this strain of quasi-fatalism ; *Can* he no longer what he *would* ? no longer draw back at his liking ? he must *do* the deed because he *thought* of it ?

“By the great God of Heaven ! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.”

Again and again he pauses, and remains in deep thought. Anon comes the reflection :—

“My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom ;
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
Forever to those sly, malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.”

And the scene of agitated hesitancy closes with the moody man's self-gratulation on his conscience being, thus far, free from crime :—

“Yet it is pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slander is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.” §

Happier he that can put himself in Hubert's case, and honestly affirm—

* “Carlyle's History of the French Revolution,” part iii. book i. ch. iv.

† “The Borderers.” A Tragedy. Act III.

‡ Ibid., Sc. 6.

§ “The Death of Wallenstein,” Coleridge's translation, Act I., Sc. 4, *passim*.

—“This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,—
Not painted with the crimson drops of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought.”*

A happiness only to be rated aright, perhaps, by an actual “murderer,” like the nameless one from whom Shakspeare wrings the most natural, most unavailing cry,—

“Oh, that it were to do!—What have we done?”†

Well it is for all of us that we cannot discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, one in another—cannot detect the almost culprit, the imperfect criminal, under the fair outside of the seemingly perfect gentleman. There is a poem of Barry Cornwall’s devoted to what some might consider a morbid analysis of a friend’s “Interior” (that is the name of the piece), in which the person addressed, hitherto reckoned the “flower of jolly, gamesome, rosy friends,” is bid

“Unloose your heart, and let me see
What’s hid within that ruby round.”

The result of the revelation is, that here “our ill-paired union ends.” At least, the intimacy is destroyed. The fellowship is, on second thoughts, allowed to continue—on slacker terms, indeed, and by a frailer tenure; but still a recognized existence, such as it may be.

* “King John,” Act IV., Sc. 2.

† “King Henry VI.,” Part II. Act. III. Sc. 2.

“No!—let’s jog on, from morn to night;
Less close than we were wont, indeed;
Why should I hate, because I read
The spots kept secret from my sight,
And force some *unborn sins* to light?”*

Owen Meredith,—if that now transparent pseudonym is still to be used,—in the opening soliloquy of his Clytemnestra, makes the guilty queen—guilty in thought, and not as yet in deed—meditate on the compunctious visitings that perturb her bosom, and ask herself the reason of all this incurable unrest. Wherefore to her—to her, of all mankind, *this retribution for a deed undone?*

“For many men outlive their sum of crimes,
And eat, and drink, and lift up thankful hands,
And take their rest securely in the dark.
Am I not innocent—or more than these?
There is no blot of murder on my brow,
Nor any taint of blood upon my robe.
—It is the thought! it is the thought! . . . and
men

Judge us by act! . . . as tho’ one thunder-clap
Let all Olympus out.”†

In fine, the gist of her wistful self-questioning is, why should she, an imperfect criminal, be tortured with remorse as for a perfected crime?

But it comes across her, in an after-stage of her progress towards accomplished guilt, that—

“Surely, sometimes the unseen Eumenides
Do prompt our musing moods with wicked hints,
And lash us for our crimes ere we commit them.”

* B. W. Proctor, “Dramatic Scenes,” etc., p. 317.

† “Clytemnestra” (1855), p. 2.

THE FUR TRADE OF THE NORTH-WEST.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Press* has a long review of the fur trade of the north-west, for the season just closed, from which we clip the following statement of the business of St. Paul, which is claimed to be the largest fur market in the country: “On looking at the books of our dealers, we find that 3,500 bison or buffaloes have fallen victims to the arrow or the bullet on our north-western prairies, to supply civilized man with robes to keep him warm while riding in the winter. These robes will always be a standard article for such purposes. They cost about seven dollars raw. An equal number of wolves—which fact one hears with pleasure—have also bit the dust to supply our fair countrywomen with elegant sleigh-robes, worth \$2 each, to keep out the biting air while gliding over the snows of our northern winters. The bruin family bewails the loss of 850 ursine members. These skins, costing from \$10 to \$20, are also used for sleigh covers, and for military purposes, as are also 1,650 skins of the red fox, worth about \$2.50. The mink, now mercilessly

pursued, since his pelt is worth from \$3.50 to \$5, contributes 28,000 skins towards those elegant mantles and cloaks that every lady so covets. The muskrat species are prolific, and has given us fully 250,000 skins, worth thirty to thirty-two cents each.

“Of the more rare and costly furs 2,258 otters have been captured from their lacustrine retreats, and will soon do duty in the shape of gloves, etc., at \$6 to \$7 per pelt, and 640 ‘fishers’ have been trapped, yielding the fortunate hunter \$8 to \$10 each. The marten family, one much prized, lost 1,600 members, enriching the trapper at the rate of \$5 to \$10 each. Of the cross fox, a very scarce and rare animal only seventy-nine have been caught. Good specimens bring \$20. During the winter a trapper brought in, among a lot of peltries, two skins which, as nothing had ever been seen here like them before, were called the blue fox. They seem to be a hybrid between the cross and the silver fox. No one knew their value, and they were sold at \$2 each. The skins brought \$25 each in New York.”

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *Jeremias Gotthelf's gesammelte Schriften.* Heraus gegeben Von Julius Springer, 24 Bde.
2. *Albert Bitziu's (Jeremias Gotthelf) Sein Leben und Seine Schriften.* Dargestellt Von Dr. C. Manuel.

In this locomotive age every one has been in Switzerland. We have all shivered on the Rhigi, waiting for the sun, which (somewhat rudely) declined to rise; have explored Mont Blanc as far as our nerves would allow; have missed steamboats, paid enormous hotel bills, and, in short, done the grand tour. Delightful as all the reminiscences may be, the impressions we received were mostly superficial and transient. We enjoyed ourselves with the utmost selfishness, unconcerned as to whether the country belonged to Mr. Lincoln or the Khan of Tartary. Its population, to us, consisted entirely of landlords, waiters, and postilions, with an occasional "peasant," who persisted obstinately in speaking a language of his own, and therefore did not come within our pale of civilization. All visible literature was comprised in newspapers, and in time-tables of railroads and steamboats. We so persistently ignored the undercurrent of thought and life circulating around us, that we have since felt qualified to deal with it, and have been positively hurt that no friend should have urged us to publish our journal.

Since those days we have become somewhat more familiar with this undercurrent of literature and of domestic life. It is by no means a rich literature. The author by profession is a species almost unknown in Switzerland. Works of fiction are especially rare. The real earnest life of the little free towns is too prosaic in its tone, too practical in its working, to give encouragement to any writing not connected with science or with law. Of the town of Berne this is especially true. About a century ago, there was a feeble striving of literary life in Zurich, fanned into a tremulous flame by the paper-knife warfare of Gottsched and other critics. After them came Pestalozzi, writing for one definite object, without literary aspiration. Even the well-known Zschokke, so popular and fertile as a writer, was not one by profession, but directed his main energies to active practical affairs. It is only occasionally, after some revolution, that we encounter a

young author, like a wounded bird of passage dropped on some inhospitable waste.

We have placed at the head of this article the name of a man whose works fill twenty-four volumes, and who, nevertheless, was not an author by profession. The real life work of Jeremias Gotthelf was done in the little church of Lützelflüh, and in the quiet homes scattered among the countless Bernese valleys. Deep down below the village ran the treacherous Emme, to-day a gentle stream, toying idly with the overhanging branches, and murmuring softly to the unheeding rocks; to-morrow rushing on a relentless torrent, destroying the peasant's crops and the poor widow's garden; while far in the distance rose the peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Oberland. To the sentimental tourist these valleys and cottages appear idyllic homes of joy and peace. What can these simple people know of such sufferings and wrongs, such weariness and worry, as we find accumulate in our nineteenth century London life? Surely, here is a haven of rest!

Mr. Gotthelf will answer this question for us, for he lived among them in the highest sense of the word. He entered into all that they felt or suffered, and was equally ready to give tender sympathy or practical advice. Himself a Bernese, he shared their sturdy, active, impulsive, and somewhat obstinate nature. To the sorrow that was inevitable he taught the most childlike submission; but such sufferings as result from bad government, or bad passions, roused his utmost indignation. That these sufferings abounded is proved not only by the tenor of his writings, but by the fact that he wrote at all. In a letter to a friend, he describes himself as brooding over social grievances, feeling hampered, constrained, helpless—until, overpowered by an irresistible impulse, his yearning soul burst forth in a torrent of utterance. Had he really lived in an idyllic paradise, or even taken a horse exercise every day, he might never have written a book! Having once broken forth, however, this stream made a way for itself, became clearer and calmer, leaving rocks and mud behind, until it watered fair, busy fields, and reflected in its quiet surface the glory of the heavens.

Gotthelf's writings are the utterance of the earnest life within and around him. He entered into the great mountain temple of

nature, following within the veil such great high-priests as Wordsworth and Novalis. He is a true poet when he tells us in hushed voice of the hill-side storm, the relentless avalanche, the devastating torrent; or leads us rejoicing through the jubilant spring woods and grateful autumn fields. But his deepest interest lay in the human life which surrounded him, which spoke to his heart daily in dirge or psalm. This life he has photographed in his books. As with photographs generally, while perfect in detail, there is about many of them an excess of shadow. Others again might remind us of Mr. Brett's painting of the Val D'Aosta, clear, bright, accurate, with infinite detail, harmonized by one pervading thought. In one particular, however, this comparison could hardly be carried out. There is a glow of heart in all Gotthelf's scenes for which we vainly look in that imperturbable canvas.

Gotthelf's first book was the "Pleasant-Mirror," which appeared in 1836. The hero of it was called Jeremias Gotthelf, and the name was soon transferred to the anonymous author, whose popularity made it quite a household word. In this, as in most of his stories, there is no effort after dramatic interest, no intricate plot and grand climax. It is not the end, but the way to it, which is, in his view, of highest importance. The flowers and stones by the roadside have all their lessons of use or of beauty. The hero of the simple history is, as his name betrays, not one of the fortunate of the earth, but an oppressed, struggling man, in a melancholy, angry mood toward men and things, yet, with God's help, making his way upward. Into this book are introduced briefly the various social grievances against which Gotthelf bravely broke many a lance in his later works. The relations between the peasant and his laborers, the deplorable condition of the whole system of national education, the immorality and intemperance common among the lower orders of country people, were all crying evils which no one else had the disposition or the courage to attack. The book, as might be anticipated, raised a storm of criticism. Its audacity alone was irritating, but its satire was felt to be still more galling. The writer was accused of pulling down without building up again, of probing the wound but applying

no remedy. To one critic he thus characteristically replies:—

"Jeremias Gotthelf saw untilled fields ploughed, hoed, and sown. They looked for the time smooth and fair. All that was needful seemed to have been done at one stroke. But the original wildness was only covered over, and re-appeared in all directions; so that the soil was of no use for the best produce. Then he saw in August a harrow pass over the rough clods. It crossed it as though in play, lifted up the clods, and turned them over with all the roots toward the sky. Then the ploughman went home and left the field. People who passed by were angry at the rough look of the uncovered, upturned roots, which remained so through the autumn and winter, while all the other fields were green and smooth. But in the spring came the man again with another plough, tore up the earth again, and began to plant. The uncovered roots could not bear the heat and the cold, but gradually died; and when the operation had been two or three times repeated, the field was tilled and fit to bear the noblest fruit in its purified soil."

The "Peasant-Mirror" has been compared to "Gil Blas," as representing with the same skill and fidelity a very different phase of human life. With this difference, too, in the representation, that Le Sage, as a man of the world, while scourging with his satire all the frailties and sins of humanity, still accepts them as matters of course, as inevitable evils; whereas through Gotthelf's work runs a deep undertone of sorrow and righteous anger and determination to amend.

Shortly after the publication of this book a hurricane overwhelmed the valley of the Emme. The little river overflowed its banks, causing great disaster and distress. Gotthelf gave an account of this event in a little book called "Das Wassernoth in Emmenthan." Unpretending in its simplicity, it is full of quiet grandeur, both in its descriptions and in its lessons.

In 1838 appeared "The Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster." Some seven or eight years before, great efforts toward reformation had been made in the upper schools; but among the lower ones little improvement had been attained beyond building a few new schoolhouses. These necessary reforms were like all others, attended with many difficul-

ties, some of which are well interwoven with the story of the unfortunate Kaser. For example, the masters were, many of them, not at all abreast of the new demands made upon them; yet how could they be suddenly displaced without great harshness and injustice? On the other hand, if they were too timid to disturb the existing order of things, how was reform to proceed? Gotthelf's aim in the book, therefore, was chiefly to put a shoulder to this wheel, and help forward the great work. He points out courageously the evil of the government authority which kept the schoolmaster down on a starvation salary only to have him more thoroughly in its power, and the correlative evil of the schoolmaster keeping the education of the village down at the lowest point, in order that his office may be magnified, and the whole village become pecuniarily dependent upon the only man beside the pastor who could write a letter or cast up an account. At the same time he hangs out his red flag over the popular fallacy that all reform or improvement is to be achieved for them and not by them; is to be done by government as independently of their individual effort as the tailoring of a regiment. Gotthelf will hear of no man's sitting with folded arms and open mouth until the roasted pigeons fly into it. Individual effort and responsibility is one of his strongholds; there he often takes his stand, preaching "Work, work," as the salt of the earth. The outline of the story is simple, the incidents few; and yet the interest never slackens, unless perhaps in the case of a sensation novel reader.

Peter Kaser was the son of a poor weaver. There were eight children, and the great object of the parents was to turn each one to the best possible account. In this, however, they were not very successful, inasmuch as they were by no means trained to industrious habits. The parents felt the children to be a great burden, which the love in their hearts was not strong enough to lighten. Their existence could only be tolerated if they were able to earn. In such an atmosphere of heartlessness and selfishness Peter grew up. He was a favorite with his father; and therefore the mother and sisters joined in small manifestations of jealousy and spite on all possible occasions. He was kept close to his weaving, and all his earnings went into the common purse. When at last another son

came, and his father's affection became somewhat diverted, his mother and sisters were triumphant, and his position henceforth was intolerable. His only friend in the world was the village schoolmaster. The description of this school and schoolmaster belongs to forty years ago, so let us hope it is veritably one of the past. Here it is:—

"He was ugly, and almost repulsively unclean. He was fond of brandy as well as of snuff, and he drank as often during school-hours as not. His pay was small, and to increase it he did carpenter's work, and in the winter the schoolroom was his workshop. He was considered a wonderfully clever man, for he could measure hay for the peasants, and even write letters and testimonials. About his schoolkeeping there was not much to be said. In the mornings the children learned what they were to repeat. (Repeating meant reading and spelling, as well as what they learned by heart.) Then the repetition by rote began, and if it did not last too long, there was a little reading after it. In the afternoon they began with reading, after which a few could write or cipher, but the greater part kept on with their books. But even this amount of teaching was burdensome to the master, and he did as little as possible; so he had always one or two adjutants, to whom he confided his sceptre, the rod. It was generally the rich ones to whom he thus gave the opportunity to practise the art of bullying and torturing subordinates. There was no order in the school, but blows enough on all sides. There was no respect; and that boy was thought greatest who could play the most tricks, and make the most fun of the schoolmaster. The great delight, however, was when, as frequently happened, he fell asleep in the afternoon. As soon as the boys saw sleep coming over him, the ordinary noise was stilled, and they became quiet as mice. When he was supposed to be sound asleep, a book was dropped or a ruler struck on the table to make quite sure. He seldom roused. Then a council of war was held, as to what should be done. They were not often long at a loss. They would tie him with string to the legs of the stove, smear his face with ink, stuff his nose with paper, fasten his hair to the stove with cobbler's wax, and so on. When finished, all crept away but one, who stayed near a window to watch results. When his wife heard the children go away, and the master did not come, she went to look for him and rouse him by no gentle means, apostrophizing him with a variety of expletives. The schoolmaster never inquired for the criminals, but the next morning used the rod with spe-

cial energy. Custom, however, had made them indifferent to the visitation."—P. 50.

Peter had considerably distanced the other boys. He was diligent, and used to repeat his lessons over to himself whilst weaving. It was his great ambition to be able sometimes to take the master's place, and hear the other boys repeat. He was a great favorite with the master, but, nevertheless, could not be trusted with so responsible a post until he had learned all the boys' lessons by heart, and could read a book upside down. These accomplishments he at length mastered, and so is entrusted with the ruler of office. Finding his home life intolerable, he holds a consultation with his old friend, into whose mind darts a sudden inspiration, prompting him to exclaim, "Peter, you must be a schoolmaster." So he finds for Peter an engagement as assistant-teacher during the winter months, for which he is to receive board and lodging, and the extravagant sum of thirty shillings. The schoolmaster and his wife do not prove to be pleasant people, and poor Peter's reflections before going to sleep the first night is, "Ah! it is much easier to live with unkind parents in your own home than with unkind strangers in a strange village." Nothing Peter did gave satisfaction, and the children soon found out the discord at headquarters. When the winter was over Peter was heartily glad to pocket his money, and say "Good-by." Ten thalers—what would they not buy, and what a luxury to be always able to wear his shirt the right side outwards! Before, however, our hero could be an approved candidate even for the post of schoolmaster, it was necessary that he should pass an examination. He approached this ordeal without trepidation, and acquitted himself as follows:—

"My reading was loud and beautiful, the vowels and final syllables I pronounced with special emphasis, as though they were accented. The examiners were particularly pleased with this, and continued smiling the whole time. The catechizing out of the question-book also went on well. Then the children's Bible was brought out, and each one had to explain a story. My old friend had told me to be sure to get possession of the top seat, since the gentlemen almost always gave the school to whoever sat in it. I had taken it, and had to pay for it. I was to explain the fortieth history in the Old Testament. I began with the question, 'Who

were Adam and Eve?' My schoolmaster had told me they were the main origin of everything, and by beginning with them one could always go on best and furthest. But the School Commissioner interrupted me—a thing, by the way, which I considered extremely ill-mannered, because, in an examination, especially, every one has to do the best he can. So he interrupted me, and said, I was to keep to the subject: if we were to begin everything with Adam and Eve we should have to pray for another Joshua to make the sun stand still. As all laughed at this witticism, and my thread was broken off, I stood there in blank confusion, with nothing more to say. 'Now,' said the commissioner, 'you can construe, at any rate; that is the main thing in an explanation: if a man has once construed a sentence, there can be no doubt about his understanding it.' There I sat, and with wide-open mouth gazed at the commissioner like a sheep, for I had no idea what *construing* meant. It was a word I had never heard. 'Come, come now, do begin; look in the book, there are no letters on my nose,' was the impatient exhortation I received. Then it occurred to me that the word *construiren* must be Italian, and was made use of by the gentlemen on occasions of special dignity, when they simply meant *spell*. So I began to spell with great volubility. 'Don't you understand German?' 'Oh, yes, most highly, revered Herr Schulecumpen.' 'Then construe.' I spelled. 'I asked if you understood German?' 'Oh, yes, most highly, revered Herr Schulmilitär, but not Italian,' I added in a tearful voice. A peal of laughter rang through the room, and thenceforth I was the fool of the day."—P. 123.

At the close of the examination poor Peter received, not the school, but the admonition not to go up again to be examined until he had learned the difference between spelling and construing. Mental distress, occasioned by this signal failure in the art of construing, at length drove Peter into a normal school. Here he paid his way by his old trade of weaving, and learned reading aloud, spelling, singing, arithmetic, and the much-desired construing. All the instruction was hard, technical, soulless; noisy repetition of words, scarcely half understood; a process of cramming which served rather to choke up than to expand the intellect. Although we are now nearly forty years further on in the march of civilization, we are by no means free from this evil either in the normal or the public schools. Good Mr. Gotthelf waxes very wrathful on this subject for two or three paragraphs.

Peter is at last settled in one of the best places in the canton. Thirty thalers a year, with house and firewood! The pastor receives him somewhat roughly, and with an abundant supply of good advice, winding up with the words, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The awkward manners and shy reserve of the schoolmaster are misunderstood by him, and construed as signs of opposition to himself; so from the first their relation was not a friendly one. Poor Peter, too, had the innocent weakness of believing all that was said to him. The peasants soon found this out, and delighted to take advantage of it. They soon began telling him he ought to take a wife, that he could get one with a fortune, and keep cows, and so forth. So presently the simple youth considered himself to be in love with a certain peasant's daughter, named Studi. She and her family had been kind to him; and with great intrepidity and very little doubt as to the result, he propounds the grave question of marriage. Studi quietly says she is very young, and in no hurry to marry. Peter begins to feel extremely comfortable, when a heavy hand is laid on his shoulder, and the voice of the peasant thunders in his ear, "What! is it you, schoolmaster, plaguing our Studi? I didn't think you were such a fool as that! Let her alone now; we have had enough of your nonsense!" And so the disconsolate lover was forbidden the house, and Studi soon after married a rich peasant. Peter now sinks into a despairing state of mind, is less careful about his school and about his company. His reputation suffers; bad stories are carried to the pastor, who believes all without question, and will not even hear Peter's explanation of the calumnies. Peter's own manner, too, at this interview being more awkward, and his tongue even less ready than usual, from his great excitement, tell against him. The poor fellow is quite crushed by this injustice; he feels that although he has been on the very brink of a fearful precipice, that he has really done no wrong, but been more sinned against than sinning.

"The good pastor," says Mr. Gotthelf, "is not the only person who, from visible premises, draws false conclusions on which to build an invisible background for himself; who attributes man's folly always to malice and corruption, and sees a guilty heart in an

awkward, hesitating manner. It is our greatest sin against our neighbor that we will put ourselves in the place of God, and judge not only a man's outside but his very soul. And we do not know even our own souls: do not know whether they have four legs or two wings. Out of a mite we make an elephant; out of a little error or inadvertency, a capital offence; out of a foolish human being we make an incarnate devil! Who shall count the sins thus committed by pastors and teachers, masters and parents, wives and husbands? And if a man could count them, still he could not follow the evil consequences of such sin into the hidden windings of the heart; he could not tell how many a heart has become hard because people said it was hardened; how many a man grows spiteful because he is told every day how spiteful he is; how many a one takes to bad company because he is supposed to be inclined to it, or grows quarrelsome because he has the credit for it. Neither can we ever follow those hearts which slowly break under this constant false reading—hearts which, the more they are misunderstood, are the less able to remove the error, and on earth bear the penalty of being judged far otherwise than they really deserve, until God delivers them."—P. 115.

Peter now found himself alone in the world. The whole village was against him; and in the school not a child had a kind word or smile for him. A friendless, loveless life is hard to bear, but when it is a faithless one as well, all must turn to bitterness. In writing this part of his life afterwards, in the light of wiser, happier years, Peter says:—

"I could make no conscious effort after anything higher; did not possess that power which presses on untouched by failure; did not possess—to my shame be it said—faith. Start not, reader; do not exclaim, 'It is a fearful thing when there are even schoolmasters who have no faith; the world is plainly growing worse and worse;' and that choir-director was right when he said, 'he didn't know why the schoolmaster should be better paid now when not half so many people were saved as there used to be.' Of course I had a belief, and no doubt as good a one as any of you may have. I believed in the devil, in hell, in God, and in heaven, just as well as you. I also believed in ghosts and witches. I could shake my head doubtfully if any one tried to maintain there were no monsters who ran about with their heads under their arms! I wished to be saved, and I believed as well as you do, that if I only trusted in Christ he would save me. But this belief helped me about as much as spectacles on a dark night. It did not make me humble

in prosperity, or patient in sorrow; it did not show me my faults; did not show me God; gave me no love; quenched no hate; brought me no peace, no courage. My belief was no more to me than a house-key, which we put into our pocket when we go out in the morning, so that we may be able to get in again in the evening instead of standing outside with our teeth chattering. All day long we think nothing of it; it is of no use; is rather a burden than otherwise; we move it from one pocket to the other; we only take care not to lose it, or else—how should we get into the house again? This belief did not bind my life to God; my work was no labor with him; I was not made a member of that great band who carry out God's will within and around themselves, beginning here and resuming again yonder. It did not make me one of that band whose great purpose is God's will: who looks upon events and conditions on this earth either as work to be done, or as trials of the workman's strength, or as warnings of a downward road! I did not see that the true reward of labor consists only in the growth of power, in vigorous working with God, and close allegiance to him; that what the world gives and man receives as reward is only to encourage our weakness, or to test our heart whether it rests on God or on itself. Christ was not to me the leader of this band, the head to the members; not the true heaven's ladder on which we must ascend to moral freedom, to spiritual beauty, to heavenly love—to God. To me Christ was only the sacrificial Lamb, whose blood cleansed me from all sin as soon as I acknowledged that he really died and shed his blood for me.

"I was like the summer-day fly, which flutters on through its brief span, bent upon enjoying all it can enjoy; for after this day there is no other for it; and after a pleasant hour a sudden wind rises, the rain drives down, and from its flower the poor fly falls into the wet grass with broken wing! The flower and sunshine are gone away to an infinite distance; with pain and fear it struggles on to its end; it cannot rise, and there is no one there to lift it and put it again on the flower."—P. 140.

So Peter leaves the dreary place, which is no longer a home to him, and with his four years' testimonial settles down in a place called Gytíwyl. Here, remembering former short-comings with regard to the pastor, he makes it his first business to go and see him. He finds an intelligent, active-minded man, who can talk but not listen. He wishes to give Peter the benefit of his experience, and therefore makes out for him a sort of inventory of the peasants in the neighborhood and

their peculiarities. It is not at all a lively performance. Neither does the pastor mend matters when at parting he points toward the village, saying, "Schoolmaster, see, there is Gytíwyl. If you lose your way, come back to me. I will try to set you right again. You are a poor devil like myself. Good-night." Peter has a strong love for children, and soon becomes interested in his new scholars, especially in the girls. He is the more drawn towards them as he keeps himself apart from the society of the village; and a few pleasant words and smiles from one of the elder girls makes the whole day bright to him. Respecting one of these he says:—

"I see it now before me how one day a poor girl kept hovering round me before schooltime with one hand in her bag. At last she drew out a beautiful apple, with mellow golden skin and red cheeks like a picture; evidently it was the finest the child had had for years. With marked hesitation she held it out to me and said, "Schoolmaster, would you like an apple?" I answered rather shortly, "I will not eat your apples; keep it yourself." The child turned very red, raised her black eyes to me with such a look of entreaty, saying, "Schoolmaster, do take it; I am sure it is a good one," that I could not resist. The child, of course, had no apple herself that day, but the whole afternoon was in a state of unusual cheerfulness, with a thoughtful smile playing about her face. Who can tell me what was in her heart when she gave the gift, and afterwards? For the sake of this apple, this girl became my Eve."

Very slowly, and with an idyllic simplicity, did this courtship proceed. The account of it all, with its many troubles and difficulties, is so charmingly written, that we would fain translate two or three chapters. We must forbear, and rest content to find the young people "at home" in the old school-house, with Madeli's old father as patriarch. Madeli's character is the creation of a genius. It is full of the truest, saddest poetry of life; tender and brave and loving, she rises to that high religious faith which trusts and bears all things! A German novelist rapturously said of her that he would give three empresses, seven queens, and princesses innumerable, out of his novels, for this queenly schoolmaster's wife; and for the schoolmaster himself half a dozen well-dressed heroes into the bargain.

Matters go on smoothly for a time. The little income is sufficient, with great econ-

omy, for themselves and two children. The second child, a baby a few days old, is strangely beautiful, looking about with large calm eyes, such as all the gossips say no baby can have and live. The child seemed to droop suddenly; a neighbor roughly tells her it must die. Kaser writes thus of their first real sorrow:—

“ My wife trembled all over, and sat down with the child in her arms. O God! that cannot be true. He will not punish us so cruelly; oh, pray, do pray that he will spare us the child. I took our Prayer-book and sat down beside the dull lamp. I began, half weeping, to read a prayer for the sick, and read devotionally. ‘ Ah, not so, Peter, not so,’ she said, ‘ that is of no use, there is nothing about our child in it; pray to him to spare her.’ I turned to another prayer and read yet more devotionally. ‘ Ah, that is no good; pray out of yourself whatever comes into your head, only about the child!’ I rose up from the lamp, my heart full of anguish, anguish about the child, anguish that I could not pray. I never had prayed out of my own heart. Then, in her agony, my wife fell upon her knees, and called upon God. ‘ O Father! leave us the child, do not take it back again; it shall be thine, shall be our angel and thine, shall be the Saviour’s own through all eternity. We will carry it in our hands as thy precious gift; will trouble no more, but will bear all humbly and patiently that thou dost send us; will look for only good from thee. But the child, the child! do not take it; leave it us for thy Son’s sake.’ Fervently she looked upward, the tears streaming over her face, the child in her arms pressed close to her heart. It moved, and as Madeli looked down it stretched its little limbs once more, opened its eyes full upon its mother, a smile passed over its little face, then the eyes slowly closed. The smile seemed to wing its way like a little angel from the face, and with it the spirit of the child had departed too! Its body moved no more; its eyes were shut forever! The mother looked up full of reproach to heaven; the convulsion that had left the heart of the child seemed now to have fastened upon hers. Sobbing violently, she bent over the corpse, seeking for life. When she found no sign she tottered to the bed, laid the body upon it, and throwing herself over it, was so overcome with anguish that the bed shook under her. Grief seized me, too, as with an iron clutch; but the state of my wife roused me from my stupor. I tried to speak with her, but the convulsion would allow no answer, and I feared each minute that she must be suffocated. At last I succeeded in laying her on

the bed and calming her with water. She would not have the little body moved from her arms, but lay back, silently motioning me to be still, and not torment her with speaking.

The first beams of the morning found me faint and half-asleep upon a chair; a calm, earnest gaze welcomed them from the bed, as they fell upon Madeli’s folded hands and upon the golden curls of our living child. I awoke from my sad dreams, and went out into the kitchen to prepare something warm for us after the night of weeping. But Madeli held me fast, begging me not to go, she had something to say to me. She could not describe to me what she had felt when she first knew the child to be dying in her arms. For the first time in her life the fountain of prayer seemed to be opened within her, and she poured out her soul to the Father in heaven. She felt a strength in her heart as though, if she had asked for a kingdom, that Father must give it her! And when she had finished, the child was dead. Then she felt as though a burning hand tore her heart from her body, as though a thousand mountains were hurled down upon her breast, as though an unfathomable abyss opened to swallow her in infinite darkness. Her faith was gone. ‘ There is no God,’ a voice thundered in her heart. An eternal nothingness stared her in the face with unutterable horror. She clung to the little body that she, too, might become a corpse, and lose consciousness, since man was nothing but a growing corpse, with no God, no living eternity, only an everlasting grave. No one can picture to themselves that terrible sensation, when one thinks one has clung firmly, lovingly to Heaven, and is seized, as though by a sudden madness, that there is no God, and every pulse echoes to us the cry, ‘ There is no God; your faith is vain!’ ‘ For a long time,’ said Madeli, ‘ I did not know if I was alive or dead. I thought nothing: I could only suffer. Gradually consciousness seemed to return, but for very long I could not find God.’ . . . At length it seemed to her as though a little spark arose, glimmering faintly, giving out very little light; and in the gleam of this light she saw again that smile of her child which had hovered over its face before it left us. Again the child seemed to live and to smile at some one with tenderness and trust. Up out of the darkness came a form lovely and tender to look upon, to whom the child held out its arms. The figure took the child on its arm, putting its hand on its head. The child’s face seemed to become glorified: it was as though wings waved from its shoulders, and its eyes turned to the mother, joyful and sparkling, like carbuncles! Instantly Madeli saw that it was the Saviour who held and blest her child, and as she thought it, he raised his finger, as though to

say, 'Woman, if thou hadst had faith!' and in that hand she saw the marks of the nails, and thought how he, too, had known great sorrow, and had prayed, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, yet not my will but thine be done;' and the cup of sorrow did not pass from him; he drank it to the last drop, and he rose again the third day, as a sign that there is a Father in heaven who can hear and bless obedience. And as she thought that, the light grew larger, and glowed like the sun, and the two forms became more and more heavenly, and looked at her with increasing tenderness. It was as though whole beams of love penetrated her heart, and in a splendor which her eyes could not bear, the Saviour and the child both vanished away. . . . By degrees she became convinced that the death of the child was not a punishment, but a voice of God. And as God had so highly honored her as to call her through a little angel, she would remain consecrated to him; and she thought she should be able. Thus was my wife made holy through the child, who became to her an angel, and who stretched out to her its little hand across the threshold which separates the earthly heart from God; but the angel drew with angelic power, and the mother passed the threshold and walked with God; that is, she purified herself to a holy temple, and fulfilled every duty in his name, and loved all in his love, and judged no one herself, but gave them over to the judgment of Him who says, 'I will repay.'"

And we believe this chastened wife did not pass that threshold without her husband, although his character moulded itself more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Sore need they had, as years rolled on, of some resting-place beyond their daily life of struggle. The elastic little income could not at last be made to clothe and feed five children, and the schoolmaster's ill-tempered, exacting mother.

Kaser gains the warm friendship of a man named Wehrdi. One who has fought his last battle with the world, and come off victorious, but not without scars; outwardly rough and hard-spoken, yet fascinating all with sudden gleams of deep tenderness. He advises Kaser to write a history of his wrongs and grievances. This he does at little intervals between family cares, noisy school children, and worrying school reforms, which are being projected on all sides. When nearly completed, it is handed over to the pen and scissors of the cynically disposed Wehrdi. Meanwhile, on the very day when the little store of potatoes is found so ominously low

that the sad couple sit hand in hand, looking tearfully into a darkening future, the pastor enters the room, and reads to them a formal announcement that an addition of sixty dollars a year has been made to their income. And this is the grand *dénouement*, the romantic climax of the story. It will not satisfy an ordinary novel reader. Neither did it satisfy the reforming party, whose object the book was supposed to promote. Gotthelf was too sparing of his *couleur de rose* to give satisfaction to the sanguine reformers. The book was too real to please either party. There is one touching proof of its reality. The story is true that a Catholic priest sent a small sum of money by post directed to "Peter Kaser, in Gytiwyl, in the Canton Berne." The letter lay for some time in the post-office, and was at length forwarded to Gotthelf himself, who appropriated the money to a charitable object.

His next work of importance was "Uli der Knecht," followed by its sequel, "Uli der Pachter." Both of these stories were more popular in Switzerland than elsewhere. They are entirely occupied with the toils and anxieties of peasant life, the mutual relations and responsibilities of farmer and laborer, landlord and tenant. These relations needed mending in many ways; and wherever that sort of work was to be done Gotthelf was sure to set himself to the task. Happily he was not easily deterred by thoughts of difficulty or of the improbability of success. His theory of a man's work was to this effect:—

"I do not believe with those people who lay the cloth, sit down, say a prayer, and expect God to send down a well-dressed dinner in grand dishes. It is my belief that God does nothing for me if he has given me the power to do it for myself; that I must exercise these powers according to my ability and conscience, and without seeking any assurance that I shall accomplish the desired object, but in all humility leaving the result with God. Man is to sow, but in God's hand lies the harvest. What I do, I am responsible for; what I achieve, God ordains."

The title of the next work tells us of its own sad tale. It is "The History of Dursli the Brandy-Drinker." Shorter stories appeared from time to time in various Almanacs, and have been collected in several volumes. In these we find the humorous element of Gotthelf's genius most strongly developed; it creeps out refreshingly in dry,

quaint sayings and ludicrous descriptions. One of the most charming of this class is, "How Joggeli seeks a 'wife;'" and it became popular enough to form the text of a comic opera. Others again are purely poetic, as the gentle idyl of "Strawberry Mareili," the wild legend of "The Black 'Spider,'" and the solemn picture of "The Grandfather's Sunday."

Both in Switzerland and Germany Gotthelf has been frequently compared with Dickens. They are contemporaneous writers; and the fame of the latter could scarcely have reached the little village of Lützelflüh until Gotthelf had already achieved popularity: it is not, therefore, a charge of imitation. But in our view the comparison fails in so many points, that it is scarcely worth following it out in this place. The one story which perhaps reminds the reader most strongly of Dickens is that of "Kathi the Grandmother." There is the same poetic charm and interest thrown round characters of the humblest rank, while their peculiarities are brought out by delicate touches of pathos and humor. Dickens might possibly disdain the plotless history of an old woman and her grandson; but he might at the same time envy the power which could represent in a work of fiction robust and conquering Christian faith in the place of sickly sentimentalism. To this latter one must prefer the mere healthy elasticity which made Sam Weller and Mark Tapley face trouble and yet be "jolly," and undoubtedly it might be cultivated by us all with advantage. It is not religion; but it does not seek to be mistaken for it. It is no false sentiment. In the one case, we have human nature brave and hopeful; in the other, crushed down by disappointment, yet rising again, by a strength not its own, into a triumphant trust in a loving Father. And in this spirit Kathi perseveres in her daily round of drudgery, always doing what is right, always forgetting herself, until we feel it to be as true of her in her obscurity as it was of the great duke in his renown, that,—

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses."

It was not possible for Gotthelf, with his

human sympathies and his strong nationality, to remain indifferent to politics. But as we are entirely ignorant of Swiss politics, and do not mind confessing it because we are sure our neighbors are not a whit wiser than ourselves, we must refer the reader to Dr. Manuel's excellent sketch of Gotthelf's life and works for some light. We have already ourselves referred to a political story by our author, called, "Zeitgeist und Bernergeist," and found the light to be darkness. That is to say, we were entirely baffled by the labyrinth of party interests to which we had no clue, and by the preponderance of Bernese dialect, of which we possessed no glossary. The tendency of his political writing is undoubtedly conservative. At the same time his standard of what manner of men those in authority ought to be was so lofty, his truth-speaking about short-comings so unpalatable, and his inability to pay a compliment so marked, that he gave little more satisfaction to the governing party than he did to the democrats, whom he could not tolerate. The latter he was always ready to class with atheists. We cannot judge with how much reason; but in Germany such arbitrary classification has often worked grave mischief.

We should have liked much, had space permitted, to say a word or two about the "Sylvestertraum," a flight of fantasy strongly recalling Jean Paul's beautiful fragment of the "Neujahr's Nacht eines Unglücklichen."

Gotthelf's last work, the "Frau Pfarrerin," was found in manuscript after the writer's death, and seems to speak with the voice of presentiment. It sets forth with deep tenderness the lonely life of a pastor's widow, and shows how truly it has been said of him, that he "loved to bury himself in the lives of the poor and the forsaken, that he might adorn them with the magic of poetry." During the latter years of his life, the parsonage at Lützelflüh ceased to be the calm and secluded retreat it had been. Pilgrims came, both friendly and curious, to the abode of the popular writer and the genuine man. Judging from the portrait with which Dr. Manuel has adorned his book, Gotthelf must have possessed much the same cast of countenance that strikes us so pleasantly in the portraits of Jean Paul. A large head, full face with high forehead, the eye and brow thoughtful, but with an expression of great

frankness, the mouth well-shaped, and marked by the most delicate play of tenderness and humor. A thoroughly genial temperament made him popular among all classes, except, perhaps, sluggards and bigwigs. His little church was always crowded. Through the pulpit, as through the press, the whole man uttered himself, frankly, passionately. This great freedom of utterance, however, has its disadvantages; and we find in some of Gotthelf's later books that propensity to sermonize against which human nature always rebels. Gotthelf's written style is altogether original; he spoke a Bernese dialect, but wrote German. Not unfrequently he has combined these two in some felicitous expression, which the Germans have welcomed and adopted; but the combination was not always successful. Those works which have been most popular are those in which the characters speak most freely in their own strong idiom, reckless of the sufferings of foreigners. Jacob Grimm, in the preface to his great dictionary, speaks of the grace and force which the Swiss writers gather from the popular dialects, mentioning Gotthelf as foremost in his power of idiomatic utterance. We are told, however, that the German typesetters objected strongly to his irregularities. In the village stories of Auerbach, the popular idioms and proverbs are introduced with more artistic skill. They are never uttered by the wrong person or at the wrong time; are never too rough or too polished. They fit in perfectly to Auerbach's own carefully made style. His characters, also, as compared with those of Gotthelf, bear the same traces of a recent and somewhat elaborate toilet. The impression made by his pictures is like that of clever mosaic work, while Gotthelf's handling reminds us of the best specimens of Swiss wood-carving. Here we have, cut out of one block, a group of animals, an old tree-trunk and fern leaves of exquisite delicacy, life, strength, and beauty. These two writers, because they have made choice of somewhat similar subjects, have been so frequently compared, that we should like to point out what appears to us one essential difference. Auerbach began his career with philosophy, and seems to end it in that untranslatable state of mind which the Germans call

"*Welt-schmerz*." His spirit knows no rest. He reiterates in passionate sorrow or child-like petulance the cry, "The times are out of joint." About Gotthelf there is a lofty repose, reminding one of the prophets of old. His heart is not simply at rest; it is possessed by a living faith, a vitalizing power. It is this religiousness, devoid of cant or false sentiment, which, with his robust moral health and marked nationality, constitute the strongly individual character of his writings. There can be no doubt that the religious as well as the poetic tendencies were fostered by his free life amidst the grandest natural scenery, and a people whose life was passed in the field or on the mountain side. He well describes how the dependence of the husbandman upon natural influences teaches him to realize the presence of the God of nature, and to place confidence in Him who orders summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. We have all learned, or ought to learn, how such intercourse with nature quickens our spiritual sensibilities. How good it is for us sometimes to rush away from the hurrying whirl of active life to the mountain solitudes, as Carlyle says, "to find ourselves." Let us add, also, to find something *better* than our tedious selves, if we are to go back into the vortex with renewed vigor. Gotthelf says, "Read your Bible, but read nature too. When a man reads in both books, heaven and earth draw near together—the heavens open and pour down revealing light upon life, sanctifying its affairs; the Bible consecrates life, life makes the Bible a living book." In the same manner Gotthelf vitalizes all that comes under his influence. We are conscious of a bracing mental atmosphere, and feel invigorated as from a cold plunge on a sultry day. He makes us feel, in taking with him this tour in spirit, an exhilaration akin to that which refreshed our physical powers when among the Alpine heights. Certainly we shall not fail when next we undertake the grand tour to seek out the little village of Lützelflüh, to ramble beside its restless river, and muse awhile in its calm churchyard, where a small Gothic tombstone covers the earthly resting-place of one of earth's truest and most godlike sons.

From The New York Evening Post.

LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE fourth volume of "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," just published by George P. Putnam, completes a work which has a permanent historical value, aside from the personal interest derived from the private correspondence of Mr. Irving. The materials upon which Mr. Pierre Irving builds a beautiful monument to the memory of his uncle are so abundant that the labor of reducing them to order and sequence must have been severe; but the skill and the industry of the editor are alike worthy of all praise. The work, in its complete form, will be very welcome to the hearths and the hearts of thousands of readers. Its glimpses of historical events, the seductive charm of Mr. Irving's epistolary style, the air of genial humor which breathes through every page, impart to it a peculiarly refreshing liveliness, while the careful regard paid to the order of time in the arrangement of the letters preserves the continuity of the record unbroken from the beginning of the correspondence to the end. The four volumes give us a complete photograph of Irving, who is himself the sitter and the artist.

NAPOLEON III. AND EUGENIE.

On the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote as follows to Mrs. Storrow, who was then in Paris:—

"A letter received from you while I was at Washington gave an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the church of Notre Dame, which you saw from a window near the Hotel de Ville. One of your recent letters, I am told, speaks of your having been presented to the empress. I shall see it when I go to town. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime.

"I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de theatre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking; and what will be the next who can conjecture?

"The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and

accomplished — — —, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon the throne, and — — — a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor — — —! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.

"Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of?'

"I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

PROPHETIC.

In an earlier letter to Mrs. Storrow, dated at Sunnyside, in January, 1852, immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of Napoleon's *coup d'état*, Irving made the following sagacious prophecies, which subsequent events have curiously verified:—

"I should not be surprised if there were a long spell of tranquillity in Paris under his absolute sway. Had his *coup d'état* been imperfectly effected, or his election been but moderately successful, France might have been thrown into a terrible turmoil; but now he will hold her down with a strong hand until she has kicked out the last *tyrasm* and convulsion of French liberty and is quiet. You will then most probably have all the splendors of the imperial court, with the spectacles and public improvements by which Napoleon used to dazzle the capital and keep the Parisians in good humor. All this, I presume, will be more to the taste of temporary residents like yourself than the stern simplicity of republicanism; and a long interval of quiet would be a prosperous interval for the commercial world; so both you and Storrow may find yourselves comfortable under the absolute sway of Napoleon the Second."

KOSSUTH.

Soon after the arrival of Kossuth in the United States, Irving wrote to Mrs. Storrow:—

"We have had a great turmoil and excitement, though of a peaceful kind, here, on the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. New York, you know, is always

or a paroxysm of enthusiasm on the event of any great novelty, whether a great singer, a great dancer, a great novelist, or a great patriot; and it is not often it has so worthy an object to run mad about. I have heard and seen Kossuth both in public and private, and he is really a noble fellow, quite the *beau-ideal* of a poetic hero. There seems to be no base alloy in his nature. All is elevated, generous, intellectual, and refined, and with his manly and daring spirit there is mingled a tenderness and sensibility of the gentlest kind. He is a kind of man that you would idolize. Yet, poor fellow! he has come here under a great mistake, and is doomed to be disappointed in the high-wrought expectations he had formed of co-operation on the part of our government in the affairs of his unhappy country. Admiration and sympathy he has in abundance from individuals; but there is no romance in councils of state or deliberative assemblies. There cool judgment and cautious policy must restrain and regulate the warm impulses of feeling. I trust we are never to be carried away by the fascinating eloquence of this second Peter the Hermit into schemes of foreign interference that would rival the wild enterprises of the Crusades."

IRVING ON TABLE-TIPPING.

Alive to all the novelties of the day, Mr. Irving had an experience in "table-tipping" at the time when that was the popular pastime here. Writing from Washington in February, 1853, in answer to a letter which contained an allusion to a party in New York where the amusement of the evening was moving tables, he says:—

"I see you are in the midst of hocus-pocus with moving tables, etc. I was at a party last evening where the grand experiment was made on a large table, round which were seated upward of a dozen young folks of both sexes. The table was for a long time obdurate. At length a very pretty, bright-eyed girl, who in England would have passed for a Lancashire witch, gave the word 'Tip, table!' whereupon the table gradually raised on two legs until the surface was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was not easily to be put down again, until she gave the word 'Down, table!' It afterward rose and sank to a tune, performed gyrations about the room, etc.; all which appeared very mysterious and diabolical. Unfortunately, two or three of us tried an after experiment, and found that we could tip table, and make it move about the room without any very apparent exertion of our hands; so we remain among the unconverted—quite behind the age."

THE HISTORY OF IRVING'S EARLY ATTACHMENT.

"In the first volume of my work I had already introduced some affecting passages from this memorial bearing upon the history of his early attachment, and had supposed that I had given all that would be of interest to the general reader; but as the London publisher of the biography, to whom the advance sheets were sent, has taken the surprising liberty of introducing two whole chapters, making seventy-nine additional pages, at the end of the third volume, without my knowledge or consent, giving some further particulars of the author's life at Dresden, I feel it necessary again to recur to the subject. This new matter, to which the bookseller has resorted as a device to obtain a copyright, consists mainly of the journals of Mrs. Fallor and Mrs. Dawson, the Emily and Flora of those days. While there is much that is of interest in their record of those 'pleasant days,' as Mr. Irving calls them in a letter which is to follow,—the last he ever wrote to the family,—there are some things in the journal of Mrs. Dawson a little calculated, though no doubt unintentionally, to mislead, or rather to be misunderstood.

"A notice of the English edition of my work, which met my eye in the *London Quarterly* before I had been able to see the English copy, or had any intimation of the nature of the additions intruded upon it, mentioned, to my surprise, that Mr. Irving had aspired to the hand of Miss Emily Foster, at Dresden, and met with a 'friendly but decided rejection of his addresses.' On receiving the English copy, I find that Mrs. Dawson makes no positive assertion of the kind; but, while she claims for her sister, from Mr. Irving, a degree of devotion amounting to 'a hopeless and consuming attachment,' she goes on to say, 'It was fortunate, perhaps, that this affection was returned by the warmest friendship only' (the italics are her own), since it was destined that the accomplishment of his wishes was impossible, for many obstacles which lay in his way."

"While I am not disposed to question for a moment the warmth or sincerity of his admiration for the lady, that he ever thought of matrimony at this time is utterly disproved by a passage of the very manuscript to which the sister refers, as addressed to her mother, and of which she errs in supposing that I had in possession only the first and last sheets. A more careful reference to the first volume of the biography will show her that only the first and last sheets were missing, and that there remained sixteen consecutive pages. In that manuscript, after recounting the progress and catastrophe of his early love, forever hallowed to his

memory, and glancing at other particulars of his life, with which the reader has already been made familiar, all given with the frankness and unreserve of perfect confidence, he closes by saying:—

“ ‘You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. When I had sufficiently recovered from that loss I became involved in ruin. It was not for a man broken down in the world to drag down any woman to his paltry circumstances. I was too proud to tolerate the idea of ever mending my circumstances by matrimony. My time has now gone by; and I have growing claims upon my thoughts and upon my means, slender and precarious as they are. I feel as if I had already a family to think and provide for.’ ”

“The reader will perceive from this passage, addressed to Mrs. Foster, at Dresden, after months of intimate friendship, what color there is for the assertion that Mr. Irving ever made advances for the *hand* of Miss Emily Foster, however great or undisguised may have been his admiration for her.”

Miss Emily Foster afterwards became Mrs. Fuller, and that the warmest friendship existed between her and Mr. Irving for many years after their meeting at Dresden is proved by letters (written in 1856), which now first see the light in this volume. We copy the following passage from a letter of Irving to Mrs. Fuller, dated at Sunnyside, July 2d, 1856:—

“MY DEAR MRS. FULLER, — You can scarcely imagine my surprise and delight on opening your letter and finding that it came from Emily Foster. A thousand recollections broke at once upon my mind of Emily Foster as I had known her at Dresden, young and fair and bright and beautiful; and I could hardly realize that so many years had elapsed since then, or form an idea of her as Mrs. Emily Fuller, with four boys and one little girl. . . . I wish you had given me a few more particulars about yourself, and those immediately connected with you whom I have known. After so long an interval one fears to ask questions, lest they should awaken painful recollections.

“By the tenor of your letter I should judge that, on the whole, the world has gone smoothly with you. Your children, you tell me, are all ‘so good and promising as to add much to your happiness.’ How much of what is most precious in life is conveyed in those few words! You ask me to tell you something about myself. Since my return, in 1846, from my diplomatic mission to Spain, I have been leading a quiet life in a little rural retreat I had previously estab-

lished on the banks of the Hudson, which, in fact, has been my home for twenty years past. I am in a beautiful part of the country, in an agreeable neighborhood, and on the best of terms with my neighbors, and have a house full of nieces, who almost make me as happy as if I were a married man. Your letter was put into my hand just as I was getting into the carriage to drive out with some of them. I read it to them in the course of the drive, letting them know that it was from Emily Foster, the young lady of whom they had often heard me speak; who had painted the head of Herodias, which hangs over the piano in the drawing-room, and who, I had always told them, was more beautiful than the head which she had painted; which they could hardly believe, though it was true. You recollect, I trust, the miniature copy of the head of Herodias which you made in the Dresden Gallery. I treasure it as a precious memorial of those pleasant days.”

IRVING TO PAULDING.

Here is a genial passage from a letter to James K. Paulding, written when Irving was seventy-two years old:—

“I am glad to receive such good accounts as you give of yourself and your brother, ‘jogging on together in good humor with each other and with the world.’ Happy is he who can grow smooth as an old shilling as he wears out; he has endured the rubs of life to some purpose.

“You hope I am ‘sliding smoothly down the hill.’ I thank you for the hope. I am better off than most old bachelors are, or deserve to be. I have a happy home; the happier for being always well stocked with womenkind, without whom an old bachelor is a forlorn, dreary animal. My brother, the ‘general,’ is wearing out the serene evening of life with me; almost entirely deaf, but in good health and good spirits, more and more immersed in the study of newspapers (with which I keep him copiously supplied), and, through them, better acquainted with what is going on in the world than I am, who mingle with it occasionally and have ears as well as eyes open. . . .

“I have had many vivid enjoyments in the course of my life, yet no portion of it has been more equably and serenely happy than that which I have passed in my little nest in the country. I am just near enough to town to dip into it occasionally for a day or two, give my mind an airing, keep my notions a little up to the fashion of the times, and then return to my quiet little home with redoubled relish.”

From The Saturday Review, 28 Nov.

ENGLAND AND THE CONGRESS.

AN English Cabinet has seldom thought itself called on to make a more momentous decision than that at which the present ministry has arrived this week in declining altogether the French project for a Congress. There is much to be said for the course taken. Every one foresaw the danger and difficulties to which a Congress would give rise. On one supposition, nothing would have been done, and then the only issue would have been fresh heart-burnings and jealousies and enmities. Resolutions might have been come to of a vague and inoperative kind, which might nevertheless have fixed a slur on the powers against which they had been directed, and which would have left behind them a sting that nothing but war could have taken away. It is not to be supposed that Austria would have allowed herself to be voted out of Venetia; and yet, if a strong expression of European opinion had been recorded against her, she would have seemed to be branded as a public wrong-doer. On the other hand, if the Congress had fulfilled its nominal purpose, there would have been a general remodelling of the map of Europe, and kingdoms would have been bartered, or seized on, or given at Paris as they were in the days of the First Napoleon. England, too, would have run a great risk of being dragged into war against her will. As things stand now, there might possibly be a continental war from which we might hope to keep aloof; but if we had taken a part in a prolonged and angry discussion, had given much offence and thought ourselves injured, or had been called on to see the balance of power disturbed, and some great wrong or robbery planned and carried out, we should have been very liable to be carried away by our own indignation, and should perhaps have been the first to set the torch to Europe. Then, again, by boldly declining the Congress, and thus terminating the scheme, we have asserted our position in the European scale. No other nation would have dared singly to run the risk of affronting France, and to thwart the emperor. We have shown Europe that there is a power still left which considers itself in no way second to France. If the emperor can call princes and kings together that he may cajole and frighten them at his pleasure, England can step to the rescue, and tell them that they need not trouble themselves to come. The

emperor proposes, but England disposes. He suggests, and we judge whether his suggestions are worth anything; and it cannot be doubted that it is of great advantage to Europe that there should be a power capable of acting with this independence of France. It animates the courage, it fixes the principles, and it kindles the hopes of continental nations, when they find a centre of resistance to Louis Napoleon which does not fail them in the hour of their need. Nor is it unimportant that Englishmen should themselves learn their own strength, and gain that confidence which comes with doing as seems wisest and best, in spite of the consequences that may ensue, and the remonstrances that may be provoked.

But, on the other hand, it must be allowed that we may have forced France to think she has undergone a serious humiliation, and we must certainly have mortified and irritated the emperor. We do not at all object to this if the occasion called for so strong a measure at our hands. It is not the business of England to avoid giving France offence if France displays too much ambition and desire of aggrandizement, nor ought we to be too tender of disappointing the schemes and baffling the intrigues of the crowned adventurer who is now the sole representative of France. But it may be questioned whether it was quite necessary or right that, in this case, the rebuff should have come from us. It appears that, when the Congress was first proposed, England asked what would be the subjects of discussion. We did not object to a Congress altogether, as in its nature fruitless and pernicious. We did not explain that any Congress must entail the very danger of war which it sought to avoid. But we asked what the Congress was to deal with. The emperor would scarcely have answered any other power, but he felt himself obliged to answer England. He had to expose his plans, and to say whose possessions were to be called in question. He had more especially to announce that the state of Italy required immediate attention, and that Austria must submit to have her tenure of Venetia disputed. Then we turned round upon him, and told him that this would never do. The Congress, we pointed out, must fail, because Russia would be as deaf at Paris as she is at St. Petersburg to all remonstrances about Poland; because the German Duchies have already been assigned to Denmark by treaty;

because, above all things, Austria would never attend a Congress at which it was to be discussed whether she should hold Venetia or not. We assumed the office of judge, and decided what it would be wisest for France and Austria to do, and told them that a Congress would only lead to war between them, and that therefore a Congress should not be held. None of these questions touched England, except very remotely, but we did not wait for those whom they did affect to decline attending. We saved them the trouble at the outset. We have not left it to Austria to say that she could not come, now that her position in Italy is declared to be one of the most prominent topics of discussion. We have not given the Emperor of the French that last chance of averting war which he, at any rate, affected to think was opened by inviting Russia to a friendly investigation of the situation and hopes of Poland. We have not given the Italians that measure of advantage which they could scarcely have failed to derive from the French occupation of Rome being submitted to the consideration of Europe. We have chosen to bear all the burden ourselves, to shield Austria, and to save Russia the necessity of again repelling the overtures of France. The French will, we may guess, resent this, and perhaps it is only natural that they should resent it. They have complained loudly, and not without reason, of the mode in which England, after all the magniloquent despatches of Earl Russell about Poland, has fettered the action of France, and left Poland to its fate. Now they may also complain that, when the emperor proposed the hopeless project of a Congress as a last means of keeping off war, England was not content with leaving Russia and Austria to act for themselves, and with showing how hopeless the prospect of a Congress really was, but went out of her way to make the scheme a conspicuous and mortifying failure from the outset.

But the necessity is so strong of showing a bold front to France, and of avoiding the least ground for suspecting that, voluntarily or involuntarily, we are accomplices of the emperor in his schemes for disturbing Europe, that a ministry that errs on the side of opposition to France may expect to be forgiven, and may, perhaps, not be disappointed. The continental nations, however, will not fail to perceive that one great cause of our decisive conduct at this early stage of the affair has been our dread of being dragged into a war. We have let the world know that, unless in the last extremity, we will not meddle with the quarrels of the Continent. Lord Palmerston, and the older inheritors of

the traditions of the past, would still wish to fight for Turkey; but it is obvious that, unless the interests of England are very directly threatened, it will be as difficult to pronounce, when the next occasion arises, why we should fight to keep the Turks in Europe, as it is to say why we should trouble ourselves to keep Germany in or out of the Duchies, or to prevent or aid France in getting the left bank of the Rhine. Nor, if we keep out of continental wars when they do not touch Turkey, will it be so easy to persuade other powers to help us when the integrity of Turkey is endangered. The real consequences of England resolutely withdrawing from continental wars have yet to be ascertained. A coalition between France and Russia might speedily settle a vast variety of questions. Nations are generally guided by great interests, and not by slight and personal motives, in embarking on the larger schemes of their policy, and therefore so minor an event as the refusal of England to join the Congress will not, probably, affect very largely the course which the emperor will think it prudent to adopt; yet it must be acknowledged that the step we have just taken may conduce greatly to alienate him and France from the English alliance. It is a bold and striking, but it certainly is not a friendly, act to damp the project of France for a Congress, by refusing altogether to discuss questions affecting Austria, and declining to wait until the views of Austria herself are declared. It is a new rebuff to the emperor; and he has had so many rebuffs lately that he may think he has scarcely any prospect of retrieving his position except by war. He has had to endure the sarcasms and the challenge of Russia. He has had to accept a domestic defeat at the hands of his own Parisians, and his Chamber is now so nearly insubordinate that the opinions of those who might easily guide France into a new path can only be stifled by directing the majority to make a ceaseless noise while an Opposition orator is addressing them, and then by permitting the reporters only to report what they hear. Lastly, England has added a new humiliation, not so much by refusing to attend the Congress as by the manner and time of her refusal. War, therefore, is the natural resource to which he can look to extricate him from his embarrassments; and if he wishes for an enemy close at hand, the Germans seem bent on providing him with one. He must be cheered and stimulated by learning that the enthusiastic supporters of the Danes in England have come to the conclusion that the possession of the whole left bank of the Rhine would not be too splendid a reward for an emperor who drew his sword in so holy a cause as that of compelling the Holsteiners to live under the rule of Christian IX. of Denmark.

From The Spectator.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.*

It is rather a remarkable fact that *the* most striking characteristic common to all the more eminent American authors is not one of substance but one of form, and that, too, one which we should have supposed scarcely attainable amidst the rougher society of a new world,—a certain limpid purity and fluent refinement of expression. If we number up the great American names, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Washington Irving, Prescott, Channing,—almost all, indeed, of any note, except, perhaps, Dr. Holmes, whose style is sufficiently clear, but not exactly refined—(with Edgar Poe the turbidness is not in the expression but the heart),—the one common characteristic is the grace and ease and simplicity of style which makes their words run like a flowing stream across the mind, rising in Hawthorne and Longfellow to the silver music of a fountain's flow and fall. Probably this great ease and simplicity of style arises in some degree from the ease and uniformity of the conditions of life in a country where wide social extremes, and the puzzle which great social miseries bring with them, are almost unknown. No doubt a great social uniformity presents fewer obstacles to the harmonizing and refining effort of the intellect than the complexities of English society, and the comparatively unpuzzled mind runs off in comparatively easy and harmonious speech. It is always easier to give a high polish to the grain of a single substance than to a surface thickly inlaid with various distinct substances,—and we think this is more than a mere illustrative simile. But however that may be, the fact is certain, that American literature has attained at a single bound a style as graceful and polished as that of Addison.

Longfellow is certainly chiefly characterized by the crystal grace of his poems. Nor is it mere refinement of *style* by which he is principally distinguished; for that would tell us little of him as a poet. Even in *subjects* there is a greater and a less capacity for what we may call the crystal treatment; and Longfellow always selects those in which a clear, still, pale beauty may be seen by a swift, delicate vision, playing almost on the surface.

* "Tales of a Wayside Inn." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

Sometimes he is tempted by the imaginative purity of a subject (as was Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his poem of "Balder Dead") to forget that he has not adequate vigor for its grasp, as in the series in this volume on the Saga of King Olaf, which is, in his hands, only classical, while by its essence it ought to be forceful. But, on the whole, every volume he has published has been filtered into purer and brighter beauty than the last, and—if we except "Hiawatha," where his subject was peculiarly suited to the graceful surface humor of his genius,—this is, to our minds, the pleasantest of all his volumes. His reputation was acquired by a kind of rhetorical sentimental class of poem, which has, we are happy to say, disappeared from his more recent volumes,—the "life is real, life is earnest" sort of thing, and all the platitudes of feverish youth. Experience always sooner or later filters a genuine poet clear of that class of sentiments, teaching him that true as they are, they should be kept back, like steam, for working the will, and not let off by the safety-valve of imaginative expression. In this volume such beauty as there is, is pure beauty, though it is not of a very powerful kind. Mr. Longfellow has adopted the idea of Chaucer (recently taken up also by his friend, Mr. Clough, with greater genius, but, unfortunately, less of life and leisure at his command), of making each of a group of friends relate a tale at a "wayside inn," and, as generally happens in such cases, perhaps, the best part of the poem is the prelude which introduces and describes the various guests and story-tellers in the Massachusetts wayside inn. One of them is a musician who plays upon a violin:—

"The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast."

And the musician himself is finely described as listening to the music that haunts the heart of his instrument before he can educe it:—

"Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—

The joy, the triumph, the lament,
 The exultation and the pain;
 Then by the magic of his art
 He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
 And lulled it into peace again."

No one could have distilled, as it were, the rapture of musical inspiration into more lustrous speech than this; and the description of the young Sicilian is scarcely less bright and liquid:—

"A young Sicilian, too, was there;—
 In sight of Etna born and bred,
 Some breath of its volcanic air
 Was glowing in his heart and brain;
 And being rebellious to his liege
 After Palermo's fatal siege,
 Across the western seas he fled,
 In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
 His hands were small; his teeth shone white
 As seashells, when he smiled or spoke;
 His sinews supple and strong as oak;
 Clean shaven was he as a priest,
 Who at the Mass on Sunday sings;
 Save that upon his upper lip
 His beard a good palm's length at least,
 Level and pointed at the top,
 Shot sideways like a swallow's wings.
 The poets read he o'er and o'er,
 And most of all the Immortal four
 Of Italy; and next to those
 The story-telling bard of prose
 Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
 Of the Decameron, that make
 Fiesole's green hills and vales
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
 Much, too, of music was his thought,
 The melodies and measures fraught
 With sunshine and the open air
 Of vineyards, and the singing sea
 Of his beloved Sicily."

This is not a very powerful species of poetry, and yet it is very pleasant, and to our ears much more truly poetical than the sentimental verse which first obtained for Longfellow his wide popularity. Longfellow does not catch the deepest beauty or the deepest passions which human life presents to us. His tale of "Torquemada" and the consuming fire of persecuting orthodoxy, is comparatively feeble and ineffectual. But he catches the surface bubbles,—the imprisoned air which rises from the stratum next beneath

the commonplace,—the beauty that a mild and serene intellect can see issuing everywhere, both from nature and from life,—with exceedingly delicate discrimination; and his poetry affects us with the same sense of beauty as the blue wood-smoke curling up from a cottage chimney into an evening sky. The essence of poetry consists in giving us by music and by thought this inner sense of the unity of life in the scenes or feelings it depicts; the power of poetry is measured by the variety and range of the life it can thus succeed in reducing to an artistic harmony and unity. Longfellow does not attempt to deal with rich or various materials. He seizes on the lighter phases of gentle loveliness, and distils them at once into his verse.

And he does this with a true poetic felicity of language that shows how keenly he feels the expressive associations of the words he uses, which are never far fetched, though often fetched from afar. We will give but one example—we might select a hundred—of the felicity with which he illustrates a comparatively narrow poetic theme,—and he does this in some respects better the narrower it is. In describing the falcon's dream in his story of Sir Frederigo he says:—

"Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard
The sudden scythelike sweep of wings that dare
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of
air."

The beauty of the adjective "scythelike," as applied to the sweep of the falcon's wings, is by no means exhausted when you have thought of the motion and of the sound it suggests. It calls up, besides, a hundred associations with dewy summer mornings and "wet, bird-haunted English lawns" that help the beauty, the freshness, and the music of the thought. Of such delicate touches as these this last volume of Mr. Longfellow, though by no means of the highest order of poetry, is very full. And few influences on the imagination are more resting and sunny, though there may be many more bracing and stimulating. The poem on "The Birds of Killingworth" is full of such beauties.

From The Spectator.

HANNAH THURSTON.*

IF Bayard Taylor has not placed himself, as we are half inclined to suspect, in the front rank of novelists, he has produced a very remarkable book, a really original story admirably told, crowded with lifelike character, full of delicate and subtle sympathy with ideas the most opposite to his own, and lighted up throughout with that playful humor which suggests always wisdom, rather than mere fun. The first impression, indeed, of the few Englishmen who knew Mr. Taylor's previous writings will probably be one of exceeding surprise. They knew, indeed, that he could describe with a power which belongs to few, even in this age of description, and the sketches of nature scattered through these volumes, beautiful as they are, will not be beyond their anticipation; but no one attributed to Mr. Taylor the true creative power. Yet there are a dozen characters interwoven into the plot of this book, every one of whom is to the reader as a remembered friend, a living and moving figure, whom he can recognize and watch as if he were in the flesh, whose action he can study, and in whom the slightest incoherence would startle him as incoherences in actual life might do. Their vividness is the more striking, because Mr. Taylor in his St. Petersburg leisure has evidently been endeavoring to give to his book something of artistic perfection, and has subordinated all his characters to the two central figures as strictly as if he were preparing a drama for exacting but able actors, and has forced all to assist, each in his or her degree, in the development of his moral purpose. The idea of "Hannah Thurston" is that of Tennyson's "Princess," to account for and to justify the existing relation of woman to man, and when we say that it is readable after that fine poem, we have, perhaps, given it the highest praise. The idea, however, is worked out one step farther than the point at which the poet stopped, and amidst a very different scene. Hannah Thurston, the central figure, is a Quaker girl, bred up in a New England village, the child of a mother whose character is one of the most exquisite modern fiction has produced, and who tells in the first thirty pages of the second volume a story, such as the author of "Paul Ferroll" may

read with a sigh, confessing how far she has been outdone. Compressed by the social system amidst which she has to live, and which is the narrowest, perhaps, existing on earth, panting with desire for a higher and more harmonious life, with a mind choked with the thirst for beauty no New Englander can gratify, and for the social perfection which is as distant there as here, Hannah Thurston has thrown herself into the world of ideas. Behind the deep hedge of the "unco' gude" which surrounds New England society stands always a band of "reformers," whose imaginations are as unsatisfied by the Calvinistic theology as by the material life around them who must have work as well as objects of meditation, and who throw themselves sometimes with absurd vehemence, sometimes with evil fervor, but always with startling earnestness, into projects of social reform. The *Tribune* has been in its time the mouthpiece of more "isms" in New York alone than France has produced in a century, and Bayard Taylor, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, has sympathized for a moment with all. Hannah Thurston takes as her part the advocacy of woman's rights, becomes a lecturer so like, and yet so different from, the Dinah of "Adam Bede," and at thirty renounces marriage in favor of the mission she fancies herself called to perform. She is at the height of her village influence, recognized by all as a woman whom it is possible for men to love, yet with something in her beyond womanhood, when she meets Maxwell Woodbury, Mr. Taylor's type of a man, who may be shortly described as a good "Rochester," and finds her theories imperfect. The plot consists in the gradual victory of earthly love over Hannah's dreamy imagination, the slow recognition, worked out with exquisite art, of the great truth that woman desires a place in the world which is *not* man's equal ally. She finds in her lover's cold reasoning power the product, not of temperament, but of wide experience, something which first chills and then strengthens her own imagination; recognizes as their intercourse proceeds that there is a radical inherent difference in the intellect of the sexes; discovers soon after that the one is the complement of the other, and then, moved by instinct and not by any one of all these reasonings, loves with all her heart and soul. She still, however, struggles hard to retain the strong mental stimulus—stimulus as

* "Hannah Thurston." By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson and Low.

of alcohol, which her theories have afforded, and Woodbury, an able man of the world, marries her with a promise that she shall be as independent, as much mistress of her own actions, as if she had been but an intimate male friend. The promise clouds her life, and she finds that the independence is a chain; for it compels her to pass life hungering to discover the wishes her husband will not express, lest they should interfere with her independence. She realizes at last that the sense of sacrifice adds in woman only to the fulness of love; that submission to woman is gain not deprivation, and acknowledges that, after all, it is in the union and not in the equality of the sexes that social happiness is to be found.

It looks very didactic all that, as we have put it, but as Mr. Taylor tells the story, every idea rising naturally out of the exquisitely natural incident, there is nothing didactic about it beyond a conversation or two between Hannah Thurston and her lover, absolutely necessary to the development of his purpose. They will be found just as interesting to all young ladies as the stock pair of lovers, and they are the centre of a group of absolutely original figures. Mr. Taylor has discerned the truth which Americans are so slow to learn, that if their literature is ever to be original it must draw its sap from the soil. He is not afraid to lay his scene in the village of Ptolemy, "which has Mulligansville on the east, Anacreon on the north, and Atauga City on the west," or to confine his characters to people to be found only in an American village. And most original characters they are. From Mr. Merryfield, the weak but well-to-do farmer, who at fifty has found that he has ideas, and accepts with weak honesty and fulness of conviction all manner of "isms," believes in woman's rights and spirit-rapping, teetotalism and vegetable dietetics, but staggers when asked to yield up his farm as a basis for a model community, to Eliza Clancy, the old spinster, who makes frocks for her spiritual child, the little brown convert of Jutnapore, and the Rev. Mr. Styles, who fears that so many lamps at the sewing union "looks a little like levity," every character is original and distinct, and every one has that flavor of something like yet different from ourselves which we find in all Americans. Mrs. Waldo, indeed, wife of the Cimmerian clergyman (the Cimmerians are a sect

of Baptists, one of the little sects "who exist through force of obstinacy"), the large-hearted, cheerful woman, with a benevolence too great for her creed, and a social tact she has little chance of displaying, and a liberality of view she is afraid for her husband's position to betray, is true of any Protestant country under the sun. But we feel that Mrs. Merryfield, with her face "all amiability relieved by dyspepsia," her sullen independence in imbecility, her belief in prophets and "isms," would be impossible in any place save New England, where a terrible social compression produces an infinity of mental cones,—hard little excrescences projected out of a substance naturally soft to pulpiness. So is Mrs. Babb, the rigid, angular housekeeper, who does her duty so strictly, lest Jason, whose second wife she has been, might "not let her sit next him on the steps of the golden city," utterly American. We could find the thing, the hard, steely belief in a physical form of the life to come, among the Antinomian laborers of whom Essex and Suffolk are full, but the mode of the thing is Yankee, from the comic beginning to the most tragic end. Seth Wattles, too, the "ideaed" tailor, who thinks because he is a social reformer, and she a social reformer, that, therefore, Hannah Thurston will marry him, is absolutely American, though there are few among us who could not find on the spot an original for this sketch:—

"Seth was an awkward, ungainly person, whose clothes were a continual satire on his professional skill. The first impression which the man made was the want of compact form. His clay seemed to have been modelled by a bungling apprentice, and imperfectly baked afterwards. The face was long and lumpy in outline, without a proper coherence between the features—the forehead being sloping and contracted at the temples, the skull running backwards in a high, narrow ridge. Thick hair, of a faded brown color, parted a little on one side, was brushed behind his ears, where it hung in stiff half curls upon a broad, falling shirt-collar, which revealed his neck down to the crest of the breast-bone. His eyes were opaque gray, prominent, and devoid of expression. His nose was long and coarsely constructed, with blunt end and thick nostrils; and his lips, though short, of that peculiar, shapeless formation, which prevents a clear line of division between them. Heavy, and of a pale, purplish red color, they seemed to run together at the inner edges. His hands were large and hanging, and all

his joints apparently knobby and loose. His skin had that appearance of oily clamminess which belongs to such an organization. Men of this character seem to be made of sticks and putty. There is no nerve, no elasticity, no keen, alert, impressible life in any part of their bodies."

All these characters, their ways and their follies, their weaknesses and their strength, are described with a genial sympathy, an appreciation of both sides of his subjects, sometimes a loving liking for the work of his own brain, such as can only be felt by a man to whom varied experience has given the true spirit of toleration, that which tolerates nothing, but accepts all good and evil as having its appointed place and meaning in the world. His style, which, except that he every now and then indulges in a physical-intellectual flight, such as no American can always avoid, is simple masculine English, just mellowed by a fleeting tinge of humor, helps the impression of his thoughts, while he finds or makes ample opportunities for his special descriptive power—a power in its essence that of the painter, but, as it were, hardened by the habit of making scenes plain as well as pictorial. The reader in these six lines *sees* as well as enjoys the prospect of Ptolemy:—

"Rising out of the Southern valleys, he sped along, over the cold, rolling uplands of the watershed, and reached Mulligansville towards noon. Here the road turned westward, and a further drive of three miles brought him to the brink of the long descent to East Atauga Creek. At this point, a su-

perb winter landscape was unfolded before him. Ptolemy, with its spires, its one compactly built, ambitious street, its scattered houses and gardens, lay in the centre of the picture. On the white floor of the valley were drawn, with almost painful sharpness and distinctness, the outlines of farmhouses and barns, fences, isolated trees, and the winding lines of elm and alder which marked the courses of the streams. Beyond the mouth of the further valley rose the long, cultivated sweep of the western hill, flecked with dull purple patches of pine forest. Northward, across the white meadows and the fringe of trees along Roaring Brook, rose the sunny knoll of Lakeside, sheltered by the dark woods behind, while further, stretching far away between the steep shores, gleamed the hard, steel-blue sheet of the lake. The air was so intensely clear that the distance was indicated only by a difference in the hue of objects, and not by their diminished distinctness."

We have, we perceive, failed to convey the precise impression—that of a new kind of power—which this novel has made upon our own minds. No flavor was ever yet tasted through a description, and it is the flavor undefined and indefinable which is spread through every page of "Hannah Thurston" (except, perhaps, the very last scene, which is a failure) that renders it so appetizing. But we shall have fulfilled our purpose if we only induce our readers to test for themselves whether America has not produced a third novelist—Hawthorne and Holmes being the other two—whom Englishmen can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy.

HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin's leg,
Mind, the drumstick merely;
Put it in a tub,
Filled with water nearly.
Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week
(Three days for a lady).
Put a spoonful in
To a five-quart kettle,
It should be of tin,
Or perhaps bell metal.
Fill the kettle up,
Put it on aboiling;
Skim the liquor well
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil
Half an hour or longer
(If 'tis for a man
You may make it stronger).
Should you now desire
That the soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.
When the soup is done,
Set it by to jell it;
Then three times a day
Let the patient smell it.
If he chance to die,
Say 'twas Nature did it;
But should he get well,
Give the Soup the credit.

—Punch.

A PLEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE FAIR IN BEHALF OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION, HELD IN BOSTON,
DEC. 14, 1863.

“COME TO THE RESCUE!” The cry went forth
Through the length and breadth of the loyal
North;

For the gun that startled Sumter heard
Wakened the land with its fiery word!
The farmer paused, with his work half done,
And snatched from the nail his rusty gun;
And the swart mechanic wiped his brow,
Shouting, “There’s work for my strong arm
now!”

And the parson doffed his gown and said,
“Bring me my right-good sword instead!”
And the scholar paused in his eager quest,
And buckled his belt on with the rest;
And each and all to the rescue went
As unto a royal tournament;
For the loyal blood of a nation stirred
To the gun that startled Sumter heard!

“Come to the rescue!” Again that cry,
Burdening the breeze as it passes by:
“Come to the rescue! Our brave men fall,
Wounded and slain by the foeman’s ball.”

Lying in hospitals, sick and faint,
Who shall answer their low complaint?
Dying in strange and desolate places,
Pining for home and home’s sweet faces,
Faint for a drink from the dear old well,
Longing to taste of the fruit that fell
All the autumn, so ripe and sweet,
Over the orchard-wall into the street,
Murmuring, “Oh, that one would come
With even the scanty crumbs of home,
The crumbs from my father’s board that fell,
To cheer and hearten and make me well!”

Who shall answer this mournful cry?
Who shall answer it? You and I!
Ours are the hands that to them shall bring
The healing draught from the dear old spring,
And the golden fruit that all the fall
Ripened and swung on the garden wall;
We on their gaping wounds will pour
Our oil, and our wine shall glad them more
Than ever a vintage cheered before.

Come, then—come to the Soldiers’ Fair!
Here is work for us all to share.
Little children and stern-browed men,
Veteran of threescore years and ten,
Gentle woman and maiden gay
Gathered from peaceful homes away,
Lend us your pitying aid to-day!
Help us to answer with open hand
The cry deep-surg-ing through the land;
Remembering how the dear Lord spoke,
Who once to famishing thousands broke
The scanty loaves till they all were fed—
“Who helps my suffering ones,” he said,
“Hath done it unto Me instead:
Rich and large shall your guerdon be;
O FRIENDS, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME!”

[The mother of Lieut. L. M. Bingham sends these lines, thus introduced, to the *New York Observer*:]

Looking over his pocket-book, I have found it
filled with precious scraps, which he had cut out of religious papers, all bearing the marks of the highest forms of spiritual life, and some of these, from the wear of them, showing that they had been read over and over, again and again.

SUFFERING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARTTMANN.

TRIAL when it weighs severely
Stamps the Saviour’s image clearly
On the heart of all his friends:
In the frame his hands have moulded
In a future life unfolded
Through the suffering which he sends.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
Childlike tempers in us fashions,
And our will to his subdues:
Thus his hand, so soft and healing,
Each disordered power and feeling,
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the soul be not distracted
By the world’s beguiling art.
’Tis like some angelic warder
Ever keeping sacred order
In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart’s emotion
To eternity’s devotion,
And awakes the heart’s desire
For the land where psalms are ringing,
And with palms the martyrs singing
Sweetly to the harper’s choir.

Suffering gives our faith assurance
Makes us patient in endurance.
Suffering! who is worth thy pains?
Here they call thee only torment,—
There they call thee a preferment,
Which not every one attains.

Though in health, with powers unwasted
And with willing hearts we hasted
To take up our Saviour’s cross:
If through trial our good Master
Should refine these powers the faster,
What good Christian counts it loss?

In the depth of its distresses,
Each true heart the closer presses
To his heart with ardent love;
Ever longing, ever crying,
“Oh, conform me to thy dying,
That I live with thee above!”

Sighs and tears at last are over;
Breaking through its fleshy cover,
Soars the soul to light away.
Who, while here below, can measure
That deep sea of heavenly pleasure
Spreading there so bright for aye!

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
Till my latest hour I see.
Then, my weary striving ended,
May my spirit be attended
By bright angels home to thee!

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1023.—9 January, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

DREAMTHORPE: A Book of Essays written in the Country. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. [A beautifully printed book—of which our readers will probably find a review copied from some of the English journals.]

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—Does a gentleman wish to make a present to a lady which will show his own taste, compliment hers, and be long kept in remembrance by its good effects—let him send six dollars to us, and she will receive *The Living Age* for a year, free of postage.

The same remarks, with a suitable change of motives, will apply to the following cases of persons presenting a year's subscription: 1. To a Clergyman. 2. To a Friend in the Country. 3. To a Son at School or in College. 4. To a Soldier. 5. To a Hospital. 6. To a person who has done you a kindness. We cannot enumerate all the cases to which the same remarks are applicable. It is evident that for the purposes here in view, Daughters and Sisters and Mothers and Nieces and Nephews and Cousins may stand on the same footing as Sons. Persons *Engaged to be Married* will need no hint from us. But we would mention one class which ought not to be forgotten—your *Enemies*, now Prisoners of War.

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DECEMBER.

WELCOME, Ancient of the year !
 Though thy face be pale and drear,
 Though thine eye be veiled in night,
 Though thy scattered locks be white,
 Though thy feeble form be bowed
 In the mantle of the cloud ;

Yet, December, with thee come
 All the old delights of home ;
 Lovelier never stole the hour
 In the summer's rosy bower,
 Than around thy social hearth,
 When the few we love on earth,
 With their heart of holiday,
 Meet to laugh the night away ;
 Talking of the thousand things
 That to Time give swiftest wings ;
 Not unmixed with memories dear,
 Such as in a higher sphere
 Might bedim an angel's eye—
 Feelings of the days gone by,
 Of the friends who made a part
 Of our earliest heart of heart ;
 Thoughts that still around us twine
 Chastened with a woe divine.

But when all are wrapped in sleep,
 Let me list the whirlwind's sweep,
 Rushing through the forest wide
 Like a charging army's ride,
 Or with thoughts of riper age,
 Wander o'er some splendid page,
 Writ as with the burning coal,
 Transcript of the Grecian's soul !
 Or the ponderous tomes unhasp
 Where a later spirit's grasp,
 Summoned from a loftier band,
 Spite of rack and blade and brand,
 With the might of miracle
 Rent the more than pagan veil,
 And disclosed to modern eyes
 God's true pathway to the skies.

MORTALITY.

"And we shall be changed."

YE dainty mosses, lichens gray,
 Pressed each to each in tender fold,
 And peacefully thus day by day
 Returning to their mould ;

Brown leaves that with aerial grace
 Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,
 Each leaving in the appointed place
 Its bud of future spring ;—

If we, God's conscious creatures, knew
 But half your faith in our decay,
 We should not tremble as we do
 When summoned clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet
 We should put off this mortal gear,
 In whatsoever new form is meet
 Content to re-appear.

Knowing each germ of life He gives
 Must have in Him its source and rise,
 Being that of His being lives
 May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
 Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
 Go to your graves, as I will go,
 For God is also there !

—Miss Muloch.

DIFFERENCES.

FALL not out upon the way ;
 Short it is, and soon will end ;
 Better far to fly the fray
 Than to lose the friend.

Christ hath sent you, two and two,
 With a mandate to return :
 Can ye meet the Master's view,
 If with wrath ye burn ?

If thy brother seemeth slow,
 Jeer not, but thy quickness slack ;
 Rather than divided go,
 Keep the wearier track.

Quit not, as for shorter line,
 Ancient ways together trod ;
 Joy to read at once the sign
 Pointing on to God.

Teach each other, as ye walk,
 How to sing the angel's song ;
 Fill the time with homeward talk,
 Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,
 Silent as to wanderings past ;
 So, together at your home
 All arrive at last.

—Lord Kinlock.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

USELESSLY, aimlessly drifting through life,
 What was I born for ? "For somebody's wife,"
 I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
 "Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view:
 And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
 I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
 For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman
 is ?—

You might easily find a more beautiful phiz ;
 And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
 He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
 Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is
 perverse,
 And I should not feel grateful, "for better or
 worse,"

To take the first booby that graciously came
 And offered those treasures—his home and his
 name.

I think, then, my chances of marriage are small ;
 But why should I think of such chances at all ?
 My brothers are all of them younger than I,
 Yet they thrive in the world, why not let me try ?
 I know that in business I'm not an adept,
 Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
 But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
 Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind ?
 Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
 Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife" ?

—Eclectic Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BOATMAN.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

I.

HALF sleeping still, I stand among
The silvery, trembling sedges,
And hear the river rolling strong,
Through mists that veil its edges.
"Up, Boatman, up! the moments flee
As on the bank I shiver;
And thou must row me towards the sea
Along this length of river."
The Boatman rose and stretched his hand,—
"Come in—thou hast far to go;"
And through the drowsy reeds from land
The boat went soft and slow;
Stealing and stilly, and soft and slow.
And the Boatman looked in my face, and smiled:
"Thy lids are yet heavy; sleep on, poor child!
Lulled by the drip
Of the oars I dip,
Measured and musical, sure and steady—
Sleep by my side
While from home we glide."
And I dreamily murmur, "From home already!"

II.

I awake with a start—on my sight flashes day.
"So late, and so little advanced on the way;
Arouse thee, old laggard, and row me faster,
Or never a stiver thou'lt get from me."
"When the voyage is over, my pert young mas-
ter,
Be sure the gray Boatman will earn his fee.
But whether I seem to thee fast or slow,
There is but one speed for the boat I row;
I measure my movements by no man's taste,
Whether he ask me to halt or haste.
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,
On without hurry, but on without stop;
The clock on yon turret is not so steady."
"If crawl we must at this snail-like pace,
Ere the river flow curved to the curving shore,
Let me take a last look at my native place,
And the green of the sedges—one last look
more.
Where the home of my birth?
Is it blotted from earth?
Just left, and now lost to my sight already!"
Tauntingly answered the Boatman gray:
"Not a moment ago
Didst thou call me slow;
But already's a word thou wilt often say.
'Tis the change of the shore
Proves the speed of the oar,
Stealing the banks away, stealthy, steady."

III.

"See from the buds of the almond bough
A beautiful fairy rise;
Now it skims o'er the glass of the wave, and now
It soars to its kindred skies;
Follow its flight,
Or, lost to sight,
It will vanish amid the skies!"

"My boat cannot flee as thy fairy flees;
Ten thousand things with brighter wings
Disport in the sun, and, one by one,
Are scattered before the breeze.
But only the earliest seen, as now,
Can dazzle deluded eyes;
And never again from the almond bough
For thee will a fairy rise!
Already the insect is drowned in the wave
Which I cut with my careless oar;
Already thine eye has forgotten its grave,
Allured by the roses on shore.
Tho' I measure my movements by no man's taste,
Whether he ask me to halt or haste,
Yet I time my way to the best of my power,
That the fairest place hath the fairest hour;
Behold, in the moment most golden of day,
Air and wave take the hues of the rose-garden
bay,
While my boat glides as softly as if it could stop,
The oars on the smoothness so languidly drop,
Softer and softer,
Softer and softer,
Softer and softer, though never less steady.
Interfused on the stream
Both the rose and the beam,
Lo, the arms of the bay close around the al-
ready!"
"Rising out from the stream,
As from slumber a dream—
Is it Eden that closes around me already?"

IV.

"Oh, land and leave me! take my gold;
My course is closed before the sea.
Fair on the garden mount, behold
An angel form that becks to me!
With her to rest, as rests the river,
In airs which rose-hues flush forever."
"Thou bad'st me follow a fairy, when
An insect rose from the almond bough;
I did not follow thy fairy then,
I may not halt for thine angel now.
Never the fare whom I once receive,
Till the voyage be over, I land or leave.
But I'm not such a churl as I seem to be,
And the angel may sit in my boat with thee."
Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?"
"Thine angel is coming thyself to tell.
See her stand on the margin by which we shall
glide—
Open thine arms and she springs to thy side."
"Close, close to my side,
O angel! O bride!
A fresh sun on the universe dawns from thine
eyes,
To shine evermore
Through each change on the shore,
And undimmed by each cloud that flits over the
skies."
Side by side thus we whisper—"Who loves,
loves forever,
As wave upon wave to the sea runs the river,
And the oar on the smoothness drops noiseless
and steady,
Till we start with a sigh,
Was it she—was it I—"

Who first turned to look back on the way we
had made?

Who first saw the soft tints of the garden-land
fade?

Who first sighed, "See, the rose-hue is fading
already!"

v.

"Boatman, look at the blackening cloud;
Put into yon sheltered creek,
For the lightning is bursting its ghastly shroud,
And hark how the thunders break!"

"No storm on this river outlasts its hour;
As I stayed not for sun, so I stay not for shower.
Is thy mantle too scanty to cover thy bride?
Or are two not as one, if they cling side to
side?"

I gather my mantle around her form,
And as on one bosom descends the storm.
"Look up," said the Boatman; "the storm is
spent:

No storm on this river outlasts its hour;
And the glories that color the world are blent
In the cloud which gave birth to the thunder-
shower."

The heaven is glad with the iris-beams,
The earth with the sparkling dew;
And fresher and brighter creation seems,
For the rain that has pierced me through.
There's a change in myself, and the change is
chill;

There's a change, O my bride, in thee.
Is it the shade from the snow-capt hill,
Which nears as we near the sea?
But gone from her eye is the tender light,
From her lip the enchanting play;
And all of the angel that blest my sight
Has passed from my bride away;
Like the fairy that dazzled my earlier sight,
The angel has passed away.

Muttered the Boatman, "So like them all;
They mark the change in the earth and sky,
Yet marvel that change should themselves befall,
And that hearts should change with the chang-
ing eye;

They swear 'forever' to sigh 'already'!
Within from the bosom, without on the
stream,
Flit shadow and light as a dream flits on
dream;
But never to hurry, and never to stop,
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,
My oars, through all changes, move constant and
steady."

Down the stream still we glide,
Still we sit side by side—
Side by side, feeling lonely, and sighing "al-
ready!"

vi.

Bustle and clatter, and dissonant roar!
The mart of a mighty town,
From the cloudy height to the stony shore,
Wearily lengthening down.

And here and there, and everywhere,
Are gamblers at eager play—
The poor and the rich, none can guess which is
which,

So motily mixed are they.
Not a man but his part in the gaming takes,
Wherever the dice from the dice-box fall;
Beggars or prince in the lottery stakes—
The beggar his crust, and the prince his all.
And the prizes the winners most loudly boast,
Even more than the gems and gold,
Are the toys which an infant esteems the most,
Ere he come to be five years old.
A coral of bells, or a trumpet of tin,
Or a ribbon for dolls to wear—
The greybeard who treasures like these may win,
The crowd on their shoulders bear.

There's a spell in the strife
Of this gambling life,
The strong and the feeble, the fickle, the steady
To its pastime it draws,
As the whirlpool that, sportive, sucks into its
eddy
The fleets and the straws.

"Hold, Boatman! I can bear no more
The sameness of the unsocial wave,
And thou shalt land me on the shore,
Or in the stream I'll find my grave.
For the sport of man's strife
Gives the zest to man's life;
Without it, his manhood dies.
Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,
But the striving to win the prize."

"Never the fare whom I once receive,
Till the voyage be over, I land or leave;
But if thou wouldst gamble for toy or dross,
I am not such a churl as thy wish to cross."

Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?"
"The gamblers are coming thyself to tell.
Both the angel and gambler are equally free
To sit by thy side till we come to the sea."

Clatter and clamor, tumult and din!
As the boat skims the jetty, they scramble in;
Foeman or friend,
Welcome the same;
Ere we come to the end
Of the changeful game,
The foe may be friend,
And the friend may be foe;
Out of hazards in common alliances grow.
The stranger who stakes on my side is my friend—
Against me, a brother my foe.

Jangle and wrangle, and babel and brawl,
As down from the loud box the dumb dies fall;
A hoot for the loser, a shout for the winner;
He who wins is the saint—he who loses, the
sinner.

Scared away from my side, as they press round
the dies,
Still my bride has her part in my life;
For it charms her to share in the gauds of the
prize,
Though she shrinks from the rage of the strife.

Plish, plash, drop upon drop.

Never we hurry, and never we stop !

With our eyes on the cast, and our souls in the game,

While the shores that slip by us seem always the same.

Jangle and wrangle, and tumult and brawl,
And hurrah for the victor who bubbles us all !
And the prize of the victor I've well-nigh won,
When all of a sudden drops down the sun.

One throw, and thy favors, O Fortune, I crown !
Hurrah for the victor !—I start with a frown,
For all of a sudden the sun drops down.

“ I see not the die—

Is it cloud fleeting by ?

Or is it—it cannot be—night already ? ”

“ The sun,” said a voice, as black shadows descend,

“ Has sunk in the sea where the river shall end ;
Unheeded the lapse of the stream and the light ;
Warns as vainly the sea heard distinct through the night ?

Hark ! the whispers that creep

From the World of the Deep,

Which I near with the oars, sounding solemn and steady.”

“ I hear but the winds that caressingly creep
Through the ever-green laurels remote from the deep ;

Though the sunlight is gone, soon the planets will rise.”

From the boatman, then, turning, I gaze on the skies,

And watch for Orion—to light up the dies.

“ What gleams from the shore ?

Hold, but one moment more ;

Rest under yon light, shining down from the height.

Hurrah for the victor !—but one throw more.

“ No rest on the river—that's past for thee ;
The beacon but shines as a guide to the sea.

One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,

Muffled and dirgelike, and sternly steady ;

And the beacon illuming the last of the shore

Shall flash on the sea to thy murmur—

‘ Already ! ’ ”

Then seems there to float

Down the length of the way,—

From the sedges remote—

From the rose-garden bay—

From the town and the mart—

From the river's deep heart—

From the heart of the land—

From the lips of the bride,

Through the darkness again

Stealing close to my side,

With her hand in my hand—

From the gamesters in vain

Staking odds on the main

Of invisible dies,—

An echo that wails with my wailing and sighs,
As I murmur, “ The ocean already ! ”—“ AL-

READY ! ”

One glimmer of light

From the beacon's lone height,

One look at the shore, and one stroke of the oar,

And the river is lost in the ocean already !

FINE WORDS FOR FOUL WORKS.—There seems to be a growing fashion now for calling foul things by fine names, and a word or two from *Punch* perhaps may aid in checking it. A murder, for example, is seldom called a murder ; it is generally spoken of as an “ appalling tragedy.” Now this word “ tragedy ” has far too much of staginess about it to fit it to give force when used in real life. By calling murders “ tragedies,” you class them, as it were, among dramatic unrealities, and so weaken the abhorrence wherewith we should regard them. The penny-a-liners are of course the chief delinquents in this way, and that their example appears to be infectious we may infer from the letters which have lately been in print about the murders in the cab. From one of these communications, inserted in the *Daily Telegraph*, and signed by a writer who adds M.D. to his name, we quote the following words:—

“ The question then arises who [*sic*] did the poisoner commence with in offering the fatal chalice—the mother or the children ? ”

The “ fatal chalice ” here referred to was a common pewter pint pot from a public-house,

and we can see no reason here for calling that utensil by any finer name. On the contrary, indeed, we see strong reason for not doing so ; for the words “ fatal chalice ” have a stagy smack about them, and are entirely out of place in a medical analysis of the evidence brought forward in an actual case of crime. People who can speak of a murder as a “ tragedy ” of course may be expected to extend their paraphrasing, and talk of “ fatal chalices ” where they mean common pewter pots. Such poetry is apt to put a stage gloss upon criminals, and to make us view their villainies as merely stage effects. Many a man would shrink from murder, who, were it simply called a tragedy, might feel a smaller dread of acting in it ; and to our thinking the threat of being “ launched into eternity ” sounds a good deal less intimidating than the threat of being hanged. If people go on speaking of a murder as a tragedy, they will soon talk of a murderer as simply a tragedian ; and an act that should excite the deepest feelings of abhorrence may, in time, be merely viewed as a theatrical performance, and if carried through with cleverness, as not unworthy of applause.—*Punch*.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Mr. Wentworth entered Mrs. Hadwin's garden in the dark, his first glance up at the house showed him that a certain change had passed on it also. The decorous little house had been turned inside out. The windows of his own sitting-room were open, the blind drawn up to the top, and in addition to his usual lamp some candles were flaring wildly in the draught. He could see into the room as he paused at the garden-door, and was able to distinguish that the table was still covered as for dinner, and to catch the purple gleam of the light in the claret-jug which occupied the place of honor; but nobody was visible in the room. That wildly illuminated and open apartment stood in strange contrast with the rest of the house, where everything was dark, save in Mrs. Hadwin's own chamber. The curate proceeded on his way, after that moment's pause with hasty and impatient steps. On the way up he encountered Sarah, the housemaid, who stopped in the middle of the stairs to make a frightened little courtesy, and utter an alarmed "La!" of recognition and surprise. But Sarah turned round as soon as she had recovered herself, to say that her missis wanted very bad to see Mr. Wentworth as soon as he came home; but she was gone to bed now, and didn't he think it would be a pity to wake her up? The curate gave her only a little nod of general acquiescence as he hurried on; but felt, notwithstanding, that this prompt request, ready prepared for his arrival, was a tacit protest against his guests, and expression of disapproval. Mrs. Hadwin was only his landlady, an old woman, and not a particularly wise one, but her disapproval vexed the Perpetual Curate. It was a kind of sign of the times—those times in which it appeared that everybody was ready to turn upon him and embarrass his path. He had forgotten all about his companion as he hurried into the familiar room which was so little like itself, but yet was somehow conscious with annoyance that the stranger followed him through its half-shut door. The scene within was one which was never effaced from Mr. Wentworth's memory. There were several bottles upon the table, which the poor curate knew by sight, and which had been collected in his little cellar more for the benefit of Wharf-

side than of himself. Removed out of the current of air which was playing freely through the apartment, was some one lying on a sofa, with candles burning on a table beside him. He was in a dressing-gown, with his shirt open at the throat, and his languid frame extended in perfect repose to catch the refreshment of the breeze. Clouds of languid smoke, which were too far out of the way to feel the draught between the windows, curled over him: he had a cigar in one hand, which he had just taken from his lips, and with which he was faintly waving off a big night-moth which had been attracted by the lights; and a French novel, unmistakable in its paper cover, had closed upon the other. Altogether a more languid figure never lay at rest in undisturbed possession of the most legitimate retirement. He had the Wentworth hair, the golden-brown, which, like all their other family features, even down to their illnesses, the race was proud of, and a handsome silky beard. He had lived a hard life of pleasure and punishment; but though he had reached middle age, there was not a hair on the handsome reprobate's head which had changed out of its original color. He looked languidly up when the door opened, but did not stop the delicate fence which he was carrying on against the moth, nor the polyglot oaths which he was swearing at it softly half under his breath.

"Frank, I suppose?" he said, calmly, as the curate came hastily forward. "How d'ye do? I am very glad you've come back. The country was very charming the first day; but that's a charm that doesn't last. I suppose you've dined: or will you ring and order something?" he said, turning slowly round on his sofa. "Accidente! the thing will kill itself after all. Would you mind catching it in your handkerchief before you sit down? But don't take away the candles. It's too late to make any exertion," said the elegant prodigal, leaning back languidly on his sofa; "but I assure you that light is half my life."

The curate was tired, heated, and indignant. He lifted the candles away from the table, and then put them back again, too much excited to think of the moth. "Your arrival must have been very sudden," he said, throwing himself into the nearest chair.

"I was very much surprised by your message. It looks inhospitable, but I see you make yourself quite at home—"

"Perfectly," said the elder brother, resuming his cigar. "I always do. It is much more agreeable for all parties. But I don't know how it is that a man's younger brothers are always so rapid and unreasonable in their movements. Instead of saving that unhappy insect, you have precipitated its fate. Poor thing!—and it had no soul," said the intruder, with a tone of pathos. The scene altogether was a curious one. Snugly sheltered from the draught, but enjoying the coolness of the atmosphere which it produced, lay the figure on the sofa at perfect ease and leisure, with the light shed brightly upon him, on his shining beard, the white cool expanse of linen at his breast, and the bright hues of his dressing-gown. Near him, fatigued, dusty, indignant, and perplexed, sat the curate, with the night air playing upon him, and moving his disordered hair on his forehead; while at the other end of the room hovered the stranger who had followed Mr. Wentworth—a broad, shabby, indistinct figure, who stood with his back to the others, looking vaguely out of the window into the darkness. Over these two the night air blew with no small force between the open windows, making the candles on the centre-table flare wildly, and flapping the white table-cloth. An occasional puff from the cigar floated now and then across the room. It was a pause before the storm.

"I was about to say," said the Perpetual Curate, "that though it might seem inhospitable, the first thing I had to ask was, What brought you here—and why did you send for me?"

"Don't be abrupt, pray," said Jack, taking his cigar from his mouth, and slightly waving the hand that held it. "Don't let us plunge into business all at once. You bring a sense of fatigue into the room with you, and the atmosphere was delightful a little while ago. I flatter myself I know how to enjoy the cool of the evening. Suppose you were to—ah—refresh yourself a little," he said, with a disapproving glance at his brother's dusty boots, "before we begin to talk of our affairs."

The Curate of St. Roque's got up from his chair, feeling that he had an unchristian inclination to kick the heir of the Wentworths.

As he could not do that, he shut the window behind him emphatically, and extinguished the flaring candles on the centre-table. "I detest a draught," said the Perpetual Curate, which, unfortunately, was not a statement entirely founded on fact, though so far true in the present instance that he hated anything originated by the intruder. "I have hurried home in reply to your message, and I should be glad to know what it means, now that I am here—what you are in trouble about—and why you come to me—and what you have to do with him?"

"But you need not have deranged the temperature," said Jack. "Impetuosity always distresses me. All these are questions which it will take some time to answer. Let me persuade you, in the first place, to make yourself comfortable. Don't mind me; I'm at the crisis of my novel, which is very interesting. I have just been thinking how it might be adapted for the stage—there's a character that Fechter could make anything of. Now, my dear fellow, don't stand on ceremony. Take a bath and change your dress, and in the mean time there will be time to cook something—the cookery here is not bad for the country. After that we'll discuss all our news. I dare say our friend there is in no hurry," said the elder brother, opening his book and puffing slowly towards the curate the languid smoke of his cigar.

"But, by Jove, I *am* in a hurry, though!" said that nameless individual, coming forward. "It's all very well for you; you put a man up to everything that's dangerous, and then you leave him in the lurch, and say it don't matter. I dare say it don't matter to you. All that you've done has been to share the profit—you've nothing to do with the danger; but I'm savage to-night, and I don't mean to stand it any more," said the stranger, his great chest expanding with a panting breath. He, too, looked as if he would have liked to seize the languid spectator in his teeth and shake some human feeling into him. Jack Wentworth raised his eyebrows and looked at him, as he might have looked at a wild beast in a rage.

"Sit down, savage, and be quiet," he said. "Why should I trouble myself about you?—any fool could get into your scrape. I am not in the habit of interfering in a case of common crime. What I do, I do out of

pity," he continued, with an air of superiority, quite different from his tone to his brother. But this look, which had answered before, was not successful to-night.

"By Jove, I *am* savage!" said the other, setting his teeth; "and I know enough of your ways to teach you different behavior. The parson has treated me like a gentleman—like what I used to be, though he don't like me; but you!—By Jove! It was only my own name I signed, after all," he continued, after a pause, lowering his voice; "but you, you blackleg—"

"Stop a little," said the curate, rising up. "Though you seem both to have forgotten it, this is my room. I don't mean to have any altercations here. I have taken you in for the sake of your—family," said Mr. Wentworth, with a momentary gasp, "and you have come because you are my brother. I don't deny any natural claims upon me; but I am master of my own house and my own leisure. Get up, Jack, and tell me what you want. When I understand what it is, you can lounge at your will; but in the mean time get up and explain: and as for you, Wodehouse—"

Jack Wentworth faced round on his sofa, and then, with a kind of involuntary motion, slid his feet to the ground. He looked at his brother with extreme amazement as he closed his novel and tossed away the end of his cigar. "It's much better not to mention names," he said, in a half-apologetic way. "Our friend here is under a temporary cloud. His name, in fact—is Smith, I think." But as he spoke he sat upright, a little startled to find that Frank, whom he remembered only as a lad, was no longer to be coerced and concussed. As for the other, he came forward with the alacrity of a man who began to see some hope.

"By Jove, my name is Wodehouse, though," he said, in the argumentative tone which seemed habitual to him; his voice came low and grumbling through his beard. He was not of the class of triumphant sinners, whatever wickedness he might be capable of. To tell the truth, he had long, long ago fallen out of the butterfly stage of dissipation, and had now to be the doer of dirty work, despised and hustled about by such men as Jack Wentworth. The wages of sin had long been bitter enough, though he had neither any hope of freeing himself,

nor any wish to do so; but he took up a grumbling tone of self-assertion as soon as he had an opening. "The parson treats me like a gentleman—like what I used to be," he repeated, coming into the light, and drawing a chair towards the table. "My name is Wodehouse—it's my own name that I have signed after all, by Jove," said the unlucky prodigal. It seemed to give him a little comfort to say that over again, as if to convince himself.

"As for Wodehouse, I partly understand what he has done," said the curate. "It appears likely he has killed his father, by the way; but I suppose you don't count that. It is forgery in the mean time; I understand as much."

"It's my name as well as his, by Jove!" interrupted, hastily, the stranger, under his breath.

"Such strong terms are unnecessary," said Jack; "everybody knows that bills are drawn to be renewed and nursed and taken care of. We've had a great failure in luck as it happens, and these ones have come down to this deuced place; and the old fellow, instead of paying them like a gentleman, has made a row, and dropped down dead, or something. I suppose you don't know any more than the women have told you. The old man made a row in the office, and went off in fire and flame, and gave up our friend here to his partner's tender mercies. I sent for you, as you've taken charge of him. I suppose you have your reasons. This is an unlikely corner to find him in, and I suppose he couldn't be safer anywhere. That's about the state of the case. I came down to look after him, out of kind feeling," said the heir of the Wentworths. "If you don't mean to eat any dinner, have a cigar."

"And what have you to do with each other? What is the connection between you?" said the Curate of St. Roque's. "I have my reasons, as you say, for taking an interest in him; but you—"

"I am only your elder brother," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders and resuming his place on the sofa. "We understand that difference. Business connection—that's all," he said, leisurely selecting another cigar from his case. When he had lighted it, he turned round and fixed his eyes upon the stranger. "We don't want any harm to happen to him," he said, with a little emphasis. "I've

come here to protect him. If he keeps quiet and doesn't show, it will blow over. The keenest spy in the place could scarcely suspect him to be here. I have come entirely on his account—much to my own disgust—and yours," said the exquisite, with another shrug. He laid back his head and looked up to the ceiling, contemplating the fragrant wreaths of smoke with the air of a man perfectly at his ease. "We don't mean him to come to any harm," said Jack Wentworth, and stretched out his elegant limbs on the sofa, like a potentate satisfied that his protection was enough to make any man secure.

"I'm too much in their secrets, by Jove!" said poor Wodehouse, in his beard. "I *do* know their secrets, though they talk so big. It's not any consideration for me. It's to save themselves, by Jove, that's what it is!" cried the indignant drudge, of whom his superior deigned to take no notice. As for Mr. Wentworth, he rose from his seat in a state of suppressed indignation, which could not express itself merely in words.

"May I ask what share I am expected to play in the drama?" he asked, pushing his chair aside in his excitement. The elder brother turned instinctively, and once more slid his feet to the ground. They looked at each other for a moment; the curate, pale with a passion which he could not conceal, had something in his eyes which brought shame even to Jack Wentworth's face.

"You can betray him if you like," he said, sulkily. "I have no—particular interest in the matter; but in that case he had better make the best of his time and get away. You hear?" said the master-spirit, making a sign to Wodehouse. He had roused himself up, and looked now like a feline creature preparing for a spring—his eyes were cast down, but under the eyelids he followed his brother's movements with vigilant observation. "If you like, you can betray him," he repeated, slowly, understanding, as bad men so often do, the generosities of the nature to which his own was so much opposed.

And perhaps there was an undue degree of exasperation in the indignant feelings which moved Mr. Wentworth. He kicked off his dusty boots with an indecorum quite unusual to him, and hunted up his slippers out of the adjoining room with perhaps an unnecessary amount of noise and haste. Then he went

and looked out of the window into the serene summer darkness and the dewy garden, getting a little fresh air upon his heated face. Last of all he came back, peremptory and decided. "I shall not betray him," said the Perpetual Curate; "but I will have no further schemes concocted nor villany carried on in my house. If I consent to shield him, and, if possible, save him from the law, it is neither for his sake—nor yours," said the indignant young man. "I suppose it is no use saying anything about your life; but both of you have fathers very like to die of this—"

"My dear fellow," said Jack Wentworth, "we have gone through that phase ages ago. Don't be so much after date. I have brought down my father's gray hairs, etc., a hundred times; and, I dare say, so has he. Don't treat us as if we were in the nursery—a parson of advanced views like you should have something a little more novel to say."

"And so I have," said Mr. Wentworth, with a heightened color. "There are capital rooms at the Blue Boar, which you will find very comfortable, I am sure. I don't remember that we have ever been more than acquaintances; and to take possession of a man's house in his absence argues a high degree of friendship, as you are aware. It will be with difficulty that I shall find room for myself to-night; but to-morrow, I trust, if business requires you to remain in Carlingford, you will be able to find accommodation at the Blue Boar."

The elder brother grew very red all over his face. "I will go at once," he said, with a little start; and then he took a second thought. "It is a poor sort of way of winning a victory," he said, in contemptuous tones, after he had overcome his first movement; "but if you choose that, it is no matter to me. I'll go to-morrow, as you say—to pack up to-night is too much for my energies. In the mean time it won't disturb you, I hope, if I go on with my novel. I don't suppose any further civilities are necessary between you and me," said Jack, once more putting up his feet on the sofa. He arranged himself with an indifference which was too genuine for bravado, opening his book, and puffing his cigar with great coolness. He did all but turn his back upon the others, and drew the little table nearer to him, in utter disregard of the fact that the curate was

leaning his arm on it. In short, he retired from the contest with a kind of grandeur, with his cigar and his novel, and the candles which lighted him up placidly, and made him look like the master of the house and the situation. There was a pause of some minutes, during which the others looked on—Mr. Wentworth with a perfectly unreasonable sense of defeat, and poor Wodehouse with that strange kind of admiration which an unsuccessful good-for-nothing naturally feels for a triumphant rascal. They were in the shade looking on, and he in the light enjoying himself calmly in his way. The sight put an end to various twinges of repentance in the bosom of the inferior sinner. Jack Wentworth, lying on the sofa in superb indifference, victorious over all sense of right, did more to confirm his humble admirer in the life which he had almost made up his mind to abandon, than even his own inclination towards forbidden pleasure. He was dazzled by the success of his principal; and in comparison with that instructive sight, his father's probable death-bed, his sisters' tears, and even his own present discomfort, faded into insignificance. What Jack Wentworth was, Tom Wodehouse could never be; but at least he could follow his great model humbly and afar off. These sentiments made him receive but sulkily the admonitions of the curate, when he led the way out of the pre-occupied sitting-room; for Mr. Wentworth was certainly not the victor at this passage of arms.

"I will do what I can to help you out of this," said the curate, pausing within the door of Wodehouse's room, "for the sake of your—friends. But look here, Wodehouse: I have not preached to you hitherto, and I don't mean to do so now. When a man has done a crime, he is generally past preaching. The law will punish you for forging your father's name—"

"It's *my* name as well as his, by Jove!" interrupted the culprit, sullenly; "I've a right to sign it wherever I please."

"But the law," said Mr. Wentworth, with emphasis, "has nothing to do with the breaking of your father's heart. If he dies, think whether the recollection will be a comfortable one. I will save you, if I can and there is time, though I am compromised already, and it may do me serious injury. If you get free and are cleared from this, will you go away

and break off your connection with—yes, you are quite right—I mean with my brother, whatever the connection may be? I will only exert myself for you on condition that you promise. You will go away somehow, and break off your old habits, and try if it is possible to begin anew?"

Wodehouse paused before he answered. The vision of Jack in the curate's sitting-room still dazzled him. "You daren't say as much to your brother as you say to me," he replied, after a while, in his sulky way; "but I'm a gentleman, by Jove, as well as he is!" And he threw himself down in a chair, and bit his nails, and grumbled into his beard. "It's hard to ask a fellow to give up his liberty," he said, without lifting his eyes. Mr. Wentworth, perhaps, was a little contemptuous of the sullen wretch who already had involved him in so much annoyance and trouble.

"You can take your choice," he said; "the law will respect your liberty less than I shall;" and all the curate's self-control could not conceal a certain amount of disdain.

"By Jove!" said Wodehouse, lifting up his eyes, "if the old man should die, you'd change your tone;" and then he stopped short and looked suspiciously at the curate. "There's no will, and I'm the heir," he said, with sullen braggadocio. Mr. Wentworth was still young, and this look made him sick with disgust and indignation.

"Then you can take your chance," he said, impatiently, making a hasty step to the door. He would not return, though his ungrateful guest called him back, but went away, much excited and disgusted, to see if the fresh air outside, would restore his composure. On his way down-stairs he again met Sarah, who was hovering about in a restless state of curiosity. "I've made up a bed for you, please, sir, in the little dressing-room," said Sarah; "and, please, cook wants to know, wouldn't you have anything to eat?" The question reminded Mr. Wentworth that he had eaten nothing since luncheon, which he took in his father's house. Human nature, which can bear great blows with elasticity so wonderful, is apt to be put out, as everybody knows, by their most trifling accessories, and a man naturally feels miserable when he has had no dinner, and has not a place to shelter him while he snatches a necessary mouthful. "Never

mind; all the rooms are occupied to-night," said the Perpetual Curate, feeling thoroughly wretched. But cook and Sarah had arranged all that, being naturally indignant that their favorite clergyman should be "put upon" by his disorderly and unexpected guests.

"I have set your tray, sir, in missis's parlor," said Sarah, opening the door of that sanctuary; and it is impossible to describe the sense of relief with which the Perpetual Curate flung himself down on Mrs. Hadwin's sofa, deranging a quantity of cushions and elaborate crochet-work draperies without knowing it. Here at least he was safe from intrusion. But his reflections were far from being agreeable as he ate his beefsteak. Here he was, without any fault of his own, plunged into the midst of a complication of disgrace and vice. Perhaps already the name of Lucy Wodehouse was branded with her brother's shame; perhaps still more overwhelming infamy might overtake, through that means, the heir and the name of the Wentworths. And for himself, what he had to do was to attempt with all his powers to defeat justice, and save from punishment a criminal for whom it was impossible to feel either sympathy or hope. When he thought of Jack up-stairs on the sofa over his French novel, the heart of the curate burned within him with indignation and resentment; and his disgust at his other guest was, if less intense, an equally painful sensation. It was hard to waste his strength, and perhaps compromise his character, for such men as these; but on the other hand he saw his father, with that malady of the Wentworths hanging over his head, doing his best to live and last, like a courageous English gentleman as he was, for the sake of "the girls" and the little children, who had so little to expect from Jack; and poor stupid Mr. Wodehouse dying of the crime which assailed his own credit as well as his son's safety. The Curate of St. Roque's drew a long breath, and raised himself up unconsciously to his full height as he rose to go up-stairs. It was he against the world at the moment, as it appeared. He set himself to his uncongenial work with a heart that revolted against the evil cause of which he was about to constitute himself the champion. But for the squire, who had misjudged him—for Lucy, who had received him with such icy smiles, and closed up her heart against his entrance,—sometimes there is a

kind of bitter sweetness in the thought of spending love and life in one lavish and prodigal outburst upon those to whom our hearts are bound, but whose affections make us no return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE curate went to breakfast next morning with a little curiosity and a great deal of painful feeling. He had been inhospitable to his brother, and a revulsion had happened such as happens invariably when the generous man is forced by external circumstances to show himself churlish. Though his good sense and his pride alike prevented him from changing his resolution of the previous night, still his heart had relented toward Jack, and he felt sorry and half ashamed to meet the brother to whom he had shown so much temper and so little kindness. It was much later than usual when he came down-stairs, and Jack was just coming out of the comfortable chamber which belonged of right to his brother, when the curate entered the sitting-room. Jack was in his dressing-gown, as on the previous night, and came forth humming an air out of the "Trovatore," and looking as wholesomely fresh and clean and dainty as the most honest gentleman in England. He gave his brother a good-humored nod, and wished him good-morning. "I am glad to see you don't keep distressingly early hours," he said between the bars of the air he was humming. He was a man of perfect digestion, like all the Wentworths, and got up, accordingly, in a good temper, not disposed to make too much of any little incivility that might have taken place. On the contrary, he helped himself to his brother's favorite omelet with the most engaging cheerfulness, and entered into such conversation as might be supposed to suit a Perpetual Curate in a little country town.

"I dare say you have a good many nice people about here," said Jack. "I've done nothing but walk about since I came—and it does a man good to see those fresh little women with their pink cheeks. There's one, a sister of our friend's, I believe," he continued, with a nod towards the door to indicate Wodehouse—"an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you; and there's a little rosebud of a creature at that shop, whom, they tell me, you're interested in. Your living is not worth much, I suppose? It's unlucky

having two clergymen in a family ; but, to be sure, you're going in for Skelmersdale. By the way, that reminds me—how are the aunts ? I have not heard anything of them for ages. Female relations of that description generally cling to the parsons of the race. I suppose they are all living—all three ? Such people never seem to die."

"They are here," said the curate, succinctly, "living in Carlingford. I wonder nobody has told you."

A sudden bright spark lighted in the prodigal's eyes. "Ah, they are here, are they ?" he said, after a momentary pause ; "so much the better for you ; but in justice you ought to be content with the living. I say so as your elder brother. Gerald has the best right to what they've got to leave. By the by, how are Gerald and the rest ? you've just been there. I suppose our respected parent goes on multiplying. To think of so many odious little wretches calling themselves Wentworth is enough to make one disgusted with the name."

"My father was very ill when I left ; he has had another attack," said the curate. "He does not seem able to bear any agitation. Your telegram upset him altogether. I don't know what you've been about—he did not tell me," continued the younger brother, with a little emotion ; "but he is very uneasy about you."

"Ah, I dare say," said Jack ; "that's natural ; but he's wonderfully tough for such an old fellow. I should say it would take twenty attacks to finish him ; and this is the second, isn't it ? I wonder how long an interval there was between the two ; it would be a pretty calculation for a *post-obit*. Wodehouse seems to have brought his ancestor down at the first shot almost ; but then there's no entail in his case, and the old fellow may have made a will. I beg your pardon ; you don't like this sort of talk. I forgot you were a clergyman. I rather like this town of yours, do you know ? Sweet situation, and good for the health, I should say. I'll take your advice, I think, about the—how did you call it ?—Black Boar. Unless, indeed, some charitable family would take me in," said the elder brother with a glance from under his eyelids. His real meaning did not in the least degree suggest itself to the curate, who was thinking more of what was past than of what was to come.

"You seem to take a great interest in Wodehouse ?" said Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes ; and so do you," said Jack, with a keen glance of curiosity—"I can't tell why. My interest in him is easily explained. If the affair came to a trial, it might involve other people who are of retiring dispositions and dislike publicity. I don't mind saying," continued the heir of the Wentworths, laying down his knife and fork, and looking across at his brother with smiling candor, "that I might myself be brought before the world in a way which would wound my modesty ; so it must not be permitted to go any further, you perceive. The partner has got a warrant out, but has not put it into execution as yet. That's why I sent for you. You are the only man, so far as I can see, that can be of any use."

"I don't know what you mean," said the curate, hastily, "nor what connection you can possibly have with Wodehouse ; perhaps it is better not to inquire. I mean to do my best for him, independent of you."

"Do," said Jack Wentworth, with a slight yawn ; "it is much better not to inquire. A clergyman runs the risk of hearing things that may shock him when he enters into worldly business ; but the position of mediator is thoroughly professional. Now for the Black Boar. I'll send for my traps when I get settled," he said, rising in his languid way. He had made a very good breakfast, and he was not at all disposed to make himself uncomfortable by quarrelling with his brother. Besides, he had a new idea in his mind. So he gave the curate another little good-humored nod, and disappeared in the sleeping-room, from which he emerged a few minutes after with a coat replacing the dressing-gown, ready to go out. "I dare say I shall see you again before I leave Carlingford," he said, and left the room with the utmost suavity. As for Mr. Wentworth, it is probable that his brother's serenity had quite the reverse of a soothing effect upon his mind and temper. He rose from the table as soon as Jack was gone, and for a long time paced about the room composing himself, and planning what he was to do—so long, indeed, that Sarah, after coming up softly to inspect, had cleared the table and put everything straight in the room before the curate discovered her presence. It was only when she came up to him at last, with her little rustical courtesy, to say that, please,

her missis would like to see him for a moment in the parlor, that Mr. Wentworth found out that she was there. This interruption roused him out of his manifold and complicated thoughts. "I am too busy just now, but I will see Mrs. Hadwin to-night," he said; "and you can tell her that my brother has gone to get rooms at the Blue Boar." After he had thus satisfied the sympathetic handmaiden, the curate crossed over to the closed door of Wodehouse's room and knocked. The inmate there was still in bed, as was his custom, and answered Mr. Wentworth through his beard in a recumbent voice, less sulky and more uncertain than on the previous night. Poor Wodehouse had neither the nerve nor the digestion of his more splendid associate. He had no strength of evil in himself when he was out of the way of it; and the consequence of a restless night was a natural amount of penitence and shame in the morning. He met the curate with a depressed countenance, and answered all his questions readily enough, even giving him the particulars of the forged bills, in respect to which Thomas Wodehouse the younger could not, somehow, feel so guilty as if it had been a name different from his own which he had affixed to those fatal bits of paper; and he did not hesitate much to promise that he would go abroad and try to make a new beginning if this matter could be settled. Mr. Wentworth went out with some satisfaction after the interview, believing in his heart that his own remonstrances had had their due effect, as it is so natural to believe—for he did not know, having slept very soundly, that it had rained a good deal during the night, and that Mrs. Hadwin's biggest tub (for the old lady had a passion for rain-water) was immediately under poor Wodehouse's window, and kept him awake as it filled and ran over all through the summer darkness. The vision of Jack Wentworth, even in his hour of success, was insufficient to fortify the simpler soul of his humble admirer against that ominous sound of the unseen rain, and against the flashes of sudden lightning that seemed to blaze into his heart. He could not help thinking of his father's sick-bed in those midnight hours, and of all the melancholy array of lost years which had made him no longer "a gentleman as he used to be," but a skulking vagabond in his native place; and his penitence lasted till after he had had his

breakfast and Mr. Wentworth was gone. Then perhaps the other side of the question recurred to his mind, and he began to think that if his father died there might be no need for his banishment; but Mr. Wentworth knew nothing of this change in his *protégé's* sentiments, as he went quickly up Grange Lane. Wharfside and all the district had lain neglected for three long days, as the curate was aware, and he had promised to call at No. 10 Prickett's Lane, and to look after the little orphan children whom Lucy had taken charge of. His occupations, in short, both public and private, were overpowering, and he could not tell how he was to get through them; for, in addition to everything else, it was Friday, and there was a litany service at twelve o'clock in St. Roque's. So Mr. Wentworth had little time to lose as he hurried up once again to Mr. Wodehouse's green door.

It was Miss Wodehouse who came to meet the curate as soon as his presence was known in the house—Miss Wodehouse, and not Lucy, who made way for her sister to pass her, and took no notice of Mr. Wentworth's name. The elder sister entered very hurriedly the little parlor down-stairs, and shut the door fast, and came up to him with an anxious, inquiring face. She told him her father was just the same, in faltering tones. "And, O Mr. Wentworth!" she exclaimed, with endless unspeakable questions in her eyes. It was so hard for the gentle woman to keep her secret—the very sight of somebody who knew it was a relief to her heart.

"I want you to give me full authority to act for you," said the curate. "I must go to Mr. Wodehouse's partner and discuss the whole matter."

Here Miss Wodehouse gave a little cry, and stopped him suddenly. "O Mr. Wentworth, it would kill papa to know you had spoken of it to any one! You must send him away," she said, breathless with anxiety and terror. "To think of discussing it with any one when even Lucy does not know!" She spoke with so much haste and fright that it was scarcely possible to make out her last words.

"Nevertheless I must speak to Mr. Waters," said the curate; "I am going there now. He knows all about it already, and has a warrant for *his* apprehension; but we must stop that. I will undertake that it

shall be paid, and you must give me full authority to act for you." When Miss Wodehouse met the steady look he gave her, she veered immediately from her fright at the thought of having it spoken of, to gratitude to him who was thus ready to take her burden into his hands.

"O Mr. Wentworth, it is so good of you—it is like a brother!" said the trembling woman; and then she made a pause. "I say a brother," she said, drawing an involuntary moral, "though we have never had any good of ours; and oh, if Lucy only knew!"

The curate turned away hastily, and wrung her hand without being aware of it. "No," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "don't let her know. I don't want to appeal to her gratitude;" and with that he became silent, and fell to listening, standing in the middle of the room, if perhaps he might catch any sound of footsteps coming down-stairs.

"She will know better some day," said Miss Wodehouse, wiping her eyes; "and, O Mr. Wentworth, if papa ever gets better—" Here the poor lady broke down into inarticulate weeping. "But I know you will stand by us," she said, amid her tears; "it is all the comfort I have—and Lucy—"

There was no sound of any footstep on the stair—nothing but the ticking of the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and the rustling of the curtains in the soft morning breeze which came through the open window, and Miss Wodehouse's crying. The curate had not expected to see Lucy, and knew in his heart that it was better they should not meet just at this moment; but, notwithstanding this, it was strange how bitter and disappointed he felt, and what an impatient longing he had for one look of her, even though it should be a look which would drive him frantic with mortified love and disappointed expectation. To know that she was under the same roof, and that she knew he was here, but kept away, and did not care to see him, was gall to his excited mind. He went away hastily, pressing poor Miss Wodehouse's hand with a kind of silent rage. "Don't talk about Lucy," he said, half to himself, his heart swelling and throbbing at the sound of the name. It was the first time he had spoken it aloud to any ear but his own, and he left the house tingling with an indignation and mortification and bitter fondness which could not be expressed in words. What he was about

to do was for her sake, and he thought to himself, with a forlorn pride, that she would never know it, and it did not matter. He could not tell that Lucy was glancing out furtively over the blind, ashamed of herself in her wounded heart for doing so, and wondering whether even now he was occupied with that unworthy love which had made an everlasting separation between them. If it had been any one worthy, it would have been different, poor Lucy thought, as she pressed back the tears into her eyes, and looked out wistfully at him over the blind. She above-stairs in the sick-room, and he in the fresh garden hastening out to his work, were both thinking in their hearts how perverse life was, and how hard it was not to be happy—as indeed they well might in a general way; though perhaps one glance of the curate's eyes upward, one meeting of looks, might have resulted quite unreasonably in a more felicitous train of thinking, at least for that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Mr. Wentworth arrived in the little vestry at St. Roque's to robe himself for the approaching service, it was after a long and tough contest with Mr. Wodehouse's partner, which had to a great extent exhausted his energies. Mr. Wodehouse was the leading attorney in Carlingford, the chief family solicitor in the county, a man looked upon with favorable eyes even by the great people as being himself a cadet of a county family. His partner, Mr. Waters, was altogether a different description of man. He was much more clever, and a good deal more like a gentleman, but he had not a connection in the world, and had fought his way up to prosperity through many a narrow, and perhaps, if people spoke true, many a dirty avenue to fortune. He was very glad of the chance which brought his partner's reputation and credit thus under his power, and he was by no means disposed to deal gently with the prodigal son. That is to say he was quite disinclined to let the family out of his clutches easily, or to consent to be silent and "frustrate the ends of justice" for anything else than an important equivalent. Mr. Wentworth had much ado to restrain his temper while the wily attorney talked about his conscience; for the curate was clear-sighted enough to perceive at the first glance that Mr. Waters had no real intention of proceeding to extremities. The

lawyer would not pledge himself to anything, notwithstanding all Mr. Wentworth's arguments. "Wodehouse himself was of the opinion that the law should take its course," he said; but out of respect for his partner he might wait a few days to see what turn his illness would take. "I confess that I am not adapted for my profession, Mr. Wentworth. My feelings overcome me a great deal too often," said the sharp man of business, looking full into the curate's eyes; "and while the father is dying I have not the heart to proceed against the son; but I pledge myself to nothing—recollect, to nothing." And with this and a very indignant mind Mr. Wentworth had been forced to come away. His thoughts were occupied with the contrarieties of the world as he hastened along to St. Roque's—how one man had to bear another's burdens in every station and capacity of life, and how another man triumphed and came to success by means of the misfortunes of his friends. It was hard to tell what made the difference, or how humankind got divided into these two great classes, for possibly enough the sharp attorney was as just in his way as the curate; but Mr. Wentworth got no more satisfaction in thinking of it than speculatists generally have when they investigate this strange, wayward, fantastical humanity which is never to be calculated upon. He came into the little vestry of St. Roque's, which was a strong little room with a groined roof and windows too severely early English in their character to admit any great amount of light, with a sensation of fatigue and discouragement very natural to a man who had been interfering in other people's affairs. There was some comfort in the litany which he was just going to say, but not much comfort in any of the human individuals who would come into Mr. Wentworth's mind as he paused in the midst of the suffrage for "sick persons" and for those who "had erred and were deceived," that the worshippers might whisper into God's ear the names for which their hearts were most concerned. The young priest sighed heavily as he put on his surplice, pondering all the obstinate selfishness and strange contradictions of men; and it was only when he heard a rather loud echo to his breath of weariness that he looked up and saw Elsworthy, who was contemplating him with a very curious expression of face. The clerk started a little on being discovered, and began to look

over all the choristers' books and set them in readiness; though, indeed, there were no choristers on Fridays, but only the ladies, who chanted the responses a great deal more sweetly, and wore no surplices. Thinking of that, it occurred to Mr. Wentworth how much he would miss the round, full notes which always betrayed Lucy's presence to him even when he did not see her; and he forgot Elsworthy, and sighed again without thinking of any comment which might be made upon the sound.

"I'm sorry to see, sir, as you aint in your usual good spirits?" said that observant spectator, coming closer up to "his clergyman." Elsworthy's eyes were full of meanings which Mr. Wentworth could not, and had no wish to decipher.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," said the Perpetual Curate, with his coldest tone. He had become suspicious of the man, he could scarcely tell why.

"There's a deal of people in church this morning," said the clerk; and then he came closer still, and spoke in a kind of whisper, "About that little matter as we was speaking of, Mr. Wentworth—that's all straight, sir, and there aint no occasion to be vexed. She came back this morning," said Elsworthy, under his breath.

"Who came back this morning?" asked the curate, with a little surprise. His thoughts had been so much with Lucy that no one else occurred to him at the moment; and even while he asked this question, his busy fancy began to wonder where she could have been, and what motive could have taken her away?

"I couldn't mean nobody but Rosa, as I talked to you about last night," said Elsworthy. "She's come back, sir, as you wished; and I *have* heard as she was in Carlingford last night just afore you come, Mr. Wentworth, when I thought as she was far enough off; which you'll allow, sir, whoever it was she come to see, it wasn't the right thing, nor what her aunt and me had reason to expect."

The Curate of St. Roque's said "Pshaw!" carelessly to himself. He was not at all interested in Rosa Elsworthy. Instead of making any answer, he drew on the scarlet band of his hood, and marched away gravely into the reading-desk, leaving the vestry-door open behind him for the clerk to follow. The lit-

the dangers that harassed his personal footsteps had not yet awakened so much as an anxiety in his mind. Things much more serious pre-occupied his thoughts. He opened his prayer-book with a consciousness of the good of it which comes to men only now and then. At Oxford, in his day, Mr. Wentworth had entertained his doubts like others, and like most people was aware that there were a great many things in heaven and earth totally unexplainable by any philosophy. But he had always been more of a man than a thinker, even before he became a high Anglican; and being still much in earnest about most things he had to do with, he found great comfort just at this moment, amid all his perplexities, in the litany he was saying. He was so absorbed in it, and so full of that appeal out of all troubles and miseries to the God who cannot be indifferent to his creatures, that he was almost at the last Amen before he distinguished that voice, which of all voices was most dear to him. The heart of the young man swelled, when he heard it, with a mingled thrill of sympathy and wounded feeling. She had not left her father's sick-bed to see *him*, but she *had* found time to run down the sunny road to St. Roque's, to pray for the sick and the poor. When he knelt down in the reading-desk at the end of the service, was it wrong, instead of more abstract supplications, that the young priest said over and over, "God bless her!" in an outburst of pity and tenderness? And he did not try to overtake her on the road, as he might have done had his heart been less deeply touched, but went off with abstracted looks to Wharfside, where all the poor people were very glad to see him, and where his absence was spoken of as if he had been three months instead of three days away. It was like going back a century or two into primitive life, to go into "the district," where civilization did not prevail to any very distressing extent, and where people in general spoke their minds freely. But even when he came out of No. 10, where the poor woman still kept on living, Mr. Wentworth was made aware of his private troubles; for on the opposite side of the way, where there was a little bit of vacant ground, the rector was standing with some of the schismatics of Wharfside, planning how to place the iron church which, it was said, he meant to establish in the very heart of the "district."

Mr. Morgan took off his hat very stiffly to the Perpetual Curate, who returned up Prickett's Lane with a heightened color and quickened pulse. A man must be an angel indeed who can see his work taken out of his hands and betray no human emotion. Mr. Wentworth went into Elsworthy's, as he went back, to write a forcible little note to the rector on the subject before he returned home. It was Rosa who handed him the paper he wanted, and he gave her a little nod without looking at her. But when he had closed his note, and laid it on the counter to be delivered, the curate found her still standing near, and looked at the little blushing creature with some natural admiration. "So you have come back," he said; "but mind you don't go into Grange Lane any more after dark, little Rosa." When he had left the shop, and finished this little matter, he bethought himself of his aunts, whom he had not seen since he returned. Aunt Dora was not at her usual sentinel window when he crossed Grange Lane towards their garden-door; and the door itself was open, and some one from the Blue Boar was carrying in a large portmanteau. Mr. Wentworth's curiosity was strangely excited by the sight. He said, "Who has come, Lewis?" to Miss Wentworth's man, who stood in the hall superintending the arrival, but ran up-stairs without waiting for any answer. He felt by instinct that the visitor was some one likely to increase the confusion of affairs, and perplex matters more and more to himself.

But even this presentiment did not prepare him for the astonishing sight which met his eyes when he entered the drawing-room. There the three ladies were all assembled, regarding with different developments of interest the new-comer, who had thrown himself, half-reclining, on a sofa. Aunt Dora was sitting by him with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne in her hand, for this meeting had evidently gone to the heart of the returned prodigal. Aunt Dora was ready to have sacrificed all the veal in the country in honor of Jack's repentance; and the curate stood outside upon the threshold, looking at the scene with the strangest half-angry, half-comical realization of the state of mind of the elder brother in the parable. He had himself been rather found fault with, excused, and tolerated among his relations; but Jack had at once become master of the position and taken

possession of all their sympathies. Mr. Wentworth stood gazing at them, half-amused, and yet more angry than amused—feeling, with a little indignation, as was natural, that the pretended penitence of the clever sinner was far more effective and interesting than his own spotless loyalty and truth. To be sure, they were only three old ladies—three old aunts—and he smiled at the sight; but though he smiled, he did not like it, and perhaps was more abrupt than usual in his salutations. Miss Leonora was seated at her writing-table, busy with her correspondence. The question of the new gin-palace was not decided, and she had been in the middle of a letter of encouragement to her agents on the subject, reminding them that, even though the license was granted, the world would still go on all the same, and that the worst possibilities must be encountered, when Jack the prodigal made his appearance, with all the tokens of reformation and repentance about him, to throw himself upon the Christian charity of his relations. A penitent sinner was too tempting a bait for even Miss Leonora's good sense to withstand, and she had postponed her letter-writing to hear his explanations. But Jack had told his story by this time, and had explained how much he wanted to withdraw out of the world in which he had been led astray, and how sick he was of all its whirl of temptations and disappointment; and Miss Leonora had returned to her letter when her younger nephew arrived. As for Miss Wentworth, she was seated placidly in her usual easy-chair, smiling with equable smiles upon both the young men, and raising her beautiful old cheek for Frank to kiss, just as she had raised it to Jack. It was Miss Dora who was most shaken out of her allegiance; she who had always made Frank her special charge. Though she had wept herself into a day's headache on his behalf so short a time ago, Aunt Dora for the moment had allowed the more effusive prodigal to supersede Frank. Instead of taking him into her arms as usual, and clinging to him, she only put the hand that held the eau-de-Cologne over his shoulder as she kissed him. Jack, who had been so dreadfully, inexpressibly wicked, and who had come back to his aunts to be converted and restored to his right mind, was more interesting than many curates. She sat down again by her penitent as soon as she had saluted his brother; and even

Miss Leonora, when she paused in her letter, turned her eyes towards Jack.

"So Gerald is actually going over to Rome," said the strong-minded aunt. "I never expected anything else. I had a letter from Louisa yesterday, asking me to use my influence; as if I had any influence over your brother! If a silly wife was any justification for a man making an idiot of himself, Gerald might be excused; but I suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be that you have followed him, Frank. Did you hear anything further about Janet and that lover of hers? In a large family like ours there is always something troublesome going on," said Miss Leonora. "I am not surprised to hear of your father's attack. My father had a great many attacks, and lived to eighty; but he had few difficulties with the female part of his household," she continued with a grim little smile—for Miss Leonora rather piqued herself upon her exemption from any known sentimental episode, even in her youth.

"Dear Jack's return will make up for a great deal," said Aunt Dora. "O Frank, my dear, your brother has made us all so happy. He has just been telling us that he means to give up all his racing and betting and wickedness; and when he has been with us a little, and learned to appreciate a domestic circle—" said poor Miss Dora, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. She was so much overcome that she could not finish the sentence. But she put her disengaged hand upon Jack's arm and patted it, and in her heart concluded that as soon as the blanket was done for Louisa's bassinet, she would work him a pair of slippers, which should endear more and more to him the domestic circle, and stimulate the new-born virtue in his repentant heart.

"I don't know what Jack's return may do," said Mr. Wentworth, "but I hope you don't imagine it was Gerald who caused my father's illness. You know better, at least," said the indignant curate, looking at the hero on the sofa. That interesting reprobate lifted his eyes with a covert gleam of humor to the unresponsive countenance of his brother, and then he stroked his silky beard and sighed.

"My dear aunt, Frank is right," said Jack, with a melancholy voice. "I have not concealed from you that my father has

great reason to be offended with me. I have done very much the reverse of what I ought to have done. I see even Frank can't forgive me; and I don't wonder at it," said the prodigal, "though I have done him no harm that I know of;" and again the heir of the Wentworths sighed, and covered his face for a moment with his hand.

"O Frank," cried Miss Dora, with streaming eyes—"O my dear boy, isn't there joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? You're not going to be the wicked elder brother that grudged the prodigal his welcome—you are not going to give way to jealousy, Frank?"

"Hold your tongue, Dora," said the iron-gray sister; "I dare say Frank knows a great deal better than you do; but I want to know about Gerald, and what is to be done. If he goes to Rome, of course you will take Wentworth Rectory; so it will not be an unmingled evil," said Miss Leonora, biting her pen, and throwing a keen glance at the Curate of St. Roque's, "especially as you and we differ so entirely in our views. I could not consent to appoint anybody to Skelmersdale, even if poor Mr. Shirley were to die, who did not preach the gospel; and it would be sad for you to spend all your life in a Perpetual Curacy, where you could have no income, nor ever hope to be able to marry," she continued steadily, with her eyes fixed upon her nephew. "Of course, if you had entered the Church for the love of the work, it would be a different matter," said the strong-minded aunt. "But that sort of thing seems to have gone out of fashion. I am sorry about Gerald—very sorry; but after what I saw of him, I am not surprised; and it is a comfort to one's mind to think that you will be provided for by the Rectory, Frank." Miss Leonora wrote a few words of the letter as she finished this speech. What she was saying in that epistle was (in reference to the gin-palace) that all discouragements were sent by God, and that, no doubt, his meaning was, that we should work all the harder to make way against them. After putting down which encouraging sentiment, she raised her eyes again, and planted her spear in her nephew's bosom with the greatest composure in the world.

"My Perpetual Curacy suits me very well," said Mr. Wentworth, with a little pride; "and there is a good deal to do in Carling-

ford. However, I did not come here to talk about that. The rector is going to put up an iron church in my district," said the young man, who was rather glad of a subject which permitted a little of his indignation to escape. "It is very easy to interfere with other people's work." And then he paused, not choosing to grumble to an unsympathetic audience. To feel that nobody cares about your trouble, is better than all the rules of self-control. The Perpetual Curate stopped instinctively with a dignified restraint, which would have been impossible to him under other circumstances. It was no merit of his, but he reaped the advantage of it all the same.

"But, O my dear," said Miss Dora, "what a comfort to think of what St. Paul says, 'Whether it be for the right motive or not, Christ is still preached.' And one never knows what chance word may touch a heart," said the poor little woman, shaking her limp curls away from her cheeks. "It was you being offended with him that made dear Jack think of coming to us; and what a happiness it is to think that he sees the error of his ways," cried poor Miss Dora, drying her tears. "And O Frank, my dear boy, I trust you will take warning by your brother, and not run into temptation," continued the anxious aunt, remembering all her troubles. "If you were to go wrong, it would take away all the pleasure of life."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Aunt Cecilia from her easy-chair.

"For, O Frank, my dear," said Miss Dora, much emboldened by this support, "you must consider that you are a clergyman, and there are a great many things that are wrong in a clergyman that would not matter in another man. O Leonora, if you would speak to him, he would mind you," cried the poor lady; "for you know a clergyman is quite different;" and Miss Dora again stopped short, and the three aunts looked at the bewildered curate, who, for his part, sat gazing at them without an idea what they could mean.

"What have I been doing that would be right in another man?" he said, with a smile which was slightly forced; and then he turned to Jack, who was laughing softly under his breath, and stroking his silky beard. The elder brother was highly amused by the situation altogether, but Frank, as was natural,

did not see it in the same light. "What have you been saying?" said the indignant curate; and his eyes gave forth a sudden light which frightened Miss Dora, and brought her in to the rescue.

"O Frank, he has not been saying anything," cried that troubled woman; "it is only what we have heard everywhere. O my dear boy, it is only for your good I have ever thought of speaking. There is nobody in the world to whom your welfare is so precious," said poor Miss Dora. "O Frank, if you and your brother were to have any difference, I should think it all my fault—and I always said you did not mean anything," she said, putting herself and her eau-de-Cologne between the two, and looking as if she were about to throw herself into the curate's arms. "O Frank, dear, don't blame any one else—it is my fault!" cried Aunt Dora, with tears; and the tender-hearted, foolish creature kept between them, ready to rush in if any conflict should occur, which was a supposition much resented by the Curate of St. Roque's.

"Jack and I have no intention of fighting, I dare say," he said, drawing his chair away with some impatience; and Jack lay back on the sofa and stroked his beard, and looked on with the greatest composure while poor Miss Dora exhausted her alarm. "It is all my fault," sobbed Aunt Dora; "but, O my dear boy, it was only for your good; and I always said you did not mean anything," said the discomfited peacemaker. All this, though it was highly amusing to the prodigal, was gall and bitterness to the Perpetual Curate. It moved him far more deeply than he could have imagined it possible for anything spoken by his Aunt Dora to move him. Perhaps there is something in human nature which demands to be comprehended, even where it is aware that comprehension is impossible; and it wounded him in the most unreasonable way to have it supposed that he was likely to get into any quarrel with his brother, and to see Jack thus preferred to himself.

"Don't be a fool," said Miss Leonora, sharply; "I wish you would confine yourself to Louisa's bassinet, and talk of things you can understand. I hope Frank knows what he is doing better than a set of old women. At the same time, Frank," said Miss Leonora, rising and leading the way to the door,

"I want to say a word to you. Don't think you are above misconception. Most people believe a lie more readily than the truth. Dora is a fool," said the elder sister, pausing, when she had led her nephew outside the drawing-room door, "but so are most people; and I advise you to be careful, and not to give occasion for any gossip; otherwise, I don't say I disapprove of your conduct." She had her pen in one hand, and held out the other to him, dismissing him; and even this added to the painful feeling in the curate's heart.

"I should hope not," he said, somewhat stiffly: "good-by—my conduct is not likely to be affected by any gossip, and I don't see any need for taking precautions against imaginary danger." Miss Leonora thought her nephew looked very ungracious as he went away. She said to herself that Frank had a great deal of temper, and resembled his mother's family more than the Wentworths, as she went back to her writing-table; and though she could not disapprove of him, she felt vexed somehow at his rectitude and his impatience of advice; whereas, Jack, poor fellow! who had been a great sinner, was, according to all appearance, a great penitent also, and a true Wentworth, with all the family features. Such were Miss Leonora's thoughts as she went back to finish her letters, and to encourage her agents in her London district to carry on the good work.

"God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," she wrote apropos of the gin-palace, and set very distinctly before her spiritual retainers all that Providence might intend by this unexpected hindrance; and so quite contented herself about her nephew, whose views on this and many other subjects were so different from her own.

Meanwhile Mr. Wentworth went about the rest of his day's work in a not unusual, but far from pleasant, frame of mind. When one suddenly feels that the sympathy upon which one calculated most surely has been withdrawn, the shock is naturally considerable. It might not be anything very great while it lasted, but still one feels the difference when it is taken away. Lucy had fallen off from him; and even Aunt Dora had ceased to feel his concerns the first in the world. He smiled at himself for the wound he felt; but that did not remove the sting of it. After the occupations of the day were over, when at

last he was going home, and when his work and the sense of fatigue which accompanied it had dulled his mind a little, the curate felt himself still dwelling on the same matter, contemplating it in a half-comic point of view, as proud men are not unapt to contemplate anything that mortifies them. He began to realize, in a humorous way, his own sensations as he stood at the drawing-room door and recognized the prodigal on the sofa; and then a smile dawned upon his lip as he thought once more of the prodigal's elder brother, who regarded that business with unsympathetic eyes and grudged the supper. And from that he went into a half-professional line of thought, and imagined to himself, half smiling, how, if he had been Dr. Cumming or the minister of Salem Chapel, he might have written a series of sermons on the unappreciated characters of Scripture, beginning with that virtuous uninteresting elder brother; from which suggestion, though he was not the minister of Salem nor Dr. Cumming, it occurred to the Perpetual Curate to follow out the idea, and to think of such generous, careless souls as Esau, and such noble unfortunates as the peasant-king, the mournful, magnificent Saul—people not generally approved of, or enrolled among the martyrs or saints. He was pursuing this kind of half-reverie, half-thought, when he reached his own house. It was again late and dark, for he had dined in the mean time, and was going home now to write his sermon, in which, no doubt, some of these very ideas were destined to re-appear. He opened the garden-gate with his latch-key, and paused, with an involuntary sense of the beauty and freshness of the night, as soon as he got within the sheltering walls. The stars were shining faint and sweet in the summer blue, and all the shrubs and the grass breathing forth that subdued breath of fragrance and conscious invisible life which gives so much sweetness to the night. He thought he heard whispering voices, as he paused glancing up at the sky; and then from the sidewalk he saw a little figure run, and heard a light little footstep fluttering towards the door which he had

just closed. Mr. Wentworth started and went after this little flying figure with some anxiety. Two or three of his long strides brought him up with the escaping visitor, as she fumbled in her agitation over the handle of the door. "You have come again, notwithstanding what I said to you? but you must not repeat it, Rosa," said the curate; "no good can come of these meetings. I will tell your uncle if I ever find you here again."

"Oh, no, no, please don't!" cried the girl; "but, after all, I don't mind," she said, with more confidence: "he would think it was something very different;" and Rosa raised her eyes to the curate's face with a coquettish inquiry. She could not divest herself of the thought that Mr. Wentworth was jealous, and did not like to have her come there for anybody but himself.

"If you were not such a child, I should be very angry," said the curate; "as it is, I am very angry with the person who deludes you into coming. Go home, child," he said, opening the door to her, "and remember I will not allow you on any pretext to come here again."

His words were low, and perhaps Rosa did not care much to listen; but there was quite light enough to show them both very plainly, as he stood at the door and she went out. Just then the Miss Hemmings were going up Grange Lane from a little tea-party with their favorite maid, and all their eyes about them. They looked very full in Mr. Wentworth's face, and said How d'ye do? as they passed the door; and when they had passed it, they looked at each other with eyes which spoke volumes. Mr. Wentworth shut the door violently with irrepressible vexation and annoyance when he encountered that glance. He made no farewells, nor did he think of taking care of Rosa on the way home as he had done before. He was intensely annoyed and vexed, he could not tell how; and this was how it happened that the last time she was seen in Carlingford, Rosa Elsworthy was left standing by herself in the dark at Mr. Wentworth's door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

I SHOULD like some of the readers of *Macmillan* to remember the name of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw as the name of one who gave up his life for what he believed to be right—deliberately risked, and cheerfully laid down, a prosperous, happy, beloved, and loving life.

Forgive me, dear American friends, if I seem to trench a little too much on what is personal. Before I end my narrative I think you will understand why I do it.

My first acquaintance with the Shaw family was in Paris, in the year 1855. Mrs. Shaw and her young daughters were spending the winter there; Mr. Shaw had gone to America to superintend the building of a large family house on Staten Island, that pleasant suburb of New York. There was only one son, Robert Gould Shaw, and he was absent from Paris at this time—studying in Germany, I think. The family had been for nearly five years in Europe, travelling in Italy and Egypt, and stopping where they liked, after the manner of wealthy Americans, and educating their children *not* after the usual manner of wealthy people. I remember the large pleasant suite of rooms, looking into the Tuileries gardens, occupied by Mrs. Shaw and her daughters; the pretty, thoughtful, original girls, clustering round their sweet, loving mother; the birds and pet animals, which she taught them to care for and attend to. I recollect scraps of the conversation of those days: how Mrs. Shaw spoke of her husband as the true and faithful descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers who had left everything for conscience' sake; how anxious she was that, while her daughters benefited in every way by the real advantages which Paris offered in the way of intellectual education, they should not be tainted by the worldliness and the love of dress so often fostered by a residence there. She spoke of the pity it was that the American girls in general were so encouraged, by the wealth of their parents, to spend great sums of money on themselves, so that this habit of expenditure always produced a self-indulgent character, and really often became an obstacle to marriages of true love; and then she went on to say how much she and her husband feared the adoption of riches as a comparative

standard of worth. But, again, she was fully alive to the real advantages that might be derived from wealth. One of her daughters drew well, and loved animals; she had lessons from Rosa Bonheur. The house at Staten Island was to be a home not merely for their children, but for their children's friends; each child was to have a sitting-room and bedroom, and an extra bedroom opening into the sitting-room, for a friend. These plans came lightly to the surface of conversation; and every now and then I had glimpses, unconsciously to my friend, of what she and her husband felt to be the deeper responsibilities of their position.

Well, this happy, prosperous family returned to America the next year. From time to time I gave English friends going to New York introductions to the Shaws; and one and all spoke of the kind hospitality which was shown to them—the bright home, full of treasures of European art, collected during their five years' travel; the upright, honorable father, the sweet mother, the eldest daughter, now married and living at home with her husband—(I thought how well the education had answered that had led to a "marriage of true minds," to which no want of riches on the distinguished husband's part had proved "impediment")—the pretty, elegant daughters playing at croquet on the lawn, before the game was so common in England—the noble, handsome, only son, with both his parents' characters blended in his, and a sunny life of prosperity before him.

That was the last picture I had of the home on Staten Island before the war broke out.

I knew that my friends were deeply impressed with the sin of slavery; they were thoughtful Abolitionists, and had taken part in all political questions bearing upon the subject both before and after their residence in Europe. I had letters on the subject of the war, as likely to affect slavery, within a month or two after the affair at Fort Sumter. They were not the fanatical letters of new converts to an opinion; still less were they the letters of people taking up a great moral question as a party cry. They were the letters of men and women deeply impressed with the sense of a great national sin, in which they themselves were, to a certain degree, implicated; and, without too

much casting stones at others, they spoke of slavery as a crime which must be done away with, and for the doing away of which they were not merely willing, but desirous to make their own personal sacrifices. The sacrifice has been made, and is accepted of God.

Presently I heard that Robert Gould Shaw, the only son, had entered the 7th New York Lancers, the crack regiment into which all the young men of the "upper ten thousand" entered—a dashing corps, splendidly horsed and arrayed. I remember well how I used to look for any mention of this 7th Lancers. By and by, perhaps before the war had deepened to grim, terrible earnest, Mrs. Shaw sent me word how, unable almost to bear the long separation from her only boy, she and his sisters had gone to camp (I forget where) to see him. And then he was at home on leave; and then he was engaged to a sweet, pretty young lady; and then—he had left the gay regiment of the 7th Lancers, and had gone to live with, and train and teach, the poor forlorn colored people—"niggers," who were going to fight for the freedom of their brothers in the South. The repugnance of the Northerners to personal contact with black or colored people has been repeatedly spoken of by all travellers in America. Probably Colonel Shaw had less of this feeling than a Northerner would have had who had been entirely brought up in America; but still it must have required that deep root of willingness to do God's will out of which springs the truest moral courage, to have enabled him to march out of New York at the head of the Massachusetts 54th, all black or colored men, amidst the jeers and scoffings of the "roughs," and the contemptuous pity of many who should have known better. Yet this did Colonel Shaw, one day this last spring, with a brave, trustful heart, leaving home, leaving mother, leaving new-made wife, to go forth and live amongst his poor despised men,—the first regiment of niggers called into the field,—and to share their hardships, and to teach them the deepest and most precious knowledge that he had himself. Two months afterwards he was with them before Fort Wagner, "sitting on the ground and talking to his men," says an eyewitness, "very familiarly and kindly. He told them how the eyes of thousands would look on the night's work on which they were about to enter; and he said, 'Now, boys, I

want you to be men!' He would walk along the line, and speak words of cheer to his men. We could see that he was a man who had counted the cost of the undertaking before him, for his words were spoken so ominously" (remember the Confederates had openly threatened to make an especial aim of every white officer leading colored troops), "his lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying. One poor fellow, struck no doubt by the colonel's determined bearing, exclaimed as he was passing him, 'Colonel, I will stay with you till I die!' and he kept his word; he has never been seen since."

The 54th colored Massachusetts regiment held the right of the storming column that attacked Fort Wagner on the 18th of July last. It went into action six hundred and fifty strong, and came out with a loss of a third of the men, and a still larger proportion of officers, but eight out of twenty-three coming out uninjured. The regiment was marched up in column by wings, the first being under the command of Colonel Shaw. When about one thousand yards from the fort, the enemy opened upon them with shot, shell, and canister. They pressed through this storm, and cheered and shouted as they advanced. When within a hundred yards from the fort, the musketry from it opened with such terrible effect that the first battalion hesitated—only for an instant. Colonel Shaw sprang forward, and, waving his sword, cried, "Forward, my brave boys!" and, with another cheer and shout, they rushed through the ditch, gained the parapet on the right, and were soon hand to hand with the enemy. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and, while shouting to them to press forward, he was shot dead, and fell into the fort. His body was found with twenty of his men lying dead around him, two lying on his own body. In the morning they were all buried together in the same pit.

I must not forget to name one of Colonel Shaw's men—one of "his niggers" (as the Confederates called them; when the Federals asked for his body the day after the fight, "Colonel Shaw!" they said, "we buried him below his niggers!"). One of his niggers was a Sergeant William Carney, who

caught the colors from a wounded color-bearer, and was the first man to plant the stars and stripes on Fort Wagner. As he saw the men falling back, himself severely wounded in the breast, he brought the colors off, creeping on his knees, pressing his wound with one hand, and with the other holding up the banner, the sign of his freedom. The moment he was seen crawling into hospital with the flag still in his possession, his wounded companions, both black and white, rose from the straw on which they were lying and cheered him, until, exhausted, they could cheer no longer. In response to this reception the brave, wounded standard-bearer said, "Boys, I but did my duty; the dear old flag never touched the ground."

And now Robert Gould Shaw is dead; the rich, prosperous young man, who might have lived at his ease in the beautiful home on Staten Island, is dead. He, who might have fought gallantly in splendid uniform on a noble charger among his fellows in riches and station, is dead—fighting among the despised colored people, amongst whom the last months of his life were passed—buried beneath his niggers with contempt and insult.

It makes my heart burn when I read the false statements sometimes put out by English papers, to the effect that the higher classes of Northerners shirk their part of sacrifice and suffering, and that, in fact, the Federal regiments are filled with mercenaries, German or Irish. I, one English individual, know, of my own personal knowledge, of three only sons, of rich parents, living in happy homes, full of gladness and hope, who have left all—I will say it—to follow Christ; and have laid down their lives, for no party object, for no mere political feeling; but to see if their lives might avail, if ever so little, to set the captive free. And the mother of one of these dead sons is giving, her friends fear far *too* liberally, to procure comforts, and even luxuries for the Confederate prisoners in Fort la Fayette.

And now, dear mourning friend, let me quote some of your words:—

"Yes, my darling, precious, only son has joined the host of young martyrs who have given their lives to the cause of right in the last two years. He and I had thought and talked of what might happen to him, and I thought I was ready for the blow when it should come; but when can a mother be ready

to give up her child? It has been a terrible struggle, and no relief comes to me but from prayer. I do not mean that I would have had it otherwise; for it was a fitting end for his noble and most beautiful life. Ah! dear friend, when I think of the agony that has torn the hearts of mothers and wives in this country, North and South, I feel sure that God is performing a mighty work in the land, and, purified from our curse of slavery, our descendants will reap the reward of our suffering."

I will now copy out some extracts from an American newspaper, to show that my strong feeling about Colonel Shaw is participated in by others not of kin to him.

"COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

"When John Brown was led out of the Charlestown jail on his way to execution, he paused a moment, it will be remembered, in the passage-way, and, taking a little colored child in his arms, he kissed and blessed it. The dying blessing of the martyr will descend from generation to generation, and a whole race will cherish the memory of that simple caress, so degrading as it seemed to the slaveholders around him. . . .

"Only those who knew Colonel Shaw can understand how fitting it seems, when the purpose of outrage is put aside and forgotten, that he should have been laid in a common grave with his black soldiers. The relations between colored troops and their officers, if these are good for anything and fit for their places, must needs be, from the circumstances of the case, very close and peculiar. They were especially so with Colonel Shaw and his regiment. His was one of those natures which attract first through the affections. Most gentle-tempered, sympathetic, full of kindness, unselfish, unobtrusive, and gifted with great personal beauty and a noble bearing, he was sure to win the love, in a very marked degree, of men of a race peculiarly susceptible to influence from such traits. First they loved him with a devotion which could hardly exist anywhere else than in the peculiar relation which he held to them as commander of the first regiment of free colored men permitted to fling out a military banner in this country—a banner that, so raised, meant to them so much. But then came closer ties. They found that this young man, with education and habits that would naturally lead him to choose a life of ease, with wealth at his command, with peculiarly happy social relations,—one most tender one just formed,—accepted the position offered to him, in consideration of his soldierly as well as moral fitness, because he recognized a solemn duty to the black man, because he was ready to throw all

that he had, all that he was, all that the world could give him, for the negro race! Beneath that gentle and courtly bearing which so won upon the colored people of Boston when the 54th was in camp; beneath that kindly but unswerving discipline of the commanding officer; beneath that stern, but always cool and cheerful courage of the leader in the fight, was a clear and deep conviction of a duty to the blacks. He hoped to lead them, as one of the roads to social equality, to fight their way to true freedom, and herein he saw his path of duty. Of the battle (two days before that in which he fell, and in which his regiment, by their bravery, won the right to lead the attack on Fort Wagner), he said, 'I wanted my men to fight by the side of whites, and they have done it;' thinking of others, not of himself; thinking of that great struggle for equality in which the race had now a chance to gain a step forward, and to which he was ready to devote his life. Could it have been for him to choose his last resting-place, he would no doubt have said, 'Bury me with my men, if I earn that distinction.' "

The following is the address of the Military Governor of South Carolina to the people of color in the Department of the South.

" BEAUFORT, S. C., July 27, 1863.

"To the colored soldiers and freedmen in this Department:

"It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of colored soldiers from a Free State ever mustered into the United States' service.

"He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against a rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth, and home, and his own noble life for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause that death has added—still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died still live, and will be vindicated. On the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown, on the shores of South Carolina, I trust that you will honor yourselves, and his gallant memory, by appropriating the first proceeds of your labor as freemen towards erecting an enduring monument to the hero, soldier, martyr—Robert Gould Shaw.

" R. SAXTON,

" *Brigadier-General and Military Governor.*"

TOGETHER.

"We have buried him with his niggers."—*Reply to the request for Colonel Shaw's body.*

O fair-haired Northern hero!
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle!
Rise to the last Review!

Sweep downward, welcoming angels,
In legions dazzling bright
Bear up these souls together
Before Christ's throne of light!

The Master, who remembers
The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on these risen freedmen
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young generous spirit,
What shall thy greeting be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden;
Thou hast done it unto Me."

PURIFICATION OF AIR BY THE VAPORIZATION OF WATER.—In a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Morin states that during his studies on ventilation his attention was especially drawn to the arrangements of the British Houses of Parliament made for purifying the air by steam before permitting it to enter, both in winter and summer. He was led, in consequence, to attribute a salubrious effect in the air to the presence of watery vapor dissolved in the air; possibly due, like the rain in storms, to the development of a small quantity of electricity (conformably to the experiments of Saussure and Pouillet), which modifies the air and produces active oxygen, so efficient in destroying the emanations of decaying bodies and other effluvia.

M. Morin accordingly caused experiments to be made at the Conservatoire des Arts, the results of which he considers to favor his opinion, and he accordingly calls upon the medical profession and sanitary commissions to examine the question.

COUSIN has, we understand, now made his will. He has bequeathed his library, collected with immense care and trouble, to the State, under the condition that it should always form a special division of the National Library.

From Good Words.

A DUTCHMAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE,AS EXPERIENCED BY MYNHEER STEVEN VAN
BRAMMELENDAM.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,—

* * * * *

And now let me tell you how I fared with your Dutch friend, Steven van Brammelendam. You really could not have given me a greater treat than by introducing him to me.

You know I had picked up as much of Brammelendam's native tongue as enabled me to converse tolerably well with him. Still, I always tried to get him to speak English, for his mistakes were very funny, and his observations upon the peculiarities of our language amusing beyond description. Being somewhat of a Latin and Greek scholar, and knowing French and German, he found little difficulty in understanding the English *grammar*. His pronunciation also was remarkably correct, an advantage which I believe he owes to his having got a few lessons from an Englishman when a boy of twelve. His stock of English was rather scanty, but he never was at a loss. When he wanted a word, he would simply take a Dutch or a Latin one, give it somewhat of an English turn, and launch it forth with a feeling of confidence which often made us laugh heartily. Steven took everything in good humor; and when we explained to him the oddity of his phrase, would laugh as heartily as any of us.

As you have informed me of his intention of arriving, *via* Dover, on the 14th, I kept looking out for him all day at my office in Cornhill. I purposed to drive him down at once to my residence at Chelsea. Steven, however, did not turn up till the forenoon of the next day, when, after delivering your letter of introduction, he told me with an air of perplexity that he had passed the night at some inn in the neighborhood—that he had left his luggage there—but could not find the place again, as he was quite bewildered with the countless number of streets and lanes, each of which was “as full with people, carriages, and ’busses, as an egg is with meat.” But let me tell you his story as he told it to us that same evening over our tea at Chelsea.

Owing to some difficulty about his luggage at the custom-house, Steven could not

leave Dover before the last train, which arrived at London Bridge at 10.30 p.m. He took a cab and drove up to my office at Cornhill. Of course he found it locked up. He rang the bell—rang again—rang a third time, but the merciless door was immovable. No wonder, indeed. Good Mrs. Jenkins, our housekeeper, was already enjoying the luxury of her first sleep. Nor was she much pleased at being roused out of it by a tremendous tolling, that rang through the premises as if the police had come to tell her that the whole neighborhood was on fire. She put on her gown, or, to use an expression of Steven's, “she flung herself into her frock” as quickly as she could, and, frantic with excitement, hurried up the stairs, candle in hand, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the like of which had not occurred in her long housekeeping experience. No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting your letter of introduction, said,—

“Is my gentleman Dobson to house?”

“Pray, sir, I cannot read,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, returning the letter.

“Is my gentleman Dobson to house?” Steven repeated.

“Sir?”

“Yes, Sir Dobson.”

“What about Sir Dobson?”

“Is he to house?”

“What house? I don't understand you.”

“Give this letter to your gentleman,” said Steven, in the kindest tone he could assume.

“There are no gentlemen here,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, rather indignantly; “call to-morrow at ten,” and the door was shut upon the benighted Brammelendam.

A cabman now came to the rescue. With some difficulty he succeeded in making Steven understand that he would have to take a bed at a *hinn* for the night. Then after having crossed some four or five streets he put him down at the entrance of a gin palace, whose splendid lanterns promised “chops, steaks, and well-air'd beds” to travellers. The landlord, observing two big portmantaus and a hat-box on the top of the cab, had no objection, of course, to take in the late visitor.

“What am I guilty to you?” Steven said to cabby, pulling out his purse.

“Guilty?” cabby repeated with a smile;

"don't know, unless you run away without paying me."

Steven understood the word "paying."

"Yes; I will pay the load. How much?"

"Half a crown."

"What is half a crown?"

"Why, it's two-and-six."

"Frightful!" Steven exclaimed. "Twenty-six shilling! only for riding me such a short end!"

Cabby, who fortunately was one of the better stamp, could not help laughing at this mistake, which certainly was something out of the common. After some further explanation, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw Jehu off with his two shillings and sixpence.

After having seen his luggage taken up to his bedroom, Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

"Where is the coffee-room?" asked Steven.

"This is the coffee-room," the landlord replied.

"What? This?" Steven exclaimed.

"This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses. Do you put men into horse-stables in this country?"

The landlord gave no reply. Steven, perceiving that no choice was left to him, took a seat in one of the "horse-stables," and ordered his supper.

"Give me a butterham with flesh and a half-bottle wine."

"No bread?" the landlord asked.

"Natural," Steven replied, not knowing the English expression of *course*.

The landlord smiled and shook his head. He brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

"Which wine do you take, sir—sherry or port?"

"None of both. Give me *Bordeaux*."

"Don't know that wine," the landlord replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I aim at *red wine*."

"Why, that's port."

"No port. Port is too heady to me."

"Perhaps you mean French wine?"

"Mean French wine!" Steven exclaimed.

"No; French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass."

While the landlord fetched a bottle of claret, Steven murmured within himself,

"Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English, is mean in their estimation."

"Where is the butterham?" Steven asked, while the landlord put down the bottle.

"Why, it is before you," the landlord replied, pointing at the plates. "This is the butter, and this is the ham."

Steven burst out laughing.

"Oh, yes, natural!" he said. "This is butter *and* ham. But I ordered a butterham. I aim at bread for smearing the butter upon it."

With such difficulties as these Steven struggled, till at length he had got his wants supplied, and thought of retiring for the night. Not being in the habit of shaving himself, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the next morning. Remembering that the name of the instrument which the barbers use is called a razor, he said to the landlord, "Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Raised?" the landlord repeated, smiling; "yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you then send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock, if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Steven's door.

"Within!" Steven cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife? What for?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why, you *are* raised."

"I am *not* razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

With these words Steven passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter. "You want to be shaved! But I am not a barber, sir; you must go to a shaving shop."

"Where is a shaving shop?" Steven asked.

The landlord took him to the window, and pointing to a street on the opposite side, said something about a turning to the right, and then to the left, and an outstanding pole, and a brass plate, and told him to look out for the word *shaving*.

Steven understood scarcely a word; but on the direction in which the landlord pointed, he concluded that he had to walk up the indicated street. Before leaving the inn, however, he was careful to note down the name of its owner, the number of the house, and the name of the street.

He walked up the street, looking carefully to the right and left, but no shaving place could be seen. At length, after having turned down half a dozen streets, he noticed on a window the inscription, "Savings-Bank."

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

It did not escape his notice that the landlord had spoken of *shaving*, and not of *saving*; but he surmised that this difference was owing to the innkeeper's cockney pronunciation, which always likes to squeeze in an *h* where it is not wanted.

He entered the savings-bank. A young man was standing at a desk, apparently engaged in some calculation.

"Can I here be saved?" Steven asked.

"I'll attend to you in two minutes," the clerk answered.

Steven looked round the place. It was a magnificent office. A large set of mahogany desks seemed waiting for half a dozen clerks who had not yet made their appearance. Steven perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

"Well. What can I do for you?" said the clerk to him.

Now Steven wanted at once to tell him that he perceived he was wrong, but he did not know the word "wrong." "What is *verkeerd* in English?" he asked himself. He translated the word into Latin, and giving it an English termination, said,—

"My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved."

The comical face with which Steven said these words called up an equally comical expression on the face of the clerk.

"What? Are you perverted?" he asked, contracting his brow with a queer look.

"Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place; but perhaps will you be so good of to help me on the way."

"Do you want to deposit some money?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, I have money," Steven answered,

producing a handful of coppers from his pocket; "I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

The clerk laughed uproariously, and so did some of the other clerks who had now come in, until the whole office echoed. Steven, perceiving the oddity of the case, heartily joined them. The young man then took him to a barber's shop, where he soon got what he wanted.

A few days later he read on a shop window, *Shavings for grates*.

"Ah," he said to himself, "I suppose this is a philanthropic establishment for poor people to be shaved gratis."

After leaving the barber's shop poor Steven again found himself in an awkward predicament. He could not find his inn. In vain he walked up one street after another. At length he asked a person whom he met,—

"Can you tell me where Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire is?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the answer. "Ask the cabman over there."

Cabby readily offered to take Steven to the place. After half an hour's drive, he found himself at the entrance of the brewery at Spitalfields. Of course cabby was ordered to drive back; and this time it was to my office. I was glad to meet him and give him welcome.

"Where have you passed the night?" I asked.

"Well, in an Entire," Steven replied. "It was written up with big letters, Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire."

I could not help laughing out, however unpolite. But he laughed as heartily when I explained the matter to him.

"Don't you know the name of the street?" I asked, looking as grave as I could.

"Yes," he answered, looking into his pocket-book, "it is *Stick no bills Street* F. P. 13 feet."

"How in the world did you get that address?" I asked, scarcely able to contain myself.

"Well," he answered, "I went to the corner of the street where a church stands, and there I read these words."

Really it was no easy method to find out the place from such an address. The circumstance, however, that the corner of the street was occupied by a church, supplied us with a thread to track our way through the

labyrinth. After an hour's searching we were successful in finding the "Entire," and soon we were on our way to Chelsea.

With deep interest Steven studied the shops as we drove along.

"You are a great nation," he said. "I see you have even warehouses for separate nationalities, such as Italian warehouses and Babylonian warehouses. I suppose statues from Italy are sold in the one, and antiquities from Babylon in the other."

"You are mistaken as to the Italian warehouse," I replied. "It has nothing to do with Italian art or literature. It is only a shop for selling fruits and dainties. But as to the Babylonian warehouses, I really do not know that there are such in this country."

"Well, there is one!" cried he, pointing at a shop which we passed by.

I looked out of the window. It was a baby-linen warehouse.

You can understand how we received the story of Steven's difficulties. He took it all good-naturedly, however, and by repeated questionings showed a great thirst for information. Here is one out of many of his interrogatories. He asked why the entrance to a railway station bore the inscription *Tuo yaw*, which he noticed at the London Bridge terminus. He looked into his dictionary, but the word *Tuo* was not there, and as to the word *yaw*, he found it was a nautical term, meaning a quick, out-of-the-way motion. But what it had to do with a railway station he was not able to make out. Various solutions were offered. Some thought it might be the name of one of the stations on the line. Others supposed it might be the name of an advertiser. At length, after much questioning and musing, we found that it was the words *Way out*, which, stuck on the transparent glass door, had been read by Steven coming from an opposite side.

Being engaged next day in some important business matters, I left Steven to see London for himself. With his dictionary in one pocket and his map in the other, he set out in the direction of Hyde Park. He refused to take a guide, preferring to find his way unassisted. "On that manner," he said, "shall I the city better learn to know, and I shall better to my eyes give the food." After having walked a couple of hours, however, he found that he ought to "give the

food" also to his stomach. He noticed a pie-house.

"Can I here a little eat?"

"Yes," the lady replied. "What do you want?"

"What have you?" Steven asked.

"I can give you a pork pie."

Steven took his dictionary. He had never heard the word before. He soon found it or at least he thought so.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you eat those beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do," the lady replied. "We aren't Jews."

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very," the lady answered, with a smile.

"Give me a piece, if you please."

"I cannot give you a piece, you must take a whole."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine!" Steven exclaimed.

"Oh, dear!" the lady cried, shaking with laughter. "Did you mean I was to give you a hedgehog? No, sir; I cannot treat you to such a dainty. A pork pie is made of a pig."

Steven again referred to his dictionary, and turned up the word *pick*.

"That's in the whole no food, that's hammer," he said. "I cannot eat iron or steel," he added with a smile.

The lady felt quite perplexed. She called her husband, to whom she explained his difficulty. He at once took a pie, and pointing to it with his finger, imitated the grunting noise of a hog in such a perfect way that there could be no further misapprehension. Steven therefore ate the pie with comfort and relish.

One evening when a party of friends were spending a couple of hours with us, we had a conversation about the Dutch and the English languages, which soon grew into friendly and amusing controversy. Steven in his usual humorous mood, held that the Dutch was the best and most perfect language in the world. He believed it was spoken in Paradise. One of our friends agreed with him there, because he believed it was spoken by the serpent. Upon this Steven quickly answered, "Natural, the cunning animal knew that in English which was its own language, it would be understood." However little complementary this explanation was to our En-

sh feeling, yet Steven earned the applause of the whole company through his adroit application. To prove his assertion about the perfection of the Dutch language, he pointed to the various sizes of its words. "If you come to us for words," he said, "we can serve you in all manners. We have words so short that they only exist in two letters; for example, *ei*, which in English is *egg*. Here, you see, we are thirty per cent shorter than you. On the contrary, if you want a long word, take this:—

"*Verbeeldingskrachtsontwikkelingswerkzaamheden*, which means, Operations for the development of the power of imagination. Or his:—

"*Middenwinteravondtydkortingsgesprekken*, which means, Intercourses for shortening the time during the evenings in the middle of the winter."

He wrote the words down on a slip of paper, and we could not help confessing that we were unable to put English words of equal length against them. We then tried to imitate him in pronouncing them, by which means the whole company assumed the appearance of an assembly of people who were suffering from sea-sickness, or whose blood had got into their windpipe. We gave up the experiment, declaring that our throats were too refined for such barbarous proceedings.

"Barbarous proceedings!" Steven exclaimed, cheerfully. "No, *you* are barbers!"

"Barbers!" cried the whole of us.

"Ah, Steven," I said, "you must know better, since you experienced that neither the landlord at the 'Entire,' nor the clerk at the savings-bank, was able to 'raze' you.

Steven looked into his dictionary.

"Excuse me, I mean you are barbarians," he answered. "Nothing is so barbarous as *your* pronunciation. You speak out *lieutenant* with an *f*, and *colonel* with an *r*. Is that not totally unrhymed? Yesterday I met a gentleman who told me that his name was *Da-el*. He gave me his card and I read, Mr. *Dalziel*. You swallow your words up like oysters, shells and all. *Cholmondelis* becomes *Chomly*; *Leicester* evaporates into *Lester*; *Colquhoun* melts away into *Kehoon*. What in the world do your letters serve for if you don't speak out them? If you meet with a word of some length, you pick out one syllable,

which you pronounce with a strong accent, while the remaining syllables are rattled away with such a speed that no human ear can understand them. Some days ago I heard two gentlemen talk over the American war. As far as I could make it up, they disagreed over the question, whether the broken Union could be restored. In this discussion the one made frequently use of a word which apparently existed in many syllables, but the only one I could understand was, *rap* or *rep*. At length, after much sharp listening, I discovered that it was *irreparableness*. Now I know this word wholly good. I have hundred times the word *irreparabilis* in Latin read and written. But, with *such* a pronunciation, would even Cicero, with all his knowledge of Latin, tumble into the ditch? And then, what a ridiculous way of putting the accent! you place it exactly there where nobody thinks of to place it. *Photography* is composed of two Greek words, *phos*, light, and *graphia*, writing. The *to* is merely a syllable for to link the two together. It has no meaning of itself. Yet you leave the *pho* and the *gra* alone, but you place your accent upon that miserable, good-for-nothing *to*. It is just like building a spire on the roof of a fire-engine house. So I heard yesterday two ministers in full earnestness discuss the question, whether, in *bicentenary*, the accent ought to be on *cen* or on *ten*!"

Steven here paused, but, no one wishing to interrupt him, he proceeded.

"And were you yet but regular in the placing of your accents! But you are upon this point so despotic that the Turkish sultan may take his hat off to you. In *photography* you place the accent upon *to*. Very good. We must allow it, because we can do nothing against it. But in *photographic*, you at once, without to ask somebody's permission, transplace the accent upon *gra*. This is really inhuman. I protest against such arbitrariness in the name of all the nations who come to your country. We have the right of to expect that your language, as being a human language, be speakoutable, following rules which are learnable by men. But your pronunciation is like a ship without helm and compass in the open sea. I believe it is lighter to set the cackling of ducks and geese upon notes, than to make rules for the pronunciation of the English language."

In this way Steven scolded us in his An-

glicized-Dutch style, of which I have tried to give you an idea. While reading over what I have written, however, I find I only have given you a poor copy. Sometimes he was quite unintelligible, by translating a Dutch word wrongly, or taking a wrong word from the dictionary. I had then to come between, as interpreter, and with the aid of my knowledge of the Dutch, to try to put him on the right way again. I recollect he said, "In this supervision," instead of "in this respect;" "to traduct" for "to translate;" an "underputting" for a "supposition;" to "come over one" for to "agree;" an "underseparation" for a "distinction." To a lady who made an objection to one of his statements, he said, "I believe I can easily over-harness you." He meant to say, "I can easily convince you." And so there were a great many other odd mistakes which made us laugh heartily, and contributed much to our amusement.

Now as to Steven's invective against our irregular pronunciation we could not help pleading guilty. But then one of us ventured to say something in defence of our language by pointing out its practical tendency, the simplicity of its grammar, and the conciseness of its structure.

"Oh, speak there not of!" Steven replied, in his amusing tone of mock-indignation. "Yes, you are short in your expressions, but one must not ask what you sacrifice to that brevity. You hold house among the foreign languages with true vandalism, and you break the neck of the finest words to make them usable for your abbreviationism. So by example take the word *omnibus*. Is that not a beautiful Latin word? Well, how did you handle it? You chopped off its tail, and threw its head and body overboard; and thus you got the word *bus*! On the contrary, with the word *cabriolet*, you went to work in the round-turned manner; you chopped off the head, and threw away body and tail, and thus you kept the word *cab*. That is really dealing with languages like a butcher. What a confusion must there out come forth!"

"True," I said, interrupting him. "You experienced that yourself the other day, didn't you? when you were staying with Mr. Hayborne, and had to go to a tea-party."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was with the

cab. I had dined with Mr. Hayborne, and we should drink tea by his cousin Mrs. Johnis (Mrs. Jones). 'We will take a cab,' he said to me. 'A cab?' I asked. 'Is that usage in this country by evening parties?' 'Yes,' he said; 'why not? You see it will rain.' 'Just so,' I answered; 'it would corrupt our hats.' 'Of course it would,' he said. So I went into the hall to take my cap from the cloth-rake, meanwhile thinking by myself, 'How parsimonious those English are with their hats!' I could not find my cap on the cloth-rake. The servant had brought it above in my sleep-room. I rang the bell for a candle and went above. Meanwhile the cab came before the door. Mr. Hayborne came up to me. 'What keeps you?' asked he. 'Why,' answered I, 'I cannot find it. The servant said to me it is here upon my sleep-room.' 'What is here?' asked he. 'Why, the cap.' 'The cab?' he said, bursting out. 'Do you expect the cab to come up to your bedroom to ride with you to a tea-party?' I then comprehended my misguessing, and laughed heartily for it."

"I wonder you speak our language so well after such a short stay in our country," said one.

"Oh, I find that it is very difficult," Steven replied; "and I believe that I make much errors."

"Of course, there are some faults, but they are not of such a kind as to prevent us from understanding what you mean. They are more amusing than perplexing. As, for instance, when you said you 'went above,' instead of 'up-stairs.'"

"Indeed," Steven said. "Do you always say 'up-stairs'? Then I suppose that you do also not say, 'below,' but 'under stairs.'"

"No, 'down-stairs,'" cried some voices.

"Ah, that is very difficult," Steven sighed. "You are very irregular and arbitrary also in the use of your prepositions. How can we ever learn it? You say, by example, that a child for its support depends upon its parents. Now is that not absurd. We say in Dutch that it depends from its parents, and I think we have it right. For 'to depend' literally signifies 'to hang down,' just as you picture to the wall 'hang down' from the nail which supports it; thus the child, as it were, 'hangs down' from its parents. Now would it not be absurd to say that the picture 'hangs down' upon the

nail? Just so absurd it is to say that the child depends *upon* its parents."

"I never thought of that," one said; "but I must confess you are right."

"I am glad for that," Steven replied.

"Of that," I remarked, correcting him.

"Of that? But did I not hear you say this morning that you were 'sorry for' something?"

"Yes; we say, 'I am glad of it,' and 'I am sorry for it.'"

"Ah, that is frightful!" Steven exclaimed. "Glad *of* and sorry *for*! Just the world turned upside down! The preposition *of* always more or less shuts in the idea of 'disinclining from,' at least of 'moving away from.' So you say, by example, that I am *of* Amsterdam, which is the same as *from* Amsterdam. Yet you unite this word with *glad*, which is one of the strong expressions of inclinations towards an object. On the other side you unite *for*, the preposition of favor and inclination, with *sorry*, a word which expresses grief, displeasure, and dislike."

"Indeed," one of the ladies observed, "it never struck me that we used our prepositions in such a strange way. It really must be perplexing to a foreigner to learn all such irregularities."

"Oh, I am disgusted from them," Steven replied, in a joking tone.

"With them!" several voices burst out.

"With them?" Steven repeated. "Do you say, 'I am disgusted *with* that drunkard?'"

"To be sure we do."

"Well, that is most absurd. We Dutchmen are disgusted *from* him; we do not want to be *with* him at all. Disgust seems to bring forth a strange effect in you. It drives you to be *with* the object which you dislike. I suppose you consequently say, I am pleased *from* my wife and children."

"No, no! *with*!" the gentlemen cried. "We are all of us pleased *with* our wives. No mistake about that."

"So, whether you are disgusted or pleased, it is all the same," Steven replied, jocosely.

"You must always be *with* them."

"We can't help it!" some answered, archly.

In this way the conversation went on till we were called to supper. A great many other prepositions were brought up for dis-

cussion, upon which Steven gave his opinion, much to the amusement of the party. Among others, the verb *to put*, with its numerous prepositions and equally numerous significations, became a source of most amusing controversy. How "to put up," for instance, could mean, "to place, to expose, to dwell, and to have fellowship with," it was quite impossible for poor Steven to understand.

Before I close this long letter, I must tell you Steven's experience at a public meeting of the "Society for training School-Teachers." Sir Edward Templerow, with whom Steven was staying for a couple of days, was its chairman, and of course invited him to attend. As Steven took a lively interest in everything connected with school education, the invitation was very welcome to him. He even promised to give an address, and, to be able to do so, kept his room all day to write down his speech. At half-past seven, Sir Edward came to tell him that his gig was at the door. Steven had never heard the word "gig" before; but he guessed that it must be a conveyance. He got a place by Sir Edward's side on the platform, and after some business was gone through, "the friend from Holland" was summoned to address the meeting.

"Dear friends," he said, "when I rode through the streets in the wig of your chairman—"

Poor Steven! he could not proceed. An uproarious burst of laughter drowned his voice. He took it with the best possible humor, though, and patiently waited till the people, both on and under the platform, had recovered. Meanwhile Sir Edward, amid much chuckling, explained to him in a whispered tone the cause of this unexpected but amusing disturbance, and when the noise had subsided, Steven thus proceeded:—

"When I rode through the streets of your giant-like town (applause), and when I saw the many churches which heave their towers up-stairs (cheers), I thought, the English are a very churchical people (loud cheers). I therefore wonder not that you also are an educational people; for religion is the mother of education, and where there are many churches, there we may expect that there are also many schools."

Here Steven could annex his written speech, which he then read as follows:—

"But schools are not the unique thing

which is necessary for a good education. The great requisite is to have understanding schoolmasters, who are not principleless, as many, alas! are, but who go out from the true beginning. A good school-building with a bad schoolmaster, is equal to a fine coach with a drunken coachman (loud cheers). Some schoolmasters give the children too little. They neglect them, as if our children were but monkeys, walking on their behind legs (uproarious applause). No, our children are not monkeys; but such schoolmasters are donkeys. Others give to the children too much. They endeavor to make professors of them. They endeavor to replenish their little heads with the inkeepings of the whole universe. They will make famous astronomers of them, and climb up with them upstairs far beyond sun and moon, and still abover. Or they will make learned geologists of them, and valley with them downstairs into the bowels of the earth, or still lower. But this is perverted. When we communicate knowledge to men we must be prudent, as we are in giving them natural food. We give roast beef and entries to great people, but we feed our babies with poultice (uproarious laughter). Just so we must make our teaching-stuff for children so low that it falls under their childish comprehension.

Schoolmasters must not stand among the little fellows like Goliath among the Philistines (cheers). They must know how, as it were, to squat down by their side and thus teach them as if they were their ancients brothers. Teachers who refuse thus to humble themselves, bereave the children of great beforeparts. It exhilarates me to learn that your Society fosters the same feelings as I with relation to this weighty subject. I hope that you will find many low young men, who stick out by humility as well as by ability. I hope that your schools will more and more be illustrious spectacles for the eye of the nation, —spectacles of order and discipline and solid instruction, and of many other useful proprieties and predicaments. I hope that your schools will more and more be the wet-nurses of great men, so that whole Europe, looking at the English people, shall be pulled up in stupefaction at the bigness of this nation."

Here Steven van Brammelandam sat down amid deafening applause. And here I must also lay down my pen, which has run on too far already. I hope you will not be disappointed, however, with my rambling account of the experiences of our good, kind-hearted friend.

* * * * *

THE DANISH DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED.—Young persons who dine out, and wish to be considered well-informed young diners-out, must desire to be able to answer, in a few simple words, the questions so frequently put as to the real value of the difficulty about the King of Denmark's succession to the Schleswig-Holstein duchies, *Mr. Punch* will explain the matter in a moment. The case is this. King Christian, being an agnate, is the collateral heir male of the German Diet, and consequently the Duchy of Holstein, being mediatized, could only have ascended to the Landgravine of Hesse in default of consanguinity in the younger branch of the Sonderburg-Glücksburgs, and therefore Schleswig, by the surrender of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, was acquired as a fief in remainder by themorganatic marriage of Frederick the Seventh. This is clear enough, of course. The difficulty, however, arises from the fact that while the Danish protocol of 1852, which was drawn up by Lord Palmerston, but signed by Lord Malmesbury, repudiated *ex post facto* the claims of Princess Mary of Anhalt, as remainder-woman to the

Electress of Augustenburg, it only operated as a *uti possidetis* in reference to the interests of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, while Baron Bunsen's protest against Catholicism, under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, of course barred the whole of the lineal ancestry of the Grand Duke from claiming by virtue of the Salic clause of the Pragmatic Sanction. The question is therefore exhaustively reduced to a very narrow compass, and the dispute simply is, whether an agnate who is not consanguineous, can, as a Lutheran, hold a fief which is clothed by mediatization with the character of a neutral belligerent. This is really all that is at issue, and those who seek to complicate the case by introducing the extraneous statement, true no doubt in itself, that the Princess of Wales, who is the daughter of the present King of Denmark made no public renunciation of either the duchies, or the ivory hairbrushes, when she dined with Lord Mayor Rose, are simply endeavoring to throw dust in the eyes of Europe.—*Punch*.

READING FAIRY TALES.

*Suggested by a charming picture published by Bufford,
of Boston.*

ON the nursery-sofa sitting,
A picture-book in her hand,
Is the visible little Mary,
But her spirit's in fairy-land.
She is where never care nor sorrow
Her gentle heart may approach ;
She is riding with Cinderella,
To the ball in a pumpkin-coach.

She wanders alone with Aladdin,
In enchanted gardens strange,
Sees a grim old godmother quickly
To a beautiful fairy change.
She reads with wonder how vipers
And rubies and diamonds fell
From the mouths of the good and bad maidens
Who went to the fairy well.

She sees Jack the bean-stalk climbing
To the country far up the sky ;
Sees Little Red Riding Hood strolling,
And the gaunt wolf prowling by,
And she reads of the wicked uncle,
And blesses the redbreast good,
For covering over with forest leaves
The little babes in the wood.

With Jack, the Killer of Giants,
She enters the Ogre's hall,
Notes the "dodge" of the hasty-pudding,
And watches the Monster's fall ;
And she visits Bluebeard's castle,
And hears Fatima say,
"Oh, whatever can be in that closet?"
And she watches her turn the key.

She is down in the depths of ocean,
In a beautiful coral cell ;
Hearing the sea-nymphs singing,
And couched in a Nautilus shell ;
On a magic horse she is riding,
Swift through the azure air.
Or she sits on a magic carpet,
And can "wish" herself everywhere.

She knows old Sinbad, the sailor,
The Valley of Diamonds sees,
And pick in a Persian garden
Fruits of ruby from crystal trees ;
She walks through the streets of Bagdad,
Naught from the sight is hid,
For she's led by the Vizier Graffad,
And the Caliph Alraschid.

She sees the shrewd Morgiana
Fasten the bolts and bars,
Then, whispering, pour boiling oil on
The Forty Thieves in the jars,
She shudders to see the Genii
From the casket freed and risen,
And shouts from the Fisherman cunning,
Shuts him up again in his prison.

Her playmates are all forgotten,
Nor hunger nor thirst she feels,

For she has as companions fairies,
And exists on fairy meals.
So she sits till darkening wainscot
Is tinged with the moon's first beams,
There she drops her head o'er the volume,
And is off to the land of dreams.

Alas ! that the faith of childhood
Should vanish before our prime,
Bright days when all things seemed possible,
In the once upon a time !
Who does not wish, when the cares of age
Spirit and frame assail,
They were bending again o'er a picture page
Reading a fairy tale.

CHYLENA.

—*Transcript.*

Boston, December, 1863.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Bush mentions the fact attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended, generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though in many cases, they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

HE speaks. The lingering locks, that cold
And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
When last that voice was heard as now,
He speaks ! and as with flickering blaze,
Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah ! who can tell what visions roll
Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
His childhood's wakened memories rise !
The fields are green and glad some still,
That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
Exultant echoes bounding come !

He treads that soil, the first he pressed ;
He shouts with all his boyish glee ;
He rushes to his mother's breast ;
He clasps and climbs his father's knee ;
And then the prayer that nightly rose,
Warm from his lisping lips of yore,
Burst forth, to bless that evening's close
Whose slumbers earth shall break no more !

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood ! we have still in thee
A link that holds us dear to heaven !
When Mercy's errand angel's near,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine !

God of his father ! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy !
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way,
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day !

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"I SAY, you boy, it always rains here, doesn't it?—or 'whiles snaws'—as the aborigines say. You're a native, aren't you? When do you think the rain will go off?—do you ever have any fine weather here? I don't see the good of a fine country when it rains for ever and ever? What do you do with yourselves, you people, all the year round in such a melancholy place?"

"You see we know no better"—said the farmer of Ramore, who came in at the moment to the porch of his house, where the young gentleman was standing, confronted by young Colin, who would have exploded in boyish rage before now, if he had not been restrained by the knowledge that his mother was within hearing—"and, wet or dry, the country-side comes natural to them it belongs to. If it werena for a twinge o' the rheumatics noo and then,—and my lads are owre young for that,—it's a grand country. If it's nae great comfort to the purse, it's aye a pleasure to the e'e. Come in to the fire, and take a seat till the rain blows by. *My lads*," said Colin of Ramore, with a twinkle of approbation in his eye, "take little heed whether it's rain or shine."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the stranger; "I don't like walking up to the ankles in those filthy roads."

He was a boy of fifteen or so, the same age as young Colin, who stood opposite him, breathing hard with opposition and natural enmity; but the smart Etonian considered himself much more a man of the world and of experience than Colin the elder, and looked on the boy with calm contempt.

"I'll be glad to dry my boots if you'll let me," he said, holding up a foot which beside young Colin's sturdy hoof looked preternaturally small and dainty.

"A fit like a lassie's!" the country boy said to himself with responsive disdain. Young Colin laughed half aloud as his natural enemy followed his father into the house.

"He's feared to wet his feet," said the lad, with a chuckle of mockery, holding forth his own which to his consciousness were never dry. Any moralist, who had happened to be at hand, might have suggested to Colin that a faculty for acquiring and keeping up wet feet during every hour of the twenty-four which he did not spend in bed was no great matter to brag of: but then moralists did not flourish at Ramore. The boy made a rush out through the soft-falling, incessant rain, dashed down upon the shingly beach with an impetuosity which dispersed the wet pebbles on all sides of him, and jumping into the boat, pushed out upon the loch, not for any particular purpose, but to relieve a little his indignation and boyish discomfiture. The boat was clumsy enough, and young Colin's "style" in rowing was not of a high order, but it caught the quick eye of the Eton lad, as he glanced out from the window.

"That fellow can row," he said to himself, but aloud, with the *nonchalance* of his race, as he went forward, passing the great cradle, which stood on one side of the fire, to the chair which the farmer's wife had placed for him. She received with many kindly, homely invitations and welcomes the serene young potentate as he approached her fireside throne.

"Come awa—come in to the fire. The roads are past speaking o' in this soft weather. Maybe the young gentleman would like to change his feet," said the soft-voiced woman, who sat in a wicker-work easy-chair, with a very small baby, and cheeks still pale from its recent arrival. She had soft, dark, beaming eyes, and the softest pink flush coming and going over her face, and was wrapped in a shawl, and evidently considered an invalid—which, for the mother of seven or eight children, and the mistress of Ramore Farm, was an honorable but inconvenient luxury. "I could bring you a pair of my Colin's stockings in a moment. I dare say they're about your size—or if you would like to gang

ben the house into the spare room, and change them—”

“Oh, thanks; but there is no need for that,” said the visitor, with a slight blush, being conscious, as even an Eton boy could not help being, of the humorous observation of the farmer, who had come in behind him, and in whose eyes it was evident the experienced “man” of the fifth form was a less sublime personage than he gave himself credit for being. “I am living down at the Castle,” he added, hastily; “I lost my way on the hills, and got dreadfully wet; otherwise I don’t mind the rain.” And he held the dainty boots, which steamed in the heat, to the fire.

“But you maunna gang out to the hills in such slight things again,” said Mrs. Campbell, looking at them compassionately; “I’ll get you a pair of my Colin’s strong shoes and stockings that’ll keep your feet warm. I’ll just lay the wean in the cradle, and you can slip them off the time I’m away,” said the good woman, with a passing thought for the boy’s bashfulness. But the farmer caught her by the arm and kept her in her chair.

“I suppose there’s mair folk than you about the house, Jeanie?” said her husband, “though you’re so positive about doing everything yoursel’.” I’ll tell the lass; and I advise you, young gentleman, not to be shame-faced, but take the wife’s advice. It’s a great quality o’ hers to ken what’s good for other folk.”

“I ken by mysel’,” said the gentle-voiced wife, with a smile—and she got up and went softly to the window, while the young stranger took her counsel. “There’s Colin out in the boat again, in a perfect pour of rain,” she said to herself, with a gentle sigh—“he’ll get his death o’ cauld; but, to be sure, if he had been to get his death that gate, it would have come afore now. There’s a great deal of rain in this country you’ll be thinking?—a’ the strangers say sae; but I canna see that they bide away, for a’ that, though they’re aye grumbling. And if you’re fond o’ the hills, you’ll get reconciled to the rain. I’ve seen mony an afternoon when there was scarce an hour without two or three rain-bows, and the mist liftin’ and droppin’ again, as if it was set to music. I canna say I have any experience mysel’; but so far as ane can imagine, a clear sky and a shining sun, day after day, would be awfu’ monotonous—like

a face wi’ a set smile. I tell the bairns it’s as guid as a fairy tale to watch the clouds—and it’s no common sunshine when it does come, but a kind o’ wistful light, as if he couldna tell whether he ever might see you again; but it’s awfu’ when the crops are out, as they are the noo—the Lord forgive me for speaking as if I liked the rain!”

And by this time her boy-visitor, having succeeded, much to his comfort and disgust, in replacing his wet *chaussures* by Colin’s dry, warm stockings and monstrous shoes, Mrs. Campbell came back to her seat and lifted her baby again on her knee. The baby was of angelic disposition, and perfectly disposed to make itself comfortable in its cradle; but the usually active mother evidently made it a kind of excuse to herself for her compulsory repose.

“The wife gets easy to her poetry,” said the farmer, with a smile, “which is pleasant enough to hear, though it doesn’t keep the grain from sprouting. You’re fond of the hills, you Southland folk? You’ll be from level land yoursel’, I reckon?—where a’ the craps were safe housed afore the weather broke? We have nae particular reason to complain yet, if we could but make sure o’ a week’s or twa’s dry weather. It’ll be the holidays still with you?”

“Yes,” said young Frankland, slightly disgusted at being so calmly set down as a school-boy.

“I hear there’s some grand schools in England,” said Mrs. Campbell; “no’ that they’re to compare wi’ Edinburgh, I suppose? Colin, there’s some sherry wine in the press; I think a glass wouldna’ harm the young gentleman after his waiting. He’ll take something anyway, if you would tell Jess. It’s hungry work climbing our hills for a laddie like you, at least if I may reckon by my ain laddies that are aye ready at mealtimes,” said the farmer’s wife, with a gracious smile that would not have misbecome a duchess. “You’ll be at ane o’ the great schools, I suppose? I aye like to learn what I can when there’s ony opportunity. I would like my Colin to get a’ the advantages, for he’s well worthy o’ a guid education, though we’re rather out of the way of it here.”

“I am at Eton,” said the English boy, who could scarcely refrain from a little ridicule at the idea of sharing “a’ the advantages” of that distinguished foundation with a colt like young Colin; “but I should think you would

find it too far off to send your son there," he added, all his good breeding being unable to smother a slight laugh as he looked round the homely apartment and wondered what "all the fellows" would say to a schoolfellow from Ramore.

"Nae occasion to laugh, young gentleman," said Colin the elder; "there's been lord chancellors o' England, and generals o' a' the forces, that have come out of houses nae better than this. I am just as ye find me; but I wouldna' say what might befall our Colin. In this country there's nae law to bind a man to the same line o' life as his fathers. Despise naebody, my man, or you may live to be despised in your turn."

"I beg your pardon," said young Frankland, blushing hotly, and feeling Colin's shoes weigh upon his feet like lead; "I did not intend—"

"No, no," said Mrs. Campbell, soothingly; "it's the maister that takes up fancies; but nae doubt Eton is far ower-expensive for the like of us, and a bit callant like you may laugh without any offence. When Colin comes to be a man he'll make his ain company, or I'm mistaen; but I've no wish to pit him among lords and gentlemen's sons that would jeer at his homely ways. And they tell me there's schules in Edinburgh far afore anything that's kent in England—besides the college," said the mother, with a little pride; "our Colin's done with his schuling. Education takes longer wi' the like of you. After Martinmas he's gaun in to Glasgow to begin his course."

To this proud intimation the young visitor listened in silence, not being able to connect the roughshod lad in the boat, with a university, whatever might be its form. He addressed himself to the scones and butter which Jess the servant, a handsome, powerful woman of five feet ten or so, had set before him on the table. Jess lingered a little ere she left the room, to pinch the baby's cheeks, and say, "Bless the lamb! eh, what a guid bairn!" with patriarchal friendly familiarity. Meanwhile, the farmer sat down, with a thump which made it creak, upon the large old hair-cloth sofa which filled up one end of the room.

"I've heard there's a great difference between our colleges and the colleges in England," said Colin. "Wi' you they dinna train a lad to onything in particular; wi' us it's a' for a profession,—the kirk, or the law,

or physie, as it may be,—a fair mair sensible system. I'm no sure it's just civil, though," said the farmer, with a quaint mingling of Scotch complacency and Scotch politeness, "to talk to a stranger of naething but the inferiority o' his ain country. It may be a' true enough, but there's pleasanter topics o' discourse. The Castle's a bonnie situation? and if you're fond o' the water, yachting and boating, and that kind o' thing, there's grand opportunity amang our lochs."

"We've got a yacht," said the boy, who found the scones much to his taste, and began to feel a glow of comfort diffusing itself through his inner man—"the fastest sailer I know. We made a little run yesterday down to the Kyles; but Sir Thomas prefers the grouse, though it's awfully hard work, I can tell you, going up those hills. It's so beastly wet," said the young hero, "I never was down here before; but Sir Thomas comes every year to the Highlands—he likes it—he's as strong as a horse; but I prefer the yacht, for my part."

"And who's Sir Thomas, if ane may speer—some friend?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh—he's my father!" said the Etonian; and a natural flush of shamefacedness at acknowledging such a relationship rose upon the countenance of the British boy.

"Your father?" said Mrs. Campbell, with some amazement, "that's an awfu' queer way to speak of your father; and have you ony brothers and sisters that you're this lang distance off your lane,—and your mamma may be anxious about you?" continued the kind mother, with a wistful look of inquiry. She was prepared to be sorry for him, concluding that a boy who spoke of a father in such terms, must be motherless, and a neglected child. It was the most tender kind of curiosity which animated the good woman. She formed a theory about the lad on the spot, as women do, and concluded that his cruel father paid no regard to him, and that the boy's heart had been hardened by neglect and want of love. "Figure our Colin ca'ing the maister Mr. Campbell!" she said to herself, and looked very pitifully at young Frankland, who ate his scone without any consciousness of her amiable imaginations.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said the calm youth, "She knows better; there's ten of us, and some one of the family comes to grief most days, you know. She's used to that. Be-

sides, I'll get home long before Sir Thomas. It's only four now, and I suppose one could walk down from here—how soon?" All this time he went on so steadily at the scones and the milk, that the heart of the farmer's wife, warmed to the possessor of such a frank and appreciative appetite.

"You might put the horse in the gig and drive the young gentleman down," said the soft-hearted woman, "or Colin could row him in the boat as far as the pier. It's a lang walk for such a callant, and you're no thrang. It's awfu' to think o' the rain how it's taking the bread out of us poor folk's mouths; but to be sure it's the Lord's will—if it be na," said the homely speculatist, "that the weather's ane of the things that has been permitted, for wise reasons, to fa' into Ither Hands; and I'm sure, judging by the way it comes just when it is no' wanted, ane might think so, mony a time in this country side. But ah! its sinfu' to speak,—and look at yon bonnie rainbow," she continued, turning to the window with her baby in her arms. Young Frankland got up slowly as he finished his scone. He was only partially sensible of the extreme beauty of the scene before him; but the farmer's wife stood with her baby in her arms, with hidden lights kindling in her soft eyes, expanding and beaming over the lovely landscape. It did her good like a cordial; though even Colin, her sensible husband, looked on with a smile upon his good-humored countenance, and was a little amused and much puzzled, as he had been a hundred times before, seeing his wife's pleasure in those common and every-day processes of nature, to know why.

Young Colin in the boat understood better,—he was lying on his oars gazing at it the same moment; arrested in his petulant, boyish thoughts, as she had been in her anxieties, the lad came out of, and lost himself in the scene. The sun had come out suddenly upon the noble range of hills which stretched across the upper end of the loch—that wistful, tender sun which shone out, dazzling with pathetic gleams of sudden love in this country, "as if he couldna tell whether he might ever see you again," as Mrs. Campbell said—and just catching the skirts of the rain, had flung a double rainbow across the lovely curve of the upper banks. One side of the arch, stooping over the heathery hillside, lighted it up with an unearthly glory, and the other came

down in stately columns, one grand shaft within the other, with a solid magnificence and steadiness, into the water. Young Frankland, at the window, could not help thinking within himself, what a beautiful picture it would make, "if any of those painter fellows could do a rainbow;" but as for young Colin in the boat, the impulse in his heart was to dash up to those heavenly archways, and embrace the shining pillar, and swing himself aloft half-boy, half-poet, to the celestial world, where fiery columns could stand fast upon moving waters—and all was true, but nothing real. The hills for their share, lay very quiet, taking no part in the momentary drama of the elements; standing passive, letting the sudden light search them over and over, as if seeking for hidden treasure. Just in the midst of the blackness of the rain, never was light and joy so sweet and sudden. The farmer's wife came away from the window with a sigh of pleasure, as the baby stirred in her arms; "Eh, but the world's bonnie, bonnie!" she said to herself, with a feeling that some event of joyful importance had just been enacted before her. As for the boy on the loch, who, being younger, was more abstracted from common affairs, his dream was interrupted loudly by a call from the door. "Come in wi' the boat; I've a message to gie ye for the pier," cried the farmer, at the top of his voice; and the country boy started back to himself, and made a dash at his oars, and pulled inshore as violently and unhand-somely as if the nature of his dreams had been found out, and he was ashamed of himself. Colin forgot all the softening influences of the scene, and all the fine thoughts that had, unconscious to himself, come into his head, when he found that the commission his father meant to give him, was that of rowing the stranger boy as far as the pier, which was about three miles farther down the loch. If disobedience had been an offence understood at Ramore, possibly he might have refused; but neither boy nor man, however well inclined, is likely to succeed in doing, the first time of trying, a kind of sin with which he has no acquaintance. To give Colin justice, he did his best, and showed a cordial inclination to make himself disagreeable. He came in so clumsily that the boat grounded a yard or two off shore, and would not by any coaxing be persuaded to approach nearer. And when young Frankland, much to his amaze-

ment, leaped on board without wetting his feet, as the country lad maliciously intended, and came against Colin with such force as almost to knock him down, the young boatman thrust his passenger forward very rudely, and was as near capsizing the boat as pride would permit him. "Sit forrit in the stern, sit forrit. Were ye never in a boat afore, that ye think I can row, and you sitting there?" said the unchristian Colin, bringing one of the oars heavily against his adversary's shins.

"What the deuce do you mean by that? Give me the oar! We don't row like that on the Thames, I can tell you," said the stranger; and the brief skirmish between them for the possession of the oar having terminated abruptly by the intervention of Colin the elder, who was still within hearing, the two boys set off, sullenly enough, down the loch. The rainbow was dying off by this time, and the clouds rolling up again over the hills; and the celestial pillars and heavenly archways had no longer, as may be supposed, since this rude invasion of the real and disagreeable, the least morsel of foundation in the thoughts of young Colin of Ramore.

CHAPTER II.

"YE saw the young gentleman safe to the pier? He's a bonnie lad, though maybe no as weel-mannered as aye would like to see," said Mrs. Campbell. "Keep me! such a way to name his father! Bairns maun be awfu' neglected in such a grand house—aye left wi' servants, and never trained to trust their bits of secrets to father or mother. Laddies," said the farmer's wife, with a little solemnity, looking across the sleeping baby upon the four heads of different sizes which bent over their supper at the table before her, "mind you aye, that, right or wrong, them that's maist interested in whatever befalls you is them that belongs to you—maist ready to praise if ye've done weel, and excuse you if ye've done wrang. I hope you were civil to the strange callant, Colin, my man?"

"Oh, ay," said young Colin, not without a movement of conscience; but he did not think it necessary to enter into details.

"When a callant like that is pridefu', and looks as if he thought himself better than other folk, I hope my laddies are no the ones to mind," said the mistress of Ramore. "It shows he hasna had the advantages that

might have been expected. It's nae harm to you, but a great deal of harm to him. Ye dinna ken how weel off you are, you boys," said the mother, making a little address to them as they sat over their supper; little Johnnie, whose porridge was too hot for him, turned towards her the round, wondering black eyes, which beamed out like a pair of stray stars from his little freckled face, and through his wisps of flaxen hair, bleached white by rain and sun; but the three others went on very steadily with their supper, and did not disturb themselves; "there's aye your father at hand ready to tell ye whatever you want to ken—no like yon poor callant, that would have to gang to a tutor, or a servant, or something worse; no that he's an ill lad—die—but I'm aye keen to see ye behave yourselves like gentlemen, and yon wasna ony great specimen, as it was very easy to see."

After this there was a pause, for none of the boys were disposed to enter into that topic of conversation. After a little period of silence, during which the spoons made a diversion, and filled up the vacancy, they began to find their tongues again.

"It's awfu' wet up on the hill," said Archie, the second boy; "and they say the glass is aye falling, and the corn on the Barn-ton fields has been out this three weeks, and Dugald Macfarlane, he says its sprouting—and, O mother!"

"What is it, Archie?"

"The new minister came by when I was down at the smiddy with the brown mare. You never saw such a red head. It is red enough to set the kirk on fire. They were saying at the smiddy that naeboddy would stand such a color of hair—it's waur than no preaching weel—and I said I thought that too," said the enterprising Archie; "for I'm sure I never mind ony o' the sermon, but I couldna forget such red hair."

"And I saw him too," said little Johnnie; "he clapped me on the head, and said how was my mammaw, and I said we never ca'ed onybody mammaw, but just mother; and then he clapped me again, and said I was a good boy. What for was I a good boy?" said Johnnie, who was of an inquiring and philosophical frame of mind, "because I said we didna say mammaw? or just because it was me?"

"Because he's a kind man, and has a kind thought for even the little bairns," said Mrs.

Campbell, "and it wasna like a boy o' mine to say an idle word against him. Do you think they know better at the smiddy, Archie, than here? Poor gentleman," said the good woman, "to be-a' this time wearyin' and waitin', and his heart yearnin' within him to get a kirk, and do his Master's work; and then to ha'e a parcel of haverels set up, and make a faction against him because he has a red head. It makes aye think shame o' human nature and Scotch folk baith."

"But he canna preach, mother," said Colin, breaking silence almost for the first time; "the red head is only an excuse."

"I dinna like excuses," said his mother, "and I never kent before that you were a judge o' preaching. You may come to ken better about it yoursel' before a' 's done. I canna but think there's something wrang when the like o' that can be," said Mrs. Campbell; "he's studied, and he's learned Latin and Greek, and found out a' the ill that can be said about Scripture, and a' the lies that ever have been invented against the truth; and he's been brought up to be a minister a' his days, and knows what's expected. But as soon as word gangs about that the earl has promised him our kirk, there's opposition raised. No! that onybody kens ony ill of him; but there's the smith, and the wright, and Thomas Scott o' Lintwearie, maun lay their heads thegither, and first they say he canna preach, and then that he'll no' visit, and at least if a' thing else fails, that he has a red head. If it was a new doctor that was coming, wha would be heeding about the color o' his hair? but it's the minister that's to stand by our death-beds, and baptize our bairns, and guide us in the right way; and we're no' to let him come in peace, or sit down in comfort. If we canna keep him from getting the kirk, we can make him miserable when he does get it. Eh, bairns; I think shame! and I'm no' so sure as I am in maist things," said the farmer's wife, looking up with a consciousness of her husband's presence; "that the maister himself—"

"Weel I'm aye for popular rights," said Colin of Ramore. He had just come in, and had been standing behind taking off his big coat, on which the rain glistened, and listening to all that his wife said, "But if Colin was a man and a minister," said the farmer,

with a gleam of humor, as he drew his chair towards the fire, "and had to fight his way to a kirk like a' the young men now-a-days, I wouldna say I would like it. They might object to his big mouth; and you've ower muckle a mouth yourself, Jeanie," continued big Colin, looking admiringly at the comely mother of his boys. "I might tell them wha' he took it from, and that if he had as grand a flow of language as his mother, there would be nae fear o' him. As for the red head, the earl himsel's a grand example, and if red hair's right in an earl, it canna be immoral in a minister; but Jeanie, though you're an awfu' revolutionary, ye maunna meddle with the kirk, nor take away popular rights."

"I'm no gaun to be led into an argument," said the mistress, with a slightly vexed expression; "but I'm far from sure about the kirk. After you've opposed the minister's coming in, and holden committees upon him, and offered objections, and done your best to worry the life out o' him, and make him disgusted baith at himsel' and you, do you think after that ye can attend to him when you're weel, and send for him when you're sick, wi' the right feelings? But I'm no gaun to speak ony mair about the minister. Is the corn in yet, Colin, from the East Park? Eh, bless me! and it was cut before this wean was born!"

"We'll have but a poor harvest after a'," said the farmer; "it's a disappointment, but it canna be helpit. It's strange how something aye comes in, to keep a man down when he thinks he's to have a bit margin; but we must jog on, Jeanie, my woman. As long as we have bread to eat, let us be thankful. And as for Colin, it needna make ony difference. Glasgow's no so far off, but he can still get his parritch out of the family meal; and as long as he's careful and diligent we'll try and fend for him. It's hard work getting bread out of our hillside," said big Colin; "but ye may have a different life from your father's, lad, if ye take heed to the opportunities in your hands."

"A' the opportunities in the world," said Colin the younger, in a burst, "wouldna give me a chance like yon English fellow. Everything comes ready to him. It's no fair. I'll have to make up wi' him first, and then beat him—and so I would," said the boy, with a

glow on his face, and a happy unconsciousness of contradicting himself, "if I had the chance."

"Well," said big Colin, "that's just ane o' the things we have to count upon in our way of living. It's little credit to a man to be strong," said the farmer, stretching his great arms with a natural consciousness of power; "unless he has that to do that tries it. It's harder work to me, you may be sure, to get a pickle corn off the hillside, than for the English farmers down in yon callant's country to draw wheat and fatness out o' their furrows. But I think myself nane the worse a man," continued Colin of Ramore, with a smile. "Sir Thomas, as the laddie ca's him, gangs wading over the heather a' day after the grouse and the pairicks; he thinks he's playing himsel', but he's as hard at work as I am. We're a' bluid relations, though the family likeness whiles lies deep and is hard to find. A man maun be fighting wi' something. If it's no the dour earth that refuses him bread, it's the wet bog, and the heather that comes atween him and his sport, as he ca's it. Never you mind wha's before you on the road. Make up to him, Colin. Many a day he'll stray out o' the path gathering straws to divert himself, when you've naething to do but to push on."

"Eh, but I wouldna like a laddie of mine to think," interrupted his mother, eagerly, "that there's nae guid but getting on in the world. I'll not have my bairns learn ony such lesson. Laddies," said the farmer's wife, in all the solemnity of her innocence, "mind you this aboon a'. You might be princes the morn, and no as good men as your father. There's nae Sir Thomases, nor earls, nor lord chancellors I ever heard tell o', that was mair thought upon nor wi' better reason—"

At this moment Jess entered from the kitchen, to suggest that it was bedtime.

"And lang enough for the mistress to be sitting up, and she so delicate," said the sole servant of the house. "If ye had been in your ain room wi' a fire and a book to read, it would have been wiser-like, than among a' thae noisy laddies, wi' the wean and a seam as if ye were as strong as me. Maister, I wish you would speak to Colin; he's awfu' masterfu'; instead of gaun to his bed, like a civilized lad, yonder he is awa' ben to the kitchen and down by the fire to read his book, till his hair's like a singed sheep's head, and

his cheeks like burning peats. Ane canna do a hand's-turn wi' a parcel o' callants about the place day and nicht," said Jess, in an agrieved tone.

"And just when Archie Candlish has suppered his horses and come in for half-an-hour's crack," said the master. "I'll send Colin to his bed; but dinna have ower muckle to say to Archie; he's a rover," continued the good-tempered farmer, who "made allowances" for a little love-making. He raised himself out of his arm-chair with a little hesitation, like a great mastiff uncoiling itself out of a position of comfort, and went slowly away, moving off through the dimly lighted room like an amiable giant as he was.

"Eh, keep me!—and Archie Candlish had just that very minute lookit in at the door," said Jess, lifting her apron to her cheeks, which were glowing with blushes and laughter. "No that I wanted him; but he came in wi' the news about the new minister, and noo I'll never hear an end o't, and the maister will think he's aye there."

"If he's a decent lad and means well, it's nae great matter," said the mistress; "but I dinna approve of ower mony lads. Ye may gang through the wood and through the wood and take but a crooked stick at the end."

"There's naeboddy I ken o' that the mistress can mean, but Bowed Jacob," said Jess reflectively, "and ane might do waur than take him, though he's nae great figure of a man. The siller that body makes is a miracle, and it would be grand to live in a twa-storied house, and keep a lass; but he's an awfu' establishment man, and he might interfere wi' my convictions," said the young woman with a glimmer of humor which found no response in the mistress's serious eyes; for Mrs. Campbell, being of a poetical and imaginative temperament, took most things much in earnest, and was slow to perceive a joke.

"You shouldna speak about convictions in that light way, Jess," said the farmer's wife. "I wouldna meddle wi' them mysel', no for a' the wealth o' the parish; but though the maister and me are strong Kirk folk, ye ken ye never werè molested here."

"To hear Archie Candlish about the new minister!" cried Jess, whose quick ear had already ascertained that her master had paused in the kitchen to speak to her visitor, "ye would laugh; but though it's grand fun for the folk, maybe it's no so pleasant for the

poor man. We put down our names for the man we like best, us Free Kirk folks; but it's different in the parish. There's Tammas Scott, he vows he'll object to every presentee the earl puts in. I'm no heeding for the earl," said Jess; "he's a dour Tory and can fecht for himsel'; but eh I wouldna be that poor minister set up there for a' the parish to object to. I'd rather work at a weaver's loom or sell herrings about the country-side, if it was me!"

"Weel, weel, things that are hard for the flesh are guid for the spirit—or at least folk say so," cried the mistress of Ramore.

"I dinna believe in that for my part," said the energetic Jess, as she lifted the wooden cradle in her strong arms. "Leave the wean still, mistress, and draw your shawl about ye. I could carry you, too, for that matter. Eh me, I'm no o' that way o' thinking; when ye're happy and weel likit, ye're aye good in proportion. No to gang against the words o' Scripture," said Jess, setting down the big cradle with a bump in her mistress's bedroom, and looking anxiously at the sleeping baby, which, with a little start and gape, resisted this attempt to break its slumbers: "but eh, mistress, it's aye my opinion that the happier folk are the better they are. I never was as happy as in this house," continued the grateful handmaiden, furtively pursuing a tear into the corner of her eye; with a large forefinger, "no that I'm meaning to say I'm guid; but yet—"

"You might be waur," said the mistress, with a smile. "You've aye a kind heart and a blythe look, and that gangs a far way wi' the maister and me. But it's time Archie Candlish was hame to his mother. When there's nae moon and such heavy roads, you shouldna bring a decent man three miles out of his way at this hour o' the nicht to see yon."

"Me? As if I was wanting him," said Jess, "and him no a word to say to me or ony lass, but about the beasts and the new minister! I'll be back in half a minute; I wouldna waste my time upon a gomeril like yon."

While Jess sallied forth through the chilly passages to which the weeping atmosphere had communicated a sensation of universal damp, the mistress knelt down to arrange her infant more commodiously in its homely nest. The red firelight made harmless glimmers all over her figure, catching now and then a side-

long glance out of her eyes as she smoothed the little pillow, and laid the tiny coverlet over the small unconscious creature wrapped closely in webs and bands of sleep. When she had done, she still knelt, watching it as mothers will, with a smile upon her face. After a while the beaming, soft dark eyes turned to the light with a natural attraction, to the glimmers of the fire shooting accidental rays into all the corners, and to the steady little candle on the mantle-shelf. The mistress looked round on all the familiar objects of the homely, low-roofed chamber.

Outside, the rain fell heavily still upon the damp and sodden country, soaking silently in the dark into the forlorn wheat-sheaves, which had been standing in the fields to dry in ineffectual hopefulness for weeks past. Matters did not look promising on the farm of Ramore, and nothing had occurred to add any particular happiness to its mistress's lot. But happiness is perverse and follows no rule, and Jess's sentiment found an echo in Mrs. Campbell's mind. As she knelt by the cradle, her heart suddenly swelled with a consciousness of the perfection of life and joy in her and around her. It was in homely words enough that she gave it expression, "A' weel, and under ae roof," she said to herself with exquisite dews of thankfulness in her eyes. "And the Lord have pity on lone folk and sorrowful," added the tender woman, with a compassion beyond words, a yearning that all might be glad like herself,—the pity of happiness, which is of all pity, the most divine. Her boys were saying abrupt prayers, one by one, as they sank in succession into dreamless slumber. The master had gone out in the rain to take one last look over his kine and his farmyard, and see that all was safe for the night, and Archie Candlish had just been dismissed with a stinging jest from the kitchen door, which Jess bolted and barred with cheerful din, singing softly to herself as she went about the house putting up the innocent shutters, which could not have resisted the first touch of a skilful hand. The rain was falling all over the wet, silent country: the Holy Loch gleamed like a kind of twilight spot in the darkness, and the house of Ramore stood shut up and hushed, no light at all to be seen but that from the open door, which the farmer suddenly extinguished as he came in. But when the solitary light died out from the invisible hillside, and the darkness and the rain

and the whispering night took undisturbed possession, was just the moment when the mother within, kneeling over her cradle in the firelight, was surprised by that sudden, conscious touch of happiness. "Happiness? oh, ay, weel enough; we've a great deal to be thankfu' for," said big Colin, with a little sleepy surprise; "if it werna for the sprouting corn and the broken weather; but I dinna see onything particular to be happy about at this minute, and I'm gaun to my bed."

For the prose and the poetry did not exactly understand each other at all times, even in the primitive farmhouse of Ramore.

CHAPTER III.

THE internal economy of a Scotch parish is not so clearly comprehensible now-a-days as it was in former times. Civilization itself has made countless inroads upon the original unities everywhere, and the changes that have come to pass within the recollection of the living generation are almost as great, though very different from, those which made Scotland during last century so picturesque in its state of transition. When Sunday morning dawned upon the Holy Loch, it did not shine upon that pretty rural picture of unanimous church-going, so well known to the history of the past. The groups from the cottages took different ways—the carriage from the Castle swept round the hill to the other side of the parish, where there was an "English Chapel." The reign of opinion and liking was established in the once primitive community. Half of the people ascended the hillside to the Free Church, while the others wound down the side of the loch to the kirk which had once accommodated the whole parish. This state of affairs had become so usual that even polemical feeling had ceased to a great extent, and the two streams of church-going people crossed each other placidly without recriminations. This day, for a wonder, the sun was shining brightly, notwithstanding a cloudy, stormy sky, which now and then heaved forward a rolling mass of vapor, and dispersed it sharply over the hills in a flying mist and shower. The parish church lay at the lower end of the loch, a pretty little church built since the days when architecture had penetrated even into Scotland. Colin of Ramore and his family were there in their pew, the boys arranged in order of seniority between Mrs.

Campbell, who sat at the head, and the farmer himself who kept the seat at the door. Black-eyed Johnnie with his hair bleached white by constant exposure, and his round eyes wandering over the walls and the pews and the pulpit and the people, sat by his mother's side, and the younger Colin occupied his post of seniority by his father. They were all seated, in this disposition, when the present occupant of the Castle, Sir Thomas Frankland, lounged up the little aisle with his son after him. Sir Thomas was quite devout and respectable, a man who knew how to conduct himself even in a novel scene—and after all a Presbyterian church was no novelty to the sportsman; but to Harry the aspect of everything was new, and his curiosity was excited. It was a critical moment in the history of the parish. The former minister had been transferred only a few weeks before to a more important station, and the earl, the patron, had, according to Scotch phraseology, "presented" a new incumbent to the living. This unhappy man was ascending the pulpit when the Franklands, father and son, entered the church. For the earl's presentation by no means implied the peaceable entrance of the new minister; he had to preach, to give the people an opportunity of deciding whether they liked him or not; and if they did not like him, they had the power of "objecting;" that is, of urging special reasons for their dislike before the Presbytery, with a certainty of making a little noise in the district, and a reasonable probability of disgusting and mortifying the unlucky presentee, to the point of throwing up his appointment. All this was well known to the unfortunate man, who rose up in the pulpit as Sir Thomas found a seat, and proceeded to read the psalm with a somewhat embarrassed and faltering voice. He was moderately young and well-looking, with a face, at the present moment, more agitated than was quite harmonious with the position in which he stood; for he was quite aware that everybody was criticising him, and that the inflections of his voice and the fiery tint of his hair were being noted by eager commentators bent upon finding ground for an "objection" in everything he said. Such a consciousness naturally does not promote ease or comfort. His hair looked redder than ever, as a stray ray of sunshine gleamed in upon him, and his voice took a nervous break as he looked over the many hard, unsympa-

thetic faces which were regarding him with the sharp curiosity and inspection of excited wits. While Harry Frankland made, as he thought, "an ass of himself" on every occasion that offered—standing bolt upright when the congregation began to sing, which they did at their leisure, seated in the usual way—and kicking his heels in an attempt to kneel when everybody round him rose up for the prayer, and feeling terribly red and ashamed at each mistake, Colin the younger, of Ramore, occupied himself, like a heartless young critic as he was, in making observations on the minister. Colin, like his father, had a high opinion of "popular rights." It was his idea, somehow drawn in with the damp Highland air he breathed, that the right of objecting to a presentee was one of the most important privileges of a Scotch Churchman. Then, he was to be a minister himself, and the consciousness of this fact intensified the natural opposition which prompted the boy's mind to resist anything and everything that threatened to be imposed on him. Colin even listened to the prayer, which was a thing not usual with him, that he might find out the objectionable phrases. And to be sure there were plenty of objectionable phrases to mar the real devotion; the vainest of vain repetitions, well-known and familiar as household words to every Scotch ear, demonstrated how little effect the absence of a liturgy has in promoting fervent and individual supplications. The congregation in general listened, like young Colin, standing up in easy attitudes, and observing everything that passed around them with open-eyed composure. It did not look much like common supplication, nor did it pretend to be—for the people were but *listening* to the minister's prayer, which, to tell the truth, contained various expository and remonstrative paragraphs, which were clearly addressed to the congregation; and they were all very glad to sit down when it was over, and clear their throats, and prepare for the sermon, which was the real business of the day."

"I dinna like a' that new-fangled nonsense to begin with," said Eben Campbell, of Barnton, as he walked home after church, with the party from Ramore; "naebody wants twa chapters read at one diet of worship. The Bible's grand at hame, but that's no what a man gangs to the kirk for; that,

and so many prayers—it's naething but a great offput of time."

"But we never can have ower muckle o' the word of God," said Colin of Ramore's wife.

"I'm of Eben's opinion," said another neighbor. "We have the word o' God at hame, and I hope we make a good use o' it; but that's no what we gang to the kirk to hear. When ye see a man that's set up in the pulpit for anither purpose a'thegether, spending half his time in reading chapters and ither preliminaries, I aye consider it's a sure sign that he hasna muckle o' his ain to say."

They were all walking abreast in a leisurely Sunday fashion up the loch; the children roaming about the skirts of the older party, some in front and some behind, occasionally making furtive investigations into the condition of the brambles, an anti-sabbatical occupation which was sharply interrupted when found out—the women picking their steps along the edges of the muddy road, with now and then a word of pleasant gossip, while the men trudged on sturdily through the puddles, discussing the great subject of the day.

"Some of the new folk from the Castle were in the kirk to-day," said one of the party,—“which is a respect to the parish the earl doesna pay himself. Things are terrible changed in that way since my young days. The auld earl, this ane's father, was an elder in the Kirk; and gentle and simple, we a' said our prayers thegither—”

"I dinna approve of that expression," said Eben of Barnton. "To speak of saying your prayers in the kirk is pure papistry. Say your prayers at hame, as I hope we a' do, at the family altar, no to speak of private devotions," said this defender of the faith, with a glance at the unlucky individual who was understood not to be so regular in the article of family prayer as he ought to have been. "We gang to the kirk to have our minds stirred up and put in remembrance. I dinna approve of the English fashion of putting everything into the prayers."

"Weel, weel, I meant nae harm," said the previous speaker. "We a' gaed to the kirk, was what I meant to say; and there's the queen, she aye sets a grand example. You'll no find her driving off three or four miles to an English chapel. I consider it's

a great respect to the parish to see Sir Thomas in the Castle pew."

"I would rather see him respect the sabbath-day," said Eben Campbell, pointing out a little pleasure-boat, a tiny little cockleshell, with a morsel of snow-white sail, which just then appeared in the middle of the loch, rushing up beautifully before the wind, through the placid waters, and lighting up the landscape with a touch of life and motion. Young Colin was at Eben's elbow, and followed the movement of his hand with keen eyes. A spark of jealousy had kindled in the boy's breast—he could not have told why. He was not so horrified as he ought to have been at the sight of the boat disturbing the Sunday quiet; but, with a swell of indignation and resentment in his boyish heart, he thought of the difference between himself and the young visitor at the Castle. It looked symbolical to Colin. He, trudging heavily over the muddy, lengthy road; the other, flying along in that dainty little bird-like boat, with those white wings of sail, which pleased Colin's eye in spite of himself, carrying him on as lightly and swiftly as heart could desire. Why should one boy have such a wonderful advantage over another? It was the first grand problem which had puzzled and embittered Colin's thoughts.

"There they go!" said the boy. "It's fine and easy, running like that before the wind. They'll get to the end o' the loch before we've got over a mile. That makes an awfu' difference," said Colin, with subdued wrath; he was thinking of other things besides the long walk from church and the muddy road.

"We'll may be get home as soon, for all that," said his father, who guessed the boy's thoughts; for the elder Colin's experienced eye had already seen that mists were rising among the hills, and that the fair breeze would soon be fair no longer. The scene changed as if by enchantment while the farmer spoke. Such changes come and go like breath over the Holy Loch. The sunshine, which had been making the whole landscape into a visible paradise, vanished suddenly off the hills and waters like a frightened thing, and a visible darkness came brooding over the mountains, dropping lower every moment, like a pall of gloom over the lower banks and the suddenly paled and shivering loch. The joyous little sail, which had been

careering on, as if by a natural impulse of delight, suddenly changed its character along with all the other details of the picture. The spectators saw its white sail, fluttering like an alarmed seabird, against the black background of cloud. Then it began to tack and waver and make awkward, tremulous darts across the darkened water. The party of pedestrians stood still to watch it, as the position became dangerous. They knew the loch and the winds too well to look on with composure. As for young Colin of Ramore, his heart began to leap and swell in his boyish bosom. Was that his adversary, the favored rival whom he had recognized by instinct, who was fighting for his life out there in midwater, with the storm gaining on him, and his little vessel staggering in the wind? Colin did not hear the remarks of the other spectators. He felt in his heart that he was looking on at a struggle which was for life or death, and his contempt for the skill of the amateur sailor, whose unused hands were so manifestly unable to manage the boat, was mingled with a kind of despair, lest a stronger power should snatch this opponent of his own out of the future strife, in which Colin had vowed to himself to be victorious.

"You fool! take in the sail!" he shouted, putting both his hands to his mouth, forgetting how impossible it was that the sound could reach; and then scarcely knowing what he was about, the boy rushed down to the beach, and jumped into the nearest boat. The sound of his oars furiously plashing through the silence was the first indication to his companions of what he had done. And he did not even see nor hear the calls and gestures with which he was summoned back again. His oars, and how to get there at a flight like a bird, occupied his mind entirely. Yet even in his anxiety he scorned to ask for help which would have carried him so much sooner to the spot he aimed at. As the sound of his oars dashed and echoed through the profound silence, various outcries came from the group on the bank.

"It's tempting Providence!" cried Eben Campbell. "Yon's a judgment on the sabbath-breaker,—and what can the laddie do? Come back, sir, this moment, come back! Ye'll never win there in time."

As for the boy's mother, after his first start she clasped her hands together, and watched the boat with an interest too intense

for words. "He's in nae danger," she said to herself, softly; and it would have been hard to tell whether she was sorry or glad that her boy's enterprise was attended by no personal peril.

"Let him be," said the farmer of Ramore, pushing aside his anxious neighbor, who was calling Colin ineffectually, but without intermission. Colin Campbell's face had taken a sudden crimson flush, which nobody could account for. He went off up the beach with heavy, rapid steps, scattering the shingle round his feet, to a spot exactly opposite the struggling boat, and stood there watching with wonderful eagerness. The little white sail was still fluttering and struggling like a distressed bird upon the black, overclouded water. Now it lurched over till the very mast seemed to touch the loch—now recovered itself for a tremulous moment—and finally, shivering like a living creature, gave one wild, sudden stagger, and disappeared.

When the speck of white vanished out of the black landscape, a cry came out of all their hearts; and hopeless as it was, the very man who had been calling Colin back, rushed in his turn to a boat, and pushed off violently into the loch. The women stood huddled together, helpless with terror and grief. "The bit laddie! the bit laddie!" cried one of them—"some poor woman's bairn." As for Mrs. Campbell, the world grew dark round her as she strained her eyes after Colin's boat. She did not faint, for such was not the habit of the Holy Loch; but she sank down suddenly on the wet green bank, and put up her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from some imaginary sunshine, and gazed, not seeing anything, after her boy. To see her, delicate as she was, with the woman weakness which they all understood, seating herself in this wild way on the wet bank, distracted the attention of her kindly female neighbors, even from the terrible event which had just taken place before their eyes.

"Maybe the lad can swim," said Eben Campbell's wife—"onyway yonder's your Colin running races with death to save him. But you maunna sit here—come into Dugald Macfarlane's house. There's my man away in another boat and some mair. But we canna let you sit here."

"Eh, my Colin, I canna see my Colin!" said the mistress of Ramore; but they led

her away into the nearest cottage, notwithstanding her reluctance. There they all stood clustering at the window, aiding the eyes which had failed her in her weakness. Colin's mother sat silent in the chair where they had placed her, trembling and rocking herself to and fro. Her heart within her was praying and crying for the boys—the two boys whom in this moment of confused anxiety she could not separate—her own first-born, and the stranger who was "another woman's bairn." God help all women and mothers! though Colin was safe, what could her heart do but break at the thought of the sudden calamity which had shut out the sunshine from another. She rocked herself to and fro, ceasing at last to hear what they said to her, and scarcely aware of anything except the dull clank of the oars against the boat's side; somebody coming or going, she knew not which—always coming or going—never bringing certain news which was lost and which saved.

The mistress of Ramore was still in this stupor of anxiety, when young Harry Frankland, dripping and all but insensible, was carried into Dugald Macfarlane's cottage. The little room became dark instantly with such a cloud of men that it was difficult to make out how he had been saved, or if there was indeed any life left in the lad. But Dugald Macfarlane's wife, who had the ferry-boat at Struan, and understood about drowning, had bestirred herself in the mean time, and had hot blankets and other necessities in the inner room where big Colin Campbell carried the boy. Then all the men about burst at once into the narrative. "If it hadna been for little Colin o' Ramore—" was about all Mrs. Campbell made out of the tale. The cottage was so thronged that there was scarcely an entrance left for the doctor and Sir Thomas who had both been summoned by anxious messengers. By this time the storm had come down upon the loch, and a wild, sudden tempest of rain was sweeping black across hill and water, obliterating every line of the landscape. Half-way across, playing on the surface of the water was a bit of spar with a scarlet rag attached to it, which made a great show glistening over the black waves. That was all that was visible of the pleasure-boat in which the young stranger had been bounding along so pleasantly an hour before. The neighbors dropped off gradually, dispers-

ing to other adjacent houses to talk over the incident, or pushing homeward, with an indifference to the storm that was natural to the dwellers on the Holy Loch; and it was only when she was left alone, waiting for her husband, who was in the inner room with Sir Thomas and the saved boy, that Mrs. Campbell perceived Colin's bashful face gleaming in furtively at the open door.

"It's no so wet as it was; come away, mother, now," said Colin, "there's nae fears o' him." And the lad pointed half with an assertion, half with an inquiry, towards the inner room. It was an unlucky moment for the shy hero; for just then big Colin of Ramore appeared with Sir Thomas at the door.

"This is the boy that saved my son," said Harry's father. "You are a brave fellow; neither he nor I will ever forget it. Let me know if there is anything I can serve you in, and to the best of my exertions I will help you as you have helped me. What does he say?"

"I say," said Colin the younger, with fierce blushes, "that it wasna me. I've done naething to be thanked for. Yon fellow swims like a fish, and he saved himself."

And then there came an answering voice from the inner room—a boy's voice subdued out of its natural falsetto into feminine tones of weakness. "He's telling a lie, that fellow there," cried the other from his bed; "he picked me up when I was about done for. I'll fight him, if he likes, as soon as I'm able! But that's a lie he tells you; that's him—that Campbell fellow there."

Upon which young Colin of Ramore clenched his fists in his wet pockets, and faced towards the door, which Dugald Macfarlane's wife closed softly, looking out upon

him, shaking her head and holding up a finger to impose silence; the two fathers meanwhile looked in each other's faces. The English baronet and the Scotch farmer both broke into a low, unsteady laugh, and then with an impulse of fellowship, mutually extended their hands.

"We have nae reason to think shame of our sons," said Colin Campbell with his Scotch dignity; "as for service or reward that is neither here nor there; what my boy did your boy would do if he had the chance, and there's nae mair to be said that I can see."

"There's a great deal more to be said," said Sir Thomas; "Lady Frankland will call on Mrs. Campbell, and thank that brave boy of yours; and if you think I can forget such a service,—I tell you there's a great deal more to be said," said the sportsman, breaking down suddenly with a little effusion, of which he was half ashamed.

"The gentleman's right, Colin," said the mistress of Ramore. "God be thanked for the twa laddies! My heart was breaking for the English lady. God be thanked! That's a' there is to say. But I'll be real glad to see that open-hearted callant when he's well, and his mother too," said the farmer's wife, turning her soft eyes upon Sir Thomas, with a gracious response to the overflowing of his heart. Sir Thomas took off his hat to her as respectfully as he would have done to the queen, when she took her husband's strong arm, and followed Colin, who by this time, with his hands in his pockets, and his heart beating loudly, was half-way to Ramore; and now they had other topics besides that unfailing one of the new minister to talk of on the way.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS IN THE UNITED STATES. —The following is believed to be a correct estimate of the number of naturalized citizens residing in the United States, with the countries whence they have originated: Ireland, 1,611,800; German States, 1,168,000; England, 430,000; British America, 250,000; France, 106,000; Scotland, 105,000; Switzerland, 54,000; Wales, 45,000; Norway, 43,000; Holland, 29,000; Italy, 10,000; Denmark, 10,000; Belgium, 9,000; Poland, 7,000; Mexico, 6,000; the Antilles, 7,000; China, 5,000; Portugal, 4,000;

Prussia, 3,000; Turkey, 2,800; various countries, 204,000; total, 4,136,000.

ONE of the most curious farming customs in the heights of Thibet is that of stuffing quantities of hay among the higher branches of trees—the snow in winter lying five or six yards deep, and the sheep, which abound in these districts, being then able to get at the hay. This makes us think of Baron Munchausen with his horse tied to the church steeple.

A WINTER SERMON.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
 Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes ;
 While houseless wretches round thy mansion
 roam,
 On whose unsheltered heads the torrent splashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
 O'er which thine eyes in stated languor wander ;
 Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
 Or feast on fragments which thy servants
 squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
 When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally ;
 Many have scarce a rag about them cast,
 With which the frosted breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet the kiss of love,
 When thy light step resounds within the portal ;
 Some have no friend save Him who dwells above,
 No sweet communion with a fellow-mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,
 Lulled by the power of luxuries unnumbered ;
 Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
 Never again to wake when they have slum-
 bered.

Then think of those who, formed of kindred clay,
 Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters,
 And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
 They are his children, though in rags and tat-
 ters.

—*Household Words.*

SONG.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
 My old sorrow wakes and cries,
 For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
 And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
 Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
 And the icy founts run free,
 And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
 And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
 And my love that loved me so !
 Is there never a chink in the world above
 Where they listen for words from below ?
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
 I remember all that I said,
 And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
 To the ice-fields and the snow ;
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
 And the end I could not know.
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
 Whom that day I held not dear ?
 How could I know I should love thee away
 When I did not love thee anear ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
 With the faded bents o'erspread,

We shall stand no more by the seething main
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
 We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
 Where thy last farewell was said ;
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee
 again
 When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELOW.

SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

My husband's a blacksmith, and where will you
 find
 A man more industrious, faithful, and kind ?
 He's determined to thrive, and in that we agree,
 For the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Though dark his complexion and grimy his shirt,
 Hard and horny his hand, and disfigured with
 dirt ;
 Yet in that rude casket a jewel I see,
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Ere Aurora's fair nymphs chase the night from
 the skies,
 Ere the sun pierce the glooming, from bed he
 does rise,
 Ere the lark leaves her nest, at his forge he will
 be,
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Though to labor he owns, we are far from being
 poor,
 Industry has banished gaunt want from our door ;
 For the blacksmith's a man independent and free,
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

At a distance from home I have seen with delight,
 The red sparks from his chimney illumine the
 night,
 And have heard the fast strokes on the anvil re-
 bound,
 And my heart has leaped up at the musical
 sound.

Those strokes on the anvil, say, what do they
 prove ?
 Forethought and affection, industry and love ;
 A resolve to be honest, respected, and free !
 That's the tune on the anvil that's music to me.

WIND MUSIC.

A TUNE that keeps no earthly time or measure,
 Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure ;
 Now quick in haste, now slow in languid leisure.

But always very musically sweet,
 And always sad. No little childish feet
 To its soft cadence dance along the street ;

No little childish voice breaks into singing,
 By a glad impulse like a wild bird flinging
 An echo to the sound the wind is bringing.

Rather the child, although scarce knowing why,
 Hearing this music, passes slowly by,
 And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING WILD ROSES BLOOM-
ING BESIDE THE RAILWAY TRACK.

On its straight iron pathway the long train was
rushing,

With its noise, and its smoke, and its great hu-
man load ;

And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blush-
ing,

Fresh and sweet by the side of the hot, dusty
road.

Untrained were its branches, untended it flour-
ished,

No eye watched its opening, or mourned its
decay,

But its leaves by the soft dews of heaven were
nourished,

And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there, where none prized its
beauty ?

For of thousands who passed none had leisure
to stay :

And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my
duty.

I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway, whose spirits
are willing

To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by ;
But the dew from above on their leaves is distil-
ling,

And they bloom 'neath the smile of the All-
seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few ; like the rose they re-
mind us,

When tempted from duty's safe pathway to
stray,

We, too, have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the
way. S.

—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

THE QUESTION OF COLOR.

AM I not a Man and a Brother ?

No, replies Anthropology,
Less like than one ape's like another,

Distinct in craniology ;
The form of your head and your face is
Inferior in particular ;

Your jaw projects more than our race's ;
Your front's less perpendicular.

Besides that, your skin is dyed sable.

You have also bones more ponderous ;
Their weight is so considerable,

Alone it sinks you under us.
Your shanks, too, present a deflection
From rectilinearity :

We hold your long arms an objection
As dead against your parity.

Your great-toes are formed for prehension,
Like thumbs ; to true humanity,
They prove, beyond contention,
That all your claims are vanity.
Your heel than our own's rather longer ;
Your hair is likewise woolly ; you
Are the weaker, and we are the stronger ;
So we've a right to bully you.

How strange will this new information

Appear to that Society

Combined for your emancipation !

Perchance 'twill shock their piety :

Perhaps it may stagger Lord Brougham :

With more, too old to learn it, he

Will uphold, for all we can show 'em,

Your manhood and fraternity.

—*Punch.*

OPERA IN CHANCERY.

WHAT is all this quarrel in which Colonel Knox
Against Mr. Gye is uplifting his Vox ?

One's sense of the fitness of things it quite shocks
When Harmony's friends give each other hard
knocks.

Why, the case is just this. The brave Colonel
had crocks

Full of gold, and no end of consols in the stocks,
And debentures, for aught that I know, in the
Docks ;

Of which tin, with true friendship (like that of
Miss Tox),

He advanced heavy sums, but demanded a box,
To be kept every night, which in Latin is *nox*,
For his own occupation, no matter what flocks
Should crowd to the Opera and ask for it. *Mox*,
One night of a run upon Leader and Cock's,
And other librarians, for boxes ; when rocks
Had melted at prayers of young ladies in frocks
In the height of the fashion,—a keeper unlocks
The box set apart for the brave Colonel Knox.

It was nine of the night by the watches and
clocks,

When he comes to the house, with his elegant
hocks

Invested in oh, the most beautiful socks,
And finds in possession a party that blocks
His entrance, and all his remonstrances mocks.
He might have gone off and beheld *Box and*

Cox,

Or to chapel, to Spurgeon's, to Binney's, or
Brock's,

Or home to a novel of old Paul de Kock's,

Or to read rare Ben Jonson's fine play of *The*
Fox,

Or to Tatt's and made bets upon horses and
jocks,

Or to good Paddy Green's to hear music of
Locke's ;

But no, on his mouth there hath tramped the
Big Ox,

And he says there's a partnership. Firm :
"Gye and Knox."

—*Punch.*

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1024.—16 January, 1864.

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PRAYERS WHICH MAY BE USED DURING THE PRESENT TROUBLES, BY INDIVIDUALS, IN FAMILIES,
IN MEETINGS FOR PRAYER, AND IN CHURCHES.

A. POTTER, *Bishop, etc.*

Philadelphia, April 23d, 1861.

PRAYER IN TIME OF PUBLIC CALAMITIES, DANGERS, OR DIFFICULTIES.

O most mighty God ! King of kings and Lord of lords, without whose care the watchman waketh but in vain, we implore, in this our time of need, thy succor and blessing in behalf of our rulers and magistrates, and of all the people of this land. Remember not our many and great transgressions ; turn from us the judgments which we feel, and the yet greater judgments which we fear ; and give us wisdom to discern, and faithfulness to do, and patience to endure, whatsoever shall be well-pleasing in thy sight ; that so thy chastenings may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and that at the last we may rejoice in thy salvation ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

PRAYER DURING OUR PRESENT NATIONAL TROUBLES.

O ALMIGHTY God, who art a strong tower of defence to those who put their trust in thee, whose power no creature is able to resist, we make our humble cry to thee in this hour of our country's need. Thy property is always to have mercy. Deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities ; but stretch forth the right hand of thy Majesty, and be our defence, for thy name's sake. Have pity upon our brethren who are in arms against the constituted authorities of the land, and show them the error of their way. Shed upon the counsels of our rulers the spirit of wisdom and moderation and firmness, and unite the hearts of our people as the heart of one man in upholding the supremacy of law, and the cause of justice and peace. Abate the violence of passion ; banish pride and prejudice from every heart, and incline us all to trust in thy righteous Providence, and to be ready for every duty. And oh, that in thy great mercy, thou wouldst hasten the return of unity and concord to our borders, and so order all things that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These things, and whatever else thou shalt see to be necessary and convenient for us, we humbly beg through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

PRAYER FOR THOSE EXPOSED TO DANGER.

ALMIGHTY God, the Saviour of all men, we humbly commend to thy tender care and sure protection, thy servants who have gone forth at the call of their country, to defend its government and to protect us in our property and homes. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, be over them ; let thy Holy Spirit be with them ; let thy good angels have charge of them ; with thy loving-kindness defend them as with a shield, and either bring them out of their peril in safety, with a heart to show forth thy praises forever, or else sustain them with that glorious hope, by which alone thy servants can have victory in suffering and death ; through the sole merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

O ALMIGHTY God, King of all kings, and Governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent, save and deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies ; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices ; that we, being armed with thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify thee, who art the only Giver of all victory ; through the merits of thy only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND ALL IN AUTHORITY.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority ; and so replenish them with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way. Endue them plenteously with thy heavenly gifts ; grant them in health and prosperity long to live ; and finally after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR UNITY.

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace, give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord ; that as there is but one body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all ; so we may henceforth be all of one heart and one soul, united in the holy bond of truth, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ATTEMPTS AT CLASSIC METRES IN QUANTITY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

Hexameters and Pentameters.

THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music
of Homer!

No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.

When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses,
in England?

When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?

Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!

MILTON.

Alcaics.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,

O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,

God-gifted organ-voice of England,

Milton, a name to resound for ages;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,

Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,

Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean

Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,

The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,

And bloom profuse and cedar arches

Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,

Where some refulgent sunset of India

Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,

And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods

Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Heptasyllabics.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,

Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,

Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem

All composed in a metre of Catullus,

All in quantity, careful of my motion,

Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,

Lest I fall unawares before the people,

Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.

Should I flounder awhile without a tumble

Thro' this metrification of Catullus,

They should speak to me not without a welcome,

All that chorus of indolent reviewers.

Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,

So fantastical is the dainty metre.

Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me

Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.

O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—

Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—

As some exquisite rose, a piece of inmost

Horticultural art, or half coquette-like

Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

Some, and among these one at least of our
best and greatest, have endeavored to give

us the *Iliad* in English hexameters, and by what appears to me their failure, have gone far to prove the impossibility of the task. I have long held by our blank verse in this matter, and now, after having spoken so disrespectfully here of these hexameters, I venture, or rather feel bound, to subjoin a specimen, however brief and with whatever demerits, of a blank-verse translation.

He ceased, and sealike roar'd the Trojan host,
And loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted * wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and
heaped

Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Rolled the rich vapor far into the heaven.

And these all night sat on the bridge of war
Triumphant; many a fire before them blazed:

As when in heaven the stars about the moon

Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,

And every height comes out, and jutting peak

And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all the stars

Shine, and the hind rejoices in his heart:

So many a fire between the ships and stream

Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,

A thousand on the plain; and close by each

Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;

And champing golden grain their horses stood,

† Hard by the chariots, waiting for the dawn.

—*Iliad* 8. 542–561.

* Or, "wine sweet to the mind," but I use this epithet simply as a synonym of "sweet."

† Or, if something like the spondaic close of the line be required,—

"And waited—by their chariots—the fair dawn."

Or more literally,—

"And, champing the white barley and spelt, their
steeds

Stood by the cars, waiting the throned morn."

BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling!

He's been in our ship but a year;

He is not yet versed in our lingo,

Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But soon he'll learn more of the billows,

And learn the salt taste of the wave;

One voyage, tho' short, is sufficient,

Our ports are the Cradle and Grave!

—*Chambers's Journal*.

PART II.

COUSIN HOLMAN gave me the weekly county newspaper to read aloud to her, while she mended stockings out of a high piled-up basket, Phillis helping her mother. I read and read, unregardful of the words I was uttering, thinking of all manner of other things; of the bright color of Phillis's hair, as the afternoon sun fell on her bending head; of the silence of the house, which enabled me to hear the double tick of the old clock, which stood half-way up the stairs; of the variety of inarticulate noises which Cousin Holman made while I read, to show her sympathy, wonder, or horror at the newspaper intelligence. The tranquil monotony of that hour made me feel as if I had lived forever, and should live forever, droning out paragraphs in that warm, sunny room, with my two quiet hearers, and the curled-up pussy-cat sleeping on the hearth-rug, and the clock on the house-stairs perpetually clicking out the passage of the moments. By and by Betty, the servant, came to the door into the kitchen, and made a sign to Phillis, who put her half-mended stocking down, and went away to the kitchen without a word. Looking at Cousin Holman a minute or two afterwards, I saw that she had dropped her chin upon her breast, and had fallen fast asleep. I put the newspaper down, and was nearly following her example, when a waft of air from some unseen source, slightly opened the door of communication with the kitchen, that Phillis must have left unfastened; and I saw part of her figure as she sat by the dresser, peeling apples with quick dexterity of finger, but with repeated turnings of her head towards some book lying on the dresser by her. I softly rose, and as softly went into the kitchen, and looked over her shoulder; before she was aware of my neighborhood, I had seen that the book was in a language unknown to me, and the running title was "*L'Inferno*." Just as I was making out the relationship of this word to "*infernal*," she started and turned round, and, as if continuing her thought as she spoke, she sighed out,—

"Oh, it is so difficult! Can you help me?" putting her finger below a line.

"Me! I! Not I! I don't even know what language it is in!"

"Don't you see it is Dante?" she replied, almost petulantly; she did so want help.

"Italian, then?" said I, dubiously; for I was not quite sure.

"Yes. And I do so want to make it out! Father can help me a little, for he knows Latin; but then he has so little time."

"You have not much, I should think, if you have often to try and do two things at once, as you are doing now."

"Oh! that's nothing! Father bought a heap of old books cheap. And I knew something about Dante before; and I have always liked Virgil so much! Paring apples is nothing, if I could only make out this old Italian. I wish you knew it."

"I wish I did," said I, moved by her impetuosity of tone. "If, now, only Mr. Holdsworth were here; he can speak Italian like anything, I believe."

"Who is Mr. Holdsworth?" said Phillis, looking up.

"Oh, he's our head engineer. He's a regular first-rate fellow! He can do anything," my hero-worship and my pride in my chief all coming into play. Besides, if I was not clever and book-learned myself, it was something to belong to some one who was.

"How is it that he speaks Italian?" asked Phillis.

"He had to make a railway through Piedmont, which is in Italy, I believe; and he had to talk to all the workmen in Italian; and I have heard him say that for nearly two years he had only Italian books to read in the queer, outlandish places he was in."

"Oh, dear!" said Phillis; "I wish—" and then she stopped. I was not quite sure whether to say the next thing that came into my mind: but I said it.

"Could I ask him anything about your book, or your difficulties?" She was silent for a minute or two, and then she made reply,—

"No! I think not. Thank you very much, though. I can generally puzzle a thing out in time. And then, perhaps, I remember it better than if some one had helped me. I'll put it away now, and you must move off, for I've got to make the paste for the pies; we always have a cold dinner on sabbaths."

"But I may stay and help you, mayn't I?"

"Oh, yes; not that you can help at all, but I like to have you with me."

I was both flattered and annoyed at this straightforward avowal. I was pleased that

she liked me; but I was young coxcomb enough to have wished to play the lover, and I was quite wise enough to perceive that if she had any idea of the kind in her head she would never have spoken out so frankly. I comforted myself immediately, however, by finding out that the grapes were sour. A great tall girl in a pinafore, half a head taller than I was, reading books that I had never heard of, and talking about them, too, as of far more interest than any mere personal subjects: that was the last day on which I ever thought of my dear Cousin Phillis as the possible mistress of my heart and life. But we were all the greater friends for this idea being utterly put away and buried out of sight.

Late in the evening the minister came home from Hornby. He had been calling on the different members of his flock; and unsatisfactory work it had proved to him, it seemed from the fragments that dropped out of his thoughts into his talk.

"I don't see the men; they are all at their business, their shops, or their warehouses: they ought to be there. I have no fault to find with them; only if a pastor's teaching or words of admonition are good for anything, they are needed by the men as much as by the women."

"Cannot you go and see them in their places of business, and remind them of their Christian privileges and duties, minister?" asked Cousin Holman, who evidently thought that her husband's words could never be out of place.

"No!" said he, shaking his head. "I judge them by myself. If there are clouds in the sky, and I am getting in the hay just ready for loading, and rain sure to come in the night, I should look ill upon Brother Robinson if he came into the field to speak about serious things."

"But, at any rate, father, you do good to the women, and perhaps they repeat what you have said to them to their husbands and children?"

"It is to be hoped they do, for I cannot reach the men directly; but the women are apt to tarry before coming to me, to put on ribbons and gauds, as if they could hear the message I bear to them best in their smart clothes. Mrs. Dobson to-day—Phillis, I am thankful thou dost not care for the vanities of dress!"

Phillis reddened a little as she said, in a low, humble voice,—

"But I do, father, I'm afraid. I often wish I could wear pretty-colored ribbons round my throat like the squire's daughters."

"It's but natural, minister!" said his wife. "I'm not above liking a silk gown better than a cotton one, myself!"

"The love of dress is a temptation and a snare," said he, gravely. "The true adornment is a meek and quiet spirit. And, wife," said he, as a sudden thought crossed his mind, "in that matter I, too, have sinned. I wanted to ask you, could we not sleep in the gray room instead of our own?"

"Sleep in the gray room?—change our room at this time o' day?" Cousin Holman asked, in dismay.

"Yes," said he. "It would save me from a daily temptation to anger. Look at my chin!" he continued. "I cut it this morning—I cut it on Wednesday when I was shaving; I do not know how many times I have cut it of late, and all from impatience at seeing Timothy Cooper at his work in the yard."

"He's a downright lazy tyke!" said Cousin Holman. "He's not worth his wage. There's but little he can do, and what he can do, he does badly."

"True," said the minister. "But he is but, so to speak, a half-wit; and yet he has got a wife and children."

"More shame for him!"

"But that is past change. And if I turn him off, no one else will take him on. Yet I cannot help watching him of a morning as he goes sauntering about his work in the yard; and I watch, and I watch, till the old Adam rises strong within me at his lazy ways, and some day, I am afraid, I shall go down and send him about his business,—let alone the way in which he makes me cut myself while I'm shaving—and then his wife and children will starve. I wish we could move to the gray room."

I do not remember much more of my first visit to the Hope Farm. We went to chapel in Heathbridge, slowly and decorously walking along the lanes, ruddy and tawny with the coloring of the coming autumn. The minister walked a little before us, his hands behind his back, his head bent down, thinking about the discourse to be delivered to his

people, Cousin Holmansaid; and we spoke low and quietly, in order not to interrupt his thoughts. But I could not help noticing the respectful greetings which he received from both rich and poor as we went along,—greetings which he acknowledged with a kindly wave of his hand, but with no words of reply. As we drew near the town, I could see some of the young fellows we met cast admiring looks on Phillis; and that made me look too. She had on a white gown, and a short black silk cloak, according to the fashion of the day. A straw bonnet with brown ribbon strings; that was all. But what her dress wanted in color, her sweet bonny face had. The walk made her cheeks bloom like the rose; the very whites of her eyes had a blue tinge in them, and her dark eyelashes brought out the depth of the blue eyes themselves. Her yellow hair was put away as straight as its natural curliness would allow. If she did not perceive the admiration she excited, I am sure Cousin Holman did; for she looked as fierce and as proud as ever her quiet face could look, guarding her treasure, and yet glad to perceive that others could see that it was a treasure. That afternoon I had to return to Eltham to be ready for the next day's work. I found out afterwards that the minister and his family were all "exercised in spirit," as to whether they did well in asking me to repeat my visits at the Hope Farm, seeing that of necessity I must return to Eltham on the sabbath-day. However, they did go on asking me, and I went on visiting them, whenever my other engagements permitted me, Mr. Holdsworth being in this case, as in all, a kind and indulgent friend. Nor did my new acquaintances oust him from my strong regard and admiration. I had room in my heart for all, I am happy to say, and as far as I can remember I kept praising each to the other in a manner which, if I had been an older man, living more amongst people of the world, I should have thought unwise, as well as a little ridiculous. It was unwise, certainly, as it was almost sure to cause disappointment if ever they did become acquainted; and perhaps it was ridiculous, though I do not think we any of us thought it so at the time. The minister used to listen to my accounts of Mr. Holdsworth's many accomplishments and various adventures in travel with the truest interest, and most kindly good faith; and Mr. Holdsworth, in return, liked to hear about my

visits to the farm, and description of my cousin's life there—liked it, I mean, as much as he liked anything that was merely narrative, without leading to action.

So I went to the farm certainly, on an average, once a month during that autumn; the course of life there was so peaceful and quiet, that I can only remember one small event, and that was one that I think I took more notice of than any one else: Phillis left off wearing the pinafores that had always been so obnoxious to me; I do not know why they were banished, but on one of my visits I found them replaced by pretty linen aprons in the morning, and a black silk one in the afternoon. And the blue cotton gown became a brown stuff one as winter drew on; this sounds like some book I once read, in which a migration from the blue bed to the brown was spoken of as a great family event.

Towards Christmas my dear father came to see me, and to consult Mr. Holdsworth about the improvement which has since been known as "Manning's driving wheel." Mr. Holdsworth, as I think I have before said, had a very great regard for my father, who had been employed in the same great machine-shop in which Mr. Holdsworth had served his apprenticeship; and he and my father had many mutual jokes about one of these gentlemen-apprentices who used to set about his smith's work in white wash-leather gloves, for fear of spoiling his hands. Mr. Holdsworth often spoke to me about my father as having the same kind of genius for mechanical invention as that of George Stevenson, and my father had come over now to consult him about several improvements, as well as an offer of partnership. It was a great pleasure to me to see the mutual regard of these two men. Mr. Holdsworth, young, handsome, keen, well-dressed, an object of admiration to all the youth of Eltham; my father, in his decent but unfashionable Sunday clothes, his plain, sensible face full of hard lines, the marks of toil and thought,—his hands, blackened beyond the power of soap and water by years of labor in the foundry; speaking a strong Northern dialect, while Mr. Holdsworth had a long soft drawl in his voice, as many of the Southerners have, and was reckoned in Eltham to give himself airs.

Although most of my father's leisure time was occupied with conversations about the business I have mentioned, he felt that he

ought not to leave Eltham without going to pay his respects to the relations who had been so kind to his son. So he and I ran up on an engine along the incomplete line as far as Heathbridge, and went, by invitation, to spend a day at the farm.

It was odd and yet pleasant to me to perceive how these two men, each having led, up to this point, such totally dissimilar lives, seemed to come together by instinct, after one quiet, straight look into each other's faces. My father was a thin, wiry man of five foot seven; the minister was a broad-shouldered, fresh-colored man of six foot one; they were neither of them great talkers in general,—perhaps the minister the most so,—but they spoke much to each other. My father went into the fields with the minister; I think I see him now, with his hands behind his back, listening intently to all explanations of tillage, and the different processes of farming; occasionally taking up an implement, as if unconsciously, and examining it with a critical eye, and now and then asking a question, which I could see was considered as pertinent by his companion. Then we returned to look at the cattle, housed and bedded in expectation of the snow-storm hanging black on the western horizon, and my father learned the points of a cow with as much attention as if he meant to turn farmer. He had his little book that he used for mechanical memoranda and measurements in his pockets, and he took it out to write down “straight back,” “small muzzle,” “deep barrel,” and I know not what else, under the head “cow.” He was very critical on a turnip-cutting machine, the clumsiness of which first incited him to talk; and when we went into the house he sat thinking and quiet for a bit, while Phillis and her mother made the last preparations for tea, with a little unheeded apology from Cousin Holman, because we were not sitting in the best parlor, which she thought might be chilly on so cold a night. I wanted nothing better than the blazing, crackling fire that sent a glow over all the house-place, and warmed the snowy flags under our feet till they seemed to have more heat than the crimson rug right in front of the fire. After tea, as Phillis and I were talking together very happily, I heard an irrepressible exclamation from Cousin Holman,—

“Whatever is the man about!”

And on looking round, I saw my father

taking a straight burning stick out of the fire, and, after waiting for a minute, and examining the charred end to see if it was fitted for his purpose, he went to the hard-wood dresser, scoured to the last pitch of whiteness and cleanliness, and began drawing with the stick, the best substitute for chalk or charcoal within his reach; for his pocket-book pencil was not strong or bold enough for his purpose. When he had done, he began to explain his new model of a turnip-cutting machine to the minister, who had been watching him in silence all the time. Cousin Holman had, in the mean time, taken a duster out of a drawer, and, under pretence of being as much interested as her husband in the drawing, was secretly trying on an outside mark how easily it would come off, and whether it would leave her dresser as white as before. Then Phillis was sent for the book on dynamics, about which I had been consulted during my first visit, and my father had to explain many difficulties, which he did in language as clear as his mind, making drawings with his stick wherever they were needed as illustrations, the minister sitting with his massive head resting on his hands, his elbows on the table, almost unconscious of Phillis, leaning over and listening greedily, with her hand on his shoulder, sucking in information like her father's own daughter. I was rather sorry for Cousin Holman; I had been so once or twice before; for, do what she would, she was completely unable even to understand the pleasure her husband and daughter took in intellectual pursuits, much less to care in the least herself for the pursuits themselves, and was thus unavoidably thrown out of some of their interests. I had once or twice thought she was a little jealous of her own child, as a fitter companion for her husband than she was herself; and I fancied the minister himself was aware of this feeling; for I had noticed an occasional sudden change of subject, and a tenderness of appeal in his voice as he spoke to her, which always made her look contented and peaceful again. I do not think that Phillis ever perceived these little shadows; in the first place, she had such complete reverence for her parents that she listened to them both as if they had been St. Peter and St. Paul; and besides, she was always too much engrossed with any matter in hand to think about other people's manners and looks.

This night I could see, though she did not, how much she was winning on my father. She asked a few questions which showed that she had followed his explanations up to that point; possibly, too, her unusual beauty might have something to do with his favorable impression of her; but he made no scruple of expressing his admiration of her to her father and mother in her absence from the room; and from that evening I date a project of his which came out to me a day or two afterwards, as we sat in my little three-cornered room in Eltham.

"Paul," he began, "I never thought to be a rich man; but I think it's coming upon me. Some folk are making a deal of my new machine" (calling it by its technical name), "and Ellison, of the Borough Green Works, has gone so far as to ask me to be his partner."

"Mr. Ellison, the Justice! who lives in King Street? Why, he drives his carriage!" said I, doubting, yet exultant.

"Ay, lad, John Ellison. But that's no sign that I shall drive my carriage, though I should like to save thy mother walking; for she's not so young as she was. But that's a long way off, anyhow. I reckon I should start with a third profit. It might be seven hundred, or it might be more. I should like to have the power to work out some fancies o' mine. I care for that much more than for th' brass. And Ellison has no lads; and by nature the business would come to thee in course o' time. Ellison's lasses are but bits o' things, and are not like to come by husbands just yet; and when they do, maybe they'll not be in the mechanical line. It will be an opening for thee, lad, if thou art steady. Thou'rt not great shakes, I know, in th' inventing line; but many a one gets on better without having fancies for something he does not see and never has seen. I'm right down glad to see that mother's cousins are such uncommon folk for sense and goodness. I have taken the minister to my heart like a brother; and she is a womanly, quiet sort of a body. And I'll tell you frank, Paul, it will be a happy day for me if ever you can come and teil me that Phillis Holman is like to be my daughter. I think, if that lass had not a penny, she would be the making of a man; and she'll have yon house and lands, and you may be her match yet in fortune, if all goes well."

I was growing as red as fire; I did not know what to say, and yet I wanted to say something; but the idea of having a wife of my own at some future day, though it had often floated about in my own head, sounded so strange when it was thus first spoken about by my father. He saw my confusion, and half smiling said,—

"Well, lad, what dost say to the old father's plans? Thou art but young, to be sure; but when I was thy age, I would ha' given my right hand if I might ha' thought of the chance of wedding the lass I cared for—"

"My mother?" asked I, a little struck by the change of his tone of voice.

"No! not thy mother. Thy mother is a very good woman—none better. No! the lass I cared for at nineteen ne'er knew how I loved her, and a year or two after and she was dead, and ne'er knew. I think she would ha' been glad to ha' known it, poor Molly; but I had to leave the place where we lived for to try to earn my bread—and I meant to come back—but before ever I did, she was dead and gone: I ha' never gone there since. But if you fancy Phillis Holman, and can get her to fancy you, my lad, it shall go different with you, Paul, to what it did with your father."

I took counsel with myself very rapidly, and I came to a clear conclusion.

"Father," said I, "if I fancied Phillis ever so much, she would never fancy me. I like her as much as I could like a sister; and she likes me as if I were her brother—her younger brother."

I could see my father's countenance fall a little.

"You see she's so clever, she's more like a man than a woman; she knows Latin and Greek."

"She'd forget 'em, if she'd a houseful of children," was my father's comment on this.

"But she knows many a thing besides, and is wise as well as learned; she has been so much with her father. She would never think much of me, and I should like my wife to think a deal of her husband."

"It is not just book-learning or the want of it as makes a wife think much or little of her husband," replied my father, evidently unwilling to give up a project which had taken deep root in his mind. "It's a something—I don't rightly know how to call it—

if he's manly, and sensible, and straightforward; and I reckon you're that, my boy."

"I don't think I should like to have a wife taller than I am, father," said I, smiling; he smiled too, but not heartily.

"Well," said he, after a pause. "It's but a few days I've been thinking of it, but I'd got as fond of my notion as if it had been a new engine as I'd been planning out. Here's our Paul, thinks I to myself, a good, sensible breed o' lad, as has never vexed or troubled his mother or me; with a good business opening out before him, age nineteen, not so bad-looking, though perhaps not to call handsome; and here's his cousin, not too near a cousin, but just nice, as one may say; aged seventeen, good and true, and well brought up to work with her hands as well as her head; a scholar,—but that can't be helped, and is more her misfortune than her fault, seeing she is the only child of a scholar—and as I said afore, once she's a wife and a mother she'll forget it all, I'll be bound,—with a good fortune in land and house when it shall please the Lord to take her parents to himself; with eyes like poor Molly's for beauty, a color that comes and goes on a milk-white skin, and as pretty a mouth—"

"Why, Mr. Manning, what fair lady are you describing?" asked Mr. Holdsworth, who had come quickly and suddenly upon our *tête-à-tête*, and had caught my father's last words as he entered the room.

Both my father and I felt rather abashed; it was such an odd subject for us to be talking about; but my father, like a straightforward, simple man as he was, spoke out the truth.

"I've been telling Paul of Ellison's offer, and saying how good an opening it made for him—"

"I wish I'd as good," said Mr. Holdsworth. "But has the business a 'pretty mouth'?"

"You're always so full of your joking, Mr. Holdsworth," said my father. "I was going to say that if he and his cousin, Phillis Holman, liked to make it up between them, I would put no spoke in the wheel."

"Phillis Holman!" said Mr. Holdsworth. "Is she the daughter of the minister-farmer out at Heathbridge? Have I been helping on the course of true love by letting you go there so often? I knew nothing of it."

"There is nothing to know," said I, more

annoyed than I chose to show. "There is no more true love in the case than may be between the first brother and sister you may choose to meet. I have been telling father she would never think of me; she's a great deal taller and cleverer; and I'd rather be taller and more learned than my wife when I have one."

"And it is she, then, that has the pretty mouth your father spoke about? I should think that would be an antidote to the cleverness and learning. But I ought to apologize for breaking in upon your last night; I came upon business to your father."

And then he and my father began to talk about many things that had no interest for me just then, and I began to go over again my conversation with my father. The more I thought about it the more I felt that I had spoken truly about my feelings towards Phillis Holman. I loved her dearly as a sister, but I could never fancy her as my wife. Still less could I think of her ever—yes, *condescending*, that is the word—condescending to marry me. I was roused from a reverie on what I should like my possible wife to be, by hearing my father's warm praise of the minister, as a most unusual character; how they had got back from the diameter of driving-wheels to the subject of the Holmans I could never tell; but I saw that my father's weighty praises were exciting some curiosity in Mr. Holdsworth's mind; indeed, he said, almost in a voice of reproach,—

"Why, Paul, you never told me what kind of a fellow this minister-cousin of yours was!"

"I don't know that I found out, sir," said I; "but if I had, I don't think you'd have listened to me as you have done to my father."

"No! most likely not, old fellow," replied Mr. Holdsworth, laughing. And again and afresh I saw what a handsome, pleasant, clear face his was; and though this evening I had been a bit put out with him,—through his sudden coming, and his having heard my father's open-hearted confidence,—my hero resumed all his empire over me by his bright, merry laugh.

And if he had not resumed his old place that night, he would have done so the next day, when, after my father's departure, Mr. Holdsworth spoke about him with such just respect for his character, such ungrudging ad-

miration of his great mechanical genius, that I was compelled to say, almost unawares,—

“Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged to you.”

“Oh, you’re not at all. I am only speaking the truth. Here’s a Birmingham workman, self-educated, one may say—having never associated with stimulating minds, or had what advantages travel and contact with the world may be supposed to afford—working out his own thoughts into steel and iron, making a scientific name for himself—a fortune, if it pleases him to work for money—and keeping his singleness of heart, his perfect simplicity of manner; it puts me out of patience to think of my expensive schooling, my travels hither and thither, my heaps of scientific books, and I have done nothing to speak of. But it’s evidently good blood; there’s that Mr. Holman, that cousin of yours, made of the same stuff.”

“But he’s only cousin because he married my mother’s second cousin,” said I.

“That knocks a pretty theory on the head, and twice over, too. I should like to make Holman’s acquaintance.”

“I am sure they would be so glad to see you at Hope Farm,” said I, eagerly. “In fact, they’ve asked me to bring you several times; only I thought you would find it dull.”

“Not at all. I can’t go yet though, even if you do get me an invitation; for the —— Company wants me to go to the —— Valley, and look over the ground a bit for them, to see if it would do for a branch line. It’s a job which may take me away for some time; but I shall be backwards and forwards, and you’re quite up to doing what is needed in my absence; the only work that may be beyond you is keeping old Jevons from drinking.”

He went on giving me directions about the management of the men employed on the line, and no more was said then, or for several months, about his going to Hope Farm. He went off into —— Valley, a dark, overshadowed dale, where the sun seemed to set behind the hills before four o’clock on midsummer afternoon.

Perhaps it was this that brought on the attack of low fever which he had soon after the beginning of the new year; he was very ill for many weeks, almost many months; a married sister—his only relation, I think—came down from London to nurse him, and I

went over to him when I could, to see him, and give him “masculine news,” as he called it,—reports of the progress of the line, which, I am glad to say, I was able to carry on in his absence, in the slow, gradual way which suited the company best, while trade was in a languid state, and money dear in the market. Of course, with this occupation for my scanty leisure, I did not often go over to Hope Farm. Whenever I did go, I met with a thorough welcome; and many inquiries were made as to Holdsworth’s illness, and the progress of his recovery.

At length, in June I think it was, he was sufficiently recovered to come back to his lodgings at Eltham, and resume part at least of his work. His sister, Mrs. Robinson, had been obliged to leave him some weeks before, owing to some epidemic amongst her own children. As long as I had seen Mr. Holdsworth in the rooms at the little inn at Hensleydale, where I had been accustomed to look upon him as an invalid, I had not been aware of the visible shake his fever had given to his health. But, once back in the old lodgings, where I had always seen him so buoyant, eloquent, decided, and vigorous in former days, my spirits sank at the change in one whom I had always regarded with a strong feeling of admiring affection. He sank into silence and despondency after the least exertion; he seemed as if he could not make up his mind to any action, or else that, when it was made up, he lacked strength to carry out his purpose. Of course, it was but the natural state of slow convalescence, after so sharp an illness; but, at the time, I did not know this, and perhaps I represented his state as more serious than it was to my kind relations at Hope Farm; who, in their grave, simple, eager way, immediately thought of the only help they could give.

“Bring him out here,” said the minister. “Our air here is good to a proverb; the June days are fine; he may loiter away his time in the hayfield, and the sweet smells will be a balm in themselves—better than physic.”

“And,” said Cousin Holman, scarcely waiting for her husband to finish his sentence, “tell him there is new milk and fresh eggs to be had for the asking; it’s lucky Daisy has just calved, for her milk is always as good as other cows’ cream; and there is the plaid room with the morning sun all streaming in.”

Phillis said nothing, but looked as much interested in the project as any one. I took it up myself. I wanted them to see him; him to know them. I proposed it to him when I got home. He was too languid after the day's fatigue, to be willing to make the little exertion of going amongst strangers; and disappointed me by almost declining to accept the invitation I brought. The next morning it was different; he apologized for his ungraciousness of the night before; and told me that he would get all things in train, so as to be ready to go out with me to Hope Farm on the following Saturday.

"For you must go with me, Manning," said he; "I used to be as impudent a fellow as need be, and rather liked going amongst strangers, and making my way; but since my illness I am almost like a girl, and turn hot and cold with shyness, as they do, I fancy."

So it was fixed. We were to go out to Hope Farm on Saturday afternoon; and it was also understood that if the air and the life suited Mr. Holdsworth, he was to remain there for a week or ten days, doing what work he could at that end of the line, while I took his place at Eltham to the best of my ability. I grew a little nervous, as the time drew near, and wondered how the brilliant Holdsworth would agree with the quiet, quaint family of the minister; how they would like him, and many of his half-foreign ways. I tried to prepare him, by telling him from time to time little things about the goings-on at Hope Farm.

"Manning," said he, "I see you don't think I am half good enough for your friends. Out with it, man."

"No," I replied, boldly. "I think you are good; but I don't know if you are quite of their kind of goodness."

"And you've found out already that there is a greater chance of disagreement between two 'kinds of goodness,' each having its own idea of right, than between a given goodness and a moderate degree of naughtiness—which last often arises from an indifference to right?"

"I don't know. I think you're talking metaphysics, and I am sure that is bad for you."

"When a man talks to you in a way that you don't understand about a thing which he does not understand, them's metaphysics."

You remember the clown's definition, don't you, Manning?"

"No, I don't," said I. "But what I do understand is, that you must go to bed; and tell me at what time we must start to-morrow, that I may go to Hepworth, and get those letters written we were talking about this morning."

"Wait till to-morrow, and let us see what the day is like," he answered, with such languid indecision as showed me he was overfatigued. So I went my way.

The morrow was blue and sunny and beautiful; the very perfection of an early summer's day. Mr. Holdsworth was all impatience to be off into the country; morning had brought back his freshness of strength, and consequent eagerness to be doing. I was afraid we were going to my cousin's farm rather too early—before they would expect us; but what could I do with such a restless, vehement man as Holdsworth was that morning? We came down upon the Hope Farm before the dew was off the grass on the shady side of the lane; the great house-dog was loose, basking in the sun, near the closed side-door. I was surprised at this door being shut, for all summer long it was open from morning to night; but it was only on larch. I opened it, Rover watching me with half-suspicious, half-trustful eyes. The room was empty.

"I don't know where they can be," said I; "but come in and sit down while I go and look for them. You must be tired."

"Not I. This sweet, balmy air is like a thousand tonics. Besides, this room is hot, and smells of those pungent wood-ashes. What are we to do?"

"Go round to the kitchen. Betty will tell us where they are."

So we went round into the farmyard, Rover accompanying us out of a grave sense of duty. Betty was washing out her milk-pans in the cold bubbling spring-water that constantly trickled in and out of a stone trough. In such weather as this most of her kitchen-work was done out of doors.

"Eh, dear!" said she, "the minister and missus is away at Hornby! They ne'er thought of your coming so betimes! The missus had some errands to do, and she thought as she'd walk with the minister and be back by dinner-time."

"Did not they expect us to dinner?" said I.

"Well, they did, and they did not, as I may say. Missus said to me the cold lamb would do well enough if you did not come; and if you did I was to put on a chicken and some bacon to boil; and I'll go do it now, for it is hard to boil bacon enough."

"And is Phillis gone too?" Mr. Holdsworth was making friends with Rover.

"No! She's just somewhere about. I reckon you'll find her in the kitchen-garden, getting peas."

"Let us go there," said Holdsworth, suddenly leaving off his play with the dog.

So I led the way into the kitchen-garden. It was in the first promise of a summer profuse in vegetables and fruits. Perhaps it was not so much cared for as other parts of the property; but it was more attended to than most kitchen-gardens belonging to farm-houses. There were borders of flowers along each side of the gravel walks; and there was an old sheltering wall on the north side covered with tolerably choice fruit-trees; there was a slope down to the fish-pond at the end, where there were great strawberry-beds; and raspberry-bushes and rose-bushes grew wherever there was a space; it seemed a chance which had been planted. Long rows of peas stretched at right angles from the main walk, and I saw Phillis stooping down among them, before she saw us. As soon as she heard our cranching steps on the gravel, she stood up, and shading her eyes from the sun, recognized us. She was quite still for a moment, and then came slowly towards us, blushing a little from evident shyness. I had never seen Phillis shy before.

"This is Mr. Holdsworth, Phillis," said I, as soon as I had shaken hands with her. She glanced up at him, and then looked down, more flushed than ever at his grand formality of taking his hat off and bowing; such manners had never been seen at Hope Farm before.

"Father and mother are out. They will be so sorry. You did not write, Paul, as you said you would."

"It was my fault," said Holdsworth, understanding what she meant as well as if she had put it more fully into words. "I have not yet given up all the privileges of an invalid, one of which is indecision. Last night, when your cousin asked me at what time we were to start, I really could not make up my mind."

Phillis seemed as if she could not make up her mind as to what to do with us. I tried to help her.

"Have you finished getting peas?" taking hold of the half-filled basket she was unconsciously holding in her hand; "or may we stay and help you?"

"If you would. But perhaps it will tire you, sir?" added she, speaking now to Holdsworth.

"Not a bit," said he. "It will carry me back twenty years in my life, when I used to gather peas in my grandfather's garden. I suppose I may eat a few as I go along?"

"Certainly, sir. But if you went to the strawberry-beds you would find some strawberries ripe, and Paul can show you where they are."

"I am afraid you distrust me. I can assure you I know the exact fulness at which peas should be gathered. I take great care not to pluck them when they are unripe. I will not be turned off, as unfit for my work."

This was a style of half-joking talk that Phillis was not accustomed to. She looked for a moment as if she would have liked to defend herself from the playful charge of distrust made against her, but she ended by not saying a word. We all plucked our peas in busy silence for the next five minutes. Then Holdsworth lifted himself up from between the rows, and said, a little wearily—

"I am afraid I must strike work. I am not as strong as I fancied myself."

Phillis was full of penitence immediately. He did, indeed, look pale; and she blamed herself for having allowed him to help her.

"It was very thoughtless of me. I did not know—I thought, perhaps, you really liked it. I ought to have offered you something to eat, sir! O Paul, we have gathered quite enough; how stupid I was to forget that Mr. Holdsworth had been ill!" And in a blushing hurry she led the way towards the house. We went in, and she moved a heavy cushioned chair forwards, into which Holdsworth was only too glad to sink. Then with deft and quiet speed she brought in a little tray, wine, water, cake, home-made bread, and newly churned butter. She stood by in some anxiety till, after bite and sup, the color returned to Mr. Holdsworth's face, and he would fain have made us some laughing apologies for the fright he had given us. But then Phillis drew back from her inno-

cent show of care and interest, and relapsed into the cold shyness habitual to her when she was first thrown into the company of strangers. She brought out the last week's county paper (which Mr. Holdsworth had read five days ago) and then quietly withdrew; and then he subsided into languor, leaning back and shutting his eyes, as if he would go to sleep. I stole into the kitchen after Phillis; but she had made the round of the corner of the house outside, and I found her sitting on the horse-mount, with her basket of peas, and a basin into which she was shelling them. Rover lay at her feet, snapping now and then at the flies. I went to her, and tried to help her; but somehow the sweet, crisp young peas found their way more frequently into my mouth than into the basket, while we talked together in a low tone, fearful of being overheard through the open casements of the house-place in which Holdsworth was resting.

"Don't you think him handsome?" I asked.

"Perhaps—yes—I have hardly looked at him," she replied. "But is not he very like a foreigner?"

"Yes, he cuts his hair foreign fashion," said I.

"I like an Englishman to look like an Englishman."

"I don't think he thinks about it. He says he began that way when he was in Italy, because everybody wore it so, and it is natural to keep it on in England."

"Not if he began it in Italy because everybody there wore it so. Everybody here wears it differently."

I was a little offended with Phillis's logical fault-finding with my friend; and I determined to change the subject.

"When is your mother coming home?"

"I should think she might come any time now; but she had to go and see Mrs. Morton, who was ill, and she might be kept, and not be home till dinner. Don't you think you ought to go and see how Mr. Holdsworth is going on, Paul? He may be faint again."

I went at her bidding; but there was no need for it. Mr. Holdsworth was up, standing by the window, his hands in his pockets; he had evidently been watching us. He turned away as I entered.

"So that is the girl I found your good

father planning for your wife, Paul, that evening when I interrupted you! Are you of the same coy mind still? It did not look like it a minute ago."

"Phillis and I understand each other," I replied, sturdily. "We are like brother and sister. She would not have me as a husband, if there was not another man in the world; and it would take a deal to make me think of her—as my father wishes" (somehow I did not like to say "as a wife"), "but we love each other dearly."

"Well! I am rather surprised at it—not at your loving each other in a brother-and-sister kind of way—but at your finding it so impossible to fall in love with such a beautiful woman."

Woman! beautiful woman! I had thought of Phillis as a comely but awkward girl; and I could not banish the pinafore from my mind's eye when I tried to picture her to myself. Now I turned, as Mr. Holdsworth had done, to look at her again out of the window; she had just finished her task, and was standing up, her back to us, holding the basket, and the basin in it, high in air, out of Rover's reach, who was giving vent to his delight at the probability of a change of place by glad leaps and barks, and snatches at what he imagined to be a withheld prize. At length she grew tired of their mutual play, and with a feint of striking him, and a "Down, Rover! do hush!" she looked towards the window where we were standing, as if to re-assure herself that no one had been disturbed by the noise, and seeing us, she colored all over, and hurried away, with Rover still curving in sinuous lines about her as she walked.

"I should like to have sketched her," said Mr. Holdsworth, as he turned away. He went back to his chair, and rested in silence for a minute or two. Then he was up again.

"I would give a good deal for a book," said he. "It would keep me quiet." He began to look round; there were a few volumes at one end of the shovel-board.

"Fifth volume of Matthew Henry's 'Commentary,'" said he, reading their titles aloud. "'Housewife's complete Manual;' 'Berridge on Prayer;' 'L'Inferno'—Dante!" in great surprise. "Why, who reads this?"

"I told you Phillis read it. Don't you remember? She knows Latin and Greek too."

"To be sure! I remember! But some-

how I never put two and two together. That quiet girl, full of household work, is the wonderful scholar, then, that put you to rout with her questions when you first began to come here. To be sure, 'Cousin Phillis!' What's here: a paper with the hard, obsolete words written out. I wonder what sort of a dictionary she has got. Barette won't tell her all these words. Stay! I have got a pencil here. I'll write down the most accepted meanings, and save her a little trouble."

So he took her book and the paper back to the little round table, and employed himself in writing explanations and definitions of the words which had troubled her. I was not sure if he was not taking a liberty: it did not quite please me, and yet I did not know why. He had only just done, and replaced the paper in the book, and put the latter back in its place, when I heard the sound of wheels stopping in the lane, and looking out, I saw Cousin Holman getting out of a neighbor's gig, making her little courtesy of acknowledgment, and then coming towards the house. I went out to meet her.

"O Paul!" said she, "I am so sorry I was kept; and then Thomas Dobson said if I would wait a quarter of an hour, he would—But where's your friend Mr. Holdsworth? I hope he is come!"

Just then he came out, and with his pleasant, cordial manner took her hand, and thanked her for asking him to come out here to get strong.

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, sir. It was the minister's thought. I took it into my head you would be dull in our quiet house, for Paul says you've been such a great traveller; but the minister said dulness would perhaps suit you while you were but ailing, and that I was to ask Paul to be here as much as he could. I hope you'll find yourself happy with us, I'm sure, sir. Has Phillis given you something to eat and drink, I wonder? there's a deal in eating a little often, if one has to get strong after an illness." And then she began to question him as to the details of his indisposition in her simple, motherly way. He seemed at once to understand her, and to enter into friendly relations with her. It was not quite the same in the evening when the minister came home. Men have always a little natural antipathy to get over when they first meet as strangers. But in this case each was disposed to make an effort to like

the other; only each was to each a specimen of an unknown class. I had to leave the Hope Farm on Sunday afternoon, as I had Mr. Holdsworth's work as well as my own to look to in Eltham; and I was not at all sure how things would go on during the week that Holdsworth was to remain on his visit; I had been once or twice in hot water already at the near clash of opinions between the minister and my much-vaunted friend. On the Wednesday, I received a short note from Holdsworth; he was going to stay on, and return with me on the following Sunday, and he wanted me to send him a certain list of books, his theodolite and other surveying instruments, all of which could easily be conveyed down the line to Heathbridge. I went to his lodgings and picked out the books. Italian, Latin, trigonometry; a pretty considerable parcel they made, besides the implements. I began to be curious as to the general progress of affairs at Hope Farm; but I could not go over till the Saturday. At Heathbridge I found Holdsworth, come to meet me. He was looking quite a different man to what I had left him; embrowned, sparkles in his eyes, so languid before. I told him how much stronger he looked.

"Yes!" said he. "I am fidgeting faint to be at work again. Last week I dreaded the thoughts of my employment; now I am full of desire to begin. This week in the country has done wonders for me."

"You have enjoyed yourself, then?"

"Oh! it has been perfect in its way. Such a thorough country life! and yet removed from the dulness which I always used to fancy accompanied country life, by the extraordinary intelligence of the minister. I have fallen into calling him 'the minister,' like every one else."

"You get on with him, then?" said I.

"I was a little afraid."

"I was on the verge of displeasing him once or twice, I fear, with random assertions and exaggerated expressions, such as one always uses with other people, and thinks nothing of; but I tried to check myself when I saw how it shocked the good man; and really it is very wholesome exercise, this trying to make one's words represent one's thoughts, instead of merely looking to their effect on others."

"Then you are quite friends now?" I asked.

"Yes, thoroughly; at any rate as far as I

go. I never met with a man with such a desire for knowledge. In information, as far as it can be gained from books, he far exceeds me on most subjects; but then I have travelled and seen— Were not you surprised at the list of things I sent for?"

"Yes! I thought it did not promise much rest."

"Oh! some of the books were for the minister, and some for his daughter. (I call her Phillis to myself, but I use euphuisms in speaking about her to others. I don't like to seem familiar, and yet Miss Holman is a term I have never heard used.)"

"I thought the Italian books were for her."

"Yes! Fancy her trying at Dante for her first book in Italian! I had a capital novel by Manzoni, 'I Promessi Sposi;' just the thing for a beginner; and if she must still puzzle out Dante, my dictionary is far better than hers."

"Then she found out you had written those definitions on her list of words?"

"Oh! yes"—with a smile of amusement and pleasure. He was going to tell me what had taken place, but checked himself.

"But I don't think the minister will like your having given her a novel to read?"

"Pooh! What can be more harmless? Why make a bugbear of a word? It is as pretty and innocent a tale as can be met with. You don't suppose they take 'Virgil' for gospel?"

By this time we were at the farm. I think Phillis gave me a warmer welcome than usual, and Cousin Holman was kindness itself. Yet somehow I felt as if I had lost my place, and that Holdsworth had taken it. He knew all the ways of the house; he was full of little filial attentions to Cousin Holman; he treated Phillis with the affectionate condescension of an elder brother; not a bit more; not in any way different. He questioned me about the progress of affairs in Eltham with eager interest.

"Ah!" said Cousin Holman, "you'll be spending a different kind of time next week to what you have done this! I can see how busy you'll make yourself! But if you don't take care you'll be ill again, and have to come back to our quiet ways of going on."

"Do you suppose I shall need to be ill to wish to come back here?" he answered, warmly. "I am only afraid you have treated me so kindly that I shall always be turning up on your hands."

"That's right," she replied. "Only don't go and make yourself ill by over-work. I hope you'll go on with a cup of new milk

every morning, for I'm sure that is the best medicine; and put a teaspoonful of rum in it, if you like; many a one speaks highly of that, only we had no rum in the house."

I brought with me an atmosphere of active life which I think he had begun to miss; and it was natural that he should seek my company, after his week of retirement. Once I saw Phillis looking at us as we talked together with a kind of wistful curiosity; but as soon as she caught my eye, she turned away, blushing deeply.

That evening I had a little talk with the minister. I strolled along the Hornby road to meet him; for Holdsworth was giving Phillis an Italian lesson, and Cousin Holman had fallen asleep over her work.

Somehow, and not unwillingly on my part, our talk fell on the friend whom I had introduced to the Hope Farm.

"Yes! I like him!" said the minister, weighing his words a little as he spoke. "I like him. I hope I am justified in doing it, but he takes hold of me, as it were; and I have almost been afraid lest he carries me away, in spite of my judgment."

"He is a good fellow; indeed he is," said I. "My father thinks well of him; and I have seen a deal of him. I would not have had him come here if I did not know that you would approve of him."

"Yes" (once more hesitating), "I like him, and I think he is an upright man; there is a want of seriousness in his talk at times, but, at the same time, it is wonderful to listen to him! He makes Horace and Virgil living, instead of dead, by the stories he tells me of his sojourn in the very countries where they lived, and where to this day he says— But it is like dram-drinking. I listen to him till I forget my duties, and am carried off my feet. Last sabbath evening he led us away into talk on profane subjects ill befitting the day."

By this time we were at the house, and our conversation stopped. But before the day was out, I saw the unconscious hold that my friend had got over all the family. And no wonder: he had seen so much and done so much as compared to them, and he told about it all so easily and naturally, and yet as I never heard any one else do; and his ready pencil was out in an instant to draw on scraps of paper all sorts of illustrations,—modes of drawing up water in Northern Italy, wine-carts, buffaloes, stone-pines, I know not what. After we had all looked at these drawings, Phillis gathered them together, and took them.

It is many years since I have seen thee, Edward Holdsworth, but thou wast a delightful fellow! Ay, and a good one too; though much sorrow was caused by thee!

From The New York Evening Post.
THE POETRY OF THE WAR.

FROM the very beginning of the present great American war up to the present moment the struggle has presented features of romantic or pathetic interest which have at once struck the poetic instincts of writers in all parts of the country; and while many poets of extended local and even national fame were moved to patriotic utterance, many more anonymous contributors to provincial and often obscure journals exhibited, when writing of our war, a poetic fire and skill as admirable as unexpected. Mr. Frank Moore, the editor of the *Rebellion Record* having preserved almost all these war poems, has, from the enormous accumulation, judiciously selected the best for preservation in book form, under the general title "Lyrics of Loyalty," and Putman has published them in a neat pocket edition, printed by Houghton, of the Riverside Press, and bound in the new style of "red, white, and blue." The volume is an admirable one for presentation to friends in the army, where it may enliven many a tedious hour of camp life.

The collection opens with Mr. Bryant's poem "Our Country's Call," beginning with the lines:—

"Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough."

Whittier, T. B. Reed, Longfellow and O. W. Holmes are among the more noted contributors; but as their war songs have been copied and read all over the country and are probably familiar to most of our readers, we prefer to give here, as examples of the style of the book, a few of the poems emanating from less celebrated pens, or still more modestly attributed only to anonymous authors. We begin with this spirited war cry:—

THE CAVALRY CHARGE—BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.
Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,

Peals forth to the squadrons
The order, "Trot out."
One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrents flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader;
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.
Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.
Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men;
The trumpet sounds "Rally
To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

Quite different in style and sentiment—the reverse of the medal—is this touching picture of

THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through
the day,

And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forest's shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair ;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet may be in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his
story ?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame ;
He lived, he died ; and so, *memento mori*,—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ his name.

Maternal anxieties find their expression in
many of these poems, but in none of them are
they couched in more beautiful language than
in "The Soldier's Mother," of which pathetic
anonymous lines we can only find space to
copy a few :—

"It is night—almost morning—the clock has
struck three ;
Who can tell where, this moment, my darling
may be !
On the window has gathered the moisture like
dew ;
I can see where the moonbeams steal tremblingly
through ;
It is cold, but not windy ; how dreary and damp
It must be for our soldiers exposed in the camp !
Though I know it is warmer and balmier there,
Yet I shrink from the thought of the chilling
night air ;
For he never was used to the hardships of men
When at home, for I shielded and cherished him
then ;
And to all that could tend to his comfort I saw—
For he seemed like a child till he went to the
war !

"He is twenty, I know ; and boys younger than
he,
In the ranks going by, every day we can see ;
And those stronger and prouder by far I have
met,
But I never have seen a young soldier, as yet,

With so gallant a mien or so lofty a brow ;
How the sun and the wind must have darkened
it now
How he will have been changed when he comes
from the South !—
With his beard shutting out the sweet smiles of
his mouth ;
And the tremulous beauty, the womanly grace,
Will be bronzed from the delicate lines of his face,
Where, of late, only childhood's soft beauty I
saw—
For he seemed like a child till he went to the
war !

Here is a little gem, like a cabinet picture
in a gallery of large landscapes :—

THE VOLUNTEER.

Hard by the porch of the village church,
A dusty traveller halts awhile to rest ;
His head droops, tired, down upon his breast,
But the word of prayer wakes new life there.

"God bless the brave, who go to save
Our country, in her dark, dread hour of dan-
ger !"
The good man's voice was comfort to the stran-
ger,
Duty wipes away a tear as he hurries to the war.

Another incident is thus described at
greater length :—

CARTE DE VISITE.

Anonymous.

"'Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said ;
"Our colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball—
A braver heart than this never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they :
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in the porch, where the sunlight
came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine-vine,
Spilling itself like a golden wine,
And flecking the doorway with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer heat ;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight ! our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized our colors,
and then
He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot.

"A handsome boy was this last : his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow ;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name?—have you never heard?—
Where was he from, this youth who fell ?

And your regiment, stranger, which was it?
tell !”

“Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third.”

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it as white as the face of the dead ;
The mother lifted her eyes and said,
“Pity my daughter—in mercy speak !”

“I never knew aught of this gallant youth,”
The soldier answered ; “not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came ;
As God is above, I speak the truth !

“But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see !
It is as like him as like can be ;
Hold it this way, toward the light.”

One glance, and a look, half-sad, half-wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er the prostrate child.

In conclusion, we quote a characteristic
marching song of the style which will proba-
bly find a wider circle of admirers than more
finished and elegant strains :—

TO CANAAN—A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOU-
SAND.

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord !
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts !
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The triumph of the North !

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up—
The same our fathers bore !
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain !
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North !

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen—
The iron skin brigades !
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves ;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves ?
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North !

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung !
To Canaan ! to Canaan !
The priests and maidens cried :
To Canaan ! to Canaan !
The people's voice replied,
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens
The anthems of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order ?
—The Lord will see to that !
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre—
We'll build the people's throne—
When half the world is Freedom's,
Then all the world's our own.
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
A whirlwind from the North.

Mr. Moore has, in making this admirable collection, not only placed the lovers of national and original poetry under great obligations, but has done a real service to our country and its history in preserving what would otherwise be the ephemeral souvenirs of the war ; and should the forthcoming volumes of the series, now compiling under the titles “Songs of the Soldiers” and “Personal and Political Ballads of the War” prove to be as admirably arranged and as judiciously selected as the present volume, they cannot fail to remain among the most interesting and characteristic specimens of our war literature.

From The Saturday Review.

HANNAH THURSTON.*

IT was one of De Tocqueville's observations on the effects of democracy in America, that the extreme prosperity of the people and the great simplicity of their habits of life made it next to impossible to write amusing novels about them. Whatever the cause may be, there seems to be no doubt at all of the fact. A certain number of American novels have obtained great popularity, but never by reason of their inherent interest. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a successful party pamphlet. Miss Wetherell's tales, "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World," were addressed to the mildest class of the religious public. They might have been described as peculiarly fit for the daughters of Wesleyan shopkeepers in a quiet country town. Mr. Hawthorne's tales have a fair share of fancy and a certain elegance of style, but they are emphatically second-rate. They are pleasant to read, but they want power. He never seems to get beyond a well-behaved man, very conscious of his own accomplishments and elegances, and a crotchety woman with some complaint in her conscience. Every character in his works, so far as we know them, is more or less open to this criticism.

Mr. Bayard Taylor has followed exactly in the track of his predecessors. He has written a rather pretty tale of American life in decidedly pretty English, and obviously composed entirely, as he says in his preface, of sketches from real life. He observes, with that faithfulness which authors often show in describing their own works:—

"I do not rest the interest of the book on its slender plot, but on the fidelity with which it represents certain types of character and phases of society. That in which it most resembles caricature is oftenest the transcript of actual fact, and there are none of the opinions uttered by the various characters which may not now or then be heard in almost any community in the Northern and Western States."

After reading the book through, this observation will probably strike the reader as exquisitely simple. It is much as if a respectable baker should say to his customers, "Whatever you may think, I am a man of the most simple habits, and have the plainest

* "Hannah Thurston; a Story of American Life." By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1863.

objects in view. These loaves and rolls which you see around you were made out of flour which, having bought it for that purpose, I and my servants made up into the shape in which it now stands before you, in order that I might make a profit by the sale, and so support my family, and provide for my comforts in old age." The natural question upon this would be, Who ever took any other view of you or your business? And "Hannah Thurston," when compared with its preface, suggests exactly the same question. The book has no plot at all; there is not a line in it which in the faintest degree resembles caricature; and Mr. Taylor may be sure that every reader of ordinary intelligence would have seen for himself that the book was composed of sketches suggested by the author's recollections of the country towns and villages of his native land. It is the regular practice now-a-days for every man who happens to possess a little special knowledge of the works and ways of any part of the human race to go and write a novel about it. Shift the scenes and names in such a way as to avoid personality, and any man may make a more or less readable novel by describing faithfully his own courtship, or that of any one else whom he happens to have known. People who like to know how the countrymen of the author, or how the class to which he belongs, behave under interesting circumstances, will always get some pleasure out of the description, if it is only faithful and lively. An ordinary exertion of memory will fulfil the one condition, and a slight familiarity with style the other.

The story of "Hannah Thurston" is simplicity itself, and may indeed, without injustice, be told in one short sentence. Mr. Woodbury settles at Lakeside, near the town of Ptolemy, and, having made the acquaintance of Miss Hannah Thurston, a distinguished advocate of women's rights, marries her. This is literally the whole case. There is no difficulty, no adventure; no one makes the least objection to the marriage as soon as the parties have made up their minds, which they do in a reasonable time; and, in short, Mr. Taylor might, if he so pleased, say with the needy knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir"—which, indeed, is the fair interpretation of his preface. The three volumes are made up by setting forth at length the various opportunities which Mr. Woodbury had of becoming acquainted with

the lady whom he married. First, he met her at certain sewing-circles, and these sewing-circles and the conversations which passed there are fully described. After a time, he gave a sewing-circle at his own house, and then, again, he talked with the charming Hannah. On another occasion they met at a picnic, and there Mr. Taylor, seriously considering that a novel, after all, should be more or less of a novel, gives a bold stroke. A little girl is made to fall into a river, from which Mr. Woodbury pulls her out, Hannah helping him. At first the lovers that are to be do not much like each other, as she thinks him worldly, and he thinks her priggish and pedantic, for believing in women's rights. By degrees they get to know each other better, and at last come to taking walks under alder-trees, for the purpose of exchanging confidences, which, of course, can end only in one way. There are two or three little episodes in the book. First, Mr. Woodbury has a sort of bailiff who falls in love with a pretty girl, and is refused by her. He goes into a high fever and is devotedly nursed by his mistress, who, after saving his life, cannot do less than marry him. Secondly, one of the neighbors has a foolish wife, who is imposed on by a medium, and elopes with him to join a community of a more or less spiritualist character. The injured husband, his clergyman, the clergyman's wife, the hero and the heroine, go in pursuit, and overtake the medium and his disciple at an inn. There they proceed to argue the point of the lady's return with curious equanimity, but the hero rushes in with a flashing eye, addresses the medium (with much justice) as a beast, and threatens to throw him out of the window—a mode of treatment which produces the desired result of reducing him to submission. Lastly, the hero goes on a summer tour to Niagara and along the St. Lawrence. On the steamer he meets an old female friend, who had long been married, and with whom he spends some pleasant days.

There is something soothing in this sort of repose, after the sensation novels of our own country and of France. Odd as such an arrangement may seem, the descriptions of inns, steamboats, sewing-circles, and the rest, have a certain sort of idyllic and pastoral character. All the people introduced are so innocent, so quiet, and so desperately smitten with the most singular little crotchets, that, if they

were not all Puritans of the strictest kind, one would expect to see them arrayed in Tyrolese hats, and carrying pastoral crooks in their hands. Nobody apparently, except the wicked medium who casts his dark shadow over a few pages, either does or wants to do, or contemplates the possibility of doing anything seriously wrong—anything worse than driving a hard bargain, or taking an advantage. The love-making is so pure that it is almost colorless, and the course of true love runs so very smooth that it may almost be said to stagnate. Woodbury, indeed, has had an awful experience of life. He comes on the stage at thirty-six and his mistress is thirty; but he lives with a great weight on his soul. The illusions of youth have fled, and he has lived through the period of storms, and risen to that calm, brave, trustful temper which becomes a man who has learnt that the world is partially stuffed with straw. As the fifteen years of his life next before the story begins were passed in Calcutta, it is natural to imagine that something dreadful must have happened; but when the matter comes to be explained in a very long letter addressed to Hannah Thurston, it appears that at the age of twenty he was jilted by a girl of eighteen, who preferred a richer man, and that some years after, on his way out to India, he fell in love with a married woman who was on her way to join an unkind husband. She shared his feelings. He proposed an elopement. She said that would be very wrong. He thought so too, and they avoided each other for the rest of the voyage, and never met after it was over. Having made this tremendous confession, Woodbury asks his mistress, as a general question, and not with any special application to herself, whether he ought to marry, or, to use his own noble language, "Would I be guilty of treason towards the virgin confidence of some noble woman whom God may yet send me, in offering her a heart which is not fresh in its knowledge, although fresh in its immortal desires?" Miss Thurston, of course, thinks not. There is something very creditable to the writer, and to the standard of morality which his book indicates, in the fact that the utmost limit of possible audacity, the greatest amount of pardonable weakness, is so very far from actual vice. In a French novel, or in some of our later English ones, the hero would have found it necessary to admit much more than this if he

meant to be interesting. The second woman, for instance, would have been his old first love. He would have run away with her, shot her husband, and perhaps have put her out of the way afterwards for taking up with some third person. The question, however, suggests itself, whether this little smack of contingent adultery might not as well have been left out altogether. Drink deep or taste not the Parisian spring.

The interest of the book—it would not be fair to charge it with having a moral—is derived from the curious notion which it gives of the prominence of what Mr. Taylor calls the “Isms” in American country life. All the different characters are exercised in their minds by crotchets. They are Vegetarians, Temperance people, believers in Woman’s Rights, or Abolitionists, and they are constantly getting up arguments, discussions, and meetings upon their particular little theory. The bulk of the population are, of course, indifferent enough to these fancies, but by Mr. Taylor’s account they are the favorite employments and excitements of those who, without rising above the ordinary level of their neighbors in general cultivation, are nevertheless rather more active-minded and inquisitive than the average. The heroine, Hannah Thurston, is a pretty character. There is something interesting in the ardor with which she believes in her little Woman’s Rights theory, and in the agony which she feels when any doubt about it is suggested. The unbelieving Woodbury has an awful influence over her :—

“An insidious, corrosive doubt seemed to have crept over the foundations of her mental life. The forms of faith, once firm and fair as Ionic pillars under the cloudless heaven, rocked and tottered as if with the first menacing throes of an earthquake.”

All which means that her sceptical lover did not take the whole matter quite so tragically as she was inclined to take it. There is always something creditable in good faith, and it is impossible not to feel an interest in anybody who really does believe without doubting that her own little hobby-horse will carry her straight away to a little heaven of her

own, where all her resolutions will be carried unanimously by a public meeting of saints, the chair being taken by an angel.

It must be owned that Hannah’s reflections had been a good deal more eloquent than practical. One of her speeches is given—obviously a fair report of some real performance of the kind. The gist of it is, that women ought to be employed, like men, in all kinds of labor which they can perform. The poor young lady is very fluent; but she unhappily meets with the terrible friend with whom her admirer had renewed his acquaintance on the St. Lawrence. Mrs. Blake suggests that, if women “had broad shoulders and narrow hips,” they might do many things which are now out of their reach, and she then goes on to make the following observations, which are much to the point, though they might be expressed more plainly :—

“There are times when a woman has no independent life of her own—when her judgment is wavering and obscured, when her impulses are beyond her control. The business of the world must go on in its fixed order, whether she has her share in it or not. Congresses cannot be adjourned, nor trials postponed, nor suffering futurity neglected to suit her necessities. The prime of a man’s activity is the period of her subjection.”

Hannah felt that “it was not for her, in her, maiden ignorance, to contradict” this. One would have supposed that a woman of thirty must have known that it is no joke to bring children into the world, to nurse them, and to see them through their infancy; and that a person who has to do this for a good many years will have little time or strength for other pursuits. Mrs. Blake might have put this a little more plainly; but the tendency to a certain double-milled politeness, curiously variegated by occasional touches of intentional plainness, not to say coarseness, put in to show that the writer is not afraid, is very characteristic of American style. There is no real ease in it.

On the whole, the book leaves a pleasant impression—the impression of a simple, happy, virtuous population, good and kindly in the main, though apt to be vain, pedantic, intolerant, and narrow-minded.

From The Saturday Review.

MRS. KEMBLE'S PLAYS.*

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE must surely be a lineal descendant of M. Jourdain, and we have a shrewd suspicion that she is in some way related to Mr. Tupper. She is perpetually writing prose without knowing it, and her views on the process of verse-making bear the strongest family likeness to the views on wisdom-manufacture entertained by our "guide, philosopher, and friend" at Albury. As we have none but the kindest feelings towards her, we cordially trust that she will find as large and profitable a reading public for her poetry as her literary kinsman does for his philosophy. By cutting up sundry moral platitudes into lines of about equal lengths, Mr. Tupper conceives that he is transmuted into a sage; and tens of thousands of ladies agree with him. Why, then, should not Mrs. Kemble divide a series of conversations into sections of from ten to twelve or thirteen syllables—she is not particular as to the exact number—and, printing them in the form of blank verse, thereby become a dramatic poet? The first few pages of her "English Tragedy," afford the following samples of her notions of scanning and rhythm:—

"Save the honor of being head of a family.
Not passable even by the closest kindred.
Without a head, like this fellow, comes to be
squeezed."

Mrs. Kemble is, in fact, deficient in that nicety of ear for the musical flow of sound, without which it is hazardous for a writer to venture beyond the rules of the more rigid school of versifiers. Like many other dramatic writers, she is led astray by the freedom of the verse of Shakspeare, imagining that she has but to devise some strange and uncouth way of running her long and short syllables together, to be exempted from the restraints of the strict iambic forms. Like the same school of dramatists, she has to learn that the versification of Shakspeare is like the combinations in harmony of Beethoven; it can be attempted safely by none but those whose gift of melody is of the highest order.

The "English Tragedy," from which the

* *Plays.* By Frances Anne Kemble. "An English Tragedy," in Five Acts; "Mary Stuart," translated from Schiller; "Mademoiselle De Belle Isle," translated from Dumas. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

above queer specimens are culled, was written between twenty and thirty years ago, and is, Mrs. Kemble tells us, her only work of the kind produced since her schoolgirl days. Considering the scruples she avows with respect to the morals of the play of Dumas, of which she has here given us a translation, we must confess ourselves a little surprised at the plot of her own tragedy. It is a story of adultery, *pur et simple*. The young and pretty wife of a worthy but prosy old judge is seduced with mighty little difficulty by a London noble *roué*, who speedily tires of her, and then coolly enjoins her to sell herself, for his benefit, to the wealthy brother of the man who is going to marry her sister-in-law. The amiable peer further shoots the said brother off-hand, when he detects him at tricks in card-playing. The process of flattery and deception by which the seduction is effected is detailed by Mrs. Kemble at considerable length, together with the final insults that the villain heaps upon his wretched victim, when he insists upon her taking another lover, and handing his gifts over to himself. By and by the doting husband is informed of what has been going on by somebody who writes a letter and leaves it at his gate; upon which he straightway goes nearly out of his senses, and pours forth a quantity of the established theatrical mad talk, while his hair turns entirely white. The miserable wife soon dies of remorse; and the judge, having very vigorously cursed her up to the last, vouchsafes his forgiveness at the final moment; and we learn that he will be tolerably happy for the future in the marriage of his sister with her lover. The dialogue in which these agreeable incidents are told is somewhat labored and stagey, with here and there a fragment of tolerable force, showing that, if Mrs. Kemble is not learned in human nature, she is well up in her dramatic library. In the judge's sister we have the embodiment of her notions of a charming and innocent country damsel, in love first of all with flowers and rural delights in general, and then all at once with her lover. The damsel herself is, however, as unreal as her rapturous talk about her flowers. Her notion of primroses is that they are "freckled," that the moss in the woods is a "starry green;" while of violets she exclaims with delight that they are "delicious creatures." Her lover's musings on the garden in which she leaves

him are equally quaint, and we apprehend not very usual on such occasions, his chief aspiration being a fervent hope that there will be a good crop of fruit in the autumn. Altogether, the play is very well as a lady's exercise in dramatic composition; but it should have remained unprinted in Mrs. Kemble's desk.

In her translations she is much more successful, but, it must be added, much more provoking, judging at least by her version of Schiller's play. Had she called in a fair German scholar to point out where she had misunderstood her author, and a fair critic to remind her how little she at times acted on the admirable motto she quotes from St. Jerome, her translation of "Mary Stuart" would have been excellent. The versification is richer and more musical, and more free (though not wholly so) from startling violations of the laws of rhythm, than her original play, and for many lines—perhaps even a page or two—the text of Schiller is rendered with a sufficient though not absolutely verbal accuracy, sometimes even with very happy turns of word or phrase. Then suddenly we light upon mistranslations so palpable and ridiculous that it is impossible to impute them to anything but a careless contempt for the obligations of authorship. They are often, moreover, so purely gratuitous, not even saving her a moment's trouble in devising her verse, that they can only be set down to an habitual inaccuracy and heedlessness of thought, and a sort of feeling that anything will do for the general public for whom alone she professes to write. The same is to be said of her occasional amplifications of Schiller's ideas, and the additions of her own that she thrusts in just when the fancy takes her. There is a free-and-easy, off-hand sort of air about the whole affair, which is really too bad in a writer who has passed her teens, and professes to make the author of the *Vulgate* her model as a translator. Why, for instance, in Mortimer's brilliant picture of the Coliseum at Easter should we have "ein hoher Bildnergeist"—"a lofty artist spirit"—turned into "a nobler shrine"? Why convert Schiller's "visible" (*sichtbar*) Head of the Church into "infallible"? Why make Mary talk about the "noble" instead of the "dear" (*theures*) countenance of her uncle, the cardinal? A little further on we have one of Mrs. Kemble's favorite terms,

"thrice," introduced in a line with a perversion of the sense as ludicrous as the line itself is halting in its cadence:—

"What! shall the headsman's bloody gripe be laid
Upon the head of a thrice-anointed queen?"

It need hardly be said that there is nothing about this triple anointing in Schiller. However, if Mrs. Kemble bestows one crown too many upon the unfortunate Mary, she balances the account by giving her many lovers where both history and Schiller assign her only one.

"So speiste sie zu Sterlyn ihren Gatten,
Da sie aus Gold mit ihrem Buhlen trank,"

writes Schiller; which Mrs. Kemble transforms into—

"'Twas thus her husband's board was spread in
Stirling,
While she pledged her *gallants* in cups of gold."

With the same heedlessness, in the next scene, Mary's complaint that *Elizabeth* was robbing her of spiritual consolations is translated, "*Those* who have robbed me of my crown and freedom." Even in translating the stage-directions, the same carelessness is betrayed, many of the said directions being omitted without the slightest reason. At the commencement of the scene which furnishes the last-noticed blunder, the original direction tells the reader that Mary enters with a *crucifix* in her hand. With Mrs. Kemble the crucifix becomes a rosary, though in the very preceding words Paulet exclaims:—

"The crucifix in her hand, and in her heart
Worldliness, wantonness, and boundless pride."

With such recklessness in common words, we can hardly wonder that a somewhat singular term, "*Himmeldecke*," should be translated a "*dais*"—which "*dais*," indeed, Mrs. Kemble imagines to be something placed above a person's head. Nor are we surprised when, a little further, the complaint of Hannah Kennedy that the queen was robbed of all the little pleasures and decorations of daily life is perverted into—

"The noblest courage fails
From day to day 'neath petty injuries."

Still less do we open our eyes when a line in Paulet's answer, requiring some steady thought to translate,—"*Das in sich geben und bereuen soll*,"—is quietly omitted altogether. The translator's surplusage hardly makes up for her omissions. Schiller's "*Was ist der*

Mensch! Was ist das Glück der Erde!" is not improved by being thus diluted, with additions:—

"O earth! O men! O wretched human fortunes! Where are your roots, prosperity and greatness!"

The noble scene at Fotheringay, where Mary rejoices in her supposed liberty, is on the whole well, nay finely, translated, and only increases the reader's wonder at Mrs. Kemble's occasional interpolations. Not satisfied with a lame rendering of Hannah Kennedy's opening exclamation, "Ihr eilet ja, als wenn ihr Flügel hättet," she must needs tack on to it this absurd piece of pure and unmitigated Kemble, "I'm cramped with age and lack of exercise;" adding still more about her "old joints aching." And these violations of good taste and correctness are taken almost by chance, as we open the original here and there to see what Mrs. Kemble has made of it. Certainly it was never our lot to come across a translation of any kind in which so much ability was marred by so much unwarrantable and thoughtless want of care.

Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, which fills the

remainder of the volume, is translated from Dumas's play of the same name, performed some years ago in the original French, at the St. James's Theatre. The story is as lax as the dialogue is amusing, and the conduct of the situations ingenious and effective. By way of mending Dumas's morals, Mrs. Kemble has substituted a betrothed wife for a profligate mistress, though in her preface, which is sarcastic and to the point, she expresses her fears lest she should thereby have spoiled the play as a picture of manners, without much improving its decencies. We do not happen to have the original at hand, and therefore cannot assent to, or dissent from, her opinion as to her performance. She has certainly managed the alterations very cleverly, and it is only here and there that we fancy we detect a little cumbrous commonplace amidst the sparkling persiflage of Dumas. As it stands, the play reads very well; and had Mrs. Kemble been judiciously advised, she would have placed it first or second in her volume, and kept her own tragedy for the end, if she must needs have let it see the light at all.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Nov. 21.—A memorial to the University of Cambridge, praying for the establishment of a professorship of Sanscrit there, was adopted by the meeting. Mr. H. T. Parker of Ladbroke Villas—an American gentleman residing here—presented to the Society a volume of especial interest to those concerned in the Society's Proposed New English Dictionary; namely, a folio volume containing Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and Sir Matthew Hales's "Pleas of the Crown," marked by Samuel Johnson for his dictionary-clerks to copy extracts from. No mistake is there as to the words the old man wanted—three heavy scores in the fair, broad margin, and the initial of the word with a dash through it, call the clerk's attention to the passage; while a tick at the beginning and end of it, and a line under the word, show of what extent the passage is to be, and what the catchword is. A comparison of the passages scored with the dictionary shows the great lexicographer must have had several extracts under his eye for many of his words, and used the one or two which he thought the best. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Parker for his very valuable and interesting present. The paper read was "On the English Genitive," by Mr. Serjeant Manning, Q. C. The paper being a complete treatise, the ninth chapter only was read, in which the Serjeant endeavored to refute Johnson's theory that our modern English possessive 's is the abbreviation of the Anglo-Saxon

genitive *-es*. Basing his argument on the use of *his* in the later MS. of Layamon (about 1300 A.D.,) printed by Sir F. Madden, the writer showed that *his* was used for both numbers and all genders. He contended that this *his* was not the possessive of *he*, but an autochthonous product of English soil—though paralleled by German and other nations' use of its equivalent—and that there was no contradiction in applying it to feminines and plurals. The paper was hotly opposed by the Early English and comparative scholars present. The former urged that the use of the genitive *es* or *is* in many nouns was continuous till 's took their place, and that the autochthonous *his* arose from ignorant scribes not understanding that the *is* was the genitive ending, and writing it in most manuscripts apart from the noun. Then came some semi-clever scribes and put on the *h*, thinking the *is* was a misspelling of the possessive of *he*. The comparative philologist, of course, said that there was no *his* in Sanscrit or Greek, Latin, etc., that the English genitive *s* had the same origin as the same *s* in other languages, and was prepositional. Nevertheless, as the paper contained an historical review of the theories held in England on the subject and the arguments in support of them, together with a notice of some uses of the English genitive generally unremarked, a hope was expressed that the paper might be printed, though it was too long for the Society's Transactions.

PART III.—CHAPTER IX.

MAITLAND'S FRIEND.

"I DON'T think I'll walk down to the Burnside with you to-day," said Beck Graham to Maitland, on the morning after their excursion.

"And why not?"

"People have begun to talk of our going off together alone—long solitary walks. They say it means something—or nothing."

"So, I opine, does every step and incident of our lives."

"Well, you understand what I intended to say."

"Not very clearly, perhaps; but I shall wait a little farther explanation. What is it that the respectable public imputes to us?"

"That you are a very dangerous companion for a young lady in a country walk."

"But am I? Don't you think you are in a position to refute such a calumny?"

"I spoke of you as I found you."

"And how might that be?"

"Very amusing at some moments; very absent at others; very desirous to be thought lenient and charitable in your judgments of people, while evidently thinking the worst of every one; and with a rare frankness about yourself that, to any one not very much interested to learn the truth, was really as valuable as the true article."

"But you never charged me with any ungenerous use of my advantage; to make professions, for instance, because I found you alone?"

"A little—a very little of that—there was; just as children stamp on thin ice and run away when they hear it crack beneath them."

"Did I go so far as that?"

"Yes; and Sally says, if she was in my place, she'd send papa to you this morning."

"And I should be charmed to see him. There are no people whom I prefer to naval men. They have the fresh, vigorous, healthy tone of their own sea life in all they say."

"Yes; you'd have found him vigorous enough, I promise you."

"And why did you consult your sister at all?"

"I did not consult her; she got all out of me by cross-questioning. She began by saying, 'That man is a mystery to me; he has not come down here to look after the

widow nor Isabella; he's not thinking of politics nor the borough; there's no one here that he wants or cares for. What can he be at?'"

"Couldn't you have told her that he was one of those men who have lived so much in the world, it is a luxury to them to live a little out of it? Just as it is a relief to sit in a darkened room after your eyes have been dazzled with too strong light. Couldn't you have said, He delights to talk and walk with me, because he sees that he may expand freely, and say what comes uppermost, without any fear of an unfair inference? That, for the same reason,—the pleasure of an unrestricted intercourse,—he wishes to know old Mrs. Butler, and talk with her—over anything, in short? Just to keep mind and faculties moving—as a light breeze stirs a lake and prevents stagnation."

"Well, I'm not going to perform Zephyr—even in such a high cause."

"Couldn't you have said, We had a pleasant walk and a mild cigarette together—*voilà tout*?" said he, languidly.

"I think it would be very easy to hate you—hate you cordially—Mr. Norman Maitland."

"So I've been told—and some have even tried it, but always unsuccessfully."

"Who is this wonderful foreigner they are making so much of at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge?" cried Mark from one of the window recesses, where he was reading a newspaper. "Maitland, you who know all these people, who is the Prince Caffarelli?"

"Caffarelli! It must be the count," cried Maitland, hurrying over to see the paragraph. "The prince is upwards of eighty; but his son, Count Caffarelli, is my dearest friend in the world. What could have brought him over to Ireland?"

"Ah! there is the very question he himself is asking about the great Mr. Norman Maitland," said Mrs. Trafford, smiling.

"My reasons are easily stated. I had an admirable friend, who could secure me a most hospitable reception. I came here to enjoy the courtesies of country home life in a perfection I scarcely believed they could attain to. The most unremitting attention to one's comfort, combined with the wildest liberty."

"And such port wine," interposed the

commodore, "as I am free to say no other cellar in the province can rival."

"Let us come back to your prince or count," said Mark, "whichever he is. Why not ask him down here?"

"Yes; we have room," said Lady Lyle; "the M'Clintocks left this morning."

"By all means, invite him," broke in Mrs. Trafford; "that is, if he be what we conjecture the dear friend of Mr. Maitland might and should be."

"I am afraid to speak of him," said Maitland; "one disserves a friend by any overpraise; but at Naples, and in his own set, he is thought charming."

"I like Italians myself," said Colonel Hoyle. "I had a fellow I picked up at Malta—a certain Geronimo. I'm not sure he was not a Maltese; but such a salad as he could make! There was everything you could think of in it—tomata, eggs, sardines, radishes, beetroot, cucumber."

"Every Italian is a bit of a cook," said Maitland, relieving adroitly the company from the tiresome detail of the colonel. "I'll back my friend Caffarelli for a dish of macaroni against all professional artists."

While the colonel and his wife got into a hot dispute whether there was or was not a slight flavor of parmesan in the salad, the others gathered around Maitland to hear more of his friend. Indeed, it was something new to all to hear an Italian of class and condition. They only knew the nation as tenors, or modellers, or language-masters. Their compound idea of Italian was a thing of dark skin and dark eyes—very careless in dress—very submissive in aspect—with a sort of subdued fire, however, in look, that seemed to say how much energy was only sleeping there; and when Maitland sketched the domestic ties of a rich magnate of the land, living a life of luxurious indolence, in a sort of childlike simplicity as to what engaged other men in other countries, without a thought for questions of politics, religion, or literature, living for mere life's sake, he interested them much.

"I shall be delighted to ask him here," said he, at last; "only let me warn you against disappointment. He'll not be witty like a Frenchman, nor profound like a German, nor energetic like an Englishman—he'll neither want to gain knowledge nor impart it. He'll only ask to be permitted

to enjoy the pleasures of a very charming society without any demand being made upon him to contribute anything—to make him fancy, in short, that he knew you all years and years ago, and has just come back out of cloudland to renew the intimacy. Will you have him after this?"

"By all means," was the reply. "Go and write your letter to him."

Maitland went to his room, and soon wrote the following:—

"CARO CARLO MIO,—Who'd have thought of seeing you in Ireland? But I have scarce courage to ask you how and why you came here, lest you retort the question upon myself. For the moment, however, I am comfortably established in a goodish sort of country-house, with some pretty women, and, thank Heaven, no young men save one son of the family, whom I have made sufficiently afraid of me to repress all familiarities. They beg me to ask you here, and I see nothing against it. We eat and drink very well. The place is healthy, and though the climate is detestable, it braces and gives appetite. We shall have, at all events ample time to talk over much that interests us both, and so I say, Come!

"The road is by Belfast, and thence to Coleraine, where we shall take care to meet you. I ought to add that your host's name is Sir Arthur Lyle, an Anglo-Indian, but who,—thank your stars for it!—being a civilian, has neither shot tigers nor stuck pigs. It will also be a relief to you to learn that there's no sport of any kind in the neighborhood, and there cannot be the shade of a pretext for making you mount a horse or carry a gun, nor can any insidious tormentor persecute you with objects of interest or antiquity; and so, once again, Come, and believe me, ever your most cordial friend,

"N. MAITLAND.

"There is no reason why you should not be here by Saturday, so that, if nothing contrary is declared, I shall look out for you by that day; but write, at all events."

CHAPTER X.

A BLUNDER.

SIR ARTHUR LYLE was a county dignity, and somewhat fond of showing it. It is true, he could not compete with the old blood of the land, or contest place with an O'Neil or an O'Hara; but his wealth gave him a special power, and it was a power that all could appreciate. There was no mistake about one who could head a subscription by a hundred pounds, or write himself patron of a school or

in hospital with a thousand! And then his house was more splendid, his servants more numerous, their liveries finer, his horses better, than his neighbors; and he was not above making these advantages apparent. Perhaps his Indian experiences may have influenced his leanings, and taught him to place a higher value on show and all the details of external greatness. On everything that savored of a public occasion, he came with all the pomp and parade of a sovereign. A meeting of poor-law guardians, a committee of the county infirmary, a board of railway directors, were all events to be signalized by his splendid appearance.

His coach and four, and his outriders—for he had outriders—were admirable in all their appointments. Royalty could not have swung upon more perfectly balanced nor easier springs, nor could a royal team have beat the earth with a grander action or more measured rhythm. The harness—bating the excess of splendor—was perfect. It was massive and well-fitting. As for the servants, a master of the horse could not have detected an inaccurate fold in their cravats, nor a crease in their silk stockings. Let the world be as critical or slighting as it may, these things are successes. They are trifles only to him who has not attempted them. Neither is it true to say that money can command them; for there is much in them that mere money cannot do. There is a keeping in all details—a certain “tone” throughout, and, above all, a discipline, the least flaw in which would convert a solemn display into a mockery.

Neighbors might criticise the propriety or canvass the taste of so much ostentation, but none, not the most sarcastic or scrutinizing, could say one word against the display itself; and so, when on a certain forenoon the dense crowd of the market-place scattered and fled right and left to make way for the prancing leaders of that haughty equipage, the sense of admiration overcame even the unpleasant feeling of inferiority, and that flunkeyism that has its hold on humanity felt a sort of honor in being hunted away by such magnificence.

Through the large square—or Diamond, as the northerns love to call it—of the town they came, upsetting apple-stalls and crockery-booths, and frightening old peasant women, who, with a goose under one arm, and a

hank of yarn under the other, were bent on enterprises of barter and commerce. Sir Arthur drove up to the bank, of which he was the governor, and on whose steps, to receive him, now stood the other members of the board. With his massive gold watch in hand, he announced that the fourteen miles had been done in an hour and sixteen minutes, and pointed to the glossy team, whose swollen veins stood out like whip-cord, to prove that there was no distress to the cattle. The board chorussed assent, and one—doubtless an ambitious man—actually passed his hand down the back sinews of a wheeler, and said, “Cool as spring-water, I pledge my honor.” Sir Arthur smiled benignly, looked up at the sky, gave an approving look at the sun as though to say, Not bad for Ireland—and entered the bank.

It was about five o’clock in the same evening when the great man again appeared at the same place; he was flushed and weary looking. Some rebellious spirits—is not the world full of them?—had dared to oppose one of his ordinances. They had ventured to question some subsidy that he would accord, or refuse, to some local line of railroad. The opposition had deeply offended him; and though he had crushed it, it had wounded him. He was himself the Bank!—its high repute, its great credit, its large-connection, were all of his making; and that same Mr. M’Candlish who had dared to oppose him, was a creature of his own—that is, he had made him a tithe-valuator, or a road-inspector, or a stamp-distributor, or a something or other of the hundred petty places which he distributed just as the monks of old gave alms at the gates of their convents.

Sir Arthur whispered a word to Mr. Boyd, the secretary, as he passed down-stairs. “How does Mr. M’Candlish stand with the bank? He has had advances lately—send me a note of them.” And thus bent on reprisals, he stood waiting for that gorgeous equipage which was now standing fully ready in the inn-yard, while the coachman was discussing a chop and a pot of porter. “Why is not he ready?” asked Sir Arthur, impatiently.

“He was getting a nail in Blenheim’s off fore-shoe, sir,” was the ready reply; and as Blenheim was a blood bay sixteen-three, and worth two hundred and fifty pounds, there was no more to be said; and so Sir Arthur saw the rest of the board depart on jaunting-

cars, gigs, or dog-carts, as it might be—humble men with humble conveyances, that could take them to their homes without the delays that wait upon greatness.

"Anything new stirring, Boyd?" asked Sir Arthur, trying not to show that he was waiting for the pleasure of his coachman.

"No, sir; all dull as ditch-water."

"We want rain, I fancy—don't we?"

"We'd not be worse for a little, sir. The after-grass, at least, would benefit by it."

"Why don't you pave this town better, Boyd? I'm certain it was these rascally stones twisted Blenheim's shoe."

"Our corporation will do nothing, sir—nothing," said the other, in a whisper.

"Who is that fellow with the large whiskers, yonder, on the steps of the hotel? He looks as if he owned the town."

"A foreigner, Sir Arthur; a Frenchman or a German, I believe. He came over this morning to ask if we knew the address of Mr. Norman Maitland."

"Count Caffarelli," muttered Sir Arthur to himself—"what a chance that I should see him! How did he come?"

"Posted, sir; slept at Cookstown last night, and came here to breakfast."

Though the figure of the illustrious stranger was very far from what Sir Arthur was led to expect, he knew that personal appearance was not so distinctive abroad as in England, and so he began to con over to himself what words of French he could muster, to make his advances. Now, had it been Hindostanee that was required, Sir Arthur would have opened his negotiations with all the florid elegance that could be wished; but French was a tongue in which he had never been a proficient, and, in his ordinary life, had little need of. He thought, however, that his magnificent carriage and splendid horses would help him out of the blunders of declensions and genders, and that what he wanted in grammar he could make up in greatness. "Follow me to M'Grotty's," said he to his coachman, and took the way across the square.

Major M'Caskey—for it was no other than that distinguished gentleman—was standing with both hands in the pockets of a very short shooting-jacket, and a clay pipe in his mouth, as Sir Arthur, courteously uncovering, bowed his way up the steps, saying something in which "l'honneur," "la félicité," and "in-

finiment flatté," floated amidst a number of less intelligibly rendered syllables, ending the whole with "Ami de mon ami, M. Norman Maitland."

Major M'Caskey raised his hat straight above his head and replaced it, listening calmly to the embarrassed attempts of the other, and then coldly replied in French, "I have the honor to be the friend of M. Maitland. How and when can I see him?"

"If you will condescend to be my guest, and allow me to offer you a seat with me to Lyle Abbey, you will see your friend." And, as Sir Arthur spoke, he pointed to his carriage.

"Ah, and this is yours? Pardie! it's remarkably well done. I accept at once—fetch down my portmanteau and the pistol-case," said he to a small, ill-looking boy in a shabby green livery, and to whom he spoke in a whisper; while turning to Sir Arthur, he resumed his French. "This I call a real piece of good-fortune—I was just saying to myself, Here I am; and though he says, Come! how are we to meet?"

"But you knew, count, that we were expecting you."

"Nothing of the kind. All I knew was his message, 'Come here.' I had no anticipation of such pleasant quarters as you promise me."

Seated in the post of honor on the right of Sir Arthur, the major, by way of completing the measure of his enjoyments, asked leave to smoke. The permission was courteously accorded, and away they rolled over the smooth highway to the pleasant measure of that stirring music—the trot of four spanking horses.

Two—three—four efforts did Sir Arthur make at conversation, but they all ended in sad failure. He wanted to say something about the crops, but he did not remember the French for "oats;" he wished to speak of the road, but he knew not the phrase for Grand Jury; he desired to make some apology for a backward season, but he might as well have attempted to write a Greek ode, and so he sat and smiled and waved his hand, pointing out objects of interest, and interjectionally jerking out, "Bons—braves—très braves—but poor—pauvres—très pauvres—light soil—légère, you understand," and with a vigorous hem, satisfied himself that he had said something intelligible. After this no

more attempts at conversation were made, for the major had quietly set his companion down for an intense bore and fell back upon his tobacco for solace.

"*Là!*" cried the baronet, after a long silence—and he pointed with his finger to a tall tower, over which a large flag was waving, about a half a mile away—"Là! Notre château—Lyle Abbey—moi;" and he tapped his breast to indicate the personal interest that attached to the spot.

"*Je vous en fais mes compliments,*" cried M'Caskey, who chuckled at the idea of such quarters, and very eloquently went on to express the infinite delight it gave him to cultivate relations with a family at once so amiable and so distinguished. The happy hazard which brought him was in reality another tie that bound him to the friendship of that "*cher Maitland.*" Delivered of this, the major emptied his pipe, replaced it in its case, and then, taking off his hat, ran his hands through his hair, arranged his shirt collar, and made two or three other efforts at an improvised toilette.

"We are late—*en retard*—I think," said Sir Arthur, as they drew up at the door, where two sprucely dressed servants stood to receive them. "*We dine—at eight—eight,*" said he, pointing to that figure on his watch. "*You'll have only time to dress—dress;*" and he touched the lappet of his coat, for he was fairly driven to pantomime to express himself. "*Hailes,*" cried he to a servant in discreet black, "*show the count to his room, and attend to him; his own man has not come on, it seems.*" And then, with many bows and smiles and courteous gestures, consigned his distinguished guest to the care of Mr. Hailes, and walked hurriedly up-stairs to his own room.

"Such a day as I have had!" cried he, as he entered the dressing-room, where Lady Lyle was seated with a French novel. "Those fellows at the bank, led on by that creature M'Candlish, had the insolence to move an amendment to that motion of mine about the drainage loan. I almost thought they'd have given me a fit of apoplexy; but I crushed them; and I told Boyd, 'if I see any more of this, I don't care from what quarter it comes—if these insolences be repeated—I'll resign the direction. It's no use making excuses, pleading that you misunderstood this or mistook that, Boyd,' said I; 'if it occurs again,

I go.' And then, as if this was not enough, I've had to talk French all the way out. By the way, where's Maitland?"

"Talk French! what do you mean by that?"

"Where's Maitland, I say?"

"He's gone off with Mark to Larne. They said they'd not be back to dinner."

"Here's more of it; we shall have his foreign fellow on our hands till he comes—this Italian count. I found him at M'Grotty's, and brought him back with me."

"And what is he like? Is he as captivating as his portrait bespeaks?"

"He is, to my mind, as vulgar a dog as ever I met: he smoked beside me all the road, though he saw how his vile tobacco set me coughing; and he stretched his legs over the front-seat of the carriage, where, I promise you, his boots have left their impress on the silk lining; and he poked his cane at Crattle's wig, and made some impertinent remark which I couldn't catch. I never was very enthusiastic about foreigners, and the present specimen has not made a convert of me."

"Maitland likes him," said she, languidly.

"Well, then, it is an excellent reason not to like Maitland. There's the second bell already. By the way, this count, I suppose, takes you in to dinner?"

"I suppose so, and it is very unpleasant, for I am out of the habit of talking French. I'll make Alice sit on the other side of him and entertain him."

The news that the distinguished Italian friend of Mr. Norman Maitland had arrived, created a sort of sensation in the house, and as the guests dropped into the drawing-room before dinner there was no other topic than the count. The door at last opened for his *entrée*; and he came in unannounced, the servant being probably unable to catch the name he gave. In the absence of her father and mother, Mrs. Trafford did the honors, and received him most courteously, presenting the other guests to him or him to them, as it might be. When it came to the turn of the commodore, he started and muttered, "Eh, very like, the born image of him!" and coloring deeply at his own awkwardness, mumbled out a few unmeaning commonplaces. As for the major, he eyed him with one of his steadiest stares—unflinching, unblenching; and even said to Mrs. Trafford in a whisper, "I didn't catch the name; was

it Green you said?" Seated between Lady Lyle and Mrs. Trafford, M'Caskey felt that he was the honored guest of the evening: Maitland's absence, so feelingly deplored by the others, gave him little regret; indeed, instinct told him that they were not men to like each other, and he was all the happier that he had the field for a while his own. It was not a very easy task to be the pleasant man of an Irish country-house, in a foreign tongue; but, if any man could have success, it was M'Caskey. The incessant play of his features, the varied tones of his voice, his extraordinary gestures, appealed to those who could not follow his words, and led them very often to join in the laughter which his sallies provoked from others. He was, it is true, the exact opposite to all they had been led to expect—he was neither well-looking nor distinguished, nor conciliatory in manner—there was not a trace of that insinuating softness and gentleness Maitland had spoken of—he was, even to those who could not follow his speech, one of the most coolly unabashed fellows they had ever met, and made himself at home with a readiness that said much more for his boldness than for his breeding; and yet, withal, each was pleased in turn to see how he outtalked some heretofore tyrant of conversation, how impudently he interrupted a bore, and how mercilessly he pursued an antagonist whom he had vanquished. It is not at all improbable, too, that he owed something of his success to that unconquerable objection people feel at confessing that they do not understand a foreign language—the more when that language is such a cognate one as French. What a deal of ecstasy does not the polite world expend upon German drama and Italian tragedy, and how frequently are people moved to every imaginable emotion, without the slightest clue to the intention of the charmer! If he was great at the dinner-table, he was greater in the drawing-room. Scarcely was coffee served than he was twanking away with a guitar, and singing a Spanish muleteer song, with a jingling imitation of bells for the accompaniment; or seated at the piano he carolled out a French canzonette descriptive of soldier-life, far more picturesque than it was proper; and all this time there was the old commodore cruising above and below him, eying and watching him—growing perfectly feverish with the anxiety of his doubts, and yet unable to con-

firm or refute them. It was a suspicious craft; he felt that he had seen it before, and knew the rig well, and yet he was afraid to board and say, "Let me look at your papers."

"I say, Beck, just go slyly up and say something, accidentally, about Barbadoes; don't ask any questions, but remark that the evening is close, or the sky threatening, or the air oppressive, just as it used to be before a tornado there." The old sailor watched her, as he might have watched a boat party on a cutting-out expedition; he saw her draw nigh the piano; he thought he could trace all the ingenious steps by which she neared her object; and he was convinced that she had at last thrown the shell on board him; but what was his grievous disappointment, as he saw that the little fellow had turned to her with a look of warmest admiration, and actually addressed a very ardent love-song to the eyes that were then bent upon him. The commodore made signals to cease firing and fall back, but in vain. She was too deeply engaged to think of orders; and there she stood to be admired and worshipped and adored in all the moods and tenses of a French "romance." But Miss Rebecca Graham was not the only victim of the major's captivations; gradually the whole company of the drawing-room had gathered round the piano, some to wonder, some to laugh at, some to feel amused by, and not a few to feel angry with that little fiery-eyed impertinent-looking fellow, who eyed the ladies so languishingly, and stared at the men as if asking, "Who'll quarrel with me?" You might not like, but it was impossible to ignore him. There was, too, in his whole air and bearing a conscious sense of power—a sort of bold self-reliance—that dignifies even impudence; and as he sat in his chair with head up and hands vigorously striking the chords of the piano, he looked, as it is by no means improbable that he felt, "M'Caskey against the field." It was in the midst of hearty applause at a song he had just completed, that Maitland entered the room. In the hall he had learned from the servants that his foreign friend had arrived, and he hurried forward to greet him. Rather puzzled at the vociferous gayety of the company, he made his way through the crowd and approached the piano, and then stood, staring on every side, to find out his friend.

Though he saw the major, his eye only rested passingly on him, as it ranged eagerly to catch the features of another.

"He's very amusing, though not in the least what you led us to expect," whispered Mrs. Trafford.

"Who is it of whom you are speaking?"

"Your friend yonder, the Count Caffarelli."

"What—that man?" cried Maitland, as he grew pale with passion; and now pushing forward, he leaned over the back of the music-stool, and whispered, "Who are you that call yourself Count Caffarelli!"

"Is your name Maitland?" said the other, with perfect coolness.

"Yes."

"Mine is M'Caskey, sir."

"And by what presumption do I find you here?"

"This is not the place nor the moment for explanations; but if you want or prefer exposures, don't balk your fancy; I'm as ready as you are."

Maitland reeled back as if from a blow, and looked positively ill; and then laughingly turning to the company, he said some commonplace words about his ill-luck in being late to hear the last song.

"Well, it must be the last for to-night," said Mr. M'Caskey, rising. "I have really imposed too much upon every one's forbearance."

After a little of the usual skirmishing—the entreaties and the coy refusals—the recollection of that charming thing you sang for us at Woodpark—and the doubts lest they had brought no music with them—the Misses Graham sat down to one of those duets which every one in England seems able to compose and to sing; lackadaisical ditties adapted to the humblest musical proficiency, and unfortunately, too, the very narrowest intelligences. While the remainder of the company, after a very brief moment of silence, resumed conversation, Major M'Caskey stepped unobserved from the room—by all, at least, but by Maitland, who speedily followed him, and, led by the sound of his footsteps along the corridor, tracked him through the great hall. M'Caskey was standing on the lawn, and in the act of lighting his cigar, as Maitland came up.

"Explain this intrusion here, sir, now, if you can," cried Maitland, as he walked straight towards him.

"If you want any explanations from me, you'll have to ask for them more suitably," said the other, coldly.

"I desire to know under what pretence you assume a name and rank you have no right to, to obtain admission to this house?"

"Your question is easily answered: your instructions to me were, on my arrival at Coleraine, to give myself out for a foreigner, and not to speak English with any one. I have your note in my desk, and think there can be no mistake about its meaning."

"Well, well; I know all that! Go on," cried Maitland, impatiently.

M'Caskey smiled, half-insolently, at this show of temper, and continued: "It was then, in my assumed character of Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, or whatever you wish—for they are pretty much alike to me—I was standing at the door of the inn, when a rather pompous old fellow with two footmen after him came up, and in some execrable French, endeavored to accost me, mingling your name in his jargon, and inviting me, as well as his language would permit, to return with him to his house. What was I to conclude but that the arrangement was yours? Indeed, I never gave a doubt to it."

"When he addressed you as the Count Caffarelli, you might have had such a doubt," said Maitland, sneeringly.

"He called me simply count," was the reply.

"Well; so far well: there was no assumption of a name, at least."

"None whatever; and if there had been, would the offence have seemed to you so very—very unpardonable?" It is not easy to convey the intense impertinence given to the delivery of this speech by the graduated slowness of every word, and the insolent composure with which it was spoken.

"What do you mean, sir, by this—this insinuation?" cried Maitland.

"Insinuation! It's none. It is a mere question as to a matter of good taste or good morals."

"I have no time for such discussions, sir," said Maitland, hotly. "I am glad to find that the blunder by which you came here was not of your own provoking, though I cannot see how it makes the explanation less difficult to myself."

"What is your difficulty, may I ask?" cried M'Caskey, coolly.

"Is it no difficulty that I must explain how I know—" and he stopped suddenly, just as a man might stop on the verge of a precipice, and look, horror-struck, down into the depth below him. "I mean," said he, recovering himself, "that to enter upon the question of our relations to each other would open the discussion of matters essentially secret. When I have said I know you, the next question will be, Who is he?"

"Well, what is the difficulty there? I am Graf M'Caskey, in Bavaria, Count of Serramajor, in Sicily; Commander of the Order of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a Knight of Malta. I mention these, for I have the 'brevets' with me."

"Very true," said Maitland; "but you are also the same Lieutenant Miles M'Caskey who served in the 2d West Indian Regiment, and who left a few unsettled matters between him and the government there, when he quitted Barbadoes."

"And which they wont rake up, I promise you, if they don't want to hang an ex-governor," said he, laughing. "But none of us, Mr. Maitland, will stand such investigations as these. There's a statute of limitations for morals as well as for small debts."

Maitland winced under the insolent look of the other, and, in a tone somewhat shaken, continued: "At all events, it will not suit me to open these inquiries. The only piece of good fortune in the whole is, that there was none here who knew you."

"I am not so very sure of that, though," said the major, with a quiet laugh.

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Why, that there is an old fellow whom I remember to have met on the West Indian station; he was a lieutenant, I think, on board the *Dwarf*, and he looked as if he were puzzled about me."

"Gambier Graham?"

"That's the man; he followed me about all night, till some one carried him off to play cribbage; but he'd leave his game every now and then to come and stare at me, till I gave him a look that said, If you do that again, we'll have a talk over it in the morning."

"To prevent which you must leave this tonight, sir," said Maitland. "I am not in the habit of carrying followers about with me to the country-houses where I visit."

A very prolonged whistle was M'Caskey's first reply to this speech, and then he said,

"They told me you were one of the cleverest fellows in Europe, but I don't believe a word of it; for if you were, you would never try to play the game of bully with a man of my stamp. Bigger men than Mr. Norman Maitland have tried that, and didn't come so well out of it!"

An insolent toss of the head, as he threw away his cigar, was all Maitland's answer. At last he said, "I suppose, sir, you cannot wish to drive me to say that I do not know you?"

"It would be awkward, certainly; for then I'd be obliged to declare that I *do* know you."

Instantly Maitland seized the other's arm; but M'Caskey, though not by any means so strong a man, flung off the grasp, and started back, saying, "Hands off, or I'll put a bullet through you! We've both of us lived long enough amongst foreigners to know that these are liberties that cost blood."

"This is very silly and very unprofitable," said Maitland, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "There ought not, there cannot be, any quarrel between you and me. Though it is no fault of yours that this blunder has occurred, the mistake has its unpleasant side, and may lead to some embarrassment, the more as this old sea-captain is sure to remember you if you meet again. There's only one thing for it, therefore—get away as fast as you can. I'll supply the pretext, and show Sir Arthur in confidence how the whole affair occurred."

M'Caskey shook his head dubiously. "This is not to my liking, sir; it smacks of a very ignominious mode of retreat. I am to leave myself to be discussed by a number of perhaps not over-favorable critics, and defended by one who even shrinks from saying he knows me. No—no; I can't do this."

"But, remember you are not the person to whom these people meant to offer their hospitality."

"I am Major Miles M'Caskey," said he, drawing himself up to the full height of his five feet four inches; "and there is no mistake whatever in any consideration that is shown to the man who owns that name."

"Yes, but why are you here—how have you come?"

"I came by the host's invitation, and I look to you to explain how the blunder occurred, and to recognize me afterwards. That is what I expect, and what I insist on."

"And if your old friend, the commodore, whose memory for ugly anecdotes seems inexhaustible, comes out with any unpleasant reminiscences of West Indian life—"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Norman Maitland. I'll take care to see my friend, as you call him, and I'll offer you a trifling wager he'll not be a whit more anxious to claim my acquaintance than you are."

"You appear to have no small reliance on your powers of intimidation, major," said Maitland, with a sneering smile.

"They have never failed me, for I have always backed them with a very steady hand and a correct eye, both of which are much at your service."

Maitland lifted his hat and bowed an acknowledgment.

"I think we are losing our time, each of us, Major M'Caskey. There need be no question of etiquette here. You are, if I understand the matter aright, under my orders. Well, sir, these orders are, that you now start for Castle Durrow, and be prepared by Tuesday next to make me a full report of your proceedings, and produce for me, if necessary, the men you have engaged."

The change effected in the major's manner at these words was magical; he touched his hat in salute, and listened with all show of respect.

"It is my intention, if satisfied with your report, to recommend you for the command of the legion, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel," continued Maitland; "and I have already written about those advances you mentioned."

"I'll take care that you are satisfied with me," said M'Caskey, respectfully; "I'll start within half an hour."

"This is all as it should be. I hope it is our first and last misunderstanding;" and he held out his hand frankly, which the other grasped and shook cordially. "How are you off for ready cash? Treat me as a comrade, and say freely."

"Not over flush, but I suppose I can rub on," said the major, with some confusion.

"I have some thirty sovereigns here," said Maitland; "take them, and we'll settle all when we meet."

M'Caskey put the purse in his pocket, and, with the uneasy consciousness of a man ashamed of what he was doing, muttered out

a few unmeaning words of thanks, and said, "Good-by!"

"These condottieri rascals have been troublesome fellows in all ages," said Maitland as he smoked away alone; "and I suspect they are especially unsuited to our present-day life and its habits. I must rid myself of the major."

CHAPTER XI.

EXPLANATIONS.

By the time Maitland had despatched his man Fenton to meet Count Caffarelli, and prevent his coming to Lyle Abbey, where his presence would be sure to occasion much embarrassment, the company had retired to their rooms, and all was quiet.

Though Mark was curious to know why and how Maitland had disappeared with his foreign friend, he had grown tired thinking over it, and fallen sound asleep. Nor did he hear Maitland as he entered the room and drew nigh his bedside.

"What's wrong—what has happened?" cried Mark, as he started up suddenly on his bed.

"Nothing very serious, but still something worth waking you for; but are you sure you are awake?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. What is it all about? Who are in it?"

"We are all in it, for the matter of that," said Maitland, with a quiet laugh. "Try and listen to me attentively for a couple of minutes. The man your father brought back with him from Coleraine, believing him to be my friend Caffarelli, was not Caffarelli at all!"

"What! And he pretended to be?"

"No such thing; hear me out. Your father spoke to him in French; and finding out—I don't exactly know how—that he and I were acquaintances, rushed at once to the conclusion that he must be Caffarelli. I conclude that the interview was not made more intelligible to either party by being carried on in French; but the invitation so frankly given was as freely accepted. The stranger came, dined, and was here in the drawing-room when we came back."

"This is unpardonable. Who is he? What is he?"

"He is a gentleman, I believe, as well born as either of us. I know something—not much—about him, but there are circum-

stances which, in a manner, prevent me from talking of him. He came down to this part of the world to see me, though I never intended it should have been here."

"Then his intrusion here was not sanctioned by you?"

"No. It was all your father's doing."

"My father's doing, if you like, Maitland, but concurred in and abetted by this man, whoever he is."

"I'll not even say that; he assures me that he accepted the invitation in the belief that the arrangement was made by me."

"And you accept that explanation?"

"Of course I do. I see nothing in it in the smallest degree improbable or unlikely."

"Well, who is he? That is the main point; for it is clear you do not wish us to receive him as a friend of yours."

"I say I'd not have presented him here, certainly; but I'll not go the length of saying he couldn't have been known by any one in this house. He is one of those adventurous fellows whose lives must not be read with the same glasses as those of quieter people. He has knocked about the world for some five-and-twenty years, without apparently having found his corner in it yet. I wanted him—what for, I shall probably tell you one of these days—and some friends of mine found him out for me!"

"One of your mysteries, Maitland," said Mark, laughing.

"Yes, one of my mysteries!"

"Of what nation is he?"

"There, again, I must balk your curiosity. The fact is, Mark, I can explain nothing about this man without going into matters which I am solemnly bound not to reveal. What I have to ask from you is, that you will explain to your father, and of course to Lady Lyle and your sisters, the mistake that has occurred, and request that they will keep it a secret. He has already gone, so that your guests will probably not discuss him after a day or two."

"Not even so much, for there's a break-up. Old Mrs. Maxwell has suddenly discovered that her birthday will fall on next Friday, and she insists upon going back to Tilney Park to entertain the tenantry, and give a ball to the servants. Most of the people here accompany her, and Isabella and myself are obliged to go. Each of us expects to be her

heir, and we have to keep out competitors at all hazards."

"Why has she never thought of me?" said Maitland.

"She means to invite you, at all events; for I heard her consulting my mother how so formidable a personage should be approached—whether she ought to address you in a despatch, or ask for a conference."

"If a choice be given me, I'll stay where I am. The three days I promised you have grown nearer to three weeks, and I do not see the remotest chance of your getting rid of me."

"Will you promise me to stay till I tell you we want your rooms?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, you don't know—you couldn't know—what very tempting words you are uttering. This is such a charming, charming spot, to compose that novel I am—not—writing—that I never mean to leave till I have finished it; but, seriously speaking, like an old friend, am I a bore here? Am I occupying the place that is wanted for another? Are they tired of me?"

Mark overwhelmed his friend with assurances, very honest in the main, that they were only too happy to possess him as their guest, and felt no common pride in the fact that he could find his life there endurable. "I will own now," says he, "that there was a considerable awe of you felt before you came, but you have lived down the fear, and become a positive favorite."

"But who could have given such a version of me as to inspire this?"

"I am afraid I was the culprit," said Mark; "I was rather boastful about knowing you at all, and I suppose I frightened them."

"My dear Lyle, what a narrow escape I had of being positively odious! and I now see with what consummate courtesy my caprices have been treated, when really I never so much as suspected they had been noticed." There was a touch of sincerity in his accent as he spoke, that vouched for the honesty of his meaning; and Mark, as he looked at him, muttered to himself, "This is the man they call an egotist, and who is only intent on taking his turn out of all around him."

"I think I must let you go to sleep again, Mark," said Maitland, rising. "I am a wretched sleeper myself, and quite forget that there are happy fellows who can take

their ten hours of oblivion without any help from the druggist. Without this,"—and he drew a small phial from his waistcoat pocket,—“I get no rest.”

“What a bad habit!”

“Isn't almost everything we do a bad habit? Have we ever a humor that recurs to us, that is not a bad habit? Are not the simple things which mean nothing in themselves, an evil influence when they grow into requirements and make slaves of us? I suppose it was a bad habit that made me a bad sleeper, and I turn to another bad habit to correct it. The only things which are positively bad habits, are those that require an effort to sustain, or will break down under us, without we struggle to support them. To be morose is not one jot a worse habit than to be agreeable; for the time will come when you are indisposed to be pleasant, and the company in which you find yourself are certain to deem the humor as an offence to themselves; but there is a worse habit than this, which is to go on talking to a man whose eyes are closing with sleep. Good-night.”

Maitland said no more than the truth when he declared how happy he found himself in that quiet, unmolested existence which he led at Lyle Abbey. To be free in every way—to indulge his humor to be alone or in company—to go and come as he liked, were great boons; but they were even less than the enjoyment he felt in living amongst total strangers—persons who had never known, never heard of him—for whom he was not called on to make any effort, or support any character. No man ever felt more acutely the slavery that comes of sustaining a part before the world, and being as strange and as inexplicable as people required he should be. While a very young man, it amused him to trifle in this fashion, and to set absurd modes afloat for imitation; and he took a certain spiteful pleasure in seeing what a host of followers mere eccentricity could command. As he grew older, he wearied of this, and, to be free of it, wandered away to distant and unvisited countries, trying the old and barren experiment whether new sensations might not make a new nature. “*Cælum non animum mutant*,” says the adage, and he came back pretty much as he went, with this only difference, that he now cared only for quietness and repose. Not the contemplative repose of one who sought to reflect without disturb-

ance, so much as the peaceful isolation that suited indolence. He fancied how he would have liked to be the son of that house, and dream away life in that wild, secluded spot; but, after all, the thought was like the epicure's notion of how contented he could be with a meal of potatoes!

As the day broke, he was roused from his light sleep by the tumult and noise of the departing guests. He arose and watched them through the half-closed jalousies. It was picturesque enough, in that crisp, fresh, frosty air, to see the groups as they gathered on the long terrace before the door; while equipages the most varied drew up—here a family-coach with long-tailed “blacks;” there a smart britschka, with spanking grays; a tandem, too, there was for Mark's special handling; and conspicuous by its pile of luggage in the “well,” stood Gambier Graham's outside jaunting-car—a large basket of vegetables and fruit, and a hamper of lobsters, showing how such guests are propitiated, even in the hours of leave-taking.

Maitland watched Isabella in all her little attentive cares to Mrs. Maxwell, and saw, as he thought, the heir-expectant in every movement. He fancied that the shawl she carried on her arm was the old lady's, and was almost vexed when he saw her wrap it around her own shoulders. “Well, that at least is sycophancy,” muttered he, as he saw her clutch up a little white Maltese terrier and kiss it; but alas for his prescience! the next moment she had given the dog to a servant to carry back into the house, and so it was her own that she was parting from, and not Mrs. Maxwell's that she was caressing!

It is strange to say that he was vexed at being disappointed. She was very pretty, very well-mannered, and very pleasing; but he longed to find that all the charm and grace about her were conventional; he wished to believe that “the whole thing,” as he called life, was a mere trick, where all cheated in proportion to their capacities. Mark had been honest enough to own that they were fortune-hunting, and Isabella certainly could not be ignorant of the stake she played for.

One by one the carriages drew up and moved away, and now Gambier Graham's car stood before the door, alone; for the crowd of footmen who had thronged to press their services on the others, gradually melted away, hopeless of exacting a black-mail from

the old commodore. While Maitland stood watching the driver, who, in a composite sort of costume rather more gardener than coachman, amused himself flicking with his whip imaginary flies off the old mare's neck and withers, a smart tap came to the door, while a hasty voice called out, "May I come in?"

"Let me first hear who you are," said Maitland.

"Commodore Graham," was the answer.

In a moment it flashed across Maitland that the old sailor had come to reveal his discovery of M'Caskey. Just as quickly did he decide that it was better to admit him, and, if possible, contrive to make the story seem a secret between themselves.

"Come in, by all means—the very man I wanted to see," said Maitland, as he opened the door, and gave him a cordial shake-hands. "I was afraid you were going without seeing me, commodore; and, early as it was, I got up and was dressing in hope to catch you."

"That I call hearty—downright hearty—Maitland."

Maitland actually started at this familiar mention of him by one whom he had never met till a few days before.

"Rather a rare event in your life to be up at this hour, I'll be sworn—except when you haven't been to bed, eh!" And he laughed heartily at what he fancied was a most witty conceit. "You see we're all off! We've had springs on our cables these last twenty-four hours, with this frolicsome old woman, who would insist on being back for her birthday; but she's rich, Maitland—immensely rich, and we all worship her."

Maitland gave a faint shrug of the shoulders, as though he deplored the degeneracy, but couldn't help it.

"Yes, yes—I'm coming," cried the commodore, shouting from the window to his daughters beneath. "The girls are impatient; they want to be at Lesliesford when the others are crossing. There's a fresh on the river, and it's better to get some stout fellows to guide the carriages through the water. I wanted greatly to have five minutes alone with you—five would do—half of it perhaps between men of the world, as we are. You know about what?"

"I suspect I do," said Maitland, quietly.

"I saw, too," resumed Graham, "that you

wished to have no talk about it here, amongst all these gossiping people. Wasn't I right?"

"Perfectly right; you appreciated me thoroughly."

"What I said was this,—Maitland knows the world well. He'll wait till he has his opportunity of talking the matter over with myself. He'll say, 'Graham and I will understand one another at once.' One minute, only one," screamed he, out of the window. "Couldn't you come down and just say a word or two to them? They'd like it so much."

Maitland muttered something about his costume.

"Ah! there it is. You fellows will never be seen till you are in full fig. Well, I must be off. Now, then, to finish what we've been saying. You'll come over next week to Port Graham—that's my little place, though there's no port, nor anything like a port, within ten miles of it—and we'll arrange everything. If I'm an old fellow, Maitland, I don't forget that I was once a young one—mind that, my boy." And the commodore had to wipe his eyes, with the laughter at his drollery. "Yes; here I am," cried he, again; and then turning to Maitland, shook his hand in both his own, repeating, "On Wednesday—Wednesday to dinner—not later than five, remember," he hastened down the stairs, and scrambled up on the car beside his eldest daughter, who, apparently, had already opened a flood gate of attack on him for his delay.

"Insupportable old bore!" muttered Maitland, as he waved his hand from the window, and smiled his blandest salutations to the retreating party. "What a tiresome old fool to fancy that I am going over to Graham-pond, or port, or whatever it is, to talk over an incident that I desire to have forgotten! Besides, when once I have left this neighborhood, he may discuss M'Caskey every day after his dinner—he may write his life, for anything I care."

With this parting reflection, he went down to the garden, strolling listlessly along the dew-spangled alleys, and carelessly tossing aside with his cane the apple-blossoms, which lay thick as snow-flakes on the walks. While thus lounging, he came suddenly upon Sir Arthur as, hoe in hand, he imagined himself doing something useful.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Maitland," cried he, "Mark has just told me of the stupid mis-

take I made. Will you be generous enough to forgive me?"

"It is from me, sir, that the apologies must come," began Maitland.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Mr. Maitland. You will overwhelm me with shame if you say so. Let us each forget the incident; and believe me, I shall feel myself your debtor by the act of oblivion." He shook Maitland's hand warmly, and, in an easier tone, added, "What good news I have heard! You are not tired of us—not going!"

"I cannot—I told Mark this morning—I don't believe there is a road out of this."

"Well, wait here till I tell you it is fit for travelling," said Sir Arthur, pleasantly, and addressed himself once more to his labors as a gardener.

Meanwhile, Maitland threw himself down on a garden-bench, and cried aloud, "This is the real thing, after all—this is actual repose. Not a word of political intrigue, no snares, no tricks, no deceptions, and no defeats; no waking to hear of our friends arrested, and our private letters in the hands of a police prefect. No horrid memories of the night before, and that run of ill-luck that has left us almost beggars. I wonder how long the charm of this tranquillity would endure; or is it like all other anodynes, which lose their calming power by habit? I'd certainly like to try."

"Well, there is no reason why you should not," said a voice from the back of the summer-house, which he knew to be Mrs. Trafford's. He jumped up to overtake her; but she was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

MAITLAND'S VISIT.

"WHAT was it you were saying about flowers, Jeanie? I was not minding," said Mrs. Butler, as she sat at her window watching the long, heaving roll of the sea, as it broke along the jagged and rugged shore, her thoughts the while far beyond it.

"I was saying, ma'am, that the same man that came with the books t'other day brought these roses, and asked very kindly how you were."

"You mean the same gentleman, lassie, who left his card here?" said the old lady, correcting that very northern habit of ignoring all differences of condition.

"Well, I mind he was, for he had very white hands, and a big bright ring on one of his fingers."

"You told him how sorry I was not to be able to see him—that these bad headaches have left me unable to receive any one?"

"Na! I didn't say that," said she, half-doggedly.

"Well, and what did you say?"

"I just said, she's thinkin' too much about her son, who is away from home, to find any pleasure in a strange face. He laughed a little quiet laugh, and said, 'There is good sense in that, Jeanie, and I'll wait for a better moment.'"

"You should have given my message as I spoke it to you," said the mistress, severely.

"I'm no sae blind that I canna see the differ between an aching head and a heavy heart. Ye're just frettin', and there's naething else the matter wi' you. There he goes now, the same man—the same gentleman, I mean," said she, with a faint scoff. "He aye goes back by the strand, and climbs the white rocks opposite the Skerries."

"Go and say that I'll be happy to have a visit from him to-morrow, Jeanie; and mind, put nothing of your own in it, lassie, but give my words as I speak them."

With a toss of her head Jeanie left the room, and soon after was seen skipping lightly from rock to rock towards the beach beneath. To the old lady's great surprise, however, Jeanie, instead of limiting herself to the simple words of her message, appeared to be talking away earnestly and fluently with the stranger; and, worse than all, she now saw that he was coming back with her, and walking straight for the cottage. Mrs. Butler had but time to change her cap and smooth down the braids of her snow-white hair, when the key turned in the lock, and Jeanie ushered in Mr. Norman Maitland. Nothing could be more respectful or in better taste than Maitland's approach. He blended the greatest deference with an evident desire to make her acquaintance, and almost at once relieved her from what she so much dreaded—the first meeting with a stranger.

"Are you of the Clairlaverock Maitlands, sir?" asked she, timidly.

"Very distantly, I believe, madam. We all claim Sir Peter as the head of the family; but my own branch settled in India two generations back, and, I shame to say, thought of everything but genealogy."

"There was a great beauty, a Miss Hester

Maitland. When I was a girl she married a lord, I think?"

"Yes, she married a Viscount Kinross, a sort of cousin of her own; though I am little versed in family history. The truth is, madam, younger sons who had to work their way in the world were more anxious to bequeath habits of energy and activity to their children than ideas of blazons and quarterings."

The old lady sighed at this, but it was a sigh of relief. She had been dreading not a little a meeting with one of those haughty Maitlands, associated in her childhood's days with thoughts of wealth and power, and that dominance that smacks of, if it does not mean, insolence; and now she found one who was not ashamed to belong to a father who had toiled for his support and worked hard for his livelihood. And yet it was strange with what tenacity she clung to a topic that had its terrors for her. She liked to talk of the family and high connections and great marriages of all these people with whose names she was familiar as a girl, but whom she had never known, if she had so much as seen.

"My poor husband, sir—you may have heard of him—Colonel Walter Butler, knew all these things by heart. You had only to ask when did So-and-so die, and who married such a one, and he'd tell you as if out of a book."

"I have heard of Colonel Butler, madam. His fame as a soldier is widespread in India—indeed, I had hoped to have made his son's acquaintance when I came here; but I believe he is with his regiment."

"No, sir, he's not in the service," said she, flushing.

"Ah! a civilian, then. Well, madam, the Butlers have shown capacity in all careers."

"My poor boy has not had the chance given him as yet, Mr. Maitland. We were too poor to think of a profession; and so waiting and hoping, though it's not very clear for what, we let the time slip over, and there he is a great grown man! as fine a young fellow as you ever looked on, and as good as handsome, but yet he cannot do one hand's turn that would give him bread—and yet, ask your friends at the Abbey if there's a grace or gift of a gentleman he is not the master of."

"I think I know how the Lyles speak of him, and what affection they bear him."

"Many would condemn me, sir," cried she, warming with the one theme that engaged her whole heart, "for having thrown my boy amongst those so far above him in fortune, and given him habits and ways that his own condition must deny him; but it was my pride to see him in the station that his father held, and to know that he became it. I suppose there are dangers in it, too," said she, rather answering his grave look than anything he had said. "I take it, sir, there are great temptations, mayhap over-strong temptations, for young natures."

Maitland moved his head slightly, to imply that he assented.

"And it's not unlikely the poor boy felt that himself; for when he came home t'other night he looked scared and worn, and answered me shortly and abruptly in a way he never does, and made me sit down on the spot and write a letter for him to a great man who knew his father, asking—it is hard to say what I asked, and what I could have expected."

"Colonel Butler's son can scarcely want friends, madam," said Maitland, courteously.

"What the world calls friends are usually relatives, and we have but one who could pretend to any sort of influence, and his treatment of my poor husband debars us from all knowledge of him. He was an only brother, a certain Sir Omerod Butler. You may perhaps have heard of him."

"Formerly British Minister at Naples, I think?"

"The same, sir: a person, they tell me, of great abilities, but very eccentric and peculiar—indeed, so his letters bespeak him."

"You have corresponded with him then, madam?"

"No, sir, never; but he wrote constantly to my husband before our marriage. They were at that time greatly attached to each other; and the elder, Sir Omerod, was always planning and plotting for his brother's advancement. He talked of him as if he was his son, rather than a younger brother; in fact, there were eighteen years between them. Our marriage broke up all this. The great man was shocked at the humble connection, and poor Walter would not bear to have me slightly spoken of; but dear me, Mr. Maitland, how I am running on! To talk of such things to you! I am really ashamed of myself. What will you think of me?"

"Only what I have learned to think of you, madam, from all your neighbors—with sentiments of deep respect and sincere interest."

"It is very good of you to say it, sir; and I wish Tony was back here to know you and thank you for all your attention to his mother."

"You are expecting him, then?" asked he.

"Well, sir, I am, and I am not. One letter is full of hope and expectancy; by Thursday or Friday he's to have some tidings about this or that place; and then comes another, saying, how Sir Harry counsels him to go out and make friends with his uncle. All mammon, sir—nothing but mammon; just because this old man is very rich, and never was married."

"I suspect you are in error there, madam. Sir Omerod was married at least twenty years ago, when I first heard of him at Naples."

She shook her head doubtfully, and said, "I have always been told the reverse, sir. I know what you allude to, but I have reason to believe I am right, and there is no Lady Butler."

"It is curious enough, madam, that through a chance acquaintance on a railroad train, I learned all about the lady he married. She was an Italian."

"It's the same story I have heard myself, sir. We only differ about the ending of it. She was a stage-player, or a dancer."

"No, madam; a very celebrated prima donna."

"Ay," said she, as though there was no discrepancy there. "I heard how the old fool—for he was no young man then—got smitten with her voice and her beauty, and made such a fuss about her, taking her here and there in his state coach, and giving great entertainments for her at the Embassy, where the arms of England were over the door; and I have been told that the king heard of it, and wrote to Sir Omerod a fearful letter, asking how he dared so to degrade the escutcheon of the nation he represented. Ah, you may smile, sir,"—Maitland had indeed smiled alike at her tale and the energy with which she told it,—"you may smile, sir; but it was no matter for laughter, I promise you. His majesty called on him to resign, and the great Sir Omerod, who wouldn't know his own brother because he married a minister's daughter, fell from his high station for sake of—I will not say any hard words; but she

was not certainly superior in station to myself, and I will make no other comparison between us."

"I suspect you have been greatly misled about all this, madam," said Maitland, with a quiet, grave manner. "Sir Omerod—I heard it from my travelling companion—took his retiring pension and quitted diplomacy the very day he was entitled to it. So far from desiring him to leave, it is said that the minister of the day pressed him to remain at his post. He has the reputation of possessing no mean abilities, and certainly enjoyed the confidence of the court to which he was accredited."

"I never heard so much good of him before; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Maitland, if you had warned me that you were his friend, I'd scarcely have been so eager to make your acquaintance."

"Remember, my dear madam, all I have been telling you reached myself as hearsay."

"Well, well," said she, sighing, "he's not over-likely to trouble his head about me, and I don't see why I am to fash myself for him. Are you minded to stay much longer in this neighborhood, Mr. Maitland?" said she, to change the topic.

"I fear not, madam. I have overstayed everything here but the kindness of my hosts. I have affairs which call me abroad, and some two or three engagements, that I have run to the very last hour. Indeed, I will confess to you, I delayed here to meet your son."

"To meet Tony, sir?"

"Yes, madam. In my intercourse with the Lyles I have learned to know a great deal about him; to hear traits of his fine generous nature, his manly frankness, and his courage. These were the testimonies of witnesses who differed widely from each other in age and temperament, and yet they all concurred in saying he was a noble-hearted young fellow, who richly deserved all the fortune that could befall him."

"Oh, dear, sir, these are sweet words to his poor mother's ears. He is all that I have left me, and you cannot know how he makes up to me for want of station and means, and the fifty other things that people who are well off look for. I do hope he'll come back before you leave this. I'd like to let you see I'm not over-boastful about him."

"I have had a project in my head for some days back. Indeed, it was in pursuance of

it I have been so persevering in my attempts to see you, madam. It occurred to me from what Sir Arthur Lyle said of your son, that he was just the person I have long been looking out for—a man of good name and good blood, fresh to the world, neither hackneyed, on the one hand, nor awkwardly ignorant, on the other—well brought up and high principled—a gentleman, in fact. It has long been a plan of mine to find one such as this, who, calling himself my secretary, would be in reality my companion and my friend—who would be content to share the fortunes of a somewhat wayward fellow for a year or two, till, using what little influence I possess, I could find means of effectually establishing him in life. Now, madam, I am very diffident about making such a proposal to one in every respect my equal, and, I have no doubt, more than my equal in some things; but if he were not my equal, there would be an end to what I desire in the project. In fact, to make the mere difference of age the question of superiority between us is my plan. We should live together precisely on terms of equality. In return for that knowledge of life I could impart to him,—what I know of the world, not acquired altogether without some sharp experience,—he would repay me by that hearty and genial freshness which is the wealth of the young. Now, madam, I will not tire you with any more of my speculations, purely selfish as they are; but will at once say, if when your son and I meet, this notion of mine is to his taste, all the minor details of it shall not deter him. I know I am not offering a career, but it is yet the first step that will fit him for one. A young fellow, gifted as he is, will needs become, in a couple of years' intercourse with what is pre-eminently society, a man of consummate tact and ability. All that I know of life convinces me that the successful men are the ready-witted men. Of course I intend to satisfy you with respect to myself. You have a right to know the stability of the bank to which you are intrusting your deposit. At all events, think over my plan, and

if nothing has already fallen to your son's hands in London, ask him to come back here and talk it over with me. I can remain here for a week—that is, if I can hope to meet him."

The old lady listened with all attention and patience to this speech. She was pleased by the flattery of it. It was flattery, indeed, to hear that consummately fine gentleman declare that he was ready to accept Tony as his equal in all things, and it was more than flattery to fancy her dear boy mingling in the pleasures and fascinations of the great world, courted and admired, as she could imagine he would be; but there were still drawbacks to all these. The position was that of a dependent; and how would Tony figure in such a post? He was the finest-tempered, most generous creature in the world, where no attempt to overbear interfered; but any show of offensive superiority would make a tiger of him.

Well, well, thought she, it's not to be rejected all at once, and I'll just talk it over with the minister. "May I consult an old friend and neighbor of mine, sir, before I speak to Tony himself?" said she, timidly.

"By all means, madam; or, if you like it better, let me call on him, and enter more fully into my plan than I have ventured to do with you."

"No, thank you, sir. I'll just talk the matter over with the doctor, and I'll see what he says to it all. This seems a very ungracious way to meet your great kindness, sir; but I was thinking of what a while ago you called my deposit, and so it is—it's all the wealth I possess—and even the thought of resigning it is more than I can bear."

"I hope to convince you one of these days, madam, that you have not invested unprofitably;" and with many courteous assurances that, decide how she might, his desire to serve her should remain, he took his leave, bequeathing, as he passed out, a glow of hope to the poor widow's heart, not the less cheering that she could not freely justify nor even define it.

RECENT NOTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES
TO A CLERGYMAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

SANDRINGHAM, Nov. 5, 1863.

SIR,—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to say, in answer to your letter of the 22d inst., that it will give him very great pleasure to present to the Library of Cambridge University a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nabloos.

The Prince of Wales desires me to add that he will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince in however slight a manner the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality which he received during his visit to the United States; and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HERBERT FISHER, *Private Secretary.*

The above note is an answer to the request of a clergyman in Cambridge for a photograph of what claims to be the oldest MS. in the world for Harvard College Library. Having seen and touched this adored relic at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and learning from the prince's chaplain that the unparalleled favor had been done the distinguished visitors of granting them a photograph, I ventured to ask a copy for that Library which cherishes the prince's name as one of its most interesting autographs. And there any person interested in antiquities can see it any day, among what is becoming a large collection of real curiosities. The Samaritans profess that it is more than three thousand years old, and by the grandson of Aaron: but no one that ever saw it has questioned its great age, nor failed of being impressed by the reverence with which it is regarded.

H.

THE last American telegrams reported Mr. Lincoln ill of small-pox, and unable to deliver his message on that account. There is good reason to hope that his illness is not serious; but the mind naturally glances at the possible calamity which the country might sustain in his death. Few men of average abilities ever managed to inspire a more profound trust in their integrity and firmness than Lincoln has contrived to implant in both his friends and foes, and certainly there is no man in his Cabinet, not even Mr. Chase, whom the world would trust as well. If he were to die before his term of office was out, he would be succeeded by the Vice-President, the Honorable Hannibal Hamlin, who is said to be a man of resolute character, in any case quite unlikely to be a cipher, and even more strongly committed to the anti-slavery policy than his chief. He has been governor of Maine, and was United States Senator for that State when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency. Formerly a Democrat, he left the Democratic party on discovering its corruption before the Republican party was formed. Let us hope, however, that there will be no occasion for the curious medley of associations suggested by the substitution of a Hannibal, in the political patriarchy, for an Abraham.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

tion in 1819, "has gradually ceased to keep pace with the ideas and wants of the present time." All the privileges which are no longer in keeping with the "present liberal *regime*" are abrogated. The School will henceforth be under a director appointed every five years by the government. All the professors and officials will likewise henceforth be appointed and paid exclusively by the government. The director is to have 8,000 francs, each professor 2,400 francs, annually. The pupils will have "obligatory classes" in history, æsthetics, archæology, perspective, and anatomy. Every quarter the professors have to report on the progress of their pupils to the ministry. The usual prize, the Prix de Rome, will henceforth only be given for four, not, as hitherto, for five, years; but the prizeman need no longer spend all his time in Rome, but may travel for two years. Engravers and lithographers will only get the prize for three years, two of which are to be spent at Rome. For the next five years Robert Fleury has been appointed director of the school.

THE *Moniteur* contains an imperial decree respecting the late changes in the organization of the School of Fine Arts, which, since its founda-

THE Queen gave Mr. Frith a fourth sitting on Saturday for his picture of the Prince of Wales's marriage. During the past week the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, and the Crown Prince of Denmark have also given him sittings.

THANKSGIVING-DAY AT BERLIN.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, December 1, 1863.

Agreeably to the call of the President, the loyal Americans in Berlin met to celebrate the peculiarly American festival of Thanksgiving. Rev. Dr. Tappan, ex-president of Michigan University, delivered a patriotic, unconditional-Union address in the American chapel, and the dinner took place at the St. Petersburg Hotel. There were present about sixty Americans and a number of invited guests, among whom were Professor Neumann, of Munich University, who is here publishing his able history of the United States, and Professor Telkamp, of Breslau University, the only Liberal member of the Prussian House of Lords. The dinner, though excellent, lacked the cranberry sauce, the pumpkin pie, and other indispensable accessories to an American Thanksgiving dinner. In the absence of our minister, Mr. Judd, who is now on a visit home, the table was presided over by Theodore S. Fay, late minister of the United States at Berne, who is spending the winter in Berlin, and returns to America in the spring.

After the dinner speeches were made by Mr. Fay, Mr. Kreissmann (Secretary of the United States Legation in Berlin), Rev. Dr. Tappan, Hon. Mr. Holton of Milwaukee, Mr. Woodruff of Brooklyn, Professor Neumann, Professor Telkamp and others. The sad condition of the United States, and especially the news we had just received of the barbarities in Libby Prison, prevented the usual hilarity incident to these festive occasions. And let me here say that the Southerners show very bad policy by the barbarous treatment of our prisoners at Richmond. For the effect upon Europe, they might better lose a battle than have the reports of Libby Prison shock the moral sense and excite the loathing and disgust of even those parties who have been their friends and advocates. The tardy permission they have given our government to send food to the starving prisoners only makes their crime stand out more vividly, and contrasts horribly before the world with the generous treatment of rebel prisoners and the general humane conduct of the war by the North.

SPEECH OF MR. FAY.

Mr. Fay spoke with great feeling and power

upon this point. His remarks were substantially as follows:—

“With surprise and diffidence I address you from this chair. I am called to occupy it in consequence of the temporary absence of our excellent and highly esteemed minister, Mr. Judd. I am not insensible to the honor. I rejoice in every opportunity to express my opinion upon the great, the much misrepresented crisis through which we are passing. I rejoice particularly to-night, because I wish to touch upon a subject of pre-eminent interest.

“There is a country called Dahomey in Africa. The government is a despotism, pure and simple—hell-born, God-defying—without disguises or pretensions to be other than it is. The king has founded his commercial prosperity upon the slave-trade. He makes war upon the neighboring tribes, thus procuring slaves for exportation. His people manufacture spears, swords, daggers, clubs; but his chief staple is men, women, children, young girls. He is worshipped as a deity. One of the sacred symbols is a leopard, another a serpent, perhaps a rattlesnake. The royal bed-chamber is paved with skulls; the roof is adorned with jaw-bones of chiefs he has slain in battle. Once a year all the women of the country appear before him. He selects, first, wives for himself, then for his ministers and officers. If any persons would speak to his majesty, they must approach by lying flat on their faces and rolling their heads in the dust. One of the late kings was named Bossa. His first act of sovereignty was to put to death every person of that name in his dominions. The atrocities perpetrated to supply the slave trade pass all comprehension. The king is not a mawkish sentimentalist; no fanatical ‘puritanism’ embarrasses his large mind, or checks his far-seeing projects to place on a solid foundation the powerful empire of Dahomey. Once a year he holds a grand festival, which lasts for several weeks, during which he waters the graves of his royal ancestors with the blood of hosts of human victims. A few years ago he caused to be built a reservoir, and collected human beings for sacrifice,—enough to fill it with blood,—so that he could appear on those gory waves in a boat, and his admiring subjects behold him in all the greatness of his power and the beauty of his glory.

“The British Government—for England has ever stood in the van of civilization—is a declared enemy of slavery, a Christian nation (from her noble Queen flows out through the world an example for all women and sovereigns)—may her statesmen never lower her among the nations—the British Government remonstrated with the King of Dahomey

upon this grand annual festival. The bland monarch replied, it was undoubtedly objectionable in many respects; but it was a 'peculiar institution'—a legal institution—and one of the corner-stones of the kingdom of Dahomey. Foreigners could not understand its operations, and under these circumstances it was not easy or expedient to abolish it abruptly!

"Ladies and gentlemen, I stand here to defend the King of Dahomey. Africa, by its natural configuration, the absence of bays, gulfs, inland seas, and great navigable rivers, has, in the mysterious plan of God, been almost unavoidably left in a state of barbarism. A recent traveller states he saw in its interior people coming from market with baskets of meat, which proved to be fragments of human bodies. This is the land of the King of Dahomey. No white-winged ships sweep across that continent from different quarters of the globe, bearing improvements of civilization and the light of the gospel.

"When this dark ruler shall be asked, at the bar of his Maker, 'Why hast thou done this?' I believe he will answer, 'I had no light; I had no Christ. Father, forgive me!' And will not the Infinite Mercy cover him with its mantle?

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is another land. Its natural configuration marks it for the seat of a high civilization. Gulfs, bays, lakes, rivers are there—the largest and most numerous of the globe. There the school, the pulpit, and the legislative chambers have been at work. The press speaks aloud. The Word of God flows in streams broader than the greatest rivers. Yet, in that land,—almost on the estate of Washington,—by order and under the very eyes of that bad man, Jefferson Davis (whose name has been held up for veneration by a British statesman as the 'creator of a new nation'), ten thousand prisoners of war, who have given their life for Christian liberty and for the rights of free labor—whose only crime is defending their legitimate government (which Earl Russell has declared a great blessing to mankind)—ten thousand prisoners of war are held in Libby Prison in Richmond by a usurped, vindictive, tottering, poverty-stricken authority, so that many of them are *starving to death*.

"This seems exaggeration. I have reason to believe, from public and private sources, that it is *true*. One hundred and eighty were lately released (on account of their dying state), squalid, meagre, exhausted skeletons; eight died on their way home; thirty-five died afterwards, and thirty are stated to be dying. This atrocity is unequalled, either by the Black Hole of Calcutta, the cave of Algeria, or the fête of Dahomey.

The latter is prolonged only three weeks. They are not tortured. They are mercifully massacred, as our butcher slays the ox. A blow with a club—a sombre groan—and the deed is done. But in the Libby Prison I *know* some have been six months. Many have become insane from want of food, and their maniac shrieks ring through the building. The kitchen adjoins the dead-house, where the corpses are suffered to accumulate till the keepers are obliged by their stench to remove them. The man in command at the prison is called General Winder. A jailer, with some humanity left in him (not General Winder), threw to one of the prisoners a piece of bread. The wretched being grasped it with his bony hand, and died before he could raise it to his lips. Is there any one with heart so dead and with mind so besotted as to plead, in defence of this crime, the law of nations, the laws of war, or that the rebels themselves have no food? If they cannot feed their prisoners, why do they not parole them?

"This is the explanation:

"The exchange of war prisoners is arrested by the following dilemma: The rebels refuse to exchange negro war prisoners on the same footing as white—meaning to treat them as criminals. Our Government cannot, ought not, to exchange on such conditions. The rebels, doubtless, under other circumstances, would not deliberately starve ten thousand prisoners to death; but, themselves in want of food, drunk with rage and despair, and unwilling to betray their poverty to the world, they thus retain prisoners whom they have no means of feeding. The spirit in which this is done may be judged by the following remark in a late number of the *Richmond Enquirer*: 'Let the d—d Yankees learn to meet the bullet on the battle-field, but let them take care *not to get into the Libby Prison!*'

"The *Richmond Enquirer* means, in other words: 'Leave the negro war-prisoners entirely to our tender mercies, and thus surrender the principle which lies at the bottom of this war, or we will leave your ten thousand white countrymen to perish by hunger.' This, I believe, is the spirit of that narrow-minded, selfish, unscrupulous demagogue, Jefferson Davis, and the desperate adventurers in his immediate confidence—not. I am sure, of all the Southerners, or even the Southern leaders, among whom are honest and good people enough, duped or forced into this crime.

"I have placed the King of Dahomey and Mr. Davis together, because they belong together. The two gentlemen are associates in business. They do the same work, deal in the same article, and in the same spirit—the

spirit of savage despotism, and the lowest pecuniary speculation. The King of Dahomey sweeps the adjoining territories with his armies, in order to procure a supply of the glorious staple, while Mr. Davis has organized this rebellion for the purpose of creating a large demand. The firm consists of three parties: the King of Dahomey is the resident agent in Africa; Mr. Davis, the head partner, resides, for the present, in Richmond; the third partner, of inferior rank but equal utility and merit, is the slave-trader—the ferocious pirate who carries the human cargo from Africa to Cuba, and whom the success of the rebellion would admit into the ports of New Orleans, Charleston, New York, and Boston. Both empires have the same object, and are built on the same corner-stone. If Mr. Davis succeeds, it will consolidate and extend the empire of Dahomey. If the King of Dahomey and his compeers be suppressed, the whole enterprise of Mr. Davis must fail for want of supply.

“It is true the bed-chamber of Mr. Davis is not paved with human skulls; but has not his gigantic crime laid a hundred thousand—yes, three or four hundred thousand—heads in the dust, and carried anguish into almost every family of the country? It is true he has not filled a cistern at Richmond with blood, and thus outwardly revealed himself to his admiring followers in a boat; but the waves of blood upon which he has attempted to float his bark into power—are they not far greater in quantity than was ever shed by his royal partner? They are marked

by the Christians of the earth; and God has doubtless noted them in that great book out of which, we are told, ‘the dead shall be judged according to their works.’

“The King of Dahomey is said, under the influence of the British Government, to have modified his annual festival, and to have discovered that palm oil, ivory, salt, etc., are articles of commerce as well as slaves. Will not the British Government and the newspaper organs of British public opinion persuade Mr. Davis, also, that slavery and the slave-trade are not, as he has officially proclaimed, ‘the corner-stone rejected by man and received by God,’ but the corner-stone rejected by God and by civilized men, and defended only by the devil and his children?

“Again: The British Government and press promptly remonstrated with the Federal Government for its pretended intention to destroy Charleston harbor. Why do they not now remonstrate with Jefferson Davis for unnecessarily and ferociously inflicting upon so many prisoners the most frightful, lingering form of death?

“Whence this black treason—these diabolical crimes and passions in our once happy land? They are the children of slavery. What fairer offspring could such a mother bring forth? How strikingly it recalls the passage quoted by Mr. Senator Sumner:—

“‘Pard genders pard—tigers from tigers spring, No dove is hatched beneath the vulture’s wing.’”

G. F. C.

THE Austrian colonies are in a ferment, even the judges joining in public meetings to protest against the revival of transportation to any part of the continent. Even as it is, bushrangers in New South Wales plunder small towns with impunity, and the colonists affirm that wherever they may be sent, the convicts will sooner or later make their way to the settled districts. It appears to be beyond question that if the plan be persisted in the colonists will resist, and it must not be forgotten that even the Cape Colony, which has not begun to talk of setting up for itself, rebelled against the introduction of prisoners.

A THIEF has just gained and lost one of the largest prizes ever made by the criminal fraternity. Shaw, English groom to the Duke of Brunswick, who resides in Paris, had learned from his master the secret of opening his diamond chest. This was of iron, and contained diamonds valued at £320,000, besides large sums in gold. He accordingly seized them while the duke was out, and with the usual stupidity

of his class made at once for England. The police thought, of course, that he would do that, telegraphed to the ports, and arrested him at Boulogne with all the diamonds upon him. Shaw affirms that he only gave way to the sudden temptation, and the duke, made wise by experience, proposes to deposit his jewels with the Bank of England or France.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

THE *Times* publishes some remarkable statements on the coming and much-needed increase in the supply of silver. The yield in California is increasing; a new silver region of a hundred miles by forty has been discovered in the Argentine Republic, at the foot of the Andes, and St. Arnaud, in Victoria, is described by miners working there as “a silver Cornwall.” The depreciation in the value of silver is, therefore, likely to keep pace with that in gold, though it will be more quickly checked, as the margin of profit to the miner is considerably less.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

From The New York Evening Post.

THE HISTORY OF NULLIFICATION—STATE RIGHTS.

THE "Loyal Publication Society" has issued a timely pamphlet on "Nullification and Compromise." The author, John Mason Williams, better known as Judge Williams, of Rhode Island, traces the history of the South Carolina heresy, from its origin to its maturity, in a striking and concise manner, giving almost the interest of romance to a narrative which the popular reader might expect to find rather prosy and dull.

The two outbreaks of nullification, in 1832 and 1861, were children of the same father—treason to the country. The rebels of 1832 assumed the championship of State Rights, and deceived many by confounding it with their real designs. So do the Northern rebels, Seymour and his judges, now take the same ground in their attempt to help their "Southern brethren" by resistance to the acts of Congress and the measures of the President. An important and vital distinction is to be observed between the truly democratic doctrine of State Rights and the pernicious dogma which asserts that the State and Federal organizations are normally and constitutionally antagonistic. This latter has been successfully though sophistically worked in with the former; and there are not a few half-enlightened politicians of the present day who accept them as identical. Now, the very first words of the preamble to the Constitution dissipate this absurdity—"To form a more perfect union," etc. That was to take away the antagonism which was felt before that time. It was the pointed purpose of the instrument to reconcile local with common rights, and when the States adopted it, all hurtful antagonism was removed. It was not intended to interfere with the rights of the States in matters essential to their municipal jurisdiction, and the true theory of State Rights under the Constitution, therefore, remains, as it always must remain, a sound and necessary part of the Democratic system. It is unavoidable, where there is agreement or a point of contact, that mutual trespasses shall take place. Hence a power for the decision of all civil conflicts was created by the States themselves in the organization of the Supreme Court. It might as reasonably be expected that a community like New York should transact its hundred millions of business every day with-

out the control of the civil law, as that the multifarious relations of the State and Federal powers should escape all collision.

The pamphlet of Judge Williams seasonably and pertinently revives the events which form the successive steps of the nullification heresy to its current bloody issue. It opens by showing the alleged pretext for the outbreak of 1832—that the impost laws were unconstitutional—to be a mere mask to cover the real designs of the traitors, since the government was conducted harmoniously for thirty years in the protective policy, and South Carolina herself by her Legislature declared her approval of it. This was in 1808. In 1816 the protective system had no more strenuous advocates in Congress than Calhoun and his colleagues. But in 1832 this same South Carolina held a convention, and passed "an ordinance to nullify certain acts of Congress purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities." In the address covering the transmission of the proceedings to the other States occurs the following sentence: "Our resolve is fixed and unalterable, that a protecting tariff shall be no longer enforced within the limits of South Carolina." Had a less resolute man than Andrew Jackson been in the presidential office, history might have been altered. Had James Buchanan been the incumbent, there can hardly be a doubt that the Union would have been dismembered at that time. Jackson's proclamation followed close on the heels of the rebel convention like thunder after a pack of spiteful Chinese crackers. This was succeeded by the responses of the other State Legislatures, all, with but one exception, reiterating the sentiments of the President. There were then twenty-four States in the Union. Virginia slunk from her duty. But one after another—twenty-two States—sent into South Carolina their successive peals of indignant thunder. "One would suppose," says the pamphlet, "that a decent respect for this solemn verdict of the peers would have induced the refractory State to pause in her mad career."

The President's proclamation touched the nerves of the nation. "It passed in review the whole array of the pretexts and sophistries of the convention. They fell before its majestic and triumphal march like grasshoppers beneath the tread of the elephant."

Our space does not permit any extended quotations from the pamphlet of Judge Williams. We cannot do better than to commend it to all classes of people, to read, digest, and spread abroad. The following words from President Jackson's proclamation, appropriately quoted in the pamphlet, may be profitably pondered by some Northern rebels in high places, who are making an infamous history for themselves, from which their children will turn away their faces :—

"I adjure you, as you love the cause of freedom, as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention. Tell its members that, compared with disunion all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled flag of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country! Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability, but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder."

PUNCH AND THE AMERICAN WAR.

MR. WASHINGTON WILKS recently, in a lecture upon the Whittington Club, in London, showed up the course of *Punch* towards this country, and on the slavery question, since the outbreak of the war. He referred to "the many humorous things that had been done by *Punch* since the American war commenced, the first of which was the divorce *a vinculo*, a cartoon, in which Mrs. Carolina asserted her right to larrup her own nigger, and Abraham Lincoln upheld and protected him from her. In the same number *Punch* described the Confederates as confederates in the crime of upholding slavery, and urged that the more doggedly the slavemongers combined the more firmly good Republicans should unite. In April, 1861, *Punch* advised the South not to hoist their flag until they were entitled to do so; but the South not taking his advice, he wrote an anthem for them. It was always necessary that a nation

should have a national anthem; and *Punch* wrote the following one for them on April 20, 1861. It was a parody on one of our most popular songs. It ran thus :—

" ' When first the South, to fury fanned,
Arose and broke the Union chain,
This was the charter of the land,
And Mr. Davis sang the strain :
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves.

" ' And Trade that knows no God but gold,
Still to thy pirate port repair,
Blest land where flesh, where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that air :
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have been slaves.' "

"That was the language of *Punch* on the 20th of April, and on the 4th of May, when the news came of the fight at Fort Sumter, when the first rebel shot was fired at the flag of the United States, he wrote, after describing the fight, ' And so ends the first, and we trust the last, engagement of the American civil war.' The difficulties, however, increased in America, and on the 11th of May *Punch* produced a cartoon of Abraham Lincoln sitting before the fire and a cloud of smoke coming out. Lincoln was there represented as saying, ' What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the blacks ! ' "

"In this month *Punch* appeared to be sore in spirit, for he wrote : ' This is no matter for jest. I cannot write about it in ink, for such deeds should be written in drops of blood and tears, for in this land of prosperity there must be slavery secured or a long succession of war.' On the 18th of May there was the pencil of the artist again brought to bear in the cartoon of ' Cæsar Imperator.' There the nigger was represented as the emperor, and the North and South the gladiators. On the 25th of May *Punch* changed his note, and he could not see which side was to blame. Before that the South was all wrong, but at that date he could not tell who was right. He then wrote the following verse :—

" ' O Jonathan and Jefferson,
Come listen to my song,
I can't decide, my word upon,
Which of you is most wrong.
I do believe I am afraid
To say which worse behave,
The North imposing bonds on trade,
Or South that men enslave.' "

It was asserted that the North had fettered trade, and *Punch* could not see who was wrong.

"Would any one credit that for the sake of a twopenny extra duty upon certain articles two nations would go to war? (No,

no.) No, it was not; and so Mr. *Punch* thought in the course of the next week. On June the 1st, having read President Jefferson Davis's address, in which he said their cause was 'just and holy,' he remarked, 'Could not the negroes of the Southern States, if they rose against their masters, say as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection?'

"But on the 17th of August they had the first account of the first great battle that had been fought. It was fought by raw levies that had never fired a rifle with ball in it before, and they were led up to the margin of a wood with cannon bearing down upon them, and no wonder that they gave way. The way *Punch* met that was by making a cartoon, in which they were described in their flight as being on their way to take Canada. And still later he said that the accounts of that battle ought to be written on flying sheets. He (Mr. W. Wilks) would ask the meeting whether that was the way to encourage a friendly feeling towards us on the part of the Americans."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Paris Correspondence of the Economist, Aug., 1863.

HISTORY OF THE EMIGRATION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SOME months back I mentioned that M. Jules Duval, a writer of great repute in the economic world, had brought out *chez Messrs. Guillaumin and Co., a Histoire de l'Emigration au XIXe. Siècle*. The author's name alone would have been a sufficient recommendation of the work; but it is presented to the public with the solemn approbation of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences—that learned body having, on the report of no less a personage than M. Hippolyte Passy, awarded it a prize, or, in French phrase, "crowned" it. Well does it deserve this high honor; for, it is, perhaps, the most able and learned, and certainly the most comprehensive and exact history of emigration that has yet been published in any language. The author divides his book into two parts—treating in one of what he calls emigration independent of all engagements, such as is practised by the great majority of European populations; in the other of salaried emigration with engagements, that which is practised under contract in India, China, and parts of Africa. Under these different heads he gives an historical and statistical account of emigration from all the countries of the four parts of the globe in which it has taken place in the course of the present century; and he studies the effects it has produced on the countries which the emigrants left and

those to which they went, and the advantages it has secured the emigrants themselves.

To collect the facts and figures which the execution of his plan necessitated must have necessitated vast industry; and the author has arranged them with admirable clearness, and has displayed great sagacity in deducing lessons from them. He examines his subject in every aspect,—economic, social, political, moral; he shows what encourages and what checks emigration; and he sets forth the principles by which emigrants should be guided in selecting a new home. His grand conclusion is that emigration is not only beneficial to the countries to which the emigrants go, but that it proves the fecundity and the vigor of that which sends them forth, and directly or indirectly increases the commerce, political power, and renown of the latter. In other words, he holds that emigrants serve themselves, their new land, and the land of their fathers. But to do this, he shows in a very masterly manner that emigration must be entirely free and independent; and hence he condemns the hiring system. On this point he is no doubt right in principle, but still we must not forget that there are climes, counting amongst the most fruitful, in which none but Chinese, Coolies, or Africans can till the soil, and that there is no other way of inducing such people to go there, and to work when they are there, than to hire them beforehand for a given period and on fixed terms.

In the introduction to his work, M. Duval contrasts the rapid increase of the population in England with the slow growth of that of France, and ascribes the former in a great measure to emigration. He then says, with much eloquence, "Let others denounce if they will, as culpable want of foresight, the energetic multiplication of the English people, and felicitate France on being preserved from this misfortune by the demi-sterility of marriages; but, for my part, faithful to the ancient morality and patriotism which regarded a numerous posterity as a blessing from God, I point out this exhaustion of vital sap as a symptom of malady and decline. I see the people who emigrate redouble efforts to fill up voids, redouble virtues, savings, and labor to prepare departures and new establishments. Among a people who do not emigrate, I see wealth disbursed in the superfluities of vain luxury: young men idle, without horizons, and without lofty ambition, consuming themselves in frivolous pleasures and petty calculations,—and families alarmed at a fecundity which would impose on them modest and laborious habits. Like stagnant waters, stagnant populations become corrupt. Moved by this spectacle, I should dread for the sedentary race an early degradation, if this inequality revealed a decree of Providence, instead of being a fault of man."

EXPRESSIVE SILENCE.

SACRED silence! All thy power
Have we ever known?
No! We lavish upon *language*
Praise that is thy own.

Thought is silent, in its dwelling
Deep within the breast;
Speech is but the outward clothing
In which thought is drest.

Speech is but the upper current
Of a deep, deep sea;
Far below, in sacred silence,
Must the treasures be.

Calmness, coolness dwell with silence;
Silent falls the dew;
Silent roll the stars above us,
In the unfathomed blue.

Silent worship! 'tis not merely
Found by sitting still;
This is but the outward symbol
Of the silent will.

Silent waiting! not the body,
But the soul, that stands
With bowed head and ear attentive,
For its Lord's commands.

Silent suffering! loud lamenting
Never had thy power.
Silent sympathy! no other
Fits the darkest hour.

Silent gratitude! when language
Vainly strives to tell
All her sense of good accepted,
Silence speaks it well.

Mute submission! meekly bowing
'Neath the Eternal's will;
"Dumb because my Father did it,"
Is its language still.

Silent joy! to give it utterance
Music has no tone,
When 'tis deepest, purest, holiest,
It is all our own.

What can still the voice of slander
Like the mute reply?
Love to slanderer and slandered,
Speaking in the eye.

Is the spirit moved to anger
By another's speech?
Silent mastery of passion
Best his heart will reach.

Silent vigils, silent prayers,
Oh, how they ascend
From the sad and anxious watchers
By the couch they tend;

And like vapor heavenward tending,
They will fall in showers,
Making parched and barren deserts
Cheerful with spring flowers.

Mingling with the crowds around us,
As we pass them by
We can give but friendly greeting,
Or the kind reply.

But the hand-in-hand companions,
Journeying side by side,
Toward the one eternal city,
Loving, true, and tried;

Why should these be ever feeding
Upon words alone,
When the heart's most precious feeling
Is to each unknown?

Ah! how many social gatherings,
Were we simply true,
Would enrich and bless our spirits
More than now they do?

Thought and speech would flow together;
And when these were not,
Silence, like the heavenly manna,
Feeds again the thought.

We should often find at parting,
That a heavenly guest
Known by breaking bread among us,
Had our gathering blest.

—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—*Job.*

AND where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

Ah, no! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as far—
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh, where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair.
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they, and where is he!

—*Henry Neele.*

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1025.—23 January, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

Part 39. THE REBELLION RECORD : a Diary of American Events, 1860-1864. Edited by Frank Moore, author of "Diary of the American Rebellion." New York : G. P. Putnam. This part contains portraits of Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore and Gen. Samuel R. York.

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A VOICE FROM BELLE ISLE.

"Sick, and in prison."

Poor Tom's just gone! I closed his eyes.
He died in muttering low the text
That says, "They never hunger more."
I lie and wonder who'll go next.
So many waiting at Death's door—
To some it opens Paradise.

Oh, help! oh, help! We'll all go mad!
The dreadful, gnawing, hunger-pain
Comes back, and with a giant's grasp
Holds life and reason in its clasp:
It works like hell-fire in the brain;
If Death would come we could be glad.

Once we had friends and country too.
Did all die starving? tell me, Jack!
Where's mother? where's the dear old flag?
Hurrah! I'll fight while there's a rag.
Off, boys! why do you keep me back?
Stand by the old Red, White, and Blue.

Ah, is it death? I cannot see!
I had a dream. Oh, help! Be quick!
Come, mother, Ruth! (Don't say I died
With Tom, poor Tom! dead by my side.)
Who says, "*I was in prison sick,
And yet ye came not unto me*"?

"*I was athirst, and hungered, too.*"
Ah, then He knows our agony!
Read, Jack, how cunning Satan tried
To tempt him! I'd be satisfied
To die ten deaths, Jack, just to see
Our army marching here for you!

How many, Jack, are on the floor?
Poor fellows! There is little Jim!
How can they starve a child to death?
Cry, Jack, out loud! My dying breath
Must bring our boys to rescue him
And all the thirteen thousand more.

Why don't they come? How could we see
Them starving, prisoned here? I'd choke
At food until I'd raised a band
Who'd vow with steadfast heart and hand
To dare and die until we'd broke
Their prison-doors and set them free.

But, Jack, no matter! We wont flinch
From death by starving, if the Lord
Do suffer this. But this I know!
I'd slay my country's deadly foe
In honest battle with my sword,
But not in prison, inch by inch.

O Jack, come close! I'm going fast!
If you get home tell mother this:
I died for love of Right and Truth.
God bless her and my little Ruth!
Dear Jack, give mother my last kiss.
Good-by. Our boys will come at last!

All's over with that faint "Good-by:"
O brothers, comrades, is that all?

His mute lips still cry out of wrong—
The martyr's wail, "How long? how long?"
And thrill us with the trumpet-call,
"Help! help! before the thousands die!"
—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Oh, that I had the wings of the dove, that I
might flee away and be at rest."

So prayed the Psalmist to be free
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall;
And such, or soon or late, shall be
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all;
And when life's latest sands we rove,
With faltering foot and aching breast,
Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove,
To "flee away and be at rest."

While hearts are young and hopes are high,
A fairy dream doth life appear;
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear;
But soon it glides from youth to age:
And of its joys no more possessed,
We like the captive of the cage,
Would "flee away and be at rest."

Is ours fair woman's angel smile,
All bright and beautiful as day?
So of her cheek and eye the while,
Time steals the rose and dims the ray;
She wanders in the spirit land,
And we, with speechless grief oppressed,
As o'er the mouldering form we stand,
Would gladly share her place of rest.

Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,
Oh, for the pinions of the dove!
Oh, for the morning's wings to flee
Away, and be with those I love!
When all is fled that's bright and fair,
And life is but a wintry waste,
This—this at last must be our prayer,
Would "flee away and be at rest."

—*Knickerbocker.*

"REST AND BE THANKFUL."

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for
Height,
This brief, this simple, wayside Call can slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by
talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that
shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith be-
stows,
Win rest and ease and peace, with bliss that
angels share."

—*Wordsworth.*

From The Westminster Review.
WIT AND HUMOR.

1. *Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London. 1850.
2. *Wit and Humor, selected from the English Poets, with an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments.* By Leigh Hunt. London. 1846.
3. *The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook.* By the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, B.A. 2 vols. London. 1849.
4. *The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels.* By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. 3 vols. London. 1840.
5. *The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith: a Selection of the most Memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversation.* London. 1861.
6. *Epigrams: Ancient and Modern.* Edited by the Rev. John Booth, B.A. Cambridge. London. 1863.
7. *Wit and Wisdom; Jokes, Conundrums, and Aphorisms.* London. 1860.

THE late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in his "Treatise upon Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics," has classed the appreciation of the witty and humorous, together with insanity and intemperance, as a distinctive characteristic of the human race. "Animals," he says, "have no sense of the ridiculous, and never laugh. They have no games, no toys, no pastimes, no amusements, though their young sometimes play and gambol." (Vol. i, p. 33.) If therefore we cannot, with Professor Owen, take our stand upon the *hippocampus minor* or the *posterior cornu*—if we cannot even, with orthodox psychologists, deny the possession of some solid reasoning power by brutes—it is still comforting to reflect, in these days of Darwin and Huxley, that man is clearly distinguished from the rest of the animated series not only by a more perfect development of the *glutei* muscles, but also by being, in one sense of the word at least, an eminently ludicrous creature.

It may be permitted to Teleologists and Optimists to applaud the wisdom of a mysterious Providence which has ordained that the only being fully conscious of the miseries of life should also be the only one capable of laughing at them: that man, who alone can appreciate the depth and extent of that *mal-morale* and *mal-physique* of which *Candide* so patiently endeavored to discover the causes—

man, who finds himself here placed in that solemn position "between two Eternities," the contemplation of which has proved so depressing to Mr. Carlyle, as indeed it must prove to all earnest thinkers—man, who, let us hope with Mr. Pecksniff, "is not wholly unmindful of his moral responsibilities"—should yet be fitted by his nature to give way to unbridled mirth and indulge in unbounded facetiousness. Misfortune loses half its bitterness when its victim can smile upon it; and though the mercy of Heaven has not invariably restrained it from shearing the lamb somewhat too closely, it has induced it often thus to "temper the wind" so as to suit its unprotected condition.

Although in a community of ants, of bees, or of beavers, where—according to M. Comte and the modern philosophical politicians—the rudiments of our social instincts may be usefully investigated, an admirable gravity must of necessity prevail, we should be mistaken if, in the study of human societies, we did not allow to the sense of the ridiculous an important place as a factor of the social sum. It has at times, indeed, sufficient strength to overcome all those feelings which we are in the habit of deeming the most powerful in our nature. For good or for evil, the Cap-and-Bells is an emblem of an authority as real as the Crown or the Mitre, the Sword or the Gown. To become in the ordinary way a "martyr for the truth's sake" has been the ambition of many noble minds; but we never heard of any one who, voluntarily, became a laughing-stock for the purpose of testifying the sincerity of his opinions. It is a matter of common observation that men will rather be thought villains than fools; for it is much more pleasing to our vanity to be hated than despised. Contempt is usually harder to bear than persecution, and Voltaire merely expressed the general sentiment of the world when he said he would rather be abused than forgotten.

The sense of the ridiculous, like all the other faculties of our minds, has its own appropriate sphere of action, the bounds of which, however, it continually oversteps. Whilst the deeper sorrows to which we are subjected are abandoned to the consolations of virtue or the support of fortitude, and the graver ethical offences are handed over to the correction of more solemn tribunals, its province is to soften the discomforts of our lives,

to obliterate the effects of our every-day troubles, and to punish the neglect, or the too pedantic observance of the decencies or conventionalities of polished society. It expands caution; it relaxes dignity; it unfreezes coldness; it teaches age and care to smile again; it recalls the half-forgotten gleams of happiness to the face of melancholy; and when we are casually thrown together with our fellow-men without any obvious means of sympathizing with them, it often proves to be the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." It is the guardian of our "minor morals;" it renders men rightly dependent upon the judgments of their associates, and lays the basis of that decorum and propriety of conduct which is a necessary condition of social life, and upon which is founded the great charm of the intercourse of equals. It curbs the sallies of eccentricity, folly, and impertinence; and rebukes the smaller ebullitions of that universal selfishness which Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains to be a sign of man's fitness for his "original predatory" existence, and his (happily evanescent) want of adaptation to a gregarious state. It is the great enemy of obtrusiveness generally. The *very* decent, the *very* proper, and the righteous *over-much* are legitimately open to its attacks. It is the champion of that useful quality indefinitely known as common-sense, or the application of the rules of right reason to the ordinary affairs of life. It often takes the place among men of what is miscalled bullying among schoolboys; it serves to rub off the crude angles of the unformed character and fit it into its proper place in the world. It acts like the tongue of the maternal bear, and frequently licks an unsightly cub into a most respectable young Bruin. It tends to prevent those innocent outrages upon good taste which many respectable but unworldly people are apt to commit, and to check those insults which arise from carelessness and inattention to the feelings, opinions, or circumstances of others—arising from coarseness of mind rather than from malignity of disposition. But to laugh, or join in a laugh, implies a superiority so gratifying to self-esteem, that it is difficult for this sense of the ridiculous to be kept within due limits. To many minds it is pleasing to gain even a transitory and merely apparent ascendancy over that which is better and wiser than themselves by the

simple process of poking fun at it. There is a wide-spread tendency if possible to deride things with which it is not safe to cope with more serious criticism. A short and not very arduous way of gaining a popular victory over arguments not easy to refute is to laugh at the advocates who advance them. The habit of seeing things in a ludicrous light is thus constantly making incursions from its own region upon other grounds—even the most solemn and most sacred; it then becomes an influence as injurious as, in its proper field of exertion, it is beneficial. In questions of principle, a determined resistance to its encroachments is a duty. Reforms in social, moral, or religious codes must be undertaken in a spirit very different from that of a jest. "*Ecraser l'infame*" was a good motto; but the thing was to be done with the club of reason and not with the feather of wit. To battle with the ridicule of society upon trivial things, upon questions of manner, appearance, or dress, is the sign of a peevish mind and not of an independent spirit. But in matters of importance, where deep conviction can really have a place, where settled notions of man's duty to his God or towards his neighbor are involved—then it is both right and noble to brave the jeers and laughter of the world. Unless the principles of a man are inured against the perils of ridicule he will be tossed about with every new wind of doctrine; he can no more exercise his reason with the constant dread of laughter than he can enjoy his life with the constant dread of death; he must act in such cases as Sydney Smith has said, "as one who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion."* It might thus seem that ridicule runs a risk of becoming an agent in promoting that tendency to social stagnation against which Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his essay on Liberty, has entered so noble a protest. It might prove an instrument for establishing the tyranny of the majority, and for the destruction of that sovereignty of the individual upon which so much depends. Whilst we confine ourselves to the "high *à priori* ground," there appears to be some foundation for this apprehension; but it disappears when we condescend to particulars, or, in the words of Lord Eldon, "clothe the principle in circumstance." The stag-

* "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," p. 134.

nant civilization of the Chinese empire—the great type of an unprogressive community—cannot, even by the exercise of the minutest philosophic ingenuity, be traced to the excessive pleasantry either of the mandarins or the populace. On the other hand, the sense of the ridiculous has played a conspicuous part in the history of those nations whose advances have been most striking and most lasting. More especially has it shown its activity at periods when such advances were most marked.

In all free states satirists and caricaturists have been among the most popular exponents of the views of political parties. To confine our illustrations to modern times, we find in our own country that the series of contests known by the phrase of the “great struggle for civil and religious liberty” were carried on almost as much by humorists, pamphleteers, and draughtsmen as by statesmen, orators, and politicians. Butler and Cowley, Swift and Churchill, Wolcott and Gifford, Gilray and H. B., were as truly powers to their parties as their acknowledged leaders in Parliament. The productions of Fox and Sheridan, of Pitt and Canning, in the “*Rolliad*” and “*Anti-Jacobin*,” are hardly less famous than their more legitimate efforts in the House of Commons. From these periodicals may be gathered the history of the age with almost as much fulness as from the “*Annual Register*,” and certainly more copiously than from what Mr. Froude has pronounced to be the best means of teaching English history, the “*Statute Book*.”* Indeed, the serious criticisms on the political events of those stirring times have mostly been forgotten, whilst those pieces which were intended to work merely a transient end and expire with the hour, have proved their more lasting memorials. Not a tithe of those who have read the “*Needy Knife-Grinder*” have read Burke’s “*Letter on the French Revolution*,” while such works as Knight’s “*Progress of Civil Society*” survive only in their parodies. The old monarchy of France was defined a despotism limited by epigrams, and even during the Revolution contending factions had time and inclination to lampoon each other. Rivarol and Chamfort represented the Aristocrats and the Jacobins, and the latter, who had every opportunity of judging of the efficacy of that other great

political engine, the guillotine, has left it upon record that *Il n’y a rien qui tue comme un ridicule*. Even in Prussia the first signs of political vitality displayed by a long-suffering and phlegmatic nation were seen in the “ponderous levities” of “*Kladderadatch*.” We can all judge of how much the vividness of Lord Macaulay’s style of composing history was due to his constant reference to his favorite “broadside;” and we may be certain that no future historian of England will be able to neglect the volumes of *Punch*. “Give me the making of a people’s songs, and I care not who makes its laws,” is a sentence which expresses (though in an exaggerated form) a profound political truth.

There is probably no more useless branch of literature than that which is formed of such compositions as have critical theory or theoretical criticism for their subject. A man may talk very good prose all his life without knowing it, like M. Jourdain, or may argue with the utmost subtlety, like Mr. Shandy, “without so much as knowing the names of his tools,” or “the difference between the *argumentum ad hominem* and the *argumentum ad ignorantiam*.” But if he plunges into rhetoric, the chances are that he will follow the example of the gentleman who, according to Addison, “wrote upon the sublime in a low, grovelling style,” or, like many of the authors whose works we have consulted, write upon the ridiculous in the dullest possible manner. It is strange that wit and humor, which are everywhere so much admired, should be so little understood. If we seek for illustrations we are oppressed by the superabundance of materials; but in the way of explanation we find scarcely anything valuable or profound. The famous Dr. Barrow, who was both a witty and a learned man, confesses, at the outset of his celebrated account of wit, his inability to define it. In his fourteenth Sermon, he says:—

“It may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is, and what this facetiousness doth impart? To which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a Man—‘*That which we all see and know*’—and one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description.”

In the same mood Cowley has conceived the metaphysical Ode which Dr. Johnson has pronounced inimitable, beginning,—

* See “*Oxford Essays*,” 1855.

"Tell me, oh tell, what kind of thing is wit?
 Thou, who *master* art of it.
 For the first matter loves variety, less,
 Less women lov' it, either in love or dress.
 A thousand different shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand shapes appears.
 Yonder we see it plain, and here 'tis now,
 Like spirits in a place, we know not how."*

"It is, indeed," continues Barrow, "a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes and garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting wind."

Abandoning, therefore, an attempt at a definition, he proceeds to examples, including among them not only what would now be called wit, but also humor, punning, buffoonery, and the ridiculous in almost every form.

"Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from their ambiguity of sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of luminous expression; and sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question; in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony; in a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor; in a plausible reconciling of contradictions; or in acute nonsense. Sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being. Sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how."†

This last sentence is certainly comprehensive, and might, perhaps, without disadvantage, have come earlier in the passage. Barrow has attempted to trace no general attribute running through all the different manifestations of wit and humor which he has enumerated: yet as they produce a single effect which he has characterized further on

* "Cowley's Works," vol. i. p. 3, edition 1707.

† Leigh Hunt's "Wit and Humor," p. 4.

as "an unusual and a grateful twang," there must in all of them exist more or less of what chemists would call a common "active principle." Locke, who followed Barrow, was able to form from his particulars something like a general proposition.*

"Wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity."

Addison observes,†—

"This is the best and most philosophical account that I have met with of wit; which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them." And he continues, "It is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near together in the nature of things, for where the likeness is obvious it gives no surprise."

Now both these definitions include too much—for the discovery of a relation between ideas which excites delight and surprise produces the feeling of the beautiful or the sublime as often as it does that of wit. Take Burke's description of the Queen of France, or Milton's description of the Devil;—

"Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!"

This is not witty, because it is beautiful; the following is not witty, because it is sublime:—

"He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous
 shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast: the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose
 orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

* "Essay on the Human Understanding," b. ii. ch. xi. par. 2.

† *Spectator*, No. 62.

At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.”

Dryden was more unfortunate, for he has called wit “a propriety of thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject,” which, if true, would make “Butler’s Analogy” and his three sermons “On Human Nature” jests of most excellent pungency. Congreve has written in the same witty style as Barrow, without throwing the slightest light upon his subject. Pope, again, in the “Essay on Criticism,” says,—

“True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well ex-
prest.”

But a little further on he adds,—

“For works may have more wit than does ’em
good ;”

showing that he did not adhere very pertinaciously to his definition. Dr. Johnson says,—

“Wit may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discors*, a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances, in things apparently unlike.”

So that to have found out the chemical identity of charcoal and diamond, or the correlation of the physical forces, must have been strokes of pure pleasantry. Our *savans* have been joking in the merriest manner without being in the least aware of it.

“Sir Richard Blackmore’s notion of wit,” says Sydney Smith, “is, that it is ‘a series of high and exalted ferments.’ It very possibly *may be*, but not exactly comprehending what is meant by ‘a series of high and exalted ferments,’ I do not think myself bound to waste much time in criticising the metaphysics of this learned physician.”*

Dr. Campbell, in his “Philosophy of Rhetoric,” has arrived at a less transcendental definition.

“It is the design of wit,” he says, “to excite in the mind an agreeable surprise, and that arising not from anything marvellous in the subject, but solely from the imagery she employs, or the strange assemblage of related

* “Sketches of Moral Philosophy,” p. 117.

ideas presented to the mind. This end is effected in one or other of these three ways: first, in debasing things pompous, or seemingly grave; secondly, in aggrandizing things little and frivolous; thirdly, in setting ordinary objects by means not only remote but apparently contrary, in a particular and uncommon point of view.”*

It is quite true that these three divisions of the operations of wit are true as far as they go, but they are at once too wide and too narrow. We have many examples of them; as, first,—

“And now had Phœbus in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.”

Or,—

“Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o’er as swaddle—
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water.” †

Secondly, such passages as the following from Phillip’s “Splendid Shilling:”—

“Afflictions great! Yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter’s fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous epter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues.”

Or in the “Rape of the Lock,”—

“Here, thou, great Anna, whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes
tea.”

Drayton in his “Nymphidia, or Court of Faery,” describes a rider who, falling from a “fiery earwig” upon which he is mounted, exclaims,—

“Behold me, gods! and thou, base world, laugh
on,
For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaeton!”

The charm of “Gulliver’s Journey to Lilliput” consists in its inimitable strain of mock heroic. The description of the Emperor of Lilliput, for instance:—

“He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is

* Vol. i. p. 37.

† “Hudibras.”

enough to strike an awe into his beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose. His complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his; and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him many times since in my hand, and cannot therefore be deceived in the description. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds."

Or, thirdly, such remote comparisons as this from Hood's "Epistle to Rae Wilson":—

"My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven;
All creeds I view with toleration thorough;
And have a horror of converting heaven
Into anybody's rotten borough."

Or Butler's apparently contradictory simile in speaking of marriage:—

"What security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an *anchorite*, gives over
This world for the heaven of a lover." *

Eloquence, however, will effect all these three objects quite as well as wit; and, as Sydney Smith observes:—

"If it be meant as an exhaustive analysis of modes of wit it is extremely incomplete; for wit may find similitudes for, and relations between, *great objects* without debasing them, and do the same with *little objects* without exalting them. I may find a hundred ingenious points of resemblance between a black beetle and a birchen broom, without adding much dignity either to the insect or the instrument." †

Hazlitt has written an essay upon the definition of wit, published in his "Literary Remains;" it does not, however, make the matter much clearer:—

"Wit," he says, "is the *polypus* power of the mind, by which a distinct life and meaning is imparted to the different parts of a sentence after they are severed from each other; or it is the prism dividing the simplicity and candor of our ideas into a parcel of motley and variegated hues; or it is the mirror

broken into pieces, each fragment of which reflects a new light from surrounding objects: or it is the untwisting the chain of our ideas, whereby each link is made to hook on more readily to others than when they were all bound together by habit, and with a view to a *set purpose*." *

This in itself is witty, and nothing more.

To define humor is perhaps no less difficult than to define wit; "for," says Congreve, "like that, it is of infinite variety," † and in common parlance it is sometimes incorrectly treated as an inferior form of it. Leigh Hunt, however, has truly remarked that,—

"Though the one is to be found in perfection apart from the other, their richest effect is produced by the combination. Wit, apart from humor, generally speaking, is but an element for professors to sport with."

Whilst wit deals with the relations of ideas, according to Dr. Campbell, humor has for its subject—

"Always character, but not everything in character; its foibles generally, such as caprices, little extravagances, weak anxieties, jealousies, childish fondness, pertness, vanity, and self-conceit." ‡

It is humor which has created Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and the Laird of Dumbiedikes; Uncle Toby, Dominic Sampson, and Mrs. Nickleby; Parson Adams, Wilkins Micawber, Major Pendennis, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Amos Barton—and other types of individual, professional, national, intellectual, or moral absurdity. But—

"This species of feeling is produced by something besides character; and if you allow it to be the same feeling, I am satisfied, and you may call it by what name you please. One of the most laughable scenes I ever saw in my life was the complete overturning of a very large table, with all the dinner upon it. What of character is there in seeing a roasted turkey sprawling on the floor? or ducks lying in different parts of the room covered with trembling fragments of jelly? It is impossible to avoid laughing at such absurdities, because the incongruities they involve are so very great; though they have no more to do with character than they have with chemistry." §

The essence of humor is incongruity: as in—

* "Literary Remains," vol. i. p. 36.

† Letter to Dennis: "Select Works of Mr. John Dennis," vol. ii. p. 54, edition 1718.

‡ Page 52.

§ Page 146.

* "Hudibras," part iii. canto 1.

† "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," p. 121.

congruity is increased, humor is increased, as it is diminished, humor is diminished. It is the incongruity apparent between the "proclivities" to universal philanthropy, and to war, in the character of Uncle Toby; to manliness and gullibility in Parsons Adams; to simplicity and common-sense in Sir Roger de Coverley; to honesty and knavery in Gil Blas; to wisdom and folly in Don Quixote; to shrewdness and stupidity in Sancho Panza;—and it may be added it is the opposition between the coarse materialism of the latter and the transcendentalism of his master—which gives to these creations their peculiar power. A happy illustration is the following:—

"If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humor of the scene:—the gayety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling and the incongruity so slight."*

The fact that a joke will not bear repetition serves as the clue to the fundamental condition upon which the feelings of wit and humor depend. The first consists in the discovery of occult relations between *ideas*, the second in the apprehension of incongruities, or the conjunction of *objects and circumstances* not usually connected; but they both concur in this, that they must produce *surprise*. Addison supposes a lover to affirm that the bosom of his mistress is "as white as snow," a comparison which does not astonish us in the least; but when he adds, "alas, it is *as cold*," the novelty of the notion attracts us and the remark becomes witty. We may derive from such examples the general rule that the relation discovered by wit must not only be indi-

vidually, but specifically new. It must be far removed from ordinary trains of thought—must not be exhibited in the common events of life, but must imply subtlety and quickness in the mind that has perceived it. There is nothing witty in the proposition that all men must die, but our attention would be arrested by the saying that man is like an hour-glass, for in time they must both deliver up their dust. So an officer in the Grenadier Guards, in his uniform and bearskin, is not a very surprising object, neither is the lord chancellor in his robes and horsehair wig, but exchange the headdresses—an incongruity is produced, and the result is absurd.

As Dr. King has, after Horace, put it in his "Art of Cookery":—

"Ingenious Lister, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like
brawn,
With wings of turkey and with feet of calf,
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you
laugh."

Such incongruities would give rise to the feeling of humor, but we are bound to admit that this cannot be called a universal principle.

It has sometimes been attempted to discriminate between wit and humor by the assertion that whilst the latter must invariably produce laughter, the former frequently does not do so. If we accept the definition of Hobbes—

"The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly,"*

this is true, because that would make it exclusively the effect of the perception of incongruity. Mr. Herbert Spencer, however, has, with his usual profundity, traced it, through its successive causes, up to a distension of the cerebral blood-vessels. Its origin is identical with that of an apoplectic fit.

"We do not laugh," says he, "only from a perception of the ludicrous: great joy proceeding from the gratification of whatever desire may produce the same effect as a *bon mot*; the miser chuckles over his treasures, and the cunning schemer over a successful piece of dishonesty. The delight of a little girl presented with a handsome doll ends in a giggle. The salutations of attached friends meeting after long separation are broken by short

* "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," p. 137.

* "Treatise on Human Nature," chap. ix.

laughs. A fine poetical image will raise a smile, and probably many will recollect, as I do myself, laughing over the solutions of puzzling mathematical problems.*

We are willing to concede that all which causes laughter is not wit or humor, but we are by no means prepared to deny the converse, that all wit or humor causes laughter. We are here at issue with Mr. Leigh Hunt.

"It does not follow," he says, "that everything witty or humorous excites laughter. It may be accompanied with a sense of too many things to do so: with too much thought: with too great a perfection even, or with pathos or sorrow."†

Now we entirely dissent from this: wit and humor, which convey the same kind of pleasure to the understanding, are perfectly incompatible with serious or important thoughts, and are swallowed up by nobler passions or deeper emotions. The sentiments which arise from the contemplation of the useful, the beautiful, or the sublime are inimical to the feeling of wit, as real indignation and compassion are to that of humor. The first effect produced upon a person unacquainted with mechanics by the examination of a complicated machine, may, it is not impossible, be near akin to that produced by a witticism; but after the first flush has passed away, and the utility of the relations of its various parts is seen, mere astonishment gives place to a state of rational approbation. So also when a useful truth is inculcated, the mind passes over the merely surprising relation of the ideas involved, and fixes itself upon the justness of the precept. We find this with many of our popular proverbs, with apophthegms, like that of La Rochefoucauld,—

"Hypocrisy is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue."

Or with lines such as those of Robert Burns,—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Or of Pope,—

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Or of Shakespeare,—

* "Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative," by Herbert Spencer. "A Theory of Tears and Laughter," p. 401.

† "Wit and Humor," p. 8.

"An evil soul producing Holy Writ
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the core."

The case is similar with the beautiful or the sublime. We could select hundreds of passages from authors which contain all that is required to make them witty, and yet are not so because they are something more. No one in reading the following thinks of their wittiness:—

"A-well-a-day!—do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point—"the poor soul will die." "*He shall not die—by God!*" cried my Uncle Toby. The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in—and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

We doubt very much whether the beauty of the comparisons in Suckling's "Bride" does not remove it from the category of witty compositions:—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly;
But yet her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

Or Butler's allusion to neglected loyalty,—

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

The oft-quoted Hindû epigram is another instance:—

"The good man goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him; so the sandal-wood tree, whilst it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavor."

Or,—

"Be hospitable to thy enemy; does not the palm-tree yield its shade even unto the woodman?"

On one occasion, we find from his "Life," Theodore Hook had prolonged his after-dinner improvisation to an early hour in the morning; the little son of the host was brought into the room in the arms of his

nurse, and the window-shutters being thrown open, the bright morning rays burst in upon the scene of the night's merriment. Hook's tone was changed, and he concluded his song with the address to the child,—

"See the sun, now the heavens adorning,
Diffusing health, wisdom, and light;
To you, 'tis the promise of morning,
To us, 'tis the parting 'good-night.'"

Or again the sublime verses of Campbell,—

"For dark and despairing my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Surprising incongruities also occasionally produce effects very different from humorous. Few readers of "Don Quixote" have failed in the end to cease to laugh at, and to experience genuine sympathy with one who, in all his madness, was so perfect a gentleman. Poor and pompous Major Bath, in Fielding's novel of "Amelia," excites, we are assured, more compassion than derision when he is swearing "by the honor and dignity of a man" and cooking gruel in a saucepan for a sick sister.

"To return again to our friend dressed in green, whom we left in the mud; suppose, instead of a common, innocent tumble, he had experienced a very severe fall, and we discovered that he had broken a limb, our laughter is immediately extinguished and converted into a lively feeling of compassion. The incongruity is precisely as great as it was before, but as it has excited another feeling not compatible with the ridiculous, all mixture of the humorous is at an end."*

Circumstances which commence by being ludicrous may thus frequently end by being pathetic; and the two feelings, opposed though they be, may run so gradually one into the other, or may change so instantaneously, as to lead the observer to confound them together. It is this, perhaps, which has induced Mr. Carlyle to assert, in his essay on "Jean Paul Richter," that "the essence of humor is sensibility, warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence." There is, no doubt, a certain good-natured banter which comes under the head of humor; but there is much humor that is by no means kind.

"The passion which humor addresseth as its object," says Dr. Campbell, "is contempt; but it ought carefully to be noted that every

* "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," p. 138.

address, even every pertinent address, to contempt, is not humorous. This passion is not the less capable of being excited by the severe and tragic than by the merry and comic manner."*

A bodkin is a much less destructive weapon than a spear, but that does not make it an agreeable instrument with which to be prodged; so, although serious invective may inflict deeper wounds, it is never agreeable to be derided, even with the utmost *bonhomie*. There is a vast difference between Gifford's "Epistle to Peter Pindar" and Byron's "Dedication" of his "Vision of Judgment" to the poet laureate; but neither showed, we are inclined to think, "much warm, tender fellow-feeling" to the person addressed. Dr. Southey was probably as little pleased with the address, "Bob Southey, you're a poet," as Dr. Walcott was at being called "a bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod;" though the one is funny and the other is savage, and neither true. Sheridan's description of the East India Company, in his invective against Warren Hastings, would be humorous if it did not express too strong a sentiment of contempt:—

"There was something in the frame and constitution of the Company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations, connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedler and the profligacy of pirates. Alike in the political and the military line could be observed auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals; and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits*; an army employed in *executing an arrest*; a town besieged on a *note of hand*; a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it was that they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house, wielding a truncheon in one hand and picking a pocket with the other."

So would Swift's verses on the Irish Parliament:—

"As I stroll the city oft I
See a building large and lofty;
Not a bow-shot from the College,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,—
'Near the church,'—you know the rest;

* "Philosophy of Rhetoric," vol. i. p. 52.

Tell us what the pile contains :
 Many a head that holds no brains.
 These demoniacs let me dub
 With the name of Legion Club—”

and so on in a strain now quite unfit for publication. Indeed, we have constantly to regret, in selecting our illustrations, either the coarseness of our ancestors or the fastidiousness of the present age.

Hitherto we have pursued Lord Bacon's precept delivered in his reading on the “Statute of Uses,”* “The nature of a use is best discovered by considering first *what it is not* and then *what it is*, for it is the nature of all human science and knowledge to proceed most safely by negative and exclusion to what is affirmative and inclusive.” We come now to the positive portion of our work ; we will test some instances of pure wit and humor by our rule, and we think it will be found that their force arises from *surprise*, and *surprise alone*.

In “Tristram Shandy,” after the Curse of Ernulfus has been read by Dr. Slop, we find it said,—

“‘I declare,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.’—‘He is the father of curses,’ replied Dr. Slop.—‘So am not I,’ replied my uncle.—‘But he is cursed and damned already to all eternity,’ replied Dr. Slop.—‘I am sorry for it,’ quoth my Uncle Toby.”

Mr. Phillips, in his “Life of Curran,” mentions that upon one occasion he met a noble lord who had greatly promoted the Union. The latter said of the house of the *ci-devant* Irish Parliament, near to which they were, “Curran, what do they intend to do with that useless building?—for my part I hate the sight of it.”—“I do not wonder at that, my lord,” returned Curran, contemptuously ; “I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*.” Macaulay records the *mot* with which Halifax soothed the apprehensions of a statesman who had become a Catholic at the accession of James II., and yet thought he had in another matter offended the king. “Be of good cheer, my lord ; thy faith hath made thee whole.” Some one told Foote that the Rockingham Ministry were at their wits’ end and quite tired out. “It could not have been with the length of the journey,” he said. On another occasion he asked, “Why do you laugh at *my* weakest point?” of one who had joked him on what

* “Bacon’s Works,” by Montague, vol. xii. p. 316.

Dr. Johnson called his *depeditation*. “Did I ever say anything about *your* head?” Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. “No,” replied Morton, “I should judge it owing to the *piece*.” A very plain young man, of loose habits, happening to remark before Douglas Jerrold that he was fastidious, “You mean,” growled the latter, “that you are *fast* and *hideous*.” Rowland Hill said once to some people who had come into his chapel to avoid the rain, “Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak ; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella.” “That officer,” Louis XIV. exclaimed, within hearing of one of his generals who frequently solicited favors, “is the most troublesome in my service.” “Your majesty’s enemies,” he replied, “have said the same thing more than once.” Addison makes an undertaker, in one of his plays, thus upbraid a “mute” who had laughed at a funeral. “You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for these two years past, on condition that you should appear more sorrowful ; and the higher wages you receive the happier you look.” The great Prince de Condé was told that his enemies called him a deformity. “How do they know that?” he said ; “they have never seen my back.” We have also the modest remonstrance of the lover to his *inamorata*,—

“When late I attempted your pity to move,
 Why were you so deaf to my prayers?
 Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love;
 But why did you kick me down-stairs?”

Rousseau maintained that the real founder of civil society was the man who first enclosed a piece of ground, said, “This is mine,” and found people fools enough to believe him. Theodore Hook being challenged to pun upon the name of Rosenagen, introduced the following stanza into one of his improvisations,—

“Yet more of my muse is required,
 Alas ! I fear she is done ;
 But no ! like a fiddler that’s tired,
 I’ll *Rosen-agen* and go on.”

The epigram on “Lord Chesterfield’s Letters to his Son” is another illustration,—

“Vile Stanhope ! demons blush to tell,
 In twice two hundred places
 Has shown his son the road to hell,
 Escorted by the *Graces*.”

"But little did the ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them ;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them."

James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," wrote this epigram on Craven Street, Strand:—

"In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base ;
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
There's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street."

Sir George Rose made the following reply:—

"Why should honesty seek any safer retreat
From the lawyers or barges, odd rot 'em ?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom."

The Irish Chief Baron Bushe made this impromptu verse upon two agitators who had refused challenges to fight a duel, the one on account of his affection for his wife, the other on account of his love for his daughter,—

"Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command,
One honored his wife, and the other his daughter,
That his days might be long in the land."

We have taken these examples at random, without any reference to the fact which we wish to establish, but we think there is not a single case in which it is not illustrated. In each we find either an occult relation of ideas or an incongruity fitted to excite merely surprise in our minds upon its discovery.

In Leigh Hunt's "Illustrative Essay on Wit and Humor," their manifestations are distributed into fourteen different divisions. It is not our intention to follow him into all these categorical vagaries. We shall confine ourselves to some few of the more ordinary forms which Wit or Humor assumes, and leave it to the curious reader himself to investigate the other classes at his leisure. The simile, or metaphor, affords the greatest facilities for bringing remote ideas into juxtaposition for the purposes of lively contrast. We have a whole string of such in Swift's "Rhapsody on Poetry," in which he says of poetasters' epithets. They are,—

"Like stepping-stones, to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide ;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short ;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorland of a different parish."

And he continues,—

"So geographers in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps ;
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

Praed has filled his "Lay of the Brazen Head" with witty similes. He says,—

"I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds
And far too many faggots.
I think while bigots storm and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to heaven."

Or in the "Belle of the Ball,"—

"But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations !
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honor Cupid chooses,
He cares as little for the Stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses."

Or this,—

"I think that love is like a play
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day
Whose shine with shower is ended ;
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
Like Trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses."

Sydney Smith's classical allusions to Lord Jeffrey, mounted on a donkey, may be added,—

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great as Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not so fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

Or his remarks on the sloth, in reviewing one of Waterton's early works,—

"He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and in fact passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

He makes this comparison between Dr. Parr's wig and his sermon,—

"Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig, must have observed, that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of the perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even episcopal limit behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *μεγα θάυμα* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig the doctor has constructed his sermon, giving a discourse of no common

length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man, since the beginning of the world."

The plan of leaving out intermediate ideas in order to bring the two ends of a thought or circumstance together is also a means of producing a witty or humorous effect. Horace Walpole called a young dandy who was always grinning, "the gentleman with the silly teeth," and Addison has made much use of it in his *Spectators*: for instance, those on "Fans" and "Patches."

"There is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the face: insomuch that if I only see the face of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a face so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it."

At the opera one evening, he says,—

"Upon inquiry, I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face as though it had revolted from the Whig interest."

The omission in these extracts of the commonplaces which would explain that the face and fan were but the instruments for the expression of opinion, and their identification with the motive power, strikes the mind with a lively sense of truth abridged under the guise of fiction and impossibility.

But irony, sarcasm, and burlesque parody are the figures which produce perhaps the greatest effect. The discovery of the relation existing between the real blame and the apparent praise; of the oblique invective, established not directly, but by inference and analogy, and of the incongruity between the borrowed thoughts and the theme to which they are applied, excite the feeling of surprise in the mind to the highest degree. Take the following sentences from the pref-

ace to "Killing no Murder" (as quoted by Sydney Smith),—

"To your highness justly belongs the honor of dying for the people; and it cannot choose but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life to consider with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. It is then only, my lord, the titles you now usurp will be truly yours. You will then be indeed the deliverer of your country, and free it from a bondage little inferior to that from which Moses delivered his. You will then be that true reformer which you would now be thought; religion shall then be restored, liberty asserted, and parliaments have those privileges they have sought for. We shall then hope that other laws will have place besides those of the sword, and that justice shall be otherwise defined than the will and pleasure of the strongest; and we shall then hope men will keep oaths again, and not have the necessity of being false and perfidious to preserve themselves and be like their ruler. All this we hope from your highness's happy expiration, who are the true father of your country; for while *you* live we can call nothing ours, and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances."

Or the celebrated remarks of Gibbon in the fifteenth chapter of the "Decline and Fall:—

"The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud that hangs over the first age of the Church. The great law of impartiality too often obliges us to reveal the imperfections of the uninspired teachers and believers of the Gospel, and to a careless observer *their* faults may seem to cast a shade on the faith which they professed. But the scandal of the pious Christian, and the fallacious triumph of the infidel, should cease as soon as they recollect, not only *by whom* but likewise *to whom* the Divine Revelation was given. The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from Heaven, arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings."

But Porson's criticism upon Gibbon himself, in the preface to the "Letters to Travis," is no less excellent in its way,—

"His industry is indefatigable; his accuracy scrupulous; his reading, which indeed is sometimes ostentatiously displayed, immense; his attention always awake; his

memory retentive; his style emphatic and expressive; his periods harmonious. His reflections are often just and profound; he pleads eloquently for the rights of mankind, and the duty of toleration; nor does his humanity slumber except when women are ravished and the Christians persecuted. Though his style is in general correct and elegant, he sometimes draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. In endeavoring to avoid vulgar terms he too frequently dignifies trifles, and clothes common thoughts in a dress that would be rich enough for the noblest ideas. In short, we are too often reminded of that great man, Mr. Puff, the auctioneer, whose manner was so inimitably fine that 'he had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael.'"

Take, again, Pope's lines upon "Narcissa:"—

"Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would *hardly* stew a child,
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare.
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim."

Or his inimitable character of Addison,—

"Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend.
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged."

Or the following epigram of Churchill upon Lord Chancellor Loughborough:—

"To mischief train'd e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom;
Adopting Arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, but in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert prim prater of the Northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face."

Dryden's satire upon Shadwell, "MacFlecnoe," is full of sarcastic bitterness. He describes Flecnoe settling the succession to his state,—

"And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolved: for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years,—
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity;
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Butler's description of Presbyterian tenets may be taken as another illustration,—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite."

We may add to these the "Noodle's Oration:"—

"What would our ancestors say to this, sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions; how does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? If this measure be right, would it have escaped the wisdom of those Saxon progenitors to whom we are indebted for so many of our best political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would such a notable discovery have been reserved for these modern and degenerate times?"

He adds:—

"This measure may be a boon to the Constitution, but I will accept no favor to the Constitution from such hands. I profess myself, sir, an honest and upright member of the British Parliament, and I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all change and all innovation. I am satisfied with things as they are; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. The honorable gentleman pretends to justify the severity with which he has attacked the noble lord who presides in the Court of Chancery. But I say such attacks are pregnant with mischief to Government itself. Oppose ministers, you oppose Government; bring ministers into contempt, you bring Government into contempt; and anarchy and civil war are the consequences."

He winds up with the peroration:—

"And now, sir, as it is frequently the custom in this House to end with a quotation, and as the gentleman who preceded me in the debate has anticipated me in my favorite quotation of the—'Strong pull and the long pull,' I shall end with the memorable words of the assembled Barons—'*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*'"

Of Burlesque Parody, the "Rejected Addresses" are some of the best examples; the parodies of the styles of Byron, Moore, Scott, and Crabbe are peculiarly good.

"For what is Hamlet but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is foul';

To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."

Or,—

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,

Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are brave.
The Shamrock their Olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,

Protects them from thunder and lightning of rows,

Their Sprig of Shillelagh is nothing but Laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows."

Or,—

"Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof,
Down, down in thunder falls!

"Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke
Where Muggins broke before.

But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.

Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
His whizzing water pipe he waved;
Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman and afraid of bumps!
'What are they 'fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!'
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

The familiar conventionalisms and anti-theetical points of Crabbe are so happily rendered in the following address, that Leigh Hunt compares it to "the echo of an eccentric laugh,"—

"John Richard William Alexander Dwyer,
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;

But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs' shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said)," etc.

Theodore Hook's Parodies of Moore's poems are nearly as good as those in "Rejected Addresses;" for instance,—

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When treason, like the midnight flower," etc.

Or,—

"Blessington hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left it seems to fly,
But what it looks at no one dreameth;
Sweeter 'tis to look upon
Creivy, though he seldom rises,
Few his truths; but even one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my crony Creivy dear,
My gentle, bashful, graceful Creivy,
Others' lies
May wake surprise,
But truth from you, my crony Creivy."

Or,—

"While Johnny Gale Jones the memorial was
keeping
Of penny subscriptions from traitors and
thieves,
Hard by at his elbow sly Watson stood peeping,
And counting the sums at the end of the
leaves."

Daniel O'Connell's application of the lines,—

"Three poets in three distant ages born,"
to Colonels Sibthorp, Perceval, and Verner,
is excessively good in its way,—

"Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry,—in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go—
To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

The beards of Colonels Verner and Perceval were conspicuous by their absence, not so that of Colonel Sibthorp. In the "Ingoldsby Legends," Southey's "Curse of Kehama," is parodied in the malediction pronounced by the Cardinal upon the Jackdaw of Rheims which had stolen his ring,—

"The Cardinal rose, with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book,
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief:
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his
head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a
fright.

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in
drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;

He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying.

Never was heard such a terrible curse:

But what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

But the most complete pieces of parody
with which we are acquainted, are those of
Payne Knight's "Progress of Civil Society,"
by Canning and Hammond, and of Dr. Dar-
win's "Loves of the Plants," by Canning,
Gifford, and Freere, in the "Anti-Jacobin."
The original by Payne Knight, says:—

"Blessed days of youth, of liberty, and love!
How short, alas! your transient pleasures prove!
Just as we think the sweet delights our own,
We strive to fix them, and we find them flown;
For fixed by laws, and limited by rules,
Affection stagnates and love's fervor cools;
Shrinks like the gathered flower, which, when
possessed,

Droops in the hand, or withers on the breast;
Feels all its native bloom and fragrance fly,
And death's pale shadows close its purple dye."

The parody says:—

"Of WHIST OR CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing
game—

The partners *changing*, but the sport the *same*.
Else would the gamesters' anxious ardor cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
—Yet must one man, with one unceasing wife,
Play the long rubber of connubial life.

"Yes! human laws, and laws esteemed divine
The generous passion straiten and confine,
And as a stream, when art constrains its course,
Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So Passion, narrowed to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all,
—For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings
When uncontrolled by priestcraft or by kings."

The "Loves of the Plants" was parodied
in the "Loves of the Triangles." Thus
sings Dr. Darwin:—

"Two brother swains, of Colin's gentle name,
The same their features, and their forms the
same,
With rival love for fair Collina sigh,
Knit the dark brow and roll the unsteady eye.
With sweet concern the pitying beauty mourns,
And soothes with smiles the jealous pair by turns.

"Woo'd with long care, Curcuma, cold and shy,
Meets her fond husband with averted eye.

Four beardless youths the obdurate beauty move
With soft attentions of Platonic love," etc.

And thus sings the Anti-Jacobin:—

"Thus some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,
Vexed with dull megrim, or vertigo light,
Pleased with the fair, *Three* dawdling doctors
stand,

Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand.
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught de-
cree,

And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

"So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *three* INSIDES.
One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease,
With folded arms, propt back, and outstretched
knees;
While the pressed *Bodkin*, punched and squeezed
to death,
Sweats in the midmost place, and scolds, and
pants for breath."

This poem was considered the perfection
of parody by Lord Jeffery (Essays, vol.
iii.):—

"All the peculiarities," says he, "of the
original poet are here brought together and
crowded into a little space, where they can
be compared and estimated with ease."

There are some forms of wit and humor
which appeal not so much to the mind as to
the physical senses. Such are puns, or the
wit of words addressed to the ear—or carica-
ture addressed to the eye. Paronomasia,
which is properly the figure the French call
"*Jeu de mots*," although excluded from the
category of true witticisms, has been em-
ployed by most of our great authors. We
have such instances as "which tempted our
attempt," and "To begird the Almighty's
throne, beseeching or besieging," in "*Para-
dise Lost*," not to mention numberless puns
in Shakspeare. But there are some puns so
ready or ingenious that they do not require
the sanction of precedent to excuse them.

Take Hood's stanzas:—

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to War's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his *legs*,
So he laid down his *arms*!

"And as they took him off the field,
Cried he, 'Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the forty-second Foot,'"

Or the end of the ballad of "Faithless Sally
Brown":—

"His death, which happened in his *berth*,
At forty-odd befell;

They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell."

An inimitable collection of puns is found in Theodore Hook's "Address to Children," published in the *John Bull* newspaper.

"My little dears, who learn to read, pray early
learn to shun

That very silly thing indeed which people call a
pun.

Read Entick's * rules, and 'twill be found how
simple an offence

It is to make the self-same sound afford a double
sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt*
an *ant* may kill ;

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay
the *bill*.

Or if to France your barque you steer, at Dover
it may be,

A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still
goes to sea.

This one might say when to a treat good friends
accept our greeting,

'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat
their *meat* when meeting.

Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although
from *boar* prepared,

Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding
be declared—

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however
vulgar they,

And actors still the harder slave the oftener they
play ;

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tail-
ors choose,

While grooms and coachmen not in vain each
evening seek the *mews*.

The *dye* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life main-
tains ;

The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from
his *panes* ;

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring
is in its prime,

But *time* or *tide* wont wait for you, if you are *tied*
for *time*."

"I hear," said a lady to Foote, the actor,
"you can make a pun upon any subject ;
make one on the king." "The king," he
replied, "is no subject."

In the lay of "St. Gengulphus" (Ingoldsby
Legends) a remarkable double pun is versified :—

"I will venture to say from that hour to this day,
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a
scene ;

Or a table divide, fifteen guests of a side,

With a dead body placed in the centre be-
tween.

"The Prince Bishop's jester, on punning intent,
As he viewed the whole *thirty* in jocular
terms,

*In Entick's "Dictionary" there is a list of
words with different meanings and similar sounds.

Said it put him in mind of the council of Trent
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

Caricature represents its subject doing something which would be exceedingly absurd and incongruous for him to do, and adds the effect of mimicry to those of humor, by laying hold of personal defects and peculiarities, and aggravating them to a very high degree. It is one of the most, if not the most, unpleasant form of derision, and one of the most effectual weapons of attack. It remains in the memory and arouses the passions more completely, perhaps, than any other form of ridicule. Gillray's representation of Priestley officiating as chaplain at the execution of George III. put the torches into the hands of his fellow-townsmen. The picture of the entry of Carlo Khan into Leadenhall Street helped the ruin of Fox's East India Bill, and such cartoons as that one during the Corn-law agitation of the Duke of Richmond surrounded by five donkeys, with the line from Shakspeare underneath,—

"Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field ;"

or of the sacrifice of the countryman to the divinity of the hare ; or lately, of Earl Russell nailing up "Elliott's Entire" in lieu of "Hudson's," at the sign of the Victor Emmanuel, which have appeared in *Punch*, will long live in the popular recollection. We have not attempted an exhaustive discussion of our subject. To do it justice would require far more space than should be occupied by an Article in a *Quarterly Review* ; but we cannot refrain from referring to what are called "bulls," the particular offspring of the fertile Hibernian mind. A "bull" is the exact counterpart of a witticism. Instead of discovering real relations which are not apparent, it admits apparent relations which are not real. "I will make her," says Sir Lucius O'Trigger of his mistress, "Lady O'Trigger, and a good husband into the bargain." Sir Boyle Roche, who was the Zany of the Irish Parliament, has immortalized himself by his "bulls." It was he who said, "Mr. Speaker, I don't see why we should put ourselves out of the way to benefit posterity. What has posterity ever done for us ?" On another occasion he announced that he was quite ready to give up, "not a part, but the *whole* of the Constitution, and to preserve the *remainder*." He was, however, capable of saying better things ; for

when Curran said that he was quite able to be the guardian of his own honor, "Indeed," said Sir Boyle, "I thought the honorable member was an enemy to *sinecures*." A gentleman, in speaking of somebody's wife, regretted that she had no children. "Ah," said a medical man present on the occasion, "to have no children is a great misfortune; but I have remarked that it is *hereditary* in some families." The Irish have even invented the practical "bull;" for, in 1798, the mob, out of enmity to a Dublin banker, burnt all the notes of his which they found in circulation, and made his fortune.

Much as wit and humor are admired by the world, Wits and Humorists have commonly received but little of its love or respect. There seems, indeed, to be a principle implanted in the social mind leading it to regard with a feeling very like contempt all those whose business it is to contribute to its amusement. By this Adam Smith explains the payment of such high wages as they usually receive to actors, singers, dancers, "*hoc genus omne*," they are thus bribed to abdicate their personal dignity.

Wits and Humorists have shared the odium, but not the pay. In some measure this may be attributed to the influence of the remnants of Puritanism, that sour creed which, in the words that Lord Macaulay has put into the mouth of Cowley, made "men frown at stage plays who smiled at massacres;" in some measure it may be due to the business habits of the Anglo-Saxon race, inducing them to regard with dislike all unproductive occupations; but chiefly is it to be traced to the operation of that frame of thought known in the abstract as Respectability, which contemplates wit and humor as dangerous powers. It is true that they are dangerous; but everything is dangerous which is characterized by energy, or which is eminent in any degree. The cultivation of science is dangerous, the practice of piety is dangerous; a great fool is nearly as dangerous as a great genius; nothing is safe but mediocrity. Harlequin has fought an unequal fight with Mrs. Grundy.

It is again very generally thought that wit and judgment never go together. To this prejudice Locke has given his sanction and a metaphysical foundation. Reasoning and joking are opposite operations, but so are some others which we could name, that are, not-

withstanding, carried on together. "The great Locke," says Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," "who was seldom outwitted by false sounds, was nevertheless baffled here. This has been made the Magna Carta of stupidity ever since." Again, the outward and visible signs of a witty man are very similar to those of a frivolous man, whilst dulness is too often mistaken for wisdom. But if we penetrate below the surface, we shall find that although we often discover a character in which the sense of the ridiculous is developed to such a disproportionate degree as to stifle the more useful faculties of the understanding, we rarely, indeed, meet with one destitute of it in which those faculties have attained to any perfection. Scarcely a great statesman, philosopher, orator, poet, and even moralist, occurs to us who was not at the same time, to a greater or less extent, a witty man, and many of those whom we are in the habit of remembering only as wits were in truth possessed of much more solid acquirements. More than one prime minister of England has owed his influence nearly as much to his jokes as to his policy; more than one great preacher has been as celebrated for his jests as for his doctrines. Among even the most amiable of our race we find humorists, such men as Sir Thomas More and Thomas Hood, who had nothing in common but their wit, their moral worth, and their Christian names.

As is so often the case, the popular opinion on this subject expresses a half-truth at least. It requires something to be added from the opposite side of the question to complete it; but in a measure it is true. Mere wits, we fear, are open to the charges of moral and mental lightness which have been indiscriminately brought against all who possess the quality of wit however controlled and regulated by the other powers of the intellect.

"A witty man is a dramatic performer," says Sydney Smith. "In process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air. If his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him,—he sickens and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre upon which he performs are so essential to him that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling."*

But the position of the Wit is dignity it-

* "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," p. 150.

self as compared with that of the Humorist, who is the commoner character of the two. It implies some talent and quickness to appreciate a witticism, but the lower kinds of humor are capable of such marked demonstration that they may be enjoyed, and are commonly most enjoyed, by the vulgar and illiterate. The practical humorist must become the temporary butt of the ridicule which he excites; to paint folly he must seem foolish; to exhibit absurdity he must appear absurd; and the traits of each low and buffoonish character which he assumes are soon inseparably mingled in the minds of his associates with those of his own. But it is wasting time to show that Jackpuddings are commonly wanting in self-respect.

Addison held that every man would be a wit if he could, but he adds that it were better to be a galley-slave than one. Professed wits have not appeared in a very amiable light. They have commonly been men who were admitted to the society of persons their superiors in rank, wealth, and position, simply because they were amusing. They have been

used as instruments to overcome the encroachments of that which in reality is a great social influence, *ennui*. They have often taken the place of the mediæval fools, and gained their living by imitating poor Yorick, and "keeping the table in a roar." The coarse-minded hostess who sent her little daughter round the table, at the second course, to request Theodore Hook "to begin to be funny," gave expression to a truth which people better bred but ill disguised. Professed wits have been not deficient in useful talents; but failing in their moral rather than in their intellectual natures, they have been too idle to choose a life of honest action instead of one of pleasure, and too vain to prefer "solid pudding to empty praise." They have merited the condemnation that they have received; but to deprive the human mind of Wit and Humor would produce an effect upon the moral world equivalent to that which would be brought about in physical nature by robbing food of its flavor, flowers of their perfume, or landscapes of their variegated colors.

A GHOST IN A BELFRY.—The inhabitants of a secluded village of the Montague Noire, in the department of the Aude, were roused from their beds one night last week by the "sound of the tocsin"—for such is the pompous phrase used by a local writer to describe the ringing of the single bell of the small parish church. The idea of a fire first suggested itself to the minds of the villagers; but as no fire was to be seen, they flocked to the church to see what was the matter. To their great astonishment, however, the church door was locked; no voice responded from within to their loud shouts of inquiry; and yet the bell continued to ring loudly and hurriedly! The curé was called up and brought the church key. With trembling steps and beating hearts the crowd followed their pastor into the sacred building. They penetrated into the belfry, and—oh! horror of horrors!—the bell-rope was violently agitated and pulling the bell by itself. The good priest himself was scared at this fearful phenomenon, and his followers, pale with terror, dropped down upon their knees and crossed themselves. It was midnight, the hour when spirits walk abroad. The priest, armed with his *goupillon*, proceeded to exorcise the demon; but

all the holy water in the church was soon exhausted, and yet the dreadful bell continued to sound. At length a peasant, more intrepid than the rest, volunteered to climb into the steeple and look at the bell itself. As he mounted the dark narrow winding ladder which led to the abode of mystery, the terrified parishioners below muttered their paternosters with increased rapidity. In a few moments an unearthly shriek from the devoted messenger left no doubt on the minds of the people below that he had met with the devil himself. As the unhappy man approached the bell it did indeed cease to sound, but by the flickering pale light of his lantern he saw crouching down close to the clapper a black, monstrous, hideous form, with two yellow eyes which glared full upon him. The poor man fainted away, and for some minutes an awful silence reigned in the church. Then by a sudden and simultaneous impulse, several men resolved to see what had become of their comrade, and, imparting courage to each other, rushed up the ladder together. On nearing the bell they found a large polecat, who had got one of his fore feet entangled in the rope, and who, in his endeavors to escape, had been the cause of all this terrible commotion in the Montague Noire.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER weather is not cheerful on the Holy Loch. The dazzling snow on the hills when there is sunshine, the sharp cold blue of the water, the withered ferns and heather on the banks, give it, it is true, a new tone of color unknown to its placid summer beauty; but, when there is no sunshine, as is more usual, when the mountains are folded in dark mists, and the rain falls cold, and the trees rain down a still heavier and more melancholy shower of perpetually falling leaves, there is little in the landscape to cheer the spirits of the inhabitants, who, fortunately for themselves, take it very calmly, like most people accustomed to such a climate. The farmer's wife of Ramore, however, was not of that equable mind. When she looked out from her homely parlor-window, it oppressed her heart to miss her mountains, and to see the heavy atmosphere closing in over her own little stretch of hillside. She was busy, to be sure, and had not much time to think of it; but, when she paused for a moment in her many occupations, and looked wistfully for signs of "clearing," the poetic soul in her homely bosom fell subdued into an unconscious harmony with the heavy sky. If the baby looked pale by chance, the mother took gloomy views of the matter on such days, and was subject to little momentary failures of hope and courage, which amazed, and at the same time amused, big Colin, who by this time knew all about it.

"You were blythe enough about us a' yesterday, Jeanie," he would say, with a smile, "and nothing's happened to change the prospect but the rain. It's just as weel for the wean that the doctor's a dozen miles off; for it's your e'en that want physie, and a glint o' sunshine would set a' right." He was standing by her, hovering like a great good-humored cloud, his eyes dwelling upon her with that tender perception of her sacred weakness, and admiring pride in her more delicate faculties, which are of the highest essence of love.

"I hope you dinna think me a fool altogether," the mistress would answer, with momentary offence; "as if I was thinking of the rain, or as if there was onything but rain to be lookit for! but when I mind that my Colin gangs away the morn—"

And then she took up her basket of mended stockings, and, with a little impatience, to

hide a chance drop on her eyelash, carried them away to Colin's room, where his chest stood open and was being packed for the journey. It was not a very long journey, but it was the boy's first outset into independent life; and very independent life was that which awaited the country lad in Glasgow, where he was going to the university. On such a day dark shadows of many a melancholy story floated somehow upon the darkened atmosphere into Mrs. Campbell's mind.

"If we could but have boarded him in a decent family," she said to herself, as she packed her boy's stockings. But it had been "a bad year" at Ramore, and no decent family would have received young Colin for so small a sum as that on which he himself and various more wise advisers considered it possible for him to live, by the help of an occasional hamper of home-produce, in a little lodging of his own. Mrs. Campbell had acceded to this arrangement as the best; but it occurred to her to remember various wrecks she had encountered even in her innocent life; and her heart failed her a little as she leaned over Colin's big "kist."

Colin himself said very little on the subject, though he thought of nothing else; but he was a taciturn Scotch boy, totally unused to disclose his feelings. He was strolling round and round the place with his hands in his pockets, gradually getting soaked by the persistent rain, and rather liking it than otherwise. As he strayed about—having nothing to do that day in consideration of its being his last day at home—Colin's presence was by no means welcomed by the other people about the farm. Of course, being unoccupied himself, he had the sharpest eyes for every blunder that was going on in the stable or the byre, and announced his little discoveries with a charming candor. But in his heart, even at the moment when he was driving Jess to frenzy by uncalled-for remarks touching the dinner of the pigs, Colin was all ablaze with anticipation of the new life that was to begin to-morrow. He thought of it as something grand and complete, not made up of petty details like this life he was leaving. It was a mist of learning, daily stimulation and encounter of wits, with glorious prizes and honors hanging in the hazy distance, which Colin saw as he went strolling about the farmyard in the rain, with his hands in his pockets. If he said anything articulate to

himself on the subject, it was comprised in one succinct, but seemingly inapplicable, statement. "Eton's no a college," he said once, under his breath, with a dark glow of satisfaction on his face as he stopped opposite the door, and cast a glance upon the loch and the boat, which latter was now drawn up high and dry out of reach of the wintry water; and then a cloud suddenly lowered over Colin's face, as a sudden doubt of his own accuracy seized him—a torturing thought which drove him indoors instantly to resolve his doubt by reference to a wonderful old gazetteer which was believed in at Ramore. Colin found it recorded there, to his great mental disturbance, that Eton *was* a college; but, on further inquiry, derived great comfort from knowing that it certainly was not a university, after which he felt himself again at liberty to issue forth and superintend and aggravate all the busy people about the farm.

That night the family supper-table was somewhat dull, notwithstanding the excitement of the boys, for Archie was to accompany his father and brother to Glasgow, and was in great glee over that unusual delight. Mrs. Campbell, for her part, was full of thoughts natural enough to the mother of so many sons. She kept looking at her boys as they sat round the table, absorbed in their supper. "This is the beginning, but wha can tell what may be the end?" she said half to herself; "they'll a' be gane afore we ken what we're doing." Little Johnnie, to be sure, was but six years old; but the mother's imagination leapt over ten years, and saw the house empty, and all the young lives out in the world. "Eh me!" said the reflective woman, "that's what we bring up our bairns fer, and rejoice over them as if they were treasure; and then by the time we're auld they're a' gane;" and, as she spoke, not the present shadow only, but legions of vague desolations in the time to come came rolling up like mists upon her tender soul.

"As lang as there's you and me, we'll fend, Jeanie," said the farmer, with a smile; "twa's very good company to my way o' thinking; but there's plenty of time to think about the dispersion which canna take place yet for a year or twa. The boys came into the world to live their ain lives and serve their Maker, and no' just to pleasure you and

me. If you've a' done, ye can cry on Jess, and bring out the big Bible, Colin. We maunna miss our prayers to-night."

To tell the truth, Colin of Ramore was not quite so regular in his discharge of this duty as his next neighbor, Eben Campbell of Barnton, thought necessary, and was disapproved of accordingly by that virtuous critic; but the homely little service was perhaps all the more touching on this special occasion, and marked the "night before Colin went first to the college" as a night to be remembered. When his brothers trooped off to bed, Colin remained behind as a special distinction. His mother was sitting by the fire without even her knitting, with her hands crossed in her lap, and clouds of troubled, tender thought veiling her soft eyes. As for the farmer, he sat looking on with a faint gleam of humor in his face. He knew that his wife was going to speak out her anxious heart to her boy, and big Colin's respect for her judgment was just touched by a man's smile at her womanish solemnity, and the great unlikelihood that her innocent advices would have the effect she imagined upon her son's career. But, notwithstanding the smile, big Colin, too, listened with interest to all that his wife had to say.

"Come here and sit down," said Mrs. Campbell; "you needna' think shame of my hand on your head, though you *are* gaun to the college the morn. Eh! Colin, you dinna ken a' the temptations nor the trials. Ye've aye had your ain way at hame—"

Here Colin made a little movement of irrepressible dissent. "I've aye done what I was bidden," said the honest boy. He could not accept that gentle fiction even when his heart was touched by his mother's farewell.

"Weel, weel," said the farmer's wife, with a little sigh; "you've had your ain way as far as it was good for you. But its awfu' different living among strangers, and living in your father's house. Ye'll have to think for yoursel' and take care of yoursel' now. I'm no one to give many advices," said the mother, putting up her hand furtively to her eyes, and looking into the fire till the tears should be re-absorbed which had gathered there. "But I wouldna like my first-born to leave Ramore and think a' was as fair in the world as appears to the common e'e. I've been real weel off a' my days," said the mistress, slowly, letting the tears which she had

restrained before drop freely at this reminiscence of happiness; "a guid father and mother to bring me up, and then *him* there, that's the kindest man! But you and me needna praise your father, Colin; we can leave that to them that dinna ken," she went on, recovering herself; "but I've had ae trouble for a' so weel as I've been, and I mean to tell you what that is afore you set out in the world for yoursel'."

"Nothing about poor George," said the farmer, breaking in.

"Oh, ay, Colin, just about poor George; I maun speak," said the mistress. "He was far the bonniest o' our family, and the best-likit; and he was to be a minister, laddie, like you. He used to come hame with his prizes, and bring the very sunshine to the auld house. Eh! but my mother was proud; and for me, I thought there was nothing in this world he mightna' do if he likit. Colin," said Mrs. Campbell, with solemn looks, "are ye listening? The last time I saw my brother was in a puir place at Liverpool, a' in rags and dirt, with an auld coat buttoned to his throat, that it mightna' be seen what was wantin', and a' his wild hair hanging about his face, and his feet out o' his shoon, and hunger in his eye—"

"Jeanie, Jeanie, nae mair," said big Colin from the other side of the fire.

"But I maun say mair; I maun tell a'," cried his wife, with tears. "Hunger in his bonnie face, that was ance the blythest in the country-side—no hunger for honest meat as nature might crave, but for a' thing that was unlawfu' and evil and killin' to soul and body. He had to be watched for fear he should spend the hard-won silver that we had a' scraped together to send him away. Him that had been our pride, we couldna trust him, Colin, no ten minutes out o' our sight but he was in some new trouble. It was to Australia we sent him, where a' the unfortunates go. Eh, me! the like o' that ship sailing! If there was a kind o' hope in our breasts it was the hope o' despair. It wasna' my will, for what is there in a new place to make a man reform his ways? And that was how your Uncle George went away."

"And then?" cried the boy, whose interest was raised, and who had heard mysteriously of this Uncle George before.

"We've heard no word from that day to

this," said Mrs. Campbell, drying her eyes. "Listen till I tell you a' that his pleasuring brought him to. First, and greatest, to say what was not true, Colin—to deceive them that trusted him. If the day should ever dawn that I couldna trust a bairn o' mine—if it should ever come sickening to my heart that e'e or tongue was false that belonged to me—if I had to watch my laddies, and to stand in doubt at every word they said—eh! Colin, God send I may be in my grave afore such an awfu' fate should come to me!"

Young Colin of Ramore answered not a word; he stared into the fire instead, making horrible faces unawares. He could not have denied, had he been taxed with it, that tears were in his eyes; but rather than shed them he would have endured tortures; and any expression of his feelings in words was more impossible still.

"No as if I was a better woman than my mother, or worthy o' a better fate," said the thoughtful mistress of Ramore; "for she was ane o' the excellent of the earth, as a'boddy kens; and, if ever a woman won to her rest through great tribulations, she was ane; and, if the Lord sent the cross, he would send the strength to bear it. But, O Colin, my man, it would be kind to drown your mother in the loch, or fell her on the hill, sooner than bring upon her such great anguish and trouble as I have told you of this night!"

"Now, wife," said the farmer, interfering, "you've said your part. Nae such thought is in Colin's head. Gang you and look after his kist, and see that a' thing's right; and him and me will have our crack the time you're away. Your mother's an innocent woman," said big Colin, after a pause, when she had gone away; "she kens nae mair of the world than the bairn on her knee. When you're a man you'll ken the benefit of taking your first notions from a woman like that. No an imagination in her mind but what's good and true. It's hard work fechtin' through this world without marks o' the battle," said big Colin, with a little pathos; "but a man wi' the like o' *her* by his side maun be ill indeed if he gangs very far wrang. It mightna' be a' to the purpose," continued the farmer, with a little of his half-conscious common-sense superiority, "as appeals to the feelings seldom are; but, Colin, if you take my advice, you'll mind every word of what your mother says."

Colin said not a syllable in reply. He had got rid of the tears safely, which was a great deal gained: they must have fallen had the mistress remained two seconds longer looking at him with her soft, beaming eyes; but he had not quite gulped down yet that climbing sorrow which had him by the throat. Anyhow, even if his voice had been at his own command, he was very unlikely to have made any reply.

"Ye'll find a' strange when ye gang to Glasgow," continued the farmer. "I'm no feared for any great temptation, except idleness, besetting a callant like you; but a man that has his ain bread and his ain way to make in the world has nae time for idleness. You've guid abilities, Colin, and if they dinna come to something you'll have but yoursel' to blame: and I wouldna' put the reproach on my Maker of having framed a useless soul into the world, if I were you," said big Colin. "There's never ony failures that I can see among the lower creation, without some guid reason; but it's the privilege o' men to fail without ony cause o' failure except want o' will to do weel. When ye see the like of George for instance, ye ask what the Lord took the trouble to make such a ne'er-do-weel for?" said the homely philosopher; "I never could help thinking, for my part, that it was labor lost, though nae doubt Providence kent better; but I wouldna' be like that if I could help it. There's no a silly sheep on the hill, nor horse in the stable, that isna' a credit to Him that made it. I would take good heed no to put mysel' beneath the brute beasts, if I were you."

"I'm no meaning," cried Colin, with ungrammatical abruptness and a little offence; for he was pricked in his pride by this address, which was not, according to his father's ideas, any "appeal to his feelings," but a calm and common-sense way of putting an argument before the boy.

"I never said you were," said the farmer. "It'll cost us hard work to keep ye at your studies, and I put it to your honor no to waste your time; and you'll write regular, and mind what kind o' thoughts your mother's thinking at home in Ramore; and I may tell you, Colin, I put confidence in you," said the father, laying his big hand with a heavy momentary pressure upon the lad's shoulder. "Now, good-night, and go to your bed, and prepare for the morn."

Such were the parting advices with which the boy was sent out into the world. His mother was in his room, kneeling before his chest, adding the last particulars to its store, when Colin entered the homely little chamber—but what they said to each other before they parted was for nobody's ear; and the morning was blazing with a wintry brightness, and all the hills standing white against the sky, and the heart of the mistress hopeful as the day, when she wiped off her tears with her apron, and waved her farewell to her boy, as he went off in the little steamer which twice a day thrilled the loch with communications from the world. "He'll come back in the spring," she said to herself, as she went about her homely work, and ordered her household. And so young Colin went forth, all dauntless and courageous, into the great battle-field, to encounter whatsoever conflicts might come to him, and to conquer the big world and all that was therein, in the victorious dreams of his youth.

CHAPTER V.

THE first disappointment encountered by the young hero was the wonderful shock of finding out that it was not an abstract world he had to encounter and fight with, but that life was an affair of days and hours exactly as at Ramore, which was about his first real mental experience and discovery. It was a strange mortification to Colin, who was, like his mother, a poet in his soul, to find out that there was nothing abstract in his new existence, but that a perpetually recurring round of lessons to learn, and classes to attend, and meals to eat, made up the days, which were noways changed in their character from those days which he had already known for all the fifteen years of his life. After the first shock, however, he went on with undiminished courage—for at fifteen it is so easy to think that those great hours are waiting for us somewhere in the undisclosed orb of existence. Certainly a time would come when every day, of itself a radiant whole and complete unity, would roll forth majestic like the earth in the mystic atmosphere. He had missed it this time, but after a while it must come; for the future, like the past, works wonders upon the aspect of time; and still it is true of the commonest hours that they—

—“win
A glory from their being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we walked therein.”

So thought Colin, looking at them from the other side, and seeing a perfection which nobody ever reached in this world. But of course he did not know that—so he postponed those grand days and barred them up with shining doors, on which was written the name and probable date of the next great change in his existence; and, contenting himself for the present with the ordinary hours, went light-hearted enough upon his boyish way.

A little adventure which occurred to the neophyte on his first entrance upon this new scene, produced results for him, however, which are too important to be omitted from his history. Everybody who has been in that dingiest of cities knows that the students at the University of Glasgow, small as their influence is otherwise upon the character of the town, are bound to do it one superficial service at least. Custom has ordained that they should wear red gowns; and the fatigued traveller, weary of the universal leaden gray, can alone appreciate fully the sense of gratitude and relief occasioned by the sudden gleam of scarlet fluttering up the long, unlovely street on a November day. But that artistic sense which penetrates but slowly into barbarous regions has certainly not yet reached the students of Glasgow. So far from considering themselves public benefactors through the medium of their red gowns, there is no expedient of boyish ingenuity to which the ignorant youths will not resort to quench the splendid tint, and reduce its glory as nearly as possible to the sombre hue of everything around. Big Colin of Ramore was unacquainted with the tradition which made a new and brilliant specimen of the academic robe of Glasgow as irritating to the students as the color is supposed to be to other animals of excitable temper; and the good farmer naturally arrayed his son in a new gown, glorious as any new ensign in the first delight of his uniform. As for Colin, he was far from being delighted. The terrible thought of walking through the streets in that blazing costume seriously counterbalanced all the pleasure of independence, and the pride of being “at college.” The poor boy slunk along by the least frequented

way, and stole into his place the first morning like a criminal. And it was not long before Colin perceived that his new companions were of a similar opinion. There was not another gown so brilliant as his own among them all. The greater part were in the last stage of tatters and dinginess, though among a company, which included a number of lads of Colin’s own age, it was evident that there must be many who wore the unvenerated costume for the first time. Dreams of rushing to the loch, which had been his immediate resource all his life hitherto, and soaking the obnoxious wrapper in the salt-water, confused his mind; but he was not prepared for the summary measures which were in contemplation. As soon as Colin emerged out of the shelter of the class-room, his persecution commenced. He was mobbed, hustled, pelted, until his spirit was roused. The gown was odious enough; but Colin was not the lad to have even the thing he most wanted imposed upon him by force. As soon as he was aware of the meaning of his tormentors, the country boy stood up for his gown. He gathered the glowing folds round him, and struck out fiercely, bringing down one of his adversaries. Colin, however, was alone against a multitude; and what might have happened either to himself or his gown it would have been difficult to predict, had not an unexpected defender come in to the rescue. Next to Colin in the class-room a man of about twice his age had been seated—a man of thirty, whose gaunt shoulders brushed the boy’s fair locks, and whose mature and thoughtful head rose strangely over the young heads around. It was he who strode through the ring, and dispersed Colin’s adversaries.

“For shame o’ yourselves!” he said in a deep bass voice, which contrasted wonderfully with the young falsettoes round him. “Leave the laddie alone; he knows no better. I’ll lick ye a’ for a set of schoolboys, if you don’t let him be! Here, boy, take off the red rag and throw it to me,” said Colin’s new champion; but the Campbell blood was up.

“I’ll no take it off,” cried Colin; “it’s my ain, and I’ll wear it if I like; and I’ll fell anybody that meddles with me!”

Upon which, as was natural, a wonderful scuffle ensued. Colin never knew perfectly how he was extricated from this alarming

situation ; but, when he came to himself, he was in the streets on his way home, with his new friend by his side—very stiff and aching in every limb, with one sleeve of his gown torn out, and its glory minished by the mud which had been thrown at it, but still held tightly as he had gathered it round him at the first affray. When he recovered so far as to hear some sound besides his own panting breath, Colin discovered that the gaunt giant by his side was preaching at him in a leisurely, reflective way from his eminence of six feet two or three. Big Colin of Ramore was but six feet, and at that altitude two or three inches tell. The stranger looked gigantic in his lean length as the boy looked up, half-wondering, half-defiant, to hear what he was saying. What he said sounded wonderfully like preaching, so high up and so composed was the voice which kept on arguing over Colin's head, with an indifference to whether he listened or not, which, in ordinary conversation, is somewhat rare to see.

"It might be right to stand up for your gown; I'll no commit myself to say," was the first sentence of the discourse which fell on Colin's ear; "for there's no denying it was your own, and a man, or even a callant, according to the case in point, has a right to wear what he likes, if he's no under lawful authority, nor the garment offensive to decency; but it would have been more prudent on the present occasion to have taken off the red rag as I advised. It's a remnant of superstition in itself, and I'm no altogether sure that my conscience, if it was put to the question, would approve of wearing gowns at all, unless, indeed, it had ceased to be customary to wear other garments; but that's an unlikely case, and I would not ask you to take it into consideration," said the calm voice, half a mile over Colin's head. "It's a kind of relic of the monastic system, which is out of accordance with modern ideas; but, as you're no old enough to have any opinions—"

"I have as good a right to have opinions as you!" exclaimed Colin, promptly, glad of an opportunity to contradict and defy somebody, and get rid of the fumes of his excitement.

"That's no the subject under discussion," said the stranger. "I never said any man had a right to opinions; I incline to the other side of that question mysel'. The thing

we were arguing was the gown. A new red gown is as aggravating to the students of Glasgow University as if they were so many bulls—no that I mean to imply that they're anything so forcible. You'll have to yield to the popular superstitions if you would live in peace."

"I'm no heeding about living in peace," interrupted Colin. "I'm no feared. It's naeboddy's business but my ain. My gown is my gown, and I'll no change it if—"

"Let me speak," said his new friend; "you're terrible talkative for a callant. Where do you live? I'll go home with ye and argue the question. Besides, you've got a knock on the head there that wants looking to, and I suppose you're in Glasgow by yourself? You needna' thank me, it's no necessary," said the stranger, with a bland movement of the hand.

"I wasna' meaning to thank you. I'm living in Donaldson's Land, and I can take care of myself," said Colin. But the boy was no match for his experienced classfellow, who went on calmly preaching as before, arguing all kinds of questions, till the two arrived at the foot of the stairs which led to Colin's humble lodging. The stair was long, narrow, and not very clean. It bore stains of spilt milk on one flight, and long droppings of water on another; and all the miscellaneous smells of half a dozen different households, none of them particularly dainty in their habits, were caught and concentrated in the deep well of a staircase, into which they all opened. Colin's abode was at the very top. His landlady was a poor widow, who had but three rooms, and a host of children. The smallest of the three rooms was let to Colin, and in the other two she put up somehow her own sons and daughters, and did her mantua-making, and accomplished her humble cookery. The rooms had sloping roofs and attic windows; and two chairs and a slip of carpet made Colin's apartment splendid. Colin led the way for his "friend," not without a slight sentiment of pride, which had taken the place of his first annoyance. After all, it was imposing to his imagination to have his society sought by another student, a man so much older than himself; and Colin was not unaware of the worship which it would gain for him in the eyes of his hostess, who had looked on him dubiously on the day of his arrival, and designated him "little mair

an a bairn." Colin was very gracious in giving the honors of his room to his unsolicited visitor, and spoke loud out that Mrs. Fergus might hear. "You'll have to stoop when you go in at *that* door," said the boy, already learning with natural art to shine in reflected glory. But Colin was less complacent when they had entered the room, half from natural shyness, half from an equally natural defiance and opposition to the grown-up and experienced person who had escorted him home.

"Well," said this strange personage, stooping grimly to contemplate himself in the little square of looking-glass which hung over Colin's table; "you and me are no very like lassfellows; but I like a laddie that has some spirit and stands up for his rights. Of course you come from the country; but first come here, my boy, before you answer any questions, and let me see that knock on your head."

"I had nae intention of answering any questions; and I can take care of myself," answered Colin, hanging back and declining the invitation. The stranger, however, only smiled, stretched out his long arm, and drew the boy towards him. And certainly he had received a cut on the head which required to be attended to. Reluctant as he was, the lad was too shy to make any active resistance, even if he had possessed moral courage enough to oppose successfully the will of a man so much older than himself. He submitted to have the cut bathed and plastered up, which his new friend did with the utmost tenderness, delivering a slow and lengthy address all the while over his head. When the operation was over, Colin was more and more perplexed what to do with his visitor; though a little faint after his fight and excitement, he was still well enough to be very hungry, but the idea of asking this unknown friend to share his dinner did not occur to him. He had never done anything beyond launching the boat, or mounting the horses on his own responsibility before, and he could not tell what Mrs. Fergus would think of his wound or his visitor. Altogether Colin was highly perplexed and not over civil, and sat down upon the edge of a chair facing the intruder with an expression of countenance very plainly intimating that he thought him much in the way.

But the stranger was much above any consideration of Colin's countenance. He was

very tall, as we have said, very gaunt and meagre, with a long, pale face surmounted by black locks, thin and dishevelled. He had a black beard, too—a thing much less common at that time than now—which increased his general aspect of dishevelment. His eyes were large, and looked larger from the great sockets hollowed out by something more than years, from which they looked out as from two pale caverns; and, with all this gauntness of aspect, his smile, when he smiled, which was seldom, threw a wonderful light over his face, and reminded Colin somehow, he could not tell how, of the sudden gleam of the sun over the Holy Loch when the clouds were at the darkest, and melted the boy's heart in spite of himself.

"I was saying we were not very like class-fellows," said the stranger; "that's a queer feature in our Scotch colleges; there's you, a great deal too young, and me a great deal too old; and here we meet for the same purpose, to learn two dead languages and some sciences that are only half living; and that's the only way for either you or me to get ourselves made ministers. The English system's an awful deal better, I'm meaning in theory—as for the practice, that's neither here nor there. Nothing's right in practice. It's a great thing to have a right idea at the bottom if you can."

"Are you to be a minister?" said Colin, not well knowing what to say.

"When I was like you I thought so," said his new friend; "it's a long time since then; but, when I get a good grip of an idea, it's no' easy to get it out of my head again. This is my second session only, for all that," he said, after a momentary pause; "many a thing I little thought of has stood in my way. I'm little further on than you, though I suppose I'm twice your age; but to be sure you are far too young for the college; that's what the Greek professor in Edinburgh is aye hawering about; he might turn to the other side of the question if he knew me." And the stranger interrupted his own monologue to give vent to a long-drawn breath, by way of a sigh, which agitated the atmosphere in Colin's little room, as if it had been a sudden breeze.

"Mr. Hardie's son was only thirteen when he went to the college; and that's two years younger than me," said Colin, with some indignation. The lad heard a sound, as of

knives and plates, outside, and pricked up his ears. He was hungry, and his strange visitor seemed rooted upon his hard, rush-bottomed chair. But, just as Colin's mind was framing this thought, his companion suddenly gathered himself up, rising in folds, as if there was never to be an end of him.

"You want your dinner?" he said; "come with me, it will do you good. What you were to have will keep till to-morrow; tell the decent woman so, and come with me. I'm poor, but you shall have something you can eat, and I'll show you what to do when you are tired of *her* provisions; so come along."

"I would rather stay at home," said Colin; "I don't know you; I don't know even your name," he added a minute after, feeling that he was about to yield to the strong influence which was upon him, and doing what he could to save himself.

"My name's Lauderdale; that's easy settled," said the stranger; "tell the honest woman; what's her name?—I'll do it for you. Mrs. Fergus, my young friend here is going to dinner with me. He'll be back by and by to his studies; and, in the mean time," said Colin's self-constituted guardian, putting the lad before him and pausing in the passage to speak to the widow, who regarded his great height and strange appearance with a little curiosity, "take you charge of his gown; put it up the chimney, or give it a good wash out with soap and soda; it's too grand for Glasgow College; the sooner it comes to be like this," said the gigantic visitor, holding up his own, which was of a dingy port-wine color, "the better for the boy."

And then Colin found himself again walking along the Glasgow streets, in the murky, early twilight of that November afternoon, with this strange, unknown figure which was leading him he knew not whither. Was it a good or a bad angel which had thus taken possession of the fresh life and unoccupied mind? Colin could not resist the fascination which was half dislike and half admiration. He went along quietly by the side of the tall student, who kept delivering over his head that flood of monotonous talk. The boy grew interested even in the talk before they had gone far, and went on, a little anxious about his dinner, but still more curious con-

cerning the companion with whom fate had provided him so soon.

CHAPTER VI.

"No that I mean to say I believe in fate," said Lauderdale, when they had finished their meal; "though there is little doubt in my mind that what happens is ordained. I couldna tell why, for my part, though I believe in the fact—for most things in life come to nothing, and the grandest train of causes produce nae effect whatever; that's my experience. Indeed, it's often a wonder to me," said the homely philosopher, who was not addressing himself particularly to Colin, "what the Almighty took the trouble to make man for at a'. He's a poor creature at the best, and gives an awfu' deal of trouble for very little good. Considering all things, I'm of opinion that we're little better than an experiment,—and very likely we've been greatly improved upon in mair recent creations. Are you pleased with your dinner? You're young now, and canna' have much standing against you in the great books. Do you ever think, laddie, of what you mean to be?"

"I mean to be a minister," said Colin, with a furious blush. His thoughts on the subject, if he could but have expressed them, were magnificent enough, but nothing was more impossible to the shy country lad than to explain the ambition which glowed in his eager, visionary mind. He would have sacrificed a finger at any time, rather than talk of the vague but splendid intentions which were fermenting secretly in absolute silence within his reserved Scotch bosom. His new friend looked with a little curiosity at the subdued brightness of the boy's eyes, which spoke more emphatically than his words.

"They a' mean to be ministers," said Lauderdale, in his reflective way; "half of them would do far better to be cobblers; but nae fool could ever be persuaded. As for you, I think there's something in you, or I wouldna have fashed my head about you and your gown. You've got a fair start, and nae drawbacks. I would like to see you go straight forward, and be good for something in your generation. You needna look glum at me; I'll never be good for much mysel'. You see I've learned to be fond of talking," he said, philosophically; "and a man that

takes up that line early in life seldom comes to much good ; though I grant you there's exceptions, like Macaulay, for example. I was just entered at college, when my father died," he continued, falling into a historical strain. "I was only a laddie like yoursel', but I had to give up that thought, and work to help the rest. Now they are all scattered, and my mother dead, and I'm my own master. No that I'm much the better for that ; but, you see, after I got this situation—"

"What situation?" said Colin, quickly.

"Oh, an honorable occupation," said his tall friend, with a gradually brightening smile. "There's aye of the same trade mentioned with commendation in the Acts of the Apostles. Him and St. Paul were great friends. But you see I'm free for the most part of the day ; and, it being a fixed idea in my mind that I was to go to the college some time or other, it was but natural that I should enter mysel' as soon as I was able. I may go forward, and I may not ; it depends on the world more than on me. So your name's Colin Campbell?—the same as Sir Colin ; but if you're to be a minister, you can never be anything mair than a minister. In any other line of life a lad can rise if he likes, but there's nae promotion possible to a minister. If I were you and fifteen, I would choose another trade."

To this Colin answered nothing ; the suggestion staggered him considerably, and he was not prepared with anything to say. He looked round the shabby room, and watched the shabby tavern-waiter carrying his dinner to some other customer ; and Colin's new unaccustomed eyes saw something imposing even in the aspect of this poor place. He thought of the great world which seemed to surge outside in a ceaseless roar, coming and going—the world in which all sorts of honors and powers seemed to go begging, seeking owners worthy to possess them ; and he was pursuing this splendid chain of possibilities, when Lauderdale resumed his monologue :—

"The Kirk's in a queer kind of condition a'thegither," said the tall student, "so are most Kirks. Whenever you hit upon a man that kens what he wants, all's well ; but that happens seldom. It's no my case for one. And as for you, you're no at the age to trouble your head about doctrine. You're a young prince at your years—you don't

know your privileges ; you believe everything you've been brought up to believe, and are far more sure in your own mind what's false and what's true than a college of doctors. I would rather be you than a' the philosophers in the world."

"I'm no a fool to believe everything," said Colin, angrily rousing himself up from his dreams.

"No," said his companion, "far from a fool ; it's true wisdom, if you could but keep it. But the present temper of the world," said the philosopher, calmly, "is to conclude that there's nothing a'thegither false, and few things particularly true. When you're tired of the dinners in Donaldson's Land," he continued, without any change of tone, "and from the looks of the honest woman I would not say much for the cookery, you can come and get your dinner here. In the meantime, I'll take ye up to Buchanan Street, if you like. It's five o'clock, and the shop-windows are lighted by this time. I'm very fond of the lights in the shop-windows mysel'. When I've been a poor laddie about the streets, the lights aye looked friendly, which is more than the folk within do when you've no siller. Come along ; it's no trouble to me, and I like to have somebody to talk to," said Lauderdale.

Colin got up very reluctantly, feeling himself unable to resist the strange personal fascination thus exercised over him. The idea of being only somebody to talk to mortified the boy's pride, but he could not shake himself free from the influence which had taken possession of him. He was only fifteen, and his companion was thirty ; and the shy country lad had no power to enfranchise himself. He went after the tall figure into the street with very mingled feelings. The stream of talk, which kept flowing on above him, stimulated Colin's mind into the most vigorous action. Such talk was not incomprehensible to a boy who had been trained at Ramore ; but the philosophers of the Holy Loch were orthodox, and this specimen of impartial thoughtfulness roused all the fire of youthful polemics in Colin's bosom. He set down his companion unhesitatingly, of course, as a "sceptic," perhaps an infidel ; and was almost longing to rush in upon him, with arbitrary boyish zeal and disdain, to make an end on the spot of his mistaken opinions. As for Colin himself, he was very sure of everything,

as was natural to his years, and had never entertained any doubts that the Shorter Catechism was as infallible a standard of truth as it was a terrible infliction upon the youthful memory. Colin went along the murky streets, by his companion's side, thinking within himself that, perhaps, his own better arguments and higher reason might convert this mistaken man, and so listened to him eagerly as they proceeded together along the long line of the Trongate, much excited by his own intentions, and feeling somehow, in his boyish heart, that this universal stimulation of everything, within and without, was a real beginning of life. For everything was new to the country boy, who had never in his life before been out of doors at night anywhere, save in the silent country roads, through darkness lighted by the moon, or, when there was no moon, by the pale glimmer of the loch. Now his eyes were dazzled by the lights, and all his senses kept in exercise by the necessity of holding his own way, and resisting the pressure of the human current which flowed past him; while Lauderdale kept talking of a hundred things which were opposed to the belief of the lad, and which, amid all this unaccustomed hubbub, he had to listen to with all his might lest he should lose the thread of the argument—a loose thread enough, certainly, but still with some coherence and connection. All this made Colin's heart thrill with a warmer consciousness of life. He was only in Glasgow, among floods of dusky craftsmen going home from their work; but it appeared to his young eyes that he had suddenly fallen upon the most frequented ways of life and into the heart of the vast world.

"I'm fond of a walk in the Trongate myself, especially when the lamps are lighted," said Lauderdale; "I never heard of a philosopher but was. No that I am a philosopher, but— It's here ye see the real aspect of human affairs. Here, take the shop-windows, or take the passengers, there's little to be seen but what's necessary to life; but yonder," said the reflective student, pointing over Colin's head to the street they were approaching, "there's nothing but luxury. We spend a great deal of siller in Glasgow—we're terrible rich, some of us, and like the best of everything—but there's no so much difference as you would think. I have no pleasure in this side of wealth for my part; there's an

awful suggestion of eating and drinking in everything about here. Even the grand furniture and the pictures have a kind of haze about them, as if ye could only see them through a dinner. I don't pretend to have any knowledge for my own part of rich men's feasts; but it's no pleasant to think that Genius and Art, no to speak of a great deal of skilful workmanship, should be all subservient to a man's pleasure in his dinner, and that *that's* what they're here for. Hallo, laddie, I thought you had no friends in Glasgow? there's somebody yonder waving their hands to you. What do you hang back for? It's a lady in a carriage. Have you no respect for yoursel' that you're so slow to answer?" cried Colin's monitor, indignantly. Colin would gladly have sunk through the pavement, or darted up a friendly dark alley which presented itself close by, but such an escape was not possible. It was Lady Frankland who was making signals to him out of the carriage-window; and in all his awkwardness, he was obliged to obey them.

As for Lauderdale, whose curiosity was considerably excited, he betook himself to the window of a printshop to await his *protégé*, not without some surprise in his mind. He knew pretty nearly as much about Colin by this time as the boy himself did, though Colin was quite unaware of having opened up his personal history to his new friend; but he had heard nothing about young Frankland, that being an episode in his life of which the country lad was not proud. Lauderdale stood at the printshop window with a curious kind of half-pathetic egotism mingling with his kindly observation. No fair vision of women ever gleamed across his firmament. He was just about shaking hands with youth, and no lady's face had ever bent over him like a star out of the firmament, as the gracious countenance of the English lady was just then bending over the farmer's son from Ramore. "It's maybe the duchess," said Lauderdale to himself, thinking of the natural feudal princess of the lochs; and he looked with greater interest still, withdrawn out of hearing, but near enough to see all that passed. Colin for his part did not know in the least what to say or to do. He stood before the carriage looking sulky in the excess of his embarrassment, and did not even take off his cap to salute the lady, as country politeness and his anxious mother had

taught him. And, to aggravate the matter, there was a bewildering little girl in the carriage with Lady Frankland—a creature with glorious curls over her shoulders, and a wonderful perfection of juvenile toilette, which somehow dazzled Colin's unused and ignorant eyes. In the midst of his awkwardness it occurred to the boy to note this little lady's dress, which was a strange thing enough for him, who did not know one article of feminine attire from another. It was not her beauty so much as the delicacy of all her little equipments which amazed Colin, and prevented him from hearing what Lady Frankland had to say.

"So you have gone to the university?" said that gracious lady. "You are ever so much further advanced than Harry, who is only a schoolboy as yet; but the Scotch are so clever. You will be glad to hear that dear Harry is quite well, and enjoying himself very much at Eton," continued Harry's mother, who meant to be very kind to the boy who had saved her son's life. Now the very name of Harry Frankland had, he could not have told how, a certain exasperating effect upon Colin. He said nothing in answer to the gracious intelligence, but unconsciously gave a little frown of natural opposition, which Lady Frankland's eyes were not sufficiently interested to see.

"He doesn't care for Harry, aunt," said the miniature woman by Lady Frankland's side, darting out of the dusky twilight a sudden flash of perception, under which Colin stood convicted. She was several years younger than he, but a world in advance of him in every other respect. A little amusement and a little offence were in the voice, which seemed to Colin, with its high-bred accent and wonderful "English," like the voice of another kind of creature from any he had encountered before. Was she a little witch, to know what he was thinking? And then a little laugh of triumph rounded off the sentence, and the unfortunate boy stood more speechless, more awkward, more incapable than before.

"Nonsense, Matty; when you know we owe Harry's life to him," said bland Lady Frankland. "You must come and dine with us to-morrow; indeed you must. Sir Thomas and I are both so anxious to know more of you. Sir Thomas would be so pleased to forward your views in any way; but the Scotch

are so independent," she said, with her most flattering smile. "Was that your tutor who was walking with you, that very tall man? I am sure we should be delighted to see him too. I suppose he is something in the university. Oh! here comes my husband. Sir Thomas this is—oh! I am sure I beg your pardon; I forgot your name—the dear, brave, excellent boy who saved Harry's life."

Upon which Sir Thomas, coming out of one of the shops, in that radiance of cleanness and neatness, perfectly brushed whiskers, and fresh face, which distinguishes his class, shook hands heartily with the reluctant Colin.

"To be sure, he must dine with us to-morrow," said the good-humored baronet, "and bring his tutor if he likes; but I thought you had no tutors at the Scotch universities. I want to know what you're about, and what your ideas are on a great many subjects, my fine fellow. Your father is tremendously proud, and so are you, I suppose; but he's a capital specimen of a man, and I hope you allow that I have a right to recollect such an obligation. Good-by, my boy," said Sir Thomas. "Seven to-morrow—but I'll probably be at your college and see you in the morning. And mind you bring the tutor," he cried, as the carriage drove off. Lady Frankland shed a perfect blaze of smiles upon Colin, as she waved her hand to him, and the creature with the curls on the other side gave the boy a little nod in a friendly, condescending way. He made a spring back into the shade the minute after, wonderfully glad to escape, but dazzled and excited in spite of himself; and, as he retired rapidly from the scene of this unexpected encounter, he came sharp up against Lauderdale, who was coming to meet him, with his curiosity largely excited.

"It was me he took for the tutor, I suppose?" said the strange mentor who had thus taken possession of Colin; and the tall student laughed with a kind of quaint gratification. "And so I might have been if I had been bred up at Oxford or Cambridge," he added, after a moment; "that is to say, if it had been my lot to have been bred up anywhere; but they've a grand system in these English universities. *That* was not the duke?" he said interrogatively, looking at Colin, whose blood of clansman boiled at the idea.

"*That the duke!*" exclaimed the boy with great disdain; "no more than I am. It's one of the English that are aye coming and making their jokes about the rain; as if anybody wanted them to come," said Colin, with an outbreak of scorn; and then the boy remembered that Archie Candlish had just bought a house in expectation of such visitors, and stopped abruptly in full career. "I suppose the English are awfu' fond of grouse, or they wouldna' come so far for two or three birds," he continued, in a tone of milder sarcasm. But his companion was not to be so easily diverted from his questions.

"Grouse is a grand institution, and helps in the good government of this country," said Lauderdale, "and, through this country, of the world—which is a fine thought for a bit winged creature, if it had the sense to ken. Yon's another world," he said, after a little pause, "no Paradise to be sure, but something as far removed from this as heaven itself; farther, you might say, for there's many a poor man down below here that's hovering on the edge of heaven. And how came you to have such grand friends?" asked the self-constituted guardian, stooping from his lofty height to look straight into Colin's eyes. After a time he extracted the baldest narrative that ever was uttered by a hero ashamed of his prowess from the half-indignant boy, and managed to guess as clearly as the wonderful little lady in the carriage the nature of Colin's sentiments towards the young antagonist and rival whom he had saved.

"I wouldna have let a dog drown," said the aggrieved Colin; "there was nothing to make a work about. But you would have laughed to see that fellow, with his boots like a lassie's and feared to wet his feet. He could swim, though," added the boy, candidly; "and I would like to beat him," he said, after a moment: "I'd like to run races with him for something, and win the prize over his head."

This was all Colin permitted himself to say; but the vehement sentiment thus re-

called to his mind made him, for the moment, less attentive to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was considerably moved by his young companion's excitement. "I'm not going to see your fine friends," he said, as he parted from the boy at the "stairfoot" which led to Colin's lodging; "but there's many a true word spoken in jest, and, my boy, you shall not want a tutor, though there's no such thing in our Scotch colleges."

When he had said so much, hastily, as a man does who is conscious of having shown a little emotion in his words, Colin's new friend went away, disappearing through the misty night, gaunt and lean as another Quixote. "I should like to have something to do with the making of a new life," he said to himself, muttering high up in the air over the ordinary passengers' heads, as he mused on upon his way. And Colin and his story had struck the rock in the heart of the lonely man, and drawn forth fresh streams in that wilderness. He was more moved in his imaginative, reflective soul, than he could have told any one, with, half-consciously to himself, a sense of contrast, which was natural enough, considering all things, and which colored all his thoughts, more or less, for that night.

As for Colin—naturally, too—he thought no more of Lauderdale, nor of his parting words, and found himself in no need of any tutor or guide, but fell asleep in the midst of his Greek, as was to be expected, and dreamt of that creature with the curls nodding at him out of gorgeous lord mayor's coaches, in endless procession. And it was with this wonderful little vision dancing about his fancy that the Scotch boy ended his first day at the university, knowing no more what was to come of it all than the saucy sparrow which woke him next morning by loud chirping in the Glasgow dialect at his quaint little attic window. The sparrow had his crumbs, and Colin had another exciting day before him, and went out quite calmly to lay his innocent hands upon the edge-tools which were to carve out his life.

From The Spectator.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PET.

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, has one of the keenest eyes now open on our social world for a quality for which it is a great discredit to the English language that we have no individual name—*naïveté*. In all his writings, from his charming narrative of “Rab and his Friends,” to his thoughtful essay on Arthur Hallam’s fresh and single-minded theology, he has always shown the same eager love of those bright and new and always instructive glimpses of the universe which are caught through sympathy with the swift, honest glances of inexperienced and, therefore, utterly disengaged simplicity. No other man has given us such a delightful insight into the moral *naïveté* of the lower animal world,—that world where moral qualities are first discernible in the germ,—and taught us to enjoy so keenly the quaint undress in which the dog, for instance, shows desires and emotions that in a more artificial form play a very large part in human society. The “genius for unexpectedness” which he admired so justly in “Peter,” the Skye puppy, is, indeed, one of the great charms of his own intellect. He makes us feel the world fresh again by discovering the first anticipations of our dull and conventional humanities in fresh minds and fresh species. The unaffected importance with which dogs regard their meals, the quaint pride with which they congratulate themselves on their acuteness in understanding an order and executing it successfully, the mischievous side-glances with which they watch the impression made by a forbidden trick, the frank jealousy and disgust with which they treat a rival, their pathetic loyalty unto death to their masters, are all made charming in his pages as *naïf* anticipations of human nature. And he has the same genius for discovering the far higher *naïvetés* of the same general kind amongst children, and has never done us a greater service than by turning the attention of the world, in the last number of the *North British Review* (in an article which has been just republished*), to the exquisite humor and originality of Sir Walter Scott’s fascinating little friend, Marjorie Fleming.†

Marjorie Fleming was a little girl who died at seven years of age in the winter of 1811, and who, in the last year of her life, kept childish journals and wrote letters that ought to be, for their wonderful picture of a genuine child’s fun and fire and forecasts of matured sweetness, as immortal as the works of her great admirer Sir Walter Scott. In all genuine children, where the bud gives any discernible forecast of the flower, and not merely reason to expect it, there is a primitiveness of thought and feeling which is, to the matured qualities even of the finest mind, what the wild rose is to the garden rose,—something far more exquisitely fascinating by the singleness of impression produced,—by the very absence of those richer forms and colors which culture brings. But, usually, there is also a want of fire, though not of vividness, in such early anticipations of character, a want which robs the picture of its interest to all except thorough-going children-worshippers. There was not this in little Marjorie, who, besides having all the fun, the delight in mischief, the caprice, the love of influence, which such brilliant little women have often possessed, had an indescribable fire of her own which, in combination with her humor and her sweetness, was quite enough to rivet the chains on Scott’s impressible genius and tender heart. No such striking picture has ever been drawn of the great novelist as that of Scott carrying off the little woman through the snow from her aunt’s house in Edinburgh, wrapped, like a little lamb, in the corner of his shepherd’s plaid, to his own house, and then saying his nonsense-lesson dutifully to her as he stood before her like a sheepish school-boy, with his hands behind him:—

“ ‘Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven?
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out.’ ”

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi, Crackaby, he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter

* By Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

† [The article was reprinted in *The Living Age*, No. 1018.]

in her displeasure at his ill-behavior and stupidity. Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over 'Gil Morrice' or the 'Baron of Smailholm;' and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in 'King John,' till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. . . . Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, 'She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakspeare overpowers me as nothing else does.'

What was the secret of this great fascination? Principally, we think,—though in a very much higher and richer region, of course,—exactly that which also constituted the secret of Scott's passion for the noblest amongst the lower animals,—the charm of that excessive naturalness, that naked simplicity, with which the highest feelings, and deepest intuitions, and richest humor of intellectual life, dawn on us in the crystal surface of a mind only just emerging from unconsciousness, utterly incapable therefore of any of the complexities of experience, and yet with fire enough to anticipate in strength and intensity of apprehension the feelings and perceptions of maturity. What an exquisite childish anticipation of all womanly delights is there in that bit of diary written at six years of age at Braehead!

"The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well-made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. George Crakey [Craigie] and William Keeth and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakeyhall hand in hand in Innocence and matitation [meditation] sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender-hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Crakey you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking. I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face. . . . I walked to that delightful place Crakeyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him."

Of course, part of the enjoyment we take in this is derived from the humorous contrast, of which Marjorie was entirely un-

conscious, between the little "loveress's" frankly confessed delight in her fancied conquest, and the form in which she would have confided to herself the same sentiments at a somewhat riper age. But that is only a part of the charm. The piquancy of the passage lies chiefly in the clear dawn of that feminine love for the luxury of tranquil emotion and gratified dignity which speaks in the confession of walking "hand in hand in innocence and matitation, sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender-hearted mind, which is overflowing with majestic pleasure," and in the tender complacency with which the child admits its principal source, "no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence." Yet no woman could have expressed the brimming serenity of sweet sensations so happily; for any woman who had tried to express it at all would have allowed a shyness or a consciousness to mingle with it that would have destroyed all the exquisite singleness of this loveress's "majestic pleasure."

The *naïveté* of Marjorie's humor is at least second amongst her fascinations. There is the charm in it of a child's fresh thought boldly placed in juxtaposition with the dusty old world's used-up ideas, and quite conscious of the contrast. She had been taught to believe in the "divil," and writes pretty freely about him, but he has only three positive attributes to her playful imagination; he invented medicine, especially "sina tea," and the multiplication-table, with both of which happy conceptions he did not cease to torment even her; while he held in reserve the greatest terror of all, with which in old times he had nearly worn out the piety of Job—"boils." "I am very glad," she says, "that Satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes. In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we do not strive with his awfull Spirit . . . to-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor was, I got 1 or 2 cups of that bad, bad sina tea to day." She is evidently not quite sure whether Job would have succeeded in resisting Satan if his boils had been complicated by multiplication-

table and "sina tea," for she says, in confessing how ill she had behaved, "It was the very same devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it, the most devilsh thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure." Marjorie probably held that Satan had interposed a preternatural intellectual difficulty in the 8 and the 7 lines of the multiplication-table for the special trial of children's tempers, and with perfectly correct intellectual instinct, as well as true humor, she did pitch on the most difficult efforts of memory which the decimal system requires of children. For ourselves, we always held 7 times 9 the peculiarly "devilish" point which "nature itself can't endure," though at Marjorie's age we could certainly never have expressed the feeling so eloquently. Indeed, the child had, no doubt, a keen sense of humor in attributing 7 times 7 to the agency of the same devil who invented boils. She thought the multiplication-table, as a whole, a sort of intellectual eruption of demoniacal origin, even though, like the boils, it might be turned to some good purpose to be revealed hereafter." But Marjorie's highest feat of humor is the epitaph on the three turkeys destroyed by rats, and the feelings of their bereaved parent. The tenderness and solicitude with which she first delineates the desolate parent's feelings, and then the extraordinary evidence which she suddenly gives of the bird's patience and resignation, forms an exquisite combination of childish nonsense with social irony. Only a child who had a clear sense of the fun in supposing that oaths are a sign of profound grief could, even when solicited by a promising rhyme, have venture to praise the turkey-hen for not swearing at her loss:—

"Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved,
Their father and their mothers too,
Will sigh and weep as well as you,
Mourning for their offspring fair,
Whom they did nurse with tender care,
Indeed the rats their bones have cranch'd.
Into eternity are they launch'd;
Their graceful forms and pretty eyes,
Their fellow-fowls did not despise,
A direful death indeed they had,
That would put any parent mad,

But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a single dam!"

This stroke of humor is peculiarly happy with regard to a turkey; for certainly no enraged bird does swear so dreadfully and inarticulately, till its throat is on fire with oaths, as the turkey-cock, and Marjorie had previously experienced its deficiencies of temper, for in another part of her journal, she had registered, with the same naïf humor, "A young turkie of two or three months old, would you believe it? the father broke its leg and he killed another! *I think he ought to be transported or hanged.*" This is a delightful instance of the child's humor, which consists in applying gravely thoughts large enough for, and gathered from, the great human world to the little scale of her own childish interests, half knowing, and half unconscious of, the grotesqueness of effect produced. A turkey expiating its crimes on the scaffold, or transported for life for aggravated assault and turkey-slaughter, was an idea the drollery of which was probably only half visible to her. All her moral sentiments are at once applied to the animal world. She is horrified at our summary method of keeping down the canine and feline populations. "I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them, and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like woman-dogs; it is a hard case—it is shocking."

But, after all, that which gives its charm to all this childish nonsense and humor and tenderness, and which fascinated Sir Walter Scott, is the wonderful ardor with which the child stretched her sympathies into states of mind she could only have half understood, and beautified them, even while she gave them a simplicity that was alien to them, by making them childlike. When she repeats the part of Constance, in "King John," till Scott cannot repress his sobs, and writes home such letters as the following, there is, to us, an inexpressible pathos involved in the mere effort of a little child to enter into the heart of such feelings as those of which she touches the chords: "My dear little Mama,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. . . . I will write to you as often I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You don't know*

how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child—M. FLEMING."

And it is not only in personal relations that there is this touching, but perfectly unaffected, sympathy with thoughts and feelings stretching away far out of her reach. When she says, "the birds are singing sweetly,—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face,"—and again, "I came here, as I thought, to enjoy nature's delightful breath, it is sweeter than a fial of rose-oil, but alas! my hopes are disappointed, it is always spitting-ring, but I often get a blink, and then I am happy;" or,—

"The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,
And makes us like for to be living!"

or again, "I love to walk in lonely solitude and leave the *bustel* of the noisy town behind me, and while I look on nothing but what strike the eye with sights of bliss, I think myself transported far beyond the reach of the wicked sons of men,"—there is an effort in the fiery little soul to share the "lonely rapture of lonely minds," and a real forecast of meditative joy, which blends the white loveliness of childhood with the sweetness and passion and faith of maturer years. No

wonder Sir Walter Scott's heart and intellect were alike fascinated by such a union of all the characteristic beauty of the bud with half the fragrance and harmony of the flower. She was not such a mere child of nature as Wordsworth loved to delineate:—

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The child, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain."

She had as much in her of love for man as of love for nature; she had the simple pleasure in admiration, a wealth of generous love and sympathy which is rare even among women, all the tender mischief and simple trust of a little child, and yet combined these with a genuine passion for musing on the beauty of the earth and sky. It is a marvellous lesson on that nearness of God to children,—and to *real*, happy, mischievous children, not saintly apologies for children,—which is usually so common and so empty a phrase on our lips, because we try to interpret it as denying human foibles to children, instead of as attributing to them fresh and searching glimpses into a world far beyond and above themselves.

Compte-rendu de la Conference internationale reunie a Geneve les 26, 27, 28 et 29 Octobre, 1863, pour etudier les Moyens de pourvoir a l'Insuffisance du Service sanitaire dans les Armees en Campagne. (Geneve.)

ABOUT a year ago a book was published at Geneva under the title of "Un Souvenir de Solferino." Its author was a Swiss gentleman, M. Henry Dunant, who had been present at the battle of Solferino, and had been terribly struck with the utterly insufficient means for the relief of the wounded. He himself had done as much as one individual could do, watching beside the men's sick-beds, providing them with such little luxuries as he could obtain, and, in short, putting his shoulder manfully to the wheel. But, of course, before such a mass of human misery one man's efforts are like a drop in the ocean; and M. Dunant determined to see if something could not be done to prevent the recurrence of the scenes he had witnessed. His book was able and eloquent, and produced, as it deserved to produce, some sensation. The "Société genevoise d'Utilité publique" took the matter up, and convened a meeting of representatives from the various countries of Europe to examine into the feasibility of organizing some system for the better treatment of the sick and wounded of

an army in the field. The association, consisting of delegates from the principal states of Europe,* met at Geneva in the month of October last; and the volume before us contains an account of the debates, together with the resolutions finally adopted. These resolutions are embodied in ten articles, the substance of which is, that in every country a committee should be established for the purpose of seeing to the sanitary condition of the army. In time of war this committee should enlist and support volunteer nurses and hospital attendants, and endeavor by all means in its power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. This is scarcely the place to examine the practicability of the suggestions made at the various meetings. One or two of the members themselves expressed doubts on the subject. We can only refer those of our readers who take an interest in this most important matter to the report, and at the same time express a hope that M. Dunant's labors and those of the association will not have proved fruitless.

* The representatives of England were Dr. Rutherford, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, deputed by Lord de Grey, and Ripan, the Secretary of State for War, and Mr. Mackenzie, the British Consul at Geneva.

From The Saturday Review.

MISS INGELOW'S POEMS.*

THE most cynical readers of this volume will allow that Miss Ingelow is a very clever young lady, with a great talent for writing verses. More enthusiastic critics may perhaps be found who will go so far as to assert that Miss Ingelow is "the coming woman" of the realms of rhyme. Without venturing upon so definite a prophecy as to the future, we are prepared to say that the poems before us are of very great promise indeed. The writer has; among other requisites for poetical composition, the gift of clear, strong, and simple language; and she has one great gift for a poetess, in that she has something to say. Most of the separate pieces in the volume show a very defined purpose closely kept in view. In one instance, a not unpardonable personal enthusiasm has carried Miss Ingelow's judgment off its balance, and betrayed her into printing a wedding song in honor of the Princess of Wales which cannot be said to be worthy of publication, either for sense or sound. This is the only case of absolutely bad taste to be found in the collection; and when we have said that some few of the poems might have been improved by shortening, and that here and there some obscurity of language or arrangement requires clearing up for the full comprehension of the thought, we have said all that can fairly be said in detracting of Miss Ingelow's merits as an accomplished verse writer. The mechanism of the verses is, as might be expected, moulded unmistakably upon the forms supplied by the greatest masters of the present day; and the trains of thought are inevitably tinged with the colors of the minds which have served the authoress as her poetical guides. Had Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the Brownings never written, Miss Ingelow's poetry, like that of many others, would have taken a different form, and might have sounded in a different key. Yet it is by no means devoid of originality, both in substance and shape. The great test of the strength of that originality is to come. Will the power of Miss Ingelow's verse ever be reflected in the attempts of successive aspirants to poetical honors? The question is easier to ask than to answer.

We are tempted to say that Miss Ingelow's

verse is not only strong but healthy. It is certainly not morbid. There is, indeed, a Charybdis of outrageous cheerfulness into which modern poetesses are capable of being swept if they steer clear of the Scylla of morbidity; but Miss Ingelow is not too unmitigatedly content. She does not put herself forward either as a weeping or a laughing philosopher; and it is some indication of quiet poetical strength that she puts forward her own personality very little. She has touches of great sweetness and pathos, and her pictures show at once an accurate observation of nature, a vivid and true imagination, and a strong sympathy with the common interests of human life; but they do not force or court any immediate observation or curiosity as to the character or history of the painter. They are drawn from a good many and very various points of view, upon which Miss Ingelow can never have stood except in fancy; and it is satisfactory to find a rising authoress who can choose and manipulate subjects from without, instead of devoting herself to the art of minute introspection so habitual among clever young women.

The use of an antique dialect or spelling is always questionable. But the poem in which Miss Ingelow has adopted this fashion in a slight degree, for the sake of local color ("The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571"), is full of imaginative power and energy. The story is told by an old woman whose daughter-in-law and grandchildren had been drowned in the sudden flood of the Boston Level, caused by the rising of a high tide, bore, or *eygre*, of such force as to heap up the rivers and break the dams. It was the custom for the bells of Boston tower to be rung in a particular well-known peal, called "The Brides of Enderby," whenever any danger menaced the coast. They rang out in the midst of a fine summer sunset, when all the dairywomen were out in the level pastures milking the cows, and before they could know what it meant, the flood was upon them:—

"So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

"Upon the roofo we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;

*"Poems." By Jean Ingelow. Longman and Co. 1863.

I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'

"They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
'Oh, come in life, or come in death !
Oh, lost ! my love, Elizabeth.'

"And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

"That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and me ;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth."

Mr. Tennyson has many followers in the idyllic style which he may be said first to have adapted to modern English life. A gem of musical song, a picture of exquisite beauty, a touch of wild pathos clothed in perfect words, often shines out all the more strongly when set in the framework of a little scene with no particular action, taken out of the unending drama of every-day existence. The contrast of homely simplicity is the best foil to the highly polished work of art. But it is not easy to write with perfect simplicity, and with that power the framer of a successful idyl must combine the judgment which will save his frame from an overload of length as well as of any other unnecessary quality. There are two specimens of the Tennyson-idyl in Miss Ingelow's volume, both of great merit, but unequal in the degree of success they attain. One of them, entitled "Brothers, and a Sermon," is too long. Sermons not unfrequently are so ; and this sermon would have been better as a poem had its various topics been treated more briefly. Still, it displays a picturesque force and fervor which we should be glad to meet in the discourses of many preachers ; and it is something to write a good sermon in earnest through the medium of blank verse. The other idyl, "Supper at the Mill," is a very pretty and quietly humorous illustration of

what a domestic idyl ought to be. The songs to which it is the frame show considerable versatility of talent, and a quick musical ear. Here is one, sung by the miller's old mother, which might have been written in memory of some one of the young officers who sailed in Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Arctic regions. It is full of a subdued feminine sadness, while it is worked out with the clear pathos arising from power and distinctness of imagination :—

"When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

"O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so !
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below ?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

"Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow ;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did naught avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear ?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear ?

"We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main,
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said ;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead."

The little grandchild is lulled to sleep by the singing, and the miller and his wife and mother draw their chairs round the table for supper, before the old lady finishes her journey from market to her own farm. The whole poem is a very clear and true little picture.

The poem called "Reflections," where a young woodman falls in love with a maiden with a milking-pail whose face he sees reflected in the meadow-pool, is as strong a reminder of the manner of Wordsworth as the two idyls are of Tennyson. The "Scholar

and Carpenter," again, fuses the speculative style of Tennyson, as exemplified in his "Two Voices," with the narrative simplicity of Wordsworth's ballads. Readers of the volume will easily discover for themselves other instances where the study of the various authors we have specified above as Miss Ingelow's favorite poets has modelled the form in which her thoughts have flowed into verse. But the thoughts are so genuinely her own, and they are the thoughts of so vigorous a female mind, that the reflection of her poetical studies indicates rather a competently wide education in the music of language than any defect of originality. The authoress probably does not require to be told how like the run of her lines is to the verse of the writers we have named. If she were an elderly gentleman, publishing at this time of day a poem upon Greece written in good sounding blank verse not unlike Rogers's "Italy," and a lyric upon Titania where the dreamy sound sometimes ran away with the sense, with an assurance that they were composed by him before Rogers wrote and before Shelley's "Queen Mab" was thought of, the question of originality would arise in a different shape. The question which in the present case does arise appears to us rather one for Mr. Tennyson than for Miss Ingelow, or any other gifted young poet or poetess who may study and convert to his or her own use the delicate mechanism of Mr. Tennyson's idyllic poetry. If the truth and purity of the form he has applied to common topics has stamped itself so clearly upon the impressible genius of his best scholars that they can write idyls only a degree less perfect than his own, is it not

time for him to seek a new and a larger field of fame, in the choice and treatment of a great heroic subject? The truer our reverence for the greatest English poet of the time, the more are we justified in earnestly pressing upon him the moral which his transatlantic rival and young ladies who sing suppose to lie embedded in the chronic repetition of the word *Excelsior*.

A few words of kindly advice may not be ill bestowed upon an authoress of so much promise. One is, that neither the "Wedding Song" we have already spoken of, nor "A Sea Song" on the occasion of "Old Albion's" refusal of the Greek crown for her sailor-boy Prince Alfred, indicates any special aptitude for shining as a courtly or political poetess. A second is, that the Homeric consecration of particular descriptive epithets to particular natural phenomena is a dangerous habit for modern poets. Thesea, for instance, "seethes" rather too frequently under a wide variety of circumstances through Miss Ingelow's volume. Another dangerous affectation is the fondness for strengthening the point of a line by doubling the salient phrase. Undoubtedly there are cases in which a great deal is gained by knocking the nail twice upon the head, but the method of thus emphasizing is so easy that it should be very sparingly used. Its use should never be so notably frequent as to provoke observation. Such tricks of composition will probably vanish with a maturer consciousness of the power which the writer of this volume undoubtedly possesses; and we shall look forward with hope and pleasure to the publication in due time of other poems by Jean Ingelow.

The Destruction of the American Carrying Trade. A Letter to Earl Russell, K.G. By Frederick Milnes Edge. Ridgway. Pp. 27.

MR. EDGE tells us in this pamphlet what most men of any mercantile knowledge have all along anticipated, that, in consequence of the depredations of Confederate privateers, Federal commerce is suffering very much, "merchant vessels being either laid up in Northern harbors or sold to foreign shipowners." The existence of these privateers, "which will in a few more years go

far towards sweeping the commerce of the United States from the ocean and transferring it into foreign bottoms," he attributes solely to England; and, to prevent a worse thing coming upon us, he proposes "compensation for the loss of all Federal property captured or destroyed—for the interest of the capital invested in the vessels and their cargoes—and, may be, a fair compensation, in addition, for all and any injury accruing to their business interests from the depredations upon their shipping."—*Reader*.

From The Spectator.

A GUARDSMAN IN SECESSIA.*

HAVING three or four months of "leave,"—a commodity with which the officers of the Guards are abundantly supplied—Colonel Fremantle determined to spend the greater part of it in gratifying a wish he had formed to see the aristocratic slave-owners in fighting trim. Originally, his sympathies, such as they were, leaned "rather" to the North, but solely because he had the natural dislike of an Englishman to slavery. From this he was converted by the spectacle of gallantry and determination displayed by the South, especially as in contrast to that there was only "foolish, bullying conduct" on the other side. In this conversion there was more of sentiment than logic. Slavery becomes all the more formidable when upheld by great gallantry and determination; and it does not become less an object of dislike to an honest man because the opponents of the South are painted as bullies and cowards. It is possible to admire the bravery, resolution, and skill of the Southerners without admiring their cause; but it was not possible to Colonel Fremantle. He may have had a natural dislike to slavery, but he evidently had a natural liking, and this was the stronger feeling, for the pluck and energy of the slave-owners. As a Guardsman, he was bound to sympathize with an aristocracy, and the Southern slave-owners are an aristocracy, though in the worst form. To see these men and their soldiers and their ways, our author crossed the Atlantic, and traversed the Confederacy from end to end. It was a very commendable way of spending his time, and his friends were quite right in prevailing on him to publish his diary.

With characteristic caution, as became a Queen's officer, he entered Texas by way of Matamoras, having with him a Texan trader as a comrade and guide. He crossed the river, and came up with Duff's cavalry, "a group of Confederate officers seated round a fire, contemplating a tin of potatoes," and dressed in "flannel shirts, very ancient trousers, jack-boots, with enormous spurs, and black felt hats, ornamented with the 'lone star of Texas.'" Among these gentry, the first thing he noticed was that one was a great

boaster, just as if he were a Northerner. The next, that one of this same boaster's comrades—whose name we guess—was a murderer. He had a few days before crossed the Rio Grande, kidnapped what he called a "renegado," that is, a Unionist, and left him on the road; that is, had murdered him! A very good beginning. Meeting General Bee, that soldier said he had not sanctioned "the Montgomery affair," that is, the murder; and soon after Colonel Fremantle actually stumbled on the half-buried body of the murdered man, whose "head and arms were above the ground." The young Guardsman was rather struck by this sudden experience of Lynch law within three hours after he had landed on Confederate soil; but he was somewhat consoled by being assured that, after all, Montgomery was a "bad character." While on the Rio Grande, Colonel Fremantle was in the thick of speculating merchants, and it is plain from his account of their prosperity that General Banks, by occupying Brownsville, has spoiled a very thriving trade, and blocked up a door whereby entered large quantities of supplies for the Confederates. His new friends, the Texan colonels, admitted that Brownsville was the rowdiest town and Texas the most lawless State; but although "the shooting-down and stringing-up systems are much in vogue" not only there but on both banks of the Mississippi, inoffensive people are not shot or hung. This was the boast of the Texan colonels, who said that, from time immemorial, "the Yankees had been despised by the Southerners as a race inferior to themselves in courage and in honorable sentiments." Another band of these fine fellows came in. They had only been engaged in the honorable occupation of *scalping* Indians. This band had been employed in quelling a counter-revolution of Unionists in Texas, and it is easy to guess how they did their work. Colonel Fremantle says we know nothing of the South, and we admit that he is telling us news.

Quitting the Rio Grande, he set out on his way through Texas to the Mississippi, with a Texan, who was a judge and an M.P., and entitled to be styled "Honorable," for an assistant mule-driver. The driver, Mr. Sargent, was, during the midday halts, in "the habit of cooling himself by removing his trousers. Having gorged himself, he laid down and issued his edicts to the judge as to the treatment

* "Three Months in the Southern States." By Lieutenant-Colonel Fremantle, Coldstream Guards. Blackwood and Sons.

of the mules." He was eleven days going three hundred and thirty miles in Texas, during which period he "camped out" every night. The judge and Mr. Sargent furnished some amusement, but the event of the trip was a meeting with General Magruder. After he had passed through San Antonio he had clearly become used to the country and the people. "In spite of their peculiar habits of hanging, shooting, scalping, etc., which seemed to be natural to a people living in a wild and thinly populated country, there was much to like in my fellow-travellers. They all had a sort of *bonhomie* honesty and straightforwardness, a natural courtesy and extreme good-nature, which was very agreeable" to a Guardsman, a real "swell," who had taken the trouble to go so far to see them out of pure sympathy for their cause. It would have been monstrous had even these Texans been rude to a colonel of the Queen's Guards. But he had to submit to some rather severe trials. He had to share his bed with another person, and when he slept, to sleep in his clothes on a bed sometimes dirtier than his boots after a day's travelling. He had to be introduced to a man who, having engaged a colored crew at Boston, had carried them to Galveston, and sold them there. On the road from Crockett to Rusk passengers came aboard. "Among them was Major —, brother-in-law to another person not named, who hanged Montgomery at Brownsville. He spoke of the exploit of his relative with some pride." Another passenger was a Government agent. This person "informed us that he still held a commission as adjutant-general to — [Quantrell?]. The latter, it appears, is a cross between a guerilla and a horse thief, and even by his adjutant-general's account, he seems to be an equal adept at both professions." Of course, he met with some decent people, and these were, as they always are, anxious to persuade Englishmen that slave-owners are not so black as they are painted, and that they are fighting not for slavery but independence. They admitted, however, that many slave-owners are cruel, but these, it appears, are all Yankees.

With great courage, and a perseverance that does him credit, Colonel Fremantle pushed through Texas. He did not crane at the passage of the Mississippi, although Banks was near Alexandria, with his gunboats in the Wachita, and Grant was rout-

ing Pemberton and Johnston on the Big Black. His narrative of the passage of the Mississippi shows how arduous that transit was even then to the Confederates. Arrived at Natchez, he hired a carriage, and boldly drove on to Jackson, which he entered just as Grant had retired from it. He found the inhabitants greatly enraged at the destruction of the town, and, arrested as a spy, our author owed his life to the intervention of a Confederate officer. Grierson had just ridden through the State. Johnston was vainly trying to collect a force capable of coping with Grant. The nakedness of the land is shown by the fact that General Johnston's "cooking utensils consisted of an old coffee-pot and frying-pan. There was only one fork (one prong being deficient) between himself and his staff, and this was handed to me ceremoniously as the 'guest.'" In Texas, Colonel Fremantle had found the people "speaking with horror of the depredations committed in that part of the country by their own troops on the line of march;" and in Mississippi "several natives complained that soldiers were quartering themselves upon them and eating everything." At Galveston, he heard a drayman or carter complain that a Texan soldier had fired five shots at him, because he would not stop, the fifth shot killing his horse. The officer only said that "the regiment would probably hang the soldier for being such a disgraceful bad shot." On the road from Meridian to Mobile our traveller was delayed, owing to a difficulty which had occurred in the up train. "The difficulty was this. The engineer had shot a passenger, and then unhitched his engine, cut the telegraph, and bolted up the line, leaving his train planted on a single track. He had allowed our train to pass by, shunting himself until we had done so, without any suspicion. The news of this occurrence caused really hardly any excitement amongst my fellow-travellers; but I heard one man remark that 'it was mighty mean to leave a train to be run into like that.'" It is not wonderful that the Southerners are so ferocious in battle. Their whole lives in time of peace seem to be passed on the brink of an open grave.

Colonel Fremantle went to Mobile and Chattanooga and Shelbyville; thence back through Chattanooga to Charleston and Richmond, and from Richmond he made his way to Lee's army, then in Pennsylvania.

He was present at Gettysburg, he retreated with Lee into the Shenandoah Valley, and then made his way through the Federal lines, by Hancock, to New York. He confesses with some *naïveté* that he found the Federal officers "gentlemen," and this must have been a great relief to him, as he, like many others of his class, had imbibed the common notion that gentlemen are grown only in the land which gave birth to Preston Brooks, and holds that man's memory in honor. He found, however, for the credit of humanity, that there were gentlemen in both camps. There are in his book some very agreeable sketches of persons and incidents, and we are enabled to see some of the Southern leaders in the most favorable light. In Tennessee he met several conspicuous men. Mr. Vallandigham, "called the Apostle of Liberty," a good-looking man, had just been "*dumped down*" on the neutral ground between the two armies, and was receiving Confederate hospitality as a "destitute stranger," whom neither would own. There was General Hardee, "a fine, soldier-like man, broad-shouldered and tall," and a great admirer of the ladies; General Bragg, Bishop Polk, and General Cleburne. The sketch of Bragg is just now worth having:—

"I called on General Bragg, the Commander-in-Chief. This officer is in appearance the least prepossessing of the Confederate generals. He is very thin; he stoops, and has a sickly, cadaverous, haggard appearance, rather plain features, bushy black eyebrows, which unite in a tuft on the top of his nose, and a stubby iron-gray beard; but his eyes are bright and piercing. He has the reputation of being a rigid disciplinarian, and of shooting freely for insubordination. I understand he is rather unpopular on this account, and also by reason of his occasional acerbity of manner."

General Cleburne is the son of an Irish doctor. He ran away from home at seventeen, and enlisted in the 41st Regiment. Buying his discharge, he went to Arkansas, studied law, and got a good practice. When the State seceded, he became a soldier, and rose to command a division—"the highest rank obtained by a foreigner in the Confederate service." He ascribed his advancement to his training in the 41st. Bishop Polk is the finest figure in these parts. He is a good-looking man, with all the manners and affability of a "grand seigneur," tall, upright,

and "looks much more like a soldier than a clergyman." He hoped "his brethren in England did not much condemn his present line of conduct." When he had done fighting he intended to go back to his other profession. He is a very brave man, whereof here is a specimen incident extracted from him by our ingenious Guardsman. Bishop Polk *loquitur*, in a "modest yet graphic manner":—

"Well, sir, it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact, it was almost dark, when Liddell's Brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped;' so I turned round, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked him in angry tones what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease doing so at once. He answered with surprise, 'I don't think there can be any mistake about it; I am sure they are the enemy.' 'Enemy!' I said; 'why I have only just left them myself. Cease firing, sir! What is your name?' 'My name is Colonel —, of the — Indiana; and pray, sir, who are you?' Then for the first time I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and that I was in rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out; my dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me, so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face, saying, 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir! Cease firing, sir, at once.' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to cease firing; at the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation, like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment. I was afraid to increase my pace, until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went up to the nearest colonel, and said to him, 'Colonel, I have reconnoitred those fellows pretty closely—and I find there is no mistake who they are; you may get up and go at them.' And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Indiana regiment was the greatest I have ever seen in the war."

While Colonel Fremantle was at Shelby-

ville, he saw Bishop Elliot of Georgia baptize General Bragg. "The bishop took the general's hand in his own (the latter kneeling in front of the font), and said, 'Braxton, if thou has not already been baptized, I baptize thee,' etc. Immediately afterwards he confirmed General Bragg, who then shook hands with General Polk, the officers of their respective staffs, and myself, who were the only spectators." Ever since then Bragg regenerate has rather "mulled" his military business.

At Charleston Colonel Fremantle met an Englishman, Captain Feilden, late 42d Highlanders; and Captain Mitchell, son of John Mitchell: and he saw General Beauregard, whose

"Hair is gray, though not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night,
As men's have done from sudden fears;"

but because the blockade cut off the supplies of a certain article of the toilet! At Richmond he found Mr. Benjamin, "a stout dapper little man," who did not hesitate to ply him with his very peculiar views. He saw

Mr. Jefferson Davis at his own house, and took tea there; "and uncommonly good tea too."

"Mr. Jefferson Davis," he writes, "struck me as looking older than I expected. He is only fifty-six, but his face is emaciated and much wrinkled. He is nearly six feet high, but is extremely thin and stoops a little. His features are good, especially his eye, which is very bright and full of life and humor. I was afterwards told that he had lost the sight of his left eye from a recent illness. He wore a linen coat and gray trousers, and he looked, what he evidently is, a well-bred gentleman. Nothing can exceed the charm of his manner, which is simple, easy, and most fascinating."

The latter part of the book, which throughout is in the form of a diary, has been printed in a magazine. The whole of the book is as well worth reading as that published extract. It conveys a very fair idea of what manner of men they are who are now fighting in the South for their independence, and being written in a very unpretending style, it is both an agreeable and valuable glimpse of the interior of the Confederacy.

The Silver Casket; or, the World and its Wiles.

By A. L. O. E. T. Nelson and Sons. Pp. 254.

This is a religious story, the incidents of which are laid in high life, a grade of society with which our author does not appear over familiar. The manner of Eleanor Waters, who afterwards becomes a duchess, is not the manner of a well-bred lady to her maid. Servants are well cared for in families of Lady Waters's rank, and seldom, if ever, make the ladies' silk dresses. A clever maid might manage a morning gown; but a dressmaker is required for a silk dress, particularly for a young lady who is fishing for a duke, and who afterwards lands him successfully. Steenie, Bertie, and Diana, the three children, are cleverly depicted, and have evidently been copied from the life. The incidents of their companionship are all natural. The allegory told by good Aunt Eva is also very clever; but it is a mistake in our author to imply that rank is generally accompanied by a carelessness in religious matters, or that riches are a sign of sin.—*Reader.*

The Mosaic Records. A full Investigation of the Difficulties suggested by Dr. Colenso. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and sometime Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. Pp. 209.

MR. ROGERS writes like a scholar; but, in

glancing over his book, we have not chanced upon anything which strikes us as new in the matter of argument. All, however, is exceedingly well put; and, although Mr. Rogers does "not hesitate to say that, for the union of boundless inaccuracy with jubilant self-confidence, Dr. Colenso's publications have hitherto been without a parallel in the annals of English literature," he is, in the main, temperate in his manner of conducting the whole argument.—*Reader.*

The Foundations of our Faith. Ten Papers read before a Mixed Audience of Men. By Professors Auberlen, Gess, and others. Strahan and Co. Pp. 279.

THESE able lectures, we presume, although it is nowhere stated in the volume itself, are translations from the German. We are told in the introduction by Professor Rigenbach that he and his coadjutors "had agreed to deliver a course of ten fortnightly lectures on the great foundations of our faith, the subjects to follow the order in which they are presented in the Apostles' Creed." The tone of the book will be gathered from the professor's concluding words: "Incontrovertibly, the very essence of religion must be positive, not negative; must be, not a mere consciousness of what we do *not* hold, but a simple and confident answer to these three questions: What do you believe? What are you sure of? What conception have you of God?"—*Reader.*

From the Reader of Sept., 1863.

SPEECHES AND LETTERS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters by Wendell Phillips. Boston: James Redpath; London: Trübner & Co.

A good deal has been said in England about the bunkum talked in American speeches, the incessant flattery that their orators pour forth on their hearers, and the necessity they are under of glorifying the material greatness of the States. Not less has been said of the rabid fanaticism of the abolitionists. We were prepared, then, for some exaggeration, some bad taste, some pandering to popular passion in the speeches of "the rabid fanatic, Wendell Phillips," as we have often heard him called. But what do we find? Take a sample from the speech on "Lincoln's Election," dated November, 1860:—

"The saddest thing in the Union meetings of last year was the constant presence, in all of them, of the clink of coin; the whir of spindles, the dust of trade. You would have imagined it was an insurrection of pedlers against honest men. Mr. Everett at Faneuil Hall, when he sought for the value of the Union, could only bewail the loss of our 'commercial intercourse,' the certainty of 'hostile tariffs,' and danger to the 'navy'! And this is literally all the merits of the Union which he catalogues! No; I do him injustice. He does ask, trembling, in case of disunion, 'Where, oh, where, will be the flag of the United States?' Well, I think the Historical Society had better take it for their Museum. . . . But I must confess those pictures of the mere industrial value of the Union made me profoundly sad. I look, as, beneath the skilful pencil, trait after trait leaps to glowing life, and ask at last, Is this all? Where are the nobler elements of national purpose and life? Is this the whole fruit of ages of toil, sacrifice, and thought,—those cunning fingers, the overflowing lap, labor vocal on every hillside, and commerce whitening every sea—all the dower of one haughty, overbearing race? The zeal of the Puritan, the faith of the Quaker, a century of Colonial health, and then this large civilization, does it result only in a workshop,—fops melted in baths and perfumes, and men grim with toil? Raze out, then, the Eagle from our banner, and paint instead Niagara used as a cotton-mill? Oh, no! not such the picture my glad heart sees when I look forward. Once plant deep in the nation's heart the love of right, let there grow out of it the firm purpose of duty, and then from the higher plane of Christian manhood we can put aside, on the right hand and left,

these narrow, childish, and mercenary considerations."

Are these the words of a fanatic? May they not be the words of a strong-hearted, clear-sighted man, of whom we can think that, whatever may be the peculiarities of his creed, and whether they can be accepted as they are or not, he is a teacher of his nation, and a pilot of some of its thoughts through the storm? Or look at his portrait. It is that of an able, gentle, cultivated Englishman, with those deep-set, far-looking eyes that your sea-side physician picks you out a pilot by. The head of a good and wise man, reminding one of Charles Darwin's, shall we say? Not a man surely to talk twaddle, or bunkum, but to see distinctly the port he himself thinks safe, and make straight for it, and tell his crew, in plain and simple words, how to get there. The man's faith, too, in the power of ideas; his certainty that, if Northern belief and freedom, and Northern intelligence—with all their drawbacks—are left side by side with Southern slavery and ignorance, they must prevail and conquer;—have a certain superbness in them, coming, as they do, from one who looks back on thirty-two years of persecution, and, till lately, seemingly resultless toil. He knows the want of his country.

"You cannot save men by machinery. What India and France and Spain wanted was live men; and that is what we want to-day—men who are willing to look their own destiny and their own responsibilities in the face. 'Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more.' . . . The intelligent, thoughtful, and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people,—there is nothing, no institution wicked and powerful enough to be able to stand against it."

The whole of Mr. Phillips's anti-slavery speeches, before the breaking out of the war, are moral-force speeches; but, when the South chose war, then the tone changed, and the abolitionists said, "Let them have it; but with no ninety days' nonsense—gird yourselves for battle to the death." The following passage from a speech "On the State of the Country," delivered in the spring of the present year, has a ring in it that will impress all readers who can look at the American struggle, not necessarily as partisans for the present of the North or the South, but at a long range of history:—

"This war will never be ended by an event.

It will never come to a conclusion by a great battle. It is too deep in its sources; it is too wide in its influence for that. The great struggle in England between democracy and nobility lasted from 1640 to 1660, taking a king's life in its progress, and yet failed for the time. The great struggle between the same parties in France began in 1789, and it is not yet ended. Our own Revolution began in 1775, and never, till the outbreak of the French Revolution concentrated the attention of the monarchies of Europe, was this country left in peace. And it will take ten or twenty years to clear off the scar of such a struggle. Prepare yourself for a life-long enlistment. God has launched this Union on a voyage whose only port is Liberty; and, whether the President relucts, or whether the cabin-boys conspire, it matters not,—absolute justice holds the helm, and we never shall come into harbor until every man under the flag is free."

Mr. Phillips sees clearly that what the North has to overcome in the South is not only Lee's army, but the confirmed Southern state of mind. He sees that the war for an idea—Southern independence—has raised the slave-breeders and buyers into something like nobleness and real life, and that so far peace would be a loss to them. But nevertheless, he maintains, freedom must be established and slavery annihilated; and therefore, if the North can conquer the Southern army, it must hold the Southern States till they have learned the lesson of free schools, a free press, and equal justice. As to Mr. Abe Lincoln's scheme of exporting the blacks, that, he says, would be depriving the North of the material it most needs to work with. The black is the working man of the South, the brother mechanic of the Yankee. Are you to send away the very man you cannot do without? No—the South must be colonized by the North. The land, says Mr. Phillips, must be confiscated if necessary—at any rate, sold with a guaranteed title to the Massachusetts man or New Yorker—and ploughshares, seeds, schools, sewing-machines, and the men who mean equal right for black and white must follow. We confess that the problem, as so stated by Mr. Phillips, does not look very inviting to us, who have heard so much of the Southern chivalry and the Northern bragging vulgarity; but the reply from the abolitionists would doubtless be that any man, who has manliness enough left to value an honest man, though vulgar, above one with refined manners, who would sell his own daughter or mistress, will not shrink from accepting all

the turmoil of the issue. Mr. Phillips does not think the work an easy one. Suppose the South conquered and slavery abolished—that, he says, will be but the beginning of the problem.

"There remains behind the still greater and more momentous problem, whether we have the strength, the balance, the virtue, the civilization, to absorb six millions of ignorant, embittered, bedeviled Southerners, and transmute them into honest, decent, educated, well-behaved, Christian mechanics, worthy to be the brothers of New England Yankees."

The way and means to this end on the part of the North are, according to Mr. Phillips, to do as England did in 1640—that is, get rid gradually of those men in public places who do not believe in progress, but mean to live in the past, and in their stead bring to the front men who are earnest in the present. Layer after layer of the superficialities and officialities of the Northern body-politic must be peeled off as useless, until, as he expresses it, you get to the sound core "of civil and military purpose, the earnest belief, the single-hearted intense devotion to victory, the entire belief in justice which can cope with Stonewall Jackson. Never till then shall we succeed." Meantime, he concludes, let the legislature take one step further, and pass "an act of Congress abolishing slavery wherever our flag waves." Here are his last words:—

"Never until we welcome the negro, the foreigner, all races as equals, and, melted together in a common nationality, hurl them all at despotism, will the North deserve triumph or earn it at the hands of a just God. But the North will triumph. I hear it. Do you remember in that disastrous siege in India, when the Scotch girl raised her head from the pallet of the hospital, and said to the sickening hearts of the English, 'I hear the bagpipes; the Campbells are coming,' and they said, 'Jessie, it is delirium.' 'No, I know it; I heard it far off.' And in an hour the pibroch burst upon their glad ears, and the banner of England floated in triumph over their heads. So I hear in the dim distance the first notes of the jubilee rising from the hearts of the millions. Soon, very soon, you shall hear it at the gates of the citadel, and the Stars and Stripes shall guarantee liberty forever from the Lakes to the Gulf."

Even those who can like neither this book nor its author, and who will still regard his influence as that of a fanatic, will be helped, we believe, to a truer estimate of the cause of the war, and of the complexity of passions which it involves, by reading speeches so full of fervid conviction and eloquent prophecy.

From The Washington Chronicle, 11 Nov.

JEFFERSON DAVIS ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THERE is something in the following extract from the speech of Jefferson Davis to the men of Bragg's army, at Missionary Ridge, some days ago, which awakens strange reflections. The chief difficulty with the Southern conspirators, at the head of whom is Davis, is that of restraining the protests of their appealing and struggling consciences against their inhuman ingratitude to their country, and their unparalleled cruelty to their immediate countrymen. And yet, hardly one of their speeches is without some unconscious admission of this double crime. Take this extract :—

"He said the proper course to pursue toward the misguided people of East Tennessee was, not to deride and abuse them, but to employ reason and conciliation to disabuse them of their error; that all of us had once loved and revered the old flag of the Union; that he had fought under its folds, and, for fifteen years, had striven to maintain the constitution of our fathers in its purity, but in vain. It could not be saved from the grasping ambition for power and greed of gain of the Yankees, and he had to relinquish it. The error of the misguided among us was, that they clung longer than we do to what was once a common sentiment and feeling of us all, and he repeated, they must be reasoned with and conciliated."

Here we have the valuable fact, plainly confessed, that the people of East Tennessee had "revered and loved the old flag of the Union," which, in itself, is a terrible answer to the old cry that the Southern people were "a unit against that flag, and ready to die against the Government of their fathers!" Towards the East Tennesseans, the arch hypocrite and traitor says he would use "reason and conciliation" so as to "disabuse them of their error." Why has he waited so long before resorting to these remedies in the treatment of the oppressed and betrayed people of this section? The robbers and ruffians he was afraid to oppose rushed their respective States out of the Union, and feared to employ "reason and conciliation" with their fellow-citizens and friends. What they apprehended was that the delay consequent upon "reason and conciliation" would defeat their stupendous villany. With them and with Davis

it was haste, haste; go at the work now; for if we wait another hour "reason and conciliation" will destroy our plans, and give strength and authority to "the old flag." Yet, how have the misguided people of Tennessee been treated? With unparalleled inhumanity and barbarity. The Huguenots who fled into caves and woods, the hunted Covenanters of England, the poor, persecuted, and frequently massacred whites in the early settlements of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, with revengeful savages upon their trail, were not more persecuted, not more cruelly hunted, and not more deliberately murdered than the "misguided people of Tennessee," by the soldiers of Davis, in regard to whom this same satanic chief of slavery, Jefferson Davis, would now employ "*reason and conciliation to disabuse them of their error!*"

Of his former love for the "old flag," he cannot refuse to say, "all of us have once loved and revered it." What a mockery! And yet what a remorseful reflection at the last hour, and what a profound and unspeakable lie, for him to say, in the same paragraph, that this flag, "could not be saved from the grasping ambition for power and greed of gain of the Yankees," and that he "*had to relinquish it!*" Here again we have the criminal, with the blood of his father upon his hands, standing before the jury that has convicted him of murder, and before the judge who has to pronounce sentence upon him, exclaiming that he had to commit murder! Who asked Jefferson Davis to "relinquish" the flag? Men in the South who had almost ruled the North. Men in the South upon whom he, as its leader, had conferred almost imperial power, and who, educated in slavery, had finally brought themselves to believe they could strangle freedom. If half the contempt Jefferson Davis felt in regard to "ambition for power and greed of gain of the Yankees" was felt before he went out of the Union, in January, 1861, why did he not remain in the Union and fight "this grasping ambition"? He was in a Senate, controlled by a Democratic majority, and he was one of its accepted leaders, and might have manacled and mastered Abraham Lincoln's Administration.

It was simply because he saw freedom was increasing over slavery that he at last reluctantly left his seat, and drew his sword

against the country that had honored him, and the Government that had protected his section. He has now learned the bitter lesson that, in all struggles between slavery and liberty, liberty must win. To quote his own words, "all of us have once loved and revered that old flag of the Union. He had fought under its folds for fifteen years, and had striven to maintain the Constitution of our fathers in its purity." He has here unconsciously given the key-note to the sentiment that has always fired the hearts of the people of East Tennessee. It is beginning to relight and rekindle a patriotic blaze in every loyal heart heretofore suppressed and smothered in every section of the seceded States. There is no apparition so direful to Jefferson Davis and his fellow-citizens as this same "old flag." There is no vision, day or night, so hopeful and so lovely to the patriotic people of the Southern States, as this same "old flag." As it blasts the eye and stirs the consciences of the rebel chiefs, so it brightens the intelligence and strengthens the purposes of the Southern millions who are waiting to rise against their tyrants and their oppressors.

From The Reader.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE bequest of the Prince Consort is still a valuable acquisition to our National Gallery. The influence of the Reformation in Germany and the Low Countries changed materially the direction which the arts were taking in following the lead of Italy. The change was not altogether a satisfactory one. The great religious struggles in Germany quenched the light of art, and the darkness of the sixteenth century is only broken by the genius of Albrecht Dürer. It required the transcendent powers of Rembrandt to invest Dutch art with any dignity in the downward direction it was taking after the Reformation; and the Flemish School, so distinguished in the fifteenth century, was barely represented in the sixteenth century by Antonio Moro, and by no means prefigured the light that was to blaze forth in the seventeenth century in the works of Rubens and his scholars. A small collection, therefore, of early German, Dutch, and Flemish pictures may be considered a desirable addition to a national gallery; but certainly only a small one. The purchase of quaint and ugly pictures has more than kept pace with present requirements. We should be sorry to see a

large collection in Trafalgar Square of the hideous productions that are displayed in the Walraff Richartz Museum at Cologne; but of late the purchases for the Gallery have been made apparently with some such view, and with strong sympathies for this, so to speak, archæological art.

The prince's bequest by no means represents all that has been done for us in this direction during the past year. The chief work in size, and perhaps also the most interesting of the new pictures, has been obtained by purchase. (By the way, it would add to the interest of the excellent catalogue prepared for visitors to the National Gallery if the price which has been given for each picture were added to the description of it.) It is a "Holy Family" by Lanini, a Milanese painter, who flourished about the latter half of the sixteenth century. There is much sweetness in the expressions of the Madonna and of the infant Christ, and the figure of the Magdalen is commended to our notice by her natural simplicity. The portrait of Pope Gregory the Great is introduced in the background, with that happy indifference to the absurdity of his presence there, so common to the ultramontane painters of the period. The composition differs in no respect from the conventional pattern laid down, and always accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. The subject may be seen treated in the same way in hundreds of pictures, better and worse. Each painter reproduced the common forms of composition that had come down to him, as being appropriately fitted for ecclesiastical purposes; and his individuality is to be marked rather in the component parts of his works than in his treatment of the whole. Thus we see but little variety in so many pictures of the "Annunciation," of the "Nativity," of "The Crucifixion," of the "Virgin Enthroned," etc., etc. At a later period, when the religious sentiment had become weakened, and scriptural subjects were looked at more with reference to a pictorial treatment, the old forms were abandoned; but all that was good went with them, and the Gospel stories were made mere vehicles for effect and color. These early pictures are, for the most part, pure in sentiment; and this purity is their one good quality, and goes far to rescue them from the indifference or contempt which would otherwise be visited upon their ugly and often ludicrous forms.

A CRY FROM THE ARMY.

A cry from starving Ireland
 Was borne across the sea,
 And many hearts were melted by
 That wail of agony.
 Soon white-sailed vessels, outward bound,
 Laden with bread were seen ;
 And plenty reigned in that fair land,
 Where famine late had been.
 And there lives no true Irishman
 Who will not proudly say,
 Whene'er he hears this story told,
 "God bless America!"

On Britain's isle, not long ago,
 Gaunt famine reared its head ;
 And parents wept, as round them rose
 Their children's cry for bread.
 Again our Western land sent forth
 A messenger of peace—
 A noble ship, whose noble freight
 Made cries of hunger cease ;
 And Albion's sons will ne'er forget
 Until Time's latest day
 The ship which brought her starving poor
 Bread from America.

Another cry is heard to-day ;
 It comes not o'er the main ;
 And God forbid that earnest cry
 Should e'er be made in vain !
 It comes from those true men and tried,
 Who felt such stern delight,
 With Thomas, Garfield, Whitaker,
 In Chickamauga's fight ;
 Who in that dark and bloody hour
 Rolled back the tide of war ;
 Who bear the tokens of that field
 In many a glorious scar.

It comes from the Potomac's side —
 From Rappahannock's flood,
 Whose waters clear so oft are dyed
 With true and traitor blood ;
 From far Arkansas, Tennessee,
 And from that noble host
 Which Gilmore leads to victory
 On Carolina's coast ;
 From that proud bulwark of our land
 Who guard us with their lives,
 The cry comes, "Watch you well, we pray,
 Our mothers, children, wives!"

Men of the rich and fertile West,
 Your lives and lands you owe
 To those brave men who stand between
 Your firesides and the foe.
 And while they face the battle-storm,
 For all the heart holds dear,
 Can you refuse that earnest cry,
 They utter now, to hear?
 While fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
 Bleed for the nation's weal,
 Shall mothers, wives, and children dear,
 The pangs of hunger feel?

No!—hands which oft have *strangers* fed,
 And thus the heart have shown,
 Will not withhold when such a cry
 Arises from our *own*.
 No!—in our nation's history
 It never shall be read,
 That soldier's mother, wife, or child
 Have ever lacked for bread.
 No!—when our noble boys come home,
 And we around them stand,
 They shall have reason to cry out,
 "God bless our native land!"
 —*Harper's Weekly.*

RIZPAH, DAUGHTER OF AIAH.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

I.

UNDER the changing sky
 Under the clouded moon,
 The earth gapes, white and dry,
 But the rain cometh soon ;
 Yes! down from yon low skies
 Rushes, at last, the rain ;
 Woman forlorn, arise!
 Thou hast not crouched in vain,
 Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

II.

Brave men have told the king,
 How, scared away by thee,
 Each ravenous fowl takes wing,
 And wolves and panthers flee :
 How thou hast wrestled here,
 Despising ease and sleep,
 Without a thought of fear,
 Because thy love is deep,
 Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

III.

Therefore, in sight of all,
 A proud tomb is begun,
 To hold the bones of Saul,
 And Jonathan, his son ;
 There, too, in calm repose,
 From insult safe, shall dwell
 The stately forms of those
 Whom thou hast watched so well,
 Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

IV.

And whilst the ages roll
 Through Time's unsounded deep,
 Thy true and tender soul
 A magic life shall keep ;
 Maidens shall muse alone,
 And mothers' hearts be stirred,
 Where'er thy deeds are known,
 Where'er thy name is heard,
 Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

—*Once a Week.*

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1026.—30 January, 1864.

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CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE.

[On the night of October 28, last, when Gen. Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps repulsed the attacking forces of Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tenn., a number of mules, affrighted by the noise of battle, dashed into the camp of Hampton's Legion, causing much dismay among the rebels, and compelling many of them to fall back under a supposed charge of cavalry.]

HALF a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
Right toward the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred,
"Forward the Mule Brigade,"
"Charge for the rebs!" they neighed;
Straight for the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred.

"Forward the Mule Brigade!"
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
All their ropes sundered;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why:
Theirs but to make them fly.
On! to the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops
Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all there eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scattering the chivalry there,
While all the world wondered.
Not a mule back-bestraddled,
Yet how they all skedaddled;
Fled every Georgian,
Unsabred, unsaddled,
Scattered and sundered,
How they were routed there
By the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head,
Full many a hero fled,
Fain in the last ditch dead,
Back from an "ass's jaw,"
All that was left of them,
Left by the two hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Mule Brigade,
Long-eared two hundred.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries, that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as 21 to 20: accordingly in respect to marriage every 21st man is naturally superfluous.—*Smith's Treatise on Population.*

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned—
And I'm a superfluous man!

These clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners, or mind:
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With woman so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the Twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

—N. Y. Ledger.

From The Saturday Review.

CAXTONIANA.*—SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THERE is in the works of a man of superior talent and position more than the mere charm which directly attaches to them as separate emanations of his genius. As great—perhaps, in cases of the highest eminence, a greater—interest will be found to envelope them when read consecutively by the light which they reciprocally shed upon each other as successive points of mark in the mental history of the writer. The quality of self-painting may vary with the personal idiosyncrasy of the author, just as in degree it may be manifested more or less in this writer or that. There is in numerous characters a native reticence of temperament which makes it a difficult task for the reader to detect the workings of the inner consciousness in the creations either of the pencil or the pen. Still, the influence is there. No man, it has been well said, can put upon the paper or the canvas more than has passed through his own brain; and each man, disguise it as he may from the eyes of others, or still more from his own, is in a large measure drawing or writing from himself.

No leading man of letters, in our day at least, has had so directly brought against him the charge of delineating himself, in each of his successive works of fiction, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And none has been at greater pains to repudiate the insinuation, as derogatory to his claims to fertility of thought, no less than suggestive of undue yielding to personal vanity. There is truth on either side. The fact most probably is, that in such a disclaimer there is nothing short of the full conviction of truth, the fact of this self-portraiture standing, nevertheless, at the same time too obvious and patent to be gainsaid. There need not, that is, be necessarily a direct and conscious habit of sitting for each consecutive character in a man's own gallery of fiction. There may be the habit, more subtle and powerful still, of identifying himself with his creations by an instinctive and spontaneous effort. Like the dervise projecting himself into the body of the Eastern king, he may live and breathe in them, and, without sensible duality, make them the media of exhibiting his own active and thinking self. The very spontaneity and ease of the process

of impersonation forbid its striking upon the sense of the prime agent. And thus, in the very effort made by the distinguished writer in question to do away the fact of its existence, he has furnished the indisputable traces of its power. The materials for this conviction are furnished in his case, as it happens, with more than ordinary authenticity. We have but to refer for proof to the very remarkable Preface prefixed to the recent editions of his collected prose writings, published at the lowest price, for the widest popular distribution.

There are writers who are content calmly and passively to await the judgment of posterity—who, satisfied as to the intrinsic value of their works, and confident of their power to make their own voices heard and understood, are content to leave their writings their own interpreters, to vindicate their own place among the niches of cosmopolitan fame. Others there are whose more restless temperament renders them wholly incapable of this reticence and this self-restraint. It may be that they are haunted by a latent mistrust of the power of their writings to interpret and enforce their original design. It may be, on the contrary, that an overweening estimate of their own depth and power makes them doubt of their full meaning and import ever coming to the surface. Or a conception, half cynical, half conceited, of a want of capacity in the world, at large to rise to the level of understandings and imaginations such as theirs, begets the amiable desire to aid the common intellect and elucidate the force of their own composition by means of gloss or explication of a supplemental and authoritative kind. Heedless of the Napoleonic precept as to the value of reserve,—*le monde vient à celui qui sait se taire*,—they are for breaking through the barrier which the stoicism or the diffidence of other men generally rears between themselves and posterity, and hasten to discount already the tribute of public approbation. They can see no value in a guerdon of praises which cannot be enjoyed during a lifetime, and had ten times rather sniff in the incense of immediate applause with living and heaving nostrils, than have it flung, however profusely, by hands they as yet know not, in the face of a stony posthumous statue. A motive of this kind is traceable through every line of the characteristic Preface which accompanies the late edi-

* *Caxtoniana*. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1863.

tions of "Pelham." It would not, perhaps, be fair to attempt even to fix the precise authorship of this remarkable analysis. The glowing tone of eulogium which it breathes throughout, and the extravagant pretension to deep and subtle insight which renders it even fulsome to the reader's taste, forbid those who retain a spark of faith in the existence of self-respect in human nature to read such an effusion to the letter by the light of Major Dalgetty's famous test of the identity of Argyle. Such flights of flattery would be a thought too strong for the egotism even of the "marquis himself." Still, from its position at the head of an authorized edition of the series, as well as from the esoteric penetration it betrays into the secret mind and purpose of the novelist, it is impossible not to regard it as an authoritative statement of a connected literary design. There are degrees of inspiration, even theologians are agreed, short of the merely verbal, and the primary line of thought may be filtered through an elastic medium without losing its identity of idea under a change of form. But, beyond this, the very idiom tells, in places, its own tale. Socrates may speak by the mouth of Plato, but there is no mistaking the interior fount of inspiration. It is easy to see the Targum of the disciple overlying the text of the prophet. Substantially the dictation is original, though the flattering adjectives may be strewn by the hand of a friend. The voice is Jacob's voice, though the hands are the hands of Esau.

Not that a statement of this kind is necessarily to be looked upon as a vulgar advertisement touting for applause. It is far more truly to be viewed as a nervous cry for sympathy and appreciation. There is the morbid dread of going out of the world unrecognized and ill-understood—the dislike of leaving to alien hands, and indifferent if not invidious critics, the task of entering into his meaning and elucidating his ideas. Joined to this, and intensifying this, is a profound penetration with the depth of his own genius and the fecundity of the results of his teaching. There is nothing, it must be allowed, of the shallow pretension of the vulgar quack, who hopes by effrontery or disguise to foist what he feels to be false or worthless wares upon the world. True genius has at all times a just and dignified sense of its own worth. The high-souled man, Aristotle justly

observed, has ever a high estimate of himself. But in the case before us, this is qualified by a palpable mistrust of the capacity of other men to verify and admit his claims. The entire sketch is consequently, from first to last, an elaborate self-glorification. It is not, any more than Sir Edward's different characters are, the autobiography or self-analysis which many have thought they could trace in his personifications. No such conscious purpose, as he himself is right in disclaiming, was present to his mind in giving them birth. Yet are they, one and all, not the less the expression of the writer's own idiosyncrasy, and so many phases of his inner self. In them he lives and moves and has his being. They breathe his sentiments, and in their utterances may be traced with sufficient distinctness the successive changes of conviction or taste which have made up his intellectual life. From "Pelham" to "Caxtoniana" there has been one long soliloquy.

It is clearly in the light of half-regret, half-apology for early faults, that we are to read the analysis given in this significant Preface of the earliest of the Bulwer Lytton novels. We have the frank avowal that it was written "at that crisis of thought and feeling, common enough to the boyhood and early youth of all men of genius, when all the elements of thought are unsettled, when crude impressions are hastily received as truths; and in striving, first, to think for themselves, they question all the oracles of human fate, and dangerously interpret the ambiguous answers accorded to their own passionate inclinations." In the "Disowned" we are next told to see "glimpses of a much loftier tone of mind, of greater capacities for pathos, of grander ideals of human character, and the nobler aims of human life." The mystery of "Devereux" is derived, for variety, "not from the inferior sources of external incident, but the complicated secrets of the human heart." In the character of Aubrey, "our reason is satisfied not so much by the probability of the events as by the consummate analysis of mind and motive by which the events themselves grow naturally and inevitably out of the idiosyncrasy of their agents." Of "Paul Clifford," the design has never been apprehended before. "In form a burlesque, in essentials a tragedy," it is "a satire upon crime," a burlesque upon the false shows of civilized life, "a genial

appeal to the conscience of communities to adjust our codes to the reform of criminals as well as to their punishment." Shallow critics have been all along unaware of its ethical depth :—

"Our author must often have smiled, whether in scorn or sadness, at the shallow criticisms which represented this work, so full of a cordial philosophy, so marked by elevated benevolence, and so rounded into the very moral which all our statesmen have since labored to shape into Acts of Parliament, as a vicious representation of heroes and highwaymen."

Nor is "Eugene Aram" without those traits of self-portraiture which bespeak the mind of the novelist passing through a further phase of culture. There is here the imaginary study of evil in its effects upon a temperament like Clifford's in romance, but with far higher gifts of mind—"the effect of a single crime upon a magnificent intellect." In "Godolphin," on the contrary, we have the ideal view of the same influence in a less tragical aspect. "In one there is the picture of a life blasted, in the other the picture of a life frittered away." In both we see, as it were, the physician experimenting upon moral poisons in their effects upon his ideal self. Nor are we on any account to lose the truthfulness and finish of the "high-bred cynicism of Saville, or the elegant effeminacy into which the original genius of Godolphin himself subsides, as the indolence of the epicurean gradually prevails over his finer nature." In "Ernest Maltravers" we pass on to "the type of the poetic intelligence, working out its highest ultimate destinies through the scenes and probation of actual life." In what passes between Maltravers and Evelyn is represented "that epoch in the poetic mind when, wearied with the actual world, the poet yearns for return to his early dreams, seeks to renew his own youth, and forgets that he cannot regain their former freshness, nor link inexperienced hope with the memory of errors and the fulness of sorrowful knowledge." It is in the reunion with Alice—that is to say, "the restoration of art to nature"—that "the ideal intelligence, long at war with the practical world, is reconciled to it." "Zanoni"—the first inkling of a vein of thought in Sir Edward's imagination which has since teemed in the more astounding marvels of the "Strange Story"—dawned upon

the author's brain as the "illustration of external life by symbolical philosophy." Current rumor points to the no less potent sympathy said even now to exist between the same imaginative genius and spirit manifestations of a more vulgar kind. Such magical bias, however, is declared to be in its origin "no gloomy criminal art, but a mastery over the lawful secrets of nature, to be attained but by dauntless will, by self-conquest, by the subordination of flesh to spirit."

If his successive creations, from "Pelham" downwards, may thus be viewed as so many reflections of the author's self, as in a room with many mirrors, the same law of impersonation holds even more strictly true as a key to his latest publication. Passing by the practical lessons of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel," as the expression of his sager manhood, we have in "Caxtoniana" the didactic statement of ideas which he has at other times habituated himself to clothe with the personality of fiction. By far the larger part of these two volumes may be read as simple soliloquies or confessions. Never, perhaps, since Rousseau, has a philosopher or moralist thrown so much of himself into his reflections, even when giving them their most abstract or general form, and using least commonly the first person singular. To any keen interpreter of casual hints and intimations, nothing more is wanting for a complete mental image of the writer or the man. Years which have added the last perfection to that polished style—chastening its early exuberance, and sobering the youthful tendency to inflation and bombast—have but matured the habit of studying the world by the inner light of his own consciousness. It is in the microcosm of his own sentiments and yearnings that the very universe seems alone capable of being read and understood. Whatever changes may go on without are as nothing to the importance of the alternations and vicissitudes which mark the development within. The laws of mind and morals are to be studied, not in reality, but in type, and that type not far to seek. Into whatever fountain Narcissus turns to gaze, there is, changed as it may be by time, the same individual image still. As Sir Edward himself says of Montaigne, "it is his own human heart, as he has tested it through his own human life, that he first analyses, and then synthesises. And out of that analysis and that synthesis

he dissects into separate members, and then puts together again, the world." Of what avail to him are the multitude of books, save as they "serve only to enforce his own opinions and illustrate his own experience of life?"

Take, for instance, one of the most characteristic, as well as most graphic essays in the present series—that on "Posthumous Reputation." Where moralists, uninfluenced by this habitual reference to self as the source and ground of observation, would be led far afield for the materials of induction, and seek to generalize from the widest types of human conduct, how much easier is it to glance into the mirror of consciousness, and take measure of the general soul by the attitude and the proportion of the motive principle within. The problem is that of the respective influence of the thirst for popular renown in youth and advancing age:—

"I have seldom known a very young man of first-rate genius in whom that thirst was not keen; and still more seldom any man of first-rate genius, who, after middle life, was much tormented by it, more especially if he had already achieved contemporaneous fame, and felt how little of genuine and unalloyed delight it bestows, even while its plaudits fall upon living ears.

"But, on the other hand, I daily meet with mediocre men, more especially mediocre poets, to whom the vision of a fame beyond the grave is an habitual hallucination."

There is little need to ask what image rose up to the mental eye of the writer as he sought the solution of this question from his own "experience of life." What but the interval of years is needed for the "young man of first-rate genius," photographed under the name of "Pelham," to subside into another *carte de visite*, as the calmer "genius after middle life," the author of "Caxtoniana"? From his musings upon this theme—always a favorite one with Sir Bulwer Lytton—we may gather what effects time has wrought upon his estimate of himself, and of his probable position in time to come. One result, as usual, he finds to be the narrowing of the circle of ambition, and the bringing nearer to the eye those prizes which still remain to be grasped. Another is, to compel a more candid avowal of the true yearning of his life, which has been but quickened by the lapse of years. That yearning, he may say with truth, has been for no material ob-

ject. It may have seemed such in earlier days, but the loosened hold upon things of time and sense has shown it to rest upon a deeper and more spiritual desire. It is the longing to be "thought of with affection and esteem," to bequeath "some kindly reminiscence in some human hearts:—"

"But if this be a desire common to the great mass of our species, it must evidently rise out of the affections common to all—it is a desire for *love*, not a thirst for glory. This is not what is usually meant and understood by the phrase of posthumous reputation; it is not the renown accorded to the exceptional and rare intelligences which soar above the level of mankind. And here we approach a subject of no uninteresting speculation; viz., the distinction between that love for posthumous though brief repute which emanates from the affections and the moral sentiment, and that greed of posthumous and lasting renown which has been considered the craving, not of the heart, nor of the moral sentiment, but rather of the intellect."

There is here that increasing candor which seems in a manner forced upon a man who feels it imperative upon him to be known by the world, but who finds the time for what he has to say drawing in. He has been, he complains, greatly misunderstood during life. Far from nursing in his soul that craving for intellectual renown which is vulgarly conceived to be the spring of labors such as his—far from caring to dazzle and overawe by the brilliance of his genius—it has been his secret hope to attract through sympathy with his moral nature. If for a time misled by youthful inexperience, he has since had the real nature of the void within revealed clearly to his eyes. It is not glory but love that has warmed and led him on. In sensitive and imaginative temperaments, there is here a marked approximation to the feminine type of character. The distinction has been well drawn by Michelet between the passion of love in the masculine and the female breast: "The desire of the man is for the woman; the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man." The same desire for love and sympathy may be traced through every fiction, and under every self-revelation of Bulwer Lytton. There is all that craving for love and admiration which a woman feels she must gratify or die; yet there is all that instinctive delicacy which would make her die rather than be thought overtly to solicit it—trying innu-

merable arts and expedients to attract the indispensable homage, with infinite horror of being detected in the act.

A further proof of the influence of the same feminine *ethos* will be found in an analysis of the prominent personages in the Bulwer Lytton series. How invariably are his men cast in the mould which women love or admire! How little do they partake of that stuff which the masculine sex recognizes in its born leaders! Pelham, the elegant, self-conscious, self-asserting fop, with his curled graces and frothy talk,—Clifford, with his elegant person, romantic tones, and darkling hints of adventure,—are altogether such as to strike the immature maiden apprehension. They embody their designer's notion of the airs and the pretensions which should secure the objects of his youthful heart. They furnish at once a test of his first estimate of women, and a confession of the early goal of his ambition. In maturer life, when the charms of Adonis are not so safely to be relied on for direct conquest, the new type of character is still true to the original sentiment. Darrell, the proud and self-concentred statesman, shrinking from contact with men while inwardly dying of isolation, nursing the loftiest projects, yet morbidly biding the day when men shall court him in his proud seclusion, is a character to be utterly powerless over men in public life; but he is a man to stir—and he is consistently made to stir—the curiosity and the worship of women. He stands as the author's living ideal of the public man of middle age. And if any key were required to explain why, with all his brilliant gifts and natural advantages, his clear intellect, bright imagination, pointed eloquence, and keen thirst for fame, aided by wealth, position, and party interest, Sir Edward has done little more in public life than condemn himself to the state of practical self-ostracism in which he draws his model, it will be found in the truthfulness with which the mind and temper of the artist are thrown upon the descriptive canvas. An intense and consuming self-consciousness, an instinctive love of the ideal, a habit of posing for admiration with the flattering belief that the art is too perfect for detection—these are not the qualities to fit a man for roughly jostling with realities, or bringing the matter-of-fact and masculine world to do homage at his feet. Even in literature, these are defects which must inevi-

tably keep back a man from attaining the highest rank. Whatever the brilliance of his conceptions, the loftiness of his moral, the fascination of his style, there is that which always mingles in our admiration of Sir Edward Lytton's genius a mortifying sense of disappointment. It is with him as with the case of women of talent—something still keeps them back in their best works from gaining the prize in the race with men. Yet the womanly weakness which lends a charm to its proper sex, and forms a magnet for the hearts of men, is the last thing that man looks upon with complacency in those of his own gender. If real, it may at the best excite his pity. If affected, it cannot escape his contempt. When woman puts on the arts and airs that please, man is delighted at the implied compliment to his manhood. But he feels neither tenderness nor mercy for the like artificial graces in the male,—

“The padded man that wears the stays.”

Among the secrets which Sir Edward lets out in the course of his latest reflections, is that of his instinctive and ever-growing attachment to the apron-string. Such is the pregnant allusion, in his “Hints on Mental Culture,” to the “wondrous advantages to a man in every pursuit or avocation of an adviser in a sensible woman.” Of all blessings we are invited to cherish “female friendships,”—of course “pure friendships,”—not only as the “bulwark and sweet ornament of existence” to a man, but, above all, “to his mental culture invaluable.” The volume itself owes its dedication in part to the acknowledgment of such an influence. Sir Edward avows a strong belief in “temperaments.” The subject has given birth to more than one dissertation in “Caxtoniana.” The “sanguine” and the “sympathetic” temperaments might well have been supplemented by a chapter on the characteristics of the “Epicene,” or that in which the virile and feminine elements show themselves blended in exceptional unison. Such a kind of androgynous mixture no writer could well be found better qualified to expound or to illustrate. Through all his writings there runs the same tone of conscious tenderness striving to clothe itself with vigor—the air of high spirit but delicate physique, bent on passing for robust. In his successive characters, we have the glass in which he sees himself reflected through each and all of these

gymnastice efforts. They are but so many test impressions by which he takes note of the gradual growth in the muscular fibre of his mind.

We have regarded "Caxtoniana" in the light of a psychological study rather than that of an independent work of art. We would not, however, be supposed unmindful of the literary merits of these essays. In whatever point of view they may be studied, they will be found stamped with the author's peculiar genius, and inferior to none of his compositions in those especial qualities in which he stands at the head of all the writers of his class. Slight and cursory in form, yet thoughtful and full of matter, they are equal to anything he has before put forth in knowledge of men and books, acute analysis of motives, and critical elegance of taste. They are worth reading, if only for the style, carried as it is to the utmost finish of which Sir Edward's fastidious sense is capable. The faults which ran through his successive shifts of manner are to be traced here still, but blended into a general efflorescence, their early garishness and exaggeration chastened into a softer tone. There is all the old romance of feeling, the lyrical flow of sentences, the well-bred irony, the liveliness, the wit. But beyond these there is the sobered judgment, the matured experience, the urbane and genial estimate of other men, which be-

speak a mind arrived at its highest point of culture and its widest grasp of charity. The finest papers of Addison or Steele show hardly more of critical observation or quiet humor than the essays on "Knowledge of the World" or "Posthumous Reputation," while on subjects of a more technical kind neither the *Spectator* nor the *Rambler* put forth subtler powers of analysis or keener literary acumen than those on "Style and Diction," on the "Moral Effect of Writers," and on "Rhythm in Prose as conducive to Precision and Clearness." The latter point, indeed, becomes a very hobby with Sir Edward. It is carried to the vindication in theory of one of his own peculiar excesses of style. True it is that "every style has its appropriate music," and that "without a music of some kind it is not style, it is scribbling." But he forgets that the music of prose is a thing wholly distinct in kind from the music of poetry. Sir Edward's ear for rhythm is the cause of his prose being perpetually vitiated by this weakness—whole sentences, one after another, running on with the sing-song jingle of verse. Despite, however, such faults of manner—despite, too, the affected and artificial air which has become with him a second nature, and deprives his philosophy of depth and weight—there is sufficient stuff in these magazine articles to maintain intact the writer's place in the foremost rank of the lighter literature of our day.

Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. By John Laurence von Mosheim, D.D. A Literal Translation, with the Notes of Murdoch and Soames. Edited and brought down to the present time by William Stubbs, M.A., Vicar of Navestock. In Three Volumes. Longman & Co.

As a text-book of ecclesiastical history, the great work of Mosheim holds a place from which it is not likely to be dislodged. If it has the defects, it has also all the merits, of history as written in the eighteenth century. It is learned, well-digested, impartial, and calm even to coldness. The notes of Dr. Murdoch and Mr. Soames add greatly to the value of the original work; and the whole has been edited with thorough care and learning by Mr. Stubbs. By the additions of Mr. Soames and Mr. Stubbs the history has been brought down to the present time, so as to include the "Essays and Reviews" and Bishop

Colenso. Mr. Stubbs's chapter, treating of the history of the Christian Church since the year 1830, contains much interesting information relating to the eastern as well as the western churches in a clear and condensed narrative. This elaborate work will be of great value to students.—*Reader.*

Apostolic Labors an Evidence of Christian Truth. A Sermon preached before his Grace the Primate, in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, at the Consecration of the Lord Bishop of Nassau, on St. Andrew's Day, 1863. By Henry Parry Liddon, M.A. Oxford and London: Rivingtons; Oxford: H. and J. Parker. Pp. 24.

As an exposition of the text, "But I say, have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world," Mr. Liddon's sermon is broad, yet critical and scholarly.—*Reader.*

From The Spectator.

MISS PRESCOTT'S AMBER GODS.*

THERE is a certain splendor of fancy, we think too much of splendor, both in the imaginative diction, and the imaginative thought of Miss Prescott's tales, which gives them a kind of fascination, and an effect of power, in spite of the mystic and somewhat dazzling fringe of color which is always dancing before our eyes. She writes, as it were, in oil colors. She has an almost infinite command of metaphorical hues, or rather *dyes*, and uses them with the skill and some of the reserve of high culture, but still leaves on the mind that impression of fatigue which a lavish use of organic symbols and figurative analogies generally produces. Lest we should be talking enigmas, we will give one short specimen of her style in describing an artist, a Mr. Rose:—

"Then Rose was gayer than before. He is one of those people to whom you must allow moods,—when their sun shines, dance,—and when their vapors rise, sit in the shadow. Every variation of the atmosphere affects him, though by no means uniformly; and so sensitive is he that, when connected with you by any intimate *rapport*, even if but momentary, he almost divines your thoughts. He is full of perpetual surprises. I am sure he was a nightingale before he was Rose. An iridescence like sea-foam sparkled in him that evening, he laughed as lightly as the little tinkling mass-bells at every moment, and seemed to diffuse a rosy glow wherever he went in the room."

This style almost everywhere pervades the book, though, as in the simple and clever tale called "Knitting Sale-socks," Miss Prescott shows that she can abandon it for a very skilful style of literal Dutch painting. For the most part, however, Miss Prescott indulges in a rich and luxuriant species of imagery which is in every sense tropical, though the tropical style of a cultivated and artistic mind.

There is but little range in her command of character. *Men* she does not paint at all, but simply puts in respectable lay figures. With respect to her women, there are two varieties of character which she delights to paint again and again, in all possible varieties of moral tone and attitude,—the character

all sensation, warmth, splendor, and variety of effect, which intoxicates men by its luxuriance of attraction and its steam of passionate languor,—and the character which is sweet, delicate, and single in its influence;—the richly stained character of broken colors, and the character of colorless crystal light. Miss Prescott delights in this contrast. Now she makes the richer and warmer character evil and now good, though generally the former. In the striking tale called "The Amber Gods" (the amber gods being only beads of an amber necklace, carved into the shapes of heathen divinities), the selfish feminine character of the tale is a kind of Circe, who is supposed to have a nature in some way analogous to the rich, heavy, voluptuous color and fragrance of amber. The foil to her is a simple, delicate, self-sacrificing creature, whose nature is, in like manner, supposed to be in some way analogous to the liquid light of aqua marina. On this slender and somewhat transcendental fancy Miss Prescott builds a story, which, though it has but very little narrative interest, is worked up by her lavish use of rich color into something that produces an original effect. Here, for example, is the amber heroine's defence of amber to the gentleman with whom she has fallen in love:—

"I took my beads and wound them round my wrist. 'You haven't as much eye for color as a poppy-bee,' I exclaimed, in a corresponding key, and looking up at Rose.—'Unjust. I was thinking then how entirely they suited you.'—'Thank you. Vastly complimentary from one who "don't like amber"!—'Nevertheless, you think so.'—'Yes and no. Why don't you like it?'—'You mustn't ask me for my reasons. It is not merely disagreeable, but hateful.'—'And you've been beside me like a Christian all this time, and I had it!'—'The perfume is acrid; I associate it with the lower jaw of St. Basil the Great, styled a present of immense value, you remember, being hard, heavy, shining like gold, the teeth yet in it, and with a smell more delightful than amber,' making a mock shudder at the word.—'Oh! it is prejudice, then.'—'Not in the least. It is antipathy. Besides, the thing is unnatural; there is no existent cause for it. A bit that turns up on certain sands,—here at home, for aught I know, as often as anywhere.'—'Which means Nazareth. We must teach you, sir, that there are some things at home as rare as those abroad.'—'I am taught,' he said, very low, and without

* "The Amber Gods and other Stories." By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

looking up.—‘Just tell me what is amber?’—‘Fossil gum.’—‘Can you say those words and not like it? Don’t it bring to you a magnificent picture of the pristine world,—great seas and other skies,—a world of accentuated crises, that sloughed off age after age, and rose fresher from each plunge? Don’t you see, or long to see, that mysterious magic tree out of whose pores oozed this fine solidified sunshine? What leaf did it have? what blossom? what great wind shivered its branches? Was it a giant on a lonely coast, or thick low growth blistered in ravines and dells? That’s the witchery of amber,—that it *has* no cause,—that all the world grew to produce it, maybe,—died and gave no other sign,—that its tree, which must have been beautiful, dropped all its fruits,—and how bursting with juice must they have been—’—‘Unfortunately, coniferous.’—‘Be quiet. Stripped itself of all its lush luxuriance, and left for a vestige only this little fester of its gashes.’”

In the equally graphic tale called “Desert Sands,” our authoress introduces the very same contrast of feminine characters in the very same relation to an artist whose mere senses are captivated by the magnificent richness of the one kind of beauty, even while his inner nature never flags in its fidelity to the other. In “The South Breaker,” the richer character is also the higher, while the still, liquid beauty of her rival is combined, much less successfully, with a central selfishness. In the story called “Midsummer and May,” the mother is endowed with the rich, voluptuous nature, and the daughter with the airy and tender grace, and this is the only tale in which Miss Prescott succeeds in effectually painting for her readers her gentler, tenderer, and more simple-natured type of heroine. She seems generally to lavish so much pains on the more gorgeous portrait that the foil to it produces comparatively but little impression, whereas it is really the more difficult to paint of the two. As there are many who can paint color for one who can paint light, so there are many who can delineate characters of particolored moods and passions for one who can delineate a single individual es-

sence not broken into the various rays of prismatic sentiment. To Miss Prescott it has evidently been either a much pleasanter or a much easier task to conceive the former than the latter character. And yet it is evident that she regards the one as really inferior to the other. It would seem as if, even while analyzing what we may call the crimson and gold effects of beautiful caprice, emotion, languor, sentiment, in her heroines, she ascribes these sumptuous varieties of moral tint and mood to weakness of character, not breadth,—to a deficiency, that is, of singleness of purpose, and not to any redundancy of life, either moral or intellectual. And certainly it is true that outward simplicity, and the consequent absence of what is called luxuriance of sentiment, in both men and women, is more often due to that binding strength of will and sincerity of purpose, which refuses to permit any relaxation of the mind into useless wishes and vain emotions, than to the deficiency of these interior colors of the character. The difference between a Cleopatra and an Imogen is in great measure the difference between a nature so far relaxed that its inmost passion is exposed to the very air, and one so firmly knit together that its sweetness is only visible to the finest insight and the deepest sympathy. Miss Prescott feels this, and yet she only once spends her power on a character really worthy of it, so much is she dazzled by the external gorgeousness and voluptuousness of moral and intellectual *sheen*.

After allowing, however, for the somewhat monotonous character of the power shown, and its slight tendency to transcendentalisms here and there, it cannot be questioned that these are good and original literary productions, giving apparently much promise for the authoress, if she should trim away the somewhat tropical superfluities of her thought and diction, and extend her efforts in the direction in which one or two of the more modest tales of American life, like that called “Knitting Sale-socks,” point. That she has power also in this more external and simple field we have sufficient proof.

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

OB. DECEMBER 18, AET. 22.

[Captain Walter S. Newhall, of Philadelphia, Acting Adjutant General upon the staff of General Gregg, was lately drowned in a tributary of the Rappahannock. He was one of the earliest volunteers in the war. First distinguished in the famous charge of Zagoni at Springfield, in Missouri, he was afterward engaged in the most active and dangerous service. He leaves two brothers in the service; and at the time of Lee's invasion last summer we believe that his parents had five or six sons on active military duty. The following lines are by a mother whose son had been in Captain Newhall's company]:—

Nor 'mid the cannon's roar,
Not 'mid red fields of gore,
When the fierce fight was o'er,
His young life parted;
But low beneath the wave,
No hand outstretched to save,
As in a hallowed grave
Slept the true-hearted.

All seamed with noble scars
Won in his country's wars,
Battling 'neath Stripes and Stars
For his land's glory.
One of a dauntless race,
Who each in foremost place
Still strive the foe to face,
Here ends his story.

Stern was the strife and brief—
Death came with quick relief—
While watched each glorious chief
Who went before him.
The waiting angel stood
Calm by the turbid flood,
And to that brotherhood
Gently he bore him.

Once in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say),
Across the Sacred Way,
Wrath's fearful token,
Earth opened wide her breast;
Nor might the land find rest
Till of her wealth the best
There should lie broken.

Vainly poured gold and gem,
Rich robe with broidered hem,
Sceptre and diadem—
Wealth's hoards uncoffered.
Wide yawned the gulf apart,
Till one brave Roman heart
Plunged in with shield and dart—
Life freely offered.

Lord, in our hour of woe,
In our land's breach we throw
Riches whose treasures flow
In streams unfailing:

Widows' and orphans' tears,
Sad days and nightly fears,
Long-garnered hopes of years—
All unavailing.

Yes, purer offerings still—
Meek faith and chastened will,
All that, through good and ill,
Thy mercy gave us:
Honor and love and truth,
Bright joys and dreams of youth,
Thou, Lord, in pitying ruth,
Oh, let them save us!

Hear! for our cause is just;
Hear! for our children's dust—
God of our fathers' trust,
Bring thy salvation!
Hasten, O Lord! the day;
Point thou through clouds our way,
And by Truth's steadfast ray
Lead home thy nation!
Christmas, 1863. B.
—*Harper's Weekly*.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY JONES VERY.

WITH the same letter heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blest,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.
—*Monthly Religious Magazine*.

A SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the every haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields and the town,
To plough, loom, anvil, spade; and oh, most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel;
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel
In that red realm—from which are no returnings:
Where toiling and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He and his thoughts keep pensive working day.

PART III.

Just after this I went home for a week's holiday. Everything was prospering there; my father's new partnership gave evident satisfaction to both parties. There was no display of increased wealth in our modest household; but my mother had a few extra comforts provided for her by her husband. I made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, and first saw pretty Margaret Ellison, who is now my wife. When I returned to Eltham, I found that a step was decided upon, which had been in contemplation for some time: that Holdsworth and I should remove our quarters to Hornby; our daily presence, and as much of our time as possible, being required for the completion of the line at that end.

Of course this led to greater facility of intercourse with the Hope Farm people. We could easily walk out there after our day's work was done, and spend a balmy evening hour or two, and yet return before the summer's twilight had quite faded away. Many a time, indeed, we would fain have stayed longer—the open air, the fresh and pleasant country, made so agreeable a contrast to the close, hot town lodgings which I shared with Mr. Holdsworth; but early hours, both at eve and morn, were an imperative necessity with the minister, and he made no scruple at turning either or both of us out of the house directly after evening prayer, or “exercise,” as he called it. The remembrance of many a happy day, and of several little scenes, comes back upon me as I think of that summer. They rise like pictures to my memory, and in this way I can date their succession; for I know that corn-harvest must have come after haymaking, apple-gathering after corn-harvest.

The removal to Hornby took up some time, during which we had neither of us any leisure to go out to the Hope Farm. Mr. Holdsworth had been out there once during my absence at home. One sultry evening, when work was done, he proposed our walking out and paying the Holmans a visit. It so happened that I had omitted to write my usual weekly letter home in our press of business, and I wished to finish that before going out. Then he said that he would go, and that I could follow him if I liked. This I did in about an hour; the weather was so oppressive, I remember, that I took off my coat as

I walked, and hung it over my arm. All the doors and windows at the farm were open when I arrived there, and every tiny leaf on the trees was still. The silence of the place was profound; at first I thought that it was entirely deserted; but just as I drew near the door I heard a weak, sweet voice begin to sing; it was Cousin Holman, all by herself in the house-place, piping up a hymn, as she knitted away in the clouded light. She gave me a kindly welcome, and poured out all the small domestic news of the fortnight past upon me, and, in return, I told her about my own people, and my visit at home.

“Where were the rest?” at length I asked.

Betty and the men were in the field helping with the last load of hay, for the minister said there would be rain before the morning. Yes, and the minister himself and Phillis and Mr. Holdsworth were all there helping. She thought that she herself could have done something; but perhaps she was the least fit for hay-making of any one; and somebody must stay at home and take care of the house, there were so many tramps about; if I had not had something to do with the railroad she would have called them navvies. I asked her if she minded being left alone, as I should like to go and help; and having her full and glad permission to leave her alone, I went off, following her directions: through the farmyard, past the cattle-pond, into the ash-field, beyond into the higher field with two holly-bushes in the middle. I arrived there: there was Betty with all the farming men, and a cleared field, and a heavily laden cart; one man at the top of the great pile ready to catch the fragrant hay which the others threw up to him with their pitchforks; a little heap of cast-off clothes in a corner of the field (for the heat, even at seven o'clock, was insufferable), a few cans and baskets, and Rover lying by them, panting and keeping watch. Plenty of loud, hearty, cheerful talking; but no minister, no Phillis, no Mr. Holdsworth. Betty saw me first, and understanding who it was that I was in search of, she came towards me.

“They’re out yonder—agait wi’ them things o’ Measter Holdsworth’s.”

So “out yonder” I went; out on to a broad upland common, full of red sandbanks, and sweeps and hollows; bordered by dark firs, purple in the coming shadows, but near

at hand all ablaze with flowering gorse, or, as we call it in the south, furze-brushes, which, seen against the belt of distant trees, appeared brilliantly golden. On this heath, a little way from the field-gate, I saw the three. I counted their heads, joined together in an eager group over Holdsworth's theodolite. He was teaching the minister the practical art of surveying and taking a level. I was wanted to assist, and was quickly set to work to hold the chain. Phillis was as intent as her father; she had hardly time to greet me, so desirous was she to hear some answer to her father's question.

So we went on, the dark clouds still gathering, for perhaps five minutes after my arrival. Then came the blinding lightning and the rumble and quick-following rattling peal of thunder right over our heads. It came sooner than I expected, sooner than they had looked for: the rain delayed not; it came pouring down; and what were we to do for shelter? Phillis had nothing on but indoor things—no bonnet, no shawl. Quick as the darting lightning around us, Holdsworth took off his coat and wrapped it round her neck and shoulders, and almost without a word, hurried us all into such poor shelter as one of the overhanging sandbanks could give. There we were, cowered down, close together, Phillis innermost, almost too tightly packed to free her arms enough to divest herself of the coat, which she, in her turn, tried to put lightly over Holdsworth's shoulders. In doing so she touched his shirt.

"Oh, how wet you are!" she cried, in pitying dismay; "and you've hardly got over your fever! O Mr. Holdsworth, I am so sorry!" He turned his head a little, smiling at her.

"If I do catch cold, it is all my fault for having deluded you into staying out here;" but she only murmured again, "I am so sorry!"

The minister spoke now. "It is a regular downpour. Please God that the hay is saved! But there is no likelihood of its ceasing, and I had better go home at once, and send you all some wraps; umbrellas will not be safe with yonder thunder and lightning."

Both Holdsworth and I offered to go instead of him; but he was resolved, although perhaps it would have been wiser if Holdsworth, wet as he already was, had kept himself in exercise. As he moved off, Phillis

crept out, and could see on to the storm-swept heath. Part of Holdsworth's apparatus still remained exposed to all the rain. Before we could have any warning, she had rushed out of the shelter and collected the various things, and brought them back in triumph to where we crouched. Holdsworth had stood up, uncertain whether to go to her assistance or not. She came running back, her long lovely hair floating and dripping, her eyes glad and bright, and her color freshened to a glow of health by the exercise and the rain.

"Now, Miss Holman, that's what I call wilful," said Holdsworth, as she gave them to him. "No, I won't thank you" (his looks were thanking her all the time). "My little bit of dampness annoyed you, because you thought I had got wet in your service; so you were determined to make me as uncomfortable as you were yourself. It was an unchristian piece of revenge!"

His tone of badinage (as the French call it) would have been palpable enough to any one accustomed to the world; but Phillis was not, and it distressed, or rather bewildered her. "Unchristian" had to her a very serious meaning; it was not a word to be used lightly; and though she did not exactly understand what wrong it was that she was accused of doing, she was evidently desirous to throw off the imputation. At first her earnestness to disclaim unkind motives amused Holdsworth; while his light continuance of the joke perplexed her still more; but at last he said something gravely, and in too low a tone for me to hear, which made her all at once become silent, and called out her blushes. After a while, the minister came back, a moving mass of shawls, cloaks, and umbrellas. Phillis kept very close to her father's side on our return to the farm. She appeared to me to be shrinking away from Holdsworth, while he had not the slightest variation in his manner from what it usually was in his graver moods—kind, protecting, and thoughtful towards her. Of course, there was a great commotion about our wet clothes; but I name the little events of that evening now because I wondered at the time what he had said in that low voice to silence Phillis so effectually, and because, in thinking of their intercourse by the light of future events, that evening stands out with some prominence.

I have said that after our removal to

Hornby our communications with the farm became almost of daily occurrence. Cousin Holman and I were the two who had least to do with this intimacy. After Mr. Holdsworth regained his health, he, too, often talked above her head in intellectual matters, and too often in his light bantering tone for her to feel quite at her ease with him. I really believe that he adopted this latter tone in speaking to her because he did not know what to talk about to a purely motherly woman, whose intellect had never been cultivated, and whose loving heart was entirely occupied with her husband, her child, her household affairs, and, perhaps, a little with the concerns of the members of her husband's congregation, because they, in a way, belonged to her husband. I had noticed before that she had fleeting shadows of jealousy even of Phillis, when her daughter and her husband appeared to have strong interests and sympathies in things which were quite beyond her comprehension. I had noticed it in my first acquaintance with them, I say, and had admired the delicate tact which made the minister, on such occasions, bring the conversation back to such subjects as those on which his wife, with her practical experience of every-day life, was an authority: while Phillis, devoted to her father, unconsciously followed his lead, totally unaware, in her filial reverence, of his motive for doing so.

To return to Holdsworth. The minister had at more than one time spoken of him to me with slight distrust, principally occasioned by the suspicion that his careless words were not always those of soberness and truth. But it was more as a protest against the fascination which the younger man evidently exercised over the elder one—more, as it were, to strengthen himself against yielding to this fascination—that the minister spoke out to me about this failing of Holdsworth's, as it appeared to him. In return Holdsworth was subdued by the minister's uprightness and goodness, and delighted with his clear intellect—his strong, healthy craving after further knowledge. I never met two men who took more thorough pleasure and relish in each other's society. To Phillis his relation continued that of an elder brother; he directed her studies into new paths, he patiently drew out the expression of many of her thoughts and perplexi-

ties and unformed theories—scarcely ever now falling into the vein of banter which she was so slow to understand.

One day—harvest-time—he had been drawing on a loose piece of paper—sketching ears of corn, sketching carts drawn by bullocks and laden with grapes—all the time talking with Phillis and me, Cousin Holman putting in her not pertinent remarks, when suddenly he said to Phillis,—

“Keep your head still; I see a sketch! I have often tried to draw your head from memory, and failed; but I think I can do it now. If I succeed I will give it to your mother. You would like a portrait of your daughter as Ceres, would you not, ma'am?”

“I should like a picture of her; yes, very much, thank you, Mr. Holdsworth; but if you put that straw in her hair” (he was holding some wheat ears above her passive head, looking at the effect with an artistic eye), “you'll ruffle her hair. Phillis, my dear, if you're to have your picture taken, go upstairs, and brush your hair smooth.”

“Not on any account. I beg your pardon, but I want hair loosely flowing.”

He began to draw, looking intently at Phillis; I could see this stare of his discomposed her—her color came and went, her breath quickened with the consciousness of his regard; at last, when he said, “Please look at me for a minute or two, I want to get in the eyes,” she looked up at him, quivered, and suddenly got up and left the room. He did not say a word, but went on with some other part of the drawing; his silence was unnatural, and his dark cheek blanched a little. Cousin Holman looked up from her work, and put her spectacles down.

“What's the matter? Where is she gone?”

Holdsworth never uttered a word, but went on drawing. I felt obliged to say something; it was stupid enough, but stupidity was better than silence just then.

“I'll go and call her,” said I. So I went into the hall, and to the bottom of the stairs; but just as I was going to call Phillis, she came down swiftly with her bonnet on, and saying, “I'm going to father in the five-acre,” passed out by the open “rector,” right in front of the house-place windows, and out at the little white side-gate. She had been seen by her mother and Holdsworth, as she passed; so there was no need for explana-

tion, only Cousin Holman and I had a long discussion as to whether she could have found the room too hot, or what had occasioned her sudden departure. Holdsworth was very quiet during all the rest of that day; nor did he resume the portrait-taking by his own desire, only at my Cousin Holman's request the next time that he came; and then he said he should not require any more formal sittings for only such a slight sketch as he felt himself capable of making. Phillis was just the same as ever the next time I saw her after her abrupt passing me in the hall. She never gave any explanation of her rush out of the room.

So all things went on, at least as far as my observation reached at the time, or memory can recall now, till the great apple-gathering of the year. The nights were frosty, the mornings and evenings were misty, but at mid-day all was sunny and bright, and it was one mid-day that, both of us being on the line near Heathbridge, and knowing that they were gathering apples at the farm, we resolved to spend the men's dinner-hour in going over there. We found the great clothes-baskets full of apples, scenting the house, and stopping up the way; and an universal air of merry contentment with this the final produce of the year. The yellow leaves hung on the trees ready to flutter down at the slightest puff of air; the great bushes of Michaelmas daisies in the kitchen-garden were making their last show of flowers. We must needs taste the fruit off the different trees, and pass our judgment as to their flavor; and we went away with our pockets stuffed with those that we liked best. As we had passed to the orchard, Holdsworth had admired and spoken about some flower which he saw; it so happened he had never seen this old-fashioned kind since the days of his boyhood. I do not know whether he had thought anything more about this chance speech of his, but I know I had not—when Phillis, who had been missing just at the last moment of our hurried visit, re-appeared, with a little nosegay of this same flower, which she was tying up with a blade of grass. She offered it to Holdsworth as he stood with her father on the point of departure. I saw their faces. I saw for the first time an unmistakable look of love in his black eyes; it was more than gratitude for the little attention; it was tender and beseeching—passionate. She

shrank from it in confusion, her glance fell on me; and partly to hide her emotion, partly out of real kindness at what might appear ungracious neglect of an older friend, she flew off to gather me a few late-blooming China roses. But it was the first time she had ever done anything of the kind for me.

We had to walk fast to be back on the line before the men's return, so we spoke but little to each other, and of course the afternoon was too much occupied for us to have any talk. In the evening we went back to our joint lodgings in Hornby. There, on the table, lay a letter for Holdsworth, which had been forwarded to him from Eltham. As our tea was ready, and I had had nothing to eat since morning, I fell to directly without paying much attention to my companion as he opened and read his letter. He was very silent for a few minutes; at length he said,—

“Old fellow! I'm going to leave you!”

“Leave me!” said I. “How? When?”

“This letter ought to have come to hand sooner. It is from Greathed, the engineer” (Greaded was well known in those days; he is dead now, and his name half-forgotten); he wants to see me about some business; in fact, I may as well tell you, Paul, this letter contains a very advantageous proposal for me to go out to Canada, and superintend the making of a line there.”

I was in utter dismay.

“But what will our company say to that?”

“Oh, Greathed has the superintendence of this line, you know; and he is going to be engineer in chief to this Canadian line; many of the shareholders in this company are going in for the other, so I fancy they will make no difficulty in following Greathed's lead; he says he has a young man ready to put in my place.”

“I hate him,” said I.

“Thank you,” said Holdsworth, laughing.

“But you must not,” he resumed; “for this is a very good thing for me, and, of course, if no one can be found to take my inferior work, I can't be spared to take the superior. I only wish I had received this letter a day sooner. Every hour is of consequence, for Greathed says they are threatening a rival line. Do you know, Paul, I almost fancy I must go up to-night? I can take an engine back to Eltham, and catch the night train. I should not like Greathed to think me lukewarm.”

"But you'll come back?" I asked, distressed at the thought of this sudden parting.

"Oh, yes! At least I hope so. They may want me to go out by the next steamer; that will be on Saturday." He began to eat and drink standing, but I think he was quite unconscious of the nature of either his food or his drink.

"I will go to-night. Activity and readiness go a long way in our profession. Remember that, my boy! I hope I shall come back, but if I don't, be sure and recollect all the words of wisdom that have fallen from my lips. Now where's the portmanteau? If I can gain half an hour for a gathering up of my things in Eltham, so much the better. I'm clear of debt, anyhow; and what I owe for my lodgings you can pay for me out of my quarter's salary, due Nov. 4th."

"Then you don't think you will come back?" I said, despondingly.

"I will come back sometime, never fear," said he, kindly. "I may be back in a couple of days, having been found incompetent for the Canadian work; or I may not be wanted to go out so soon as I now anticipate. Anyhow, you don't suppose I am going to forget you, Paul—this work out there ought not to take me above two years, and perhaps, after that, we may be employed together again."

Perhaps! I had very little hope. The same kind of happy days never returns. However, I did all I could in helping him: clothes, papers, books, instruments; how we pushed and struggled—how I stuffed! All was done in a much shorter time than we had calculated upon, when I had run down to the sheds to order the engine. I was going to drive him to Eltham. We sat ready for a summons. Holdsworth took up the little nosegay that he had brought away from the Hope Farm, and had laid on the mantel-piece on first coming into the room. He smelt at it, and caressed it with his lips.

"What grieves me is that I did not know—that I have not said good-by to—to them."

He spoke in a grave tone, the shadow of the coming separation falling upon him at last.

"I will tell them," said I. "I am sure they will be very sorry." Then we were silent.

"I never liked any family so much."

"I knew you would like them."

"How one's thoughts change,—this morning I was full of a hope, Paul." He paused and then he said,—

"You put that sketch in carefully?"

"That outline of a head?" asked I. But I knew he meant an abortive sketch of Phillis, which had not been successful enough to induce him to complete it with shading or coloring.

"Yes. What a sweet innocent face it is, and yet so— Oh, dear!"

He sighed and got up, his hands in his pockets, to walk up and down the room, an evident disturbance of mind. He suddenly stopped opposite to me.

"You'll tell them how it all was. Be sure and tell the good minister that I was so sorry not to wish him good-by, and to thank him and his wife for all their kindness. As for Phillis,—please God in two years I'll be back and tell her myself all in my heart."

"You love Phillis, then?" said I.

"Love her!—yes, that I do. Who could help it, seeing her as I have done? Her character as unusual and rare as her beauty. God bless her! God keep her in her high tranquillity, her pure innocence! Two years it is a long time. But she lives in such seclusion, almost like the sleeping beauty, Paul,"—(he was smiling now, though a minute before I had thought him on the verge of tears.)—"but I shall come back like a prince from Canada, and waken her to my love. I can't help hoping that it won't be difficult, eh, Paul?"

This touch of coxcombry displeased me a little, and I made no answer. He went on half apologetically,—

"You see, the salary they offer me is large and beside that, this experience will give me a name which will entitle me to expect a still larger in any future undertaking."

"That won't influence Phillis."

"No! but it will make me more eligible in the eyes of her father and mother."

I made no answer.

"You give me your best wishes, Paul," said he, almost pleading. "You would like me for a cousin?"

I heard the scream and whistle of the engine ready down at the sheds.

"Ay, that I should," I replied, suddenly softened towards my friend now that he was going away. "I wish you were to be married to-morrow, and I were to be best man."

"Thank you, lad. Now for this cur-

portmanteau ; (how the minister would be shocked !) but it is heavy ! ” and off we sped into the darkness.

He only just caught the night train at Eltham, and I slept, desolately enough, at my old lodgings at Miss Dawson’s, for that night. Of course the next few days I was busier than ever, doing both his work and my own. Then came a letter from him, very short and affectionate. He was going out in the Saturday steamer, as he had more than half expected ; and by the following Monday the man who was to succeed him would be down at Eltham. There was a P.S., with only these words :—

“ My nosegay goes with me to Canada ; but I do not need it to remind me of Hope Farm.”

Saturday came ; but it was very late before I could go out to the farm. It was a frosty night ; the stars shone clear above me, and the road was crisping beneath my feet. They must have heard my footsteps before I got up to the house. They were sitting at their usual employments in the house-place when I went in. Phillis’s eyes went beyond me in their look of welcome, and then fell in quiet disappointment on her work.

“ And where’s Mr. Holdsworth ? ” asked Cousin Holman, in a minute or two. “ I hope his cold is not worse,—I did not like his short cough.”

I laughed awkwardly ; for I felt that I was the bearer of unpleasant news.

“ His cold had need be better—for he’s gone—gone away to Canada ! ”

I purposely looked away from Phillis, as I thus abruptly told my news.

“ To Canada ! ” said the minister.

“ Gone away ! ” said his wife.

But no word from Phillis.

“ Yes ! ” said I. “ He found a letter at Hornby when we got home the other night—when we got home from here ; he ought to have got it sooner ; he was ordered to go up to London directly, and to see some people about a new line in Canada, and he’s gone to lay it down ; he has sailed to-day. He was sadly grieved not to have time to come out and wish you all good-by ; but he started for London within two hours after he got that letter. He bade me thank you most gratefully for all your kindnesses ; he was very sorry not to come here once again.”

Phillis got up, and left the room with noiseless steps.

“ I am very sorry,” said the minister.

“ I am sure so am I ! ” said Cousin Holman. “ I was real fond of that lad ever since I nursed him last June after that bad fever.”

The minister went on asking me questions respecting Holdsworth’s future plans ; and brought out a large, old-fashioned atlas, that he might find out the exact places between which the new railroad was to run. Then supper was ready ; it was always on the table as soon as the clock on the stairs struck eight, and down came Phillis—her face white and set, her dry eyes looking defiance to me, for I am afraid I hurt her maidenly pride by my glance of sympathetic interest as she entered the room. Never a word did she say—never a question did she ask about the absent friend, yet she forced herself to talk.

And so it was all the next day. She was as pale as could be, like one who has received some shock ; but she would not let me talk to her, and she tried hard to behave as usual. Two or three times I repeated, in public, the various affectionate messages to the family with which I was charged by Holdsworth ; but she took no more notice of them than if my words had been empty air. And in this mood I left her on the sabbath evening.

My new master was not half so indulgent as my old one. He kept up strict discipline as to hours, so that it was some time before I could again go out, even to pay a call at the Hope Farm.

It was a cold, misty evening in November. The air, even indoors, seemed full of haze ; yet there was a great log burning on the hearth, which ought to have made the room cheerful. Cousin Holman and Phillis were sitting at the little round table before the fire, working away in silence. The minister had his books out on the dresser, seemingly deep in study, by the light of his solitary candle ; perhaps the fear of disturbing him made the unusual stillness of the room. But a welcome was ready for me from all ; not noisy, not demonstrative—that it never was ; my damp wrappers were taken off, the next meal was hastened, and a chair placed for me on one side of the fire, so that I pretty much commanded a view of the room. My eye caught on Phillis, looking so pale and weary, and with a sort of aching tone (if I may call it so) in her voice. She was doing all the accus-

tomed things—fulfilling small household duties, but somehow differently—I can't tell you how, for she was just as deft and quick in her movements, only the light spring was gone out of them. Cousin Holman began to question me; even the minister put aside his books, and came and stood on the opposite side of the fireplace, to hear what waft of intelligence I brought. I had first to tell them why I had not been to see them for so long—more than five weeks. The answer was simple enough; business and the necessity of attending strictly to the orders of a new superintendent, who had not yet learned trust, much less indulgence. The minister nodded his approval of my conduct, and said,—

“Right, Paul! ‘Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh.’ I have had my fears lest you had too much license under Edward Holdsworth.”

“Ah,” said Cousin Holman, “poor Mr. Holdsworth, he'll be on the salt seas by this time!”

“No, indeed,” said I, “he's landed. I have had a letter from him from Halifax.”

Immediately a shower of questions fell thick upon me. When? How? What was he doing? How did he like it? What sort of a voyage? etc.

“Many is the time we have thought of him when the wind was blowing so hard; the old quince-tree is blown down, Paul, that on the right-hand of the great pear-tree; it was blown down last Monday week, and it was that night that I asked the minister to pray in an especial manner for all them that went down in ships upon the great deep, and he said then, that Mr. Holdsworth might be already landed; but I said, even if the prayer did not fit him, it was sure to be fitting somebody out at sea, who would need the Lord's care. Both Phillis and I thought he would be a month on the seas.”

Phillis began to speak, but her voice did not come rightly at first. It was a little higher pitched than usual, when she said—

“We thought he would be a month if he went in a sailing-vessel, or perhaps longer. I suppose he went in a steamer?”

“Old Obadiah Grimshaw was more than six weeks in getting to America,” observed Cousin Holman.

“I presume he cannot as yet tell how he likes his new work?” asked the minister.

“No! he is but just landed; it is but one page long. I'll read it to you, shall I?”

“DEAR PAUL,—We are safe on shore, after a rough passage. Thought you would like to hear this, but homeward-bound steamer is making signals for letters. Will write again soon. It seems a year since I left Hornby. Longer since I was at the farm. I have got my nosegay safe. Remember me to the Holmans.

Yours,
“E. H.”

“That's not much, certainly,” said the minister. “But it's a comfort to know he's on land these blowy nights.”

Phillis said nothing. She kept her head bent down over her work; but I don't think she put a stitch in, while I was reading the letter. I wondered if she understood what nosegay was meant; but I could not tell. When next she lifted up her face, there were two spots of brilliant color on the cheeks that had been so pale before. After I had spent an hour or two there, I was bound to return back to Hornby. I told them I did not know when I could come again, as we—by which I mean the company—had undertaken the Hensleydale line; that branch for which poor Holdsworth was surveying when he caught his fever.

“But you'll have a holiday at Christmas,” said my cousin. “Surely they'll not be such heathens as to work you then?”

“Perhaps the lad will be going home,” said the minister, as if to mitigate his wife's urgency; but for all that, I believe he wanted me to come. Phillis fixed her eyes on me with a wistful expression, hard to resist. But, indeed, I had no thought of resisting. Under my new master I had no hope of a holiday long enough to enable me to go to Birmingham and see my parents with any comfort; and nothing could be pleasanter to me than to find myself at home at my cousin's for a day or two, then. So it was fixed that we were to meet in Hornby Chapel on Christmas-Day, and that I was to accompany them home after service, and if possible to stay over the next day.

I was not able to get to chapel till late on the appointed day, and so I took a seat near the door in considerable shame, although it really was not my fault. When the service was ended, I went and stood in the porch to await the coming out of my cousins. Some worthy people belonging to the congregation

clustered into a group, just where I stood, and exchanged the good wishes of the season. It had just begun to snow, and this occasioned a little delay, and they fell into further conversation. I was not attending to what was not meant for me to hear, till I caught the name of Phillis Holman. And then I listened; where was the harm?

"I never saw any one so changed!"

"I asked Mrs. Holman," quoth another, "'is Phillis well?' and she just said she had been having a cold which had pulled her down; she did not seem to think anything of it."

"They had best take care of her," said one of the oldest of the good ladies; "Phillis comes of a family as is not long-lived. Her mother's sister, Lydia Green, her own aunt as was, died of a decline just when she was about this lass's age."

This ill-omened talk was broken in upon by the coming out of the minister, his wife and daughter, and the consequent interchange of Christmas compliments. I had had a shock, and felt heavy-hearted and anxious, and hardly up to making the appropriate replies to the kind greetings of my relations. I looked askance at Phillis. She had certainly grown taller and slighter, and was thinner; but there was a flush of color on her face which deceived me for a time, and made me think she was looking as well as ever. I only saw her paleness after we had returned to the farm, and she had subsided into silence and quiet. Her gray eyes looked hollow and sad; her complexion was of a dead white. But she went about just as usual; at least, just as she had done the last time I was there, and seemed to have no ailment; and I was inclined to think that my cousin was right when she had answered the inquiries of the good-natured gossips, and told them that Phillis was suffering from the consequences of a bad cold, nothing more.

I have said that I was to stay over the next day; a great deal of snow had come down, but not all, they said, though the ground was covered deep with the white fall. The minister was anxiously housing his cattle, and preparing all things for a long continuance of the same kind of weather. The men were chopping wood, sending wheat to the mill to be ground before the road should become impassable for a cart and horse. My cousin and Phillis had gone up-stairs to the

apple-room to cover up the fruit from the frost. I had been out the greater part of the morning, and came in about an hour before dinner. To my surprise, knowing how she had planned to be engaged, I found Phillis sitting at the dresser, resting her head on her two hands and reading, or seeming to read. She did not look up when I came in, but murmured something about her mother having sent her down out of the cold. It flashed across me that she was crying, but I put it down to some little spirt of temper; I might have known better than to suspect the gentle, serene Phillis of crossness, poor girl! I stooped down, and began to stir and build up the fire, which appeared to have been neglected. While my head was down I heard a noise which made me pause and listen—a sob, an unmistakable, irrepressible sob. I started up.

"Phillis!" I cried, going towards her, with my hand out, to take hers for sympathy with her sorrow, whatever it was. But she was too quick for me; she held her hand out of my grasp, for fear of my detaining her; as she quickly passed out of the house, she said,—

"Don't, Paul! I cannot bear it!" and passed me, still sobbing, and went out into the keen, open air.

I stood still and wondered. What could have come to Phillis? The most perfect harmony prevailed in the family, and Phillis especially, good and gentle as she was, was so beloved that if they had found out that her finger ached, it would have cast a shadow over their hearts. Had I done anything to vex her? No: she was crying before I came in. I went to look at her book—one of those unintelligible Italian books. I could make neither head nor tail of it. I saw some pencil-notes on the margin, in Holdsworth's handwriting.

Could that be it? Could that be the cause of her white looks, her weary eyes, her wasted figure, her struggling sobs? This idea came upon me like a flash of lightning on a dark night, making all things so clear we cannot forget them afterwards when the gloomy obscurity returns. I was still standing with the book in my hand when I heard Cousin Holman's footsteps on the stairs, and as I did not wish to speak to her just then, I followed Phillis's example, and rushed out of the house. The snow was lying on the

ground; I could track her feet by the marks they had made; I could see where Rover had joined her. I followed on till I came to a great stack of wood in the orchard—it was built up against the back wall of the out-buildings,—and I recollected then how Phillis had told me, that first day when we strolled about together, that underneath this stack had been her hermitage, her sanctuary, when she was a child; how she used to bring her book to study there, or her work when she was not wanted in the house; and she had now evidently gone back to this quiet retreat of her childhood, forgetful of the clue given me by her footmarks on the new-fallen snow. The stack was built up very high, but through the interstices of the sticks I could see her figure, although I did not all at once perceive how I could get to her. She was sitting on a log of wood, Rover by her. She had laid her cheek on Rover's head, and had her arm round his neck, partly for a pillow, partly from an instinctive craving for warmth on that bitter cold day. She was making a low moan, like an animal in pain, or perhaps more like the sobbing of the wind. Rover, highly flattered by her caress, and also, perhaps, touched by sympathy, was flapping his heavy tail against the ground, but not otherwise moving a hair, until he heard my approach with his quick erected ears. Then, with a short, abrupt bark of distrust, he sprang up as if to leave his mistress. Both he and I were immovably still for a moment. I was not sure if what I longed to do was wise: and yet I could not bear to see the sweet serenity of my dear cousin's life so disturbed by a suffering which I thought I could assuage. But Rover's ears were sharper than my breathing was noiseless: he heard me, and sprang out from under Phillis's restraining hand.

"O Rover, don't you leave me too!" she plained out.

"Phillis!" said I, seeing by Rover's exit that the entrance to where she sat was to be found on the other side of the stack. "Phillis, come out! You have got a cold already; and it is not fit for you to sit there on such a day as this. You know how displeased and anxious it would make them all."

She sighed, but obeyed: stooping a little, she came out, and stood upright, opposite to me in the lonely, leafless orchard. Her face looked so meek and so sad that I felt as if I

ought to beg her pardon for my necessarily authoritative words.

"Sometimes I feel the house so close," she said; "and I used to sit under the wood-stack when I was a child. It was very kind of you, but there was no need to come after me. I don't catch cold easily."

"Come with me into this cow-house, Phillis. I have got something to say to you; and I can't stand this cold, if you can."

I think she would have fain run away again; but her fit of energy was all spent. She followed me unwillingly enough—that I could see. The place to which I took her was full of the fragrant breath of the cows, and was a little warmer than the outer air. I put her inside, and stood myself in the doorway, thinking how I could best begin. At last I plunged into it.

"I must see that you don't get cold for more reasons than one; if you are ill, Holdsworth will be so anxious and miserable out there" (by which I meant Canada)—

She shot one penetrating look at me, and then turned her face away with a slightly impatient movement. If she could have run away then she would, but I held the means of exit in my own power. "In for a penny in for a pound," thought I; and I went on rapidly, anyhow,—

"He talked so much about you, just before he left—that night after he had been here, you know—and you had given him those flowers." She put her hands up to hide her face, but she was listening now—listening with all her ears.

"He had never spoken much about you before, but the sudden going away unlocked his heart, and he told me how he loved you, and how he hoped on his return that you might be his wife."

"Don't," said she, almost gasping out the word, which she had tried once or twice before to speak; but her voice had been choked. Now she put her hand backwards; she had quite turned away from me, and felt for mine. She gave it a soft, lingering pressure; and then she put her arms down on the wooden division, and laid her head on it, and cried quiet tears. I did not understand her at once, and feared lest I had mistaken the whole case, and only annoyed her. I went up to her. "O Phillis! I am so sorry—I thought you would, perhaps, have cared to hear it; he did talk so feelingly, as if he did

love you so much, and somehow I thought it would give you pleasure."

She lifted up her head and looked at me. Such a look! Her eyes, glittering with tears as they were, expressed an almost heavenly happiness; her tender mouth was curved with rapture—her color vivid and blushing; but as if she was afraid her face expressed too much, more than the thankfulness to me she was essaying to speak, she hid it again almost immediately. So it was all right then, and my conjecture was well-founded! I tried to remember something more to tell her of what he had said, but again she stopped me.

"Don't," she said. She still kept her face covered and hidden. In half a minute she added, in a very low voice, "Please, Paul, I think I would rather not hear any more—I don't mean but what I have—but what I am very much obliged— Only—only,

I think I would rather hear the rest from himself when he comes back."

And then she cried a little more, in quite a different way. I did not say any more; I waited for her. By and by she turned towards me—not meeting my eyes, however; and putting her hand in mine just as if we were two children, she said,—

"We had best go back now—I don't look as if I had been crying, do I?"

"You look as if you had a bad cold," was all the answer I made.

"Oh! but I am—I am quite well, only cold; and a good run will warm me. Come along, Paul."

So we ran, hand in hand, till, just as we were on the threshold of the house, she stopped—

"Paul, please, we wont speak about *that* again."

MR. MURRAY'S annual trade sale, which took place on the 11th Nov., at the Albion Tavern, resulted in that series of good round numbers which are so refreshing in the eyes of publishers and authors. A number of the leading representatives of the trade sat down to dinner; and among those who were present as personal friends of Mr. Murray, we observed Mr. Foster Kirk, the author of "The History of Charles the Bold," the leading book of the evening. Of Mr. Kirk's work 1,500 copies were immediately sold. The edition of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose," with 112 original designs by Cooper, sold 2,000. Sir C. Lyell's new edition of his "Antiquity of Man" sold 800. The sale of Mr. Smiles's "Industrial Biography" reached 10,000, while the same author's "Self-Help" again sold 4,200. The two concluding volumes of Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" sold 3,500. Among other sales worth noting, we find 450 Mr. Gladstone's "Financial Statements," 500 Dr. Hannah's "Bampton Lectures," 900 Dr. Percy's "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," 900 Handbooks to the Cathedrals, 500 Milman's "Early Christianity," 900 "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," 800 "Student's Manual of English Literature," 500 Lord Houghton's Poems, 10,000 of Mr. Murray's Historical Manuals for Students, 1,200 James's Æsop's Fables, 3,200 King Edward VI.'th's Latin Grammar, 700 "Little Arthur's England," 700 Canon Stanley's "Sinai," 4,000 Smith's Latin Dictionaries, 3,000 Smith's Classical Dictionaries, 7,500 Smith's Greek and Latin School-Books, 5,000 Smith's Smaller Histories, 10,000 Mrs. Markham's Histories, 1,000 Smiles's "George

Stephenson," 1,500 Hallam's Works, 1,000 Murray's "British Classics," 500 Blunt's "Undesigned Coincidences," 300 Canon Robertson's "Church History," and, lastly, 900 of Canon Stanley's "Historical Lectures."—*Publisher's Circular*.

FROM New Zealand we hear of a very important geographical discovery. Martin's Bay, on the west coast of the southern island, had long been known to receive a river flowing from the interior; but the river has now been explored by a Dr. Hector, found to be navigable for a great distance, to be directly connected with a considerable lake, and to bring him by water within forty-six hours' march of Lake Wakitepu. This will open up the interior of the southern island for at least one hundred miles, and a settlement on Martin's Bay is very likely to eclipse Dunedin.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

THE French Government has decided that general officers, however employed, must quit the service at the age of seventy. A similar rule, to be broken only by a formal resolution of both Houses, is urgently required in Great Britain, but will not, of course, be conceded. Our statesmen have forgotten the value of youth as a motive power, and to the present chiefs of the Administration men of fifty seem "rising young men," and men of forty boys. A Cabinet Minister of thirty would shock Lord Palmerston, and a general of twenty-five suggest to the clubs that the end of the world was at hand.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S JOURNAL.*

WHEN the doubling of the Cape has to be spoken of as an achievement of distant times, and the newly discovered hemisphere has a history of centuries, and the Australian continent is fast following the example—to hear of it as the last piece of momentous news in this year 1863, that the oldest and most familiar river in the world has just been fully opened to our knowledge, is something that seems to throw us back into the infancy of society. Surely, there is nothing in the world that so completely unites the old and the recent as this river. At one end it belongs to Moses and Herodotus, the Sphinxes and the Pyramids; at the other, the different notable points are named after our gracious Queen, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, Sir Rodrick Murchison, the Earl of Ripon, and Jordans, the Somersetshire home of the discoverer's ancestors.

True, it is not for the first time that the solution of the great problem has been announced. Apart from the triumphs arrogated by mere pretenders, a century has very nearly elapsed since James Bruce, after describing how, barefooted, he ran down the hill to the sacred spring, suffering many hard falls from the slippery bulbous roots on the surface of the soil, thus proclaimed his sensations to the world: "It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encourage-

* "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile." By John Hanning Speke, Captain H.M. Indian Army; Fellow and Gold-medalist of the Royal Geographical Society; Hon. Corr. Member and Gold-medalist of the French Geographical Society, etc. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1863.

ment of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood—the object of my vainglory—suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph."

It would have depressed it still more had he known that he was not in the place he sought. Where the Nile divides he had selected the Blue branch, which is shorter, and in every way less important, than the White; and therefore made a choice which, to one professing to reach the farthest source, was a mistake. That he made a mistake, however, cannot detract from his well-earned fame as a brave man, an indefatigable explorer, a mighty linguist, and a brilliant writer; and it is consolatory to remember that he passed away without knowing the deficiency of his achievement, and that the noble and susceptible nature, teased in declining years by malignity and paltry jealousy, was not robbed of the great delusion that upheld it.

Like all great discoveries, the present was the fruit of an original idea, born of an intuitive genius for this particular kind of achievement. It was by an inversion of the previous efforts, which had been failures. Those ambitious of accomplishing the discovery of the river-head naturally enough tried to force their way up to it from the mouth; and so it came on every weary, baffled aspirant, that

"Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Oculisque caput, quod adhuc latet."

The new idea was to cross Africa at right angles to the course of the river, strike the head waters, and verify them by sailing down. And this was what was done. At between three and four thousand miles' distance from the known portions of the Nile, the discoverer started in a direction nearly opposite to where these lie. Thus, in October, 1860, along with his genial companion and assistant, Captain Grant, he left behind him the last vestiges of European civilization at Zanzibar, a small island six degrees south of the equator, well known to African traders; and he saw no European countenance, or any man versed in our ways of Christian civilization, until, descending the Nile, he reached Gondokoro in February, 1863, and there met a fellow-countryman who had gone in search of him.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the conception now so brilliantly accom-

plished dawned on its author in the course of an exploring expedition through the lake districts of tropical Africa, of which he gave an account in some articles in this magazine in 1859.

It was naturally among eminent geographers only that the important conclusion to which these articles pointed could be fully comprehended. But to the rest of the world also, instead of being only an amusing narrative of an adventurous expedition through unknown regions, they must now be held in esteem as the harbingers of a mighty discovery. When on this expedition, he set eyes on the broad waters of the Victoria N'yanza, he said to himself, "All right—here's the Nile top;" or, as he told it more appropriately to the world in his narrative, "When the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon my view, . . . I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers."—(*Maga* for October, 1859, pp. 411, 412). And this faith, grounded on a special sagacity or instinct for discovery, seems never to have faltered; insomuch that, even when he set sail on the river's bosom, there was no more lingering doubt to be confirmed than the experienced navigator feels about his arrival in any familiar port. Yet, like other discoverers, he had not only entirely to rely on his own resources for his belief, but to fight for it against strong adversaries.

In his first expedition to the African lakes he happened to be the junior officer, and his senior in command seems to have considered his conclusion a sort of heresy amounting to insubordination; and not only did he harbor this opinion, but proclaimed it very loudly to the world, laughing in loud print at the folly of the Sub who thought he had made a great discovery;—so adding to the many melancholy illustrations of the wise counsel that, if fallible human beings are determined to prophesy, it is safer to do so in the positive than in the negative—to predict that something *will* take place, not that it will *never*, since fact may prove the falsity of the latter before the seer has departed, but the event that is to be may be supposed only to be postponed. There was, too, it appears, a curious local difficulty to be overcome in the informa-

tion of the natives, who all concurred in the statement that towards the north a large river ran into the lake, excepting those who said it had no bounds at all in that direction. This last view was disposed of by the use of a common word for lake and water, so that the river was the boundless continuation. But for the other assertion a more subtle solution had to be found in a peculiarity of the structure of the language, which made it appear to invert its meaning, and speak of water as running into the lake as the means of conveying the meaning that it ran out. When we remember that the German for going to a place means, in its other uses, from, while from means of, and that there, as well as in Scotland, in calculations of time, half-four means three and a half, we may have a notion—but still rather an imperfect one—of such a speciality.

Without further preliminary we shall now quote the description of the Nile as it actually tumbles out of the great lake. The spot is distant from the mouth some 2,300 miles—more than thirty-four degrees of latitude, and nearly a tenth of the whole circumference of the globe. As the river breaks through a dyke in something like a cataract, the place is called by the natives simply "The Stones."

"*To Ripon Falls, 28th.*—At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants,—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire,—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Mtésa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

"We were well rewarded; for the 'Stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing; and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and tak-

ing post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake,—made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza, to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned."

What will probably cause most surprise in the reader who alights on such a passage without being prepared for it by the specialties of this altogether surprising book, is its homely, undramatized simplicity. While the unsuccessful explorers drag us through deserts of stone and sand and salt, diversified by the sweep of some terrific monsoon, or stick us fast in impenetrable jungles among snakes and centipedes—

"Where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh in blistering dew"—

here we have the active fishermen, the ferry crossing and recrossing, the goodly kine coming down to drink, the gardens, the small verdant hills,—barring the hippopotami and crocodiles, for all the world like a scene in Westmoreland.

If "up the Nile" should ever become as householdish words as "up the Rhine," then, when the cretaceous crocodile and his fat friend the genial hippopotamus are disturbed in the inward recesses of their watery residences by the splash of the paddle-wheel and the shriek of the railway-whistle—then will the descriptions of the first European who

set eyes on these regions be stereotyped into all the Murrays, and be read by lazy luxurious tourists at the bow-windows of their hotels, and tested by the actual vision before them. But this generation will probably pass away before tourism has penetrated thus far, and in the mean time the world must be content with the discoverer's description of what he saw. Let us give a little more of it, premising that, although he approached the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza Lake, his first sight of the river was not at the exit described in the quotation. For reasons connected with the facilities for transit through the states bordering on the lake, he had to strike the river some way down, and walk to its exit; so it fell out that his first sight of the actual Nile occurred at Urondogani, on the 21st of July, 1862; and he thus describes what he saw with sententious brevity:—

"Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun,—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnũ and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good."

Had the discoverer been very much disposed to moralize aloud about the historical and religious associations—rich almost beyond any earthly parallel—of the sight on which he looked, he would have found a rather discouraging auditory in his assistants. To some of them he appears to have ventured on a remark appropriate to the solemn occasion; it was responded to by his faithful lieutenant and aide-de-camp, Bombay, a personage in whom the reader of this journal becomes extremely interested; and his comment is about as good an instance of the thorough materialism of the tropical mind as we remember to have seen:—

"I told my men they ought to shave their heads and bathe in the holy river, the cradle

of Moses—the waters of which, sweetened with sugar, men carry all the way from Egypt to Mecca, and sell to the pilgrims. But Bombay, who is a philosopher of the Epicurean school, said, ‘We don’t look on those things in the same fanciful manner that you do; we are contented with all the common-places of life, and look for nothing beyond the present. If things don’t go well, it is God’s will; and if they do go well, that is his will also.’”

Going up from the point where the river is first sighted to its exit from the lake, the traveller favors the world with another short description of a rapid in the course of his walk:—

“I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain-gardens. Nango, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, with pombé. He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft, cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convulvi; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping, wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wangüana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.”

The people at the top of the Nile had no more notion of where its waters went to, or who lived at the other end, than we had of its source, or the dwellers in that region;

and entireness of ignorance cannot be more strongly expressed. It always seems strange to us that there should be anywhere a people who, themselves in some measure civilized, should not be acquainted with us, their superiors and masters in civilization. But this notion is a relic of provincialism. The Cockney—about the most ignorant creature in the world, who thinks all Scotsmen wear kilts and lubricate themselves with sulphur, and all Frenchmen feed on frogs and play on the fiddle—cannot easily imagine a place where London is unknown. Europe must be content to find that Uganda has been in total ignorance of the Overland Route or the Suez Canal, of Napoleon and Nelson—of all the illustrious men and nations and deeds, the associations of which have clustered round the mighty river for some three thousand years. There is evidence, however, that the Greek geographers knew about the Mountains of the Moon and the great lake. The knowledge of each other may probably at one time have been mutual; and it almost looks like a tradition of such a thing, that there is still a sacredness about the great lake beyond what it would seem entitled to as a mere sheet of water. This is impersonated by a kind of Neptune—a being whom the natives have invested with as much of the nature of a deity as it is in their own natures to conceive. He has a kind of priesthood, who seem to be so far in his confidence as to know the sort of weather he is working with at any given time; and, after the manner of their order all over the world, they profess, to some limited and imperfect extent, to have a vote in such questions, or an influence in propitiating the supreme will, which is of course a source of more or less influence on their own power and earthly interests.

In a grand regatta or boating party, which the King of Uganda has on the lake, we are introduced to the domestic circle of this Neptune’s high-priest—a sort of watery archbishop, supreme, apparently, within his own dominions; and surely never before was ecclesiastical dignitary painted for us in so Teniers-like a fashion. The monarch directs the boats to paddle towards “an island occupied by the Mgussa or Neptune of the N’yanza—not in person, for Mgussa is a spirit, but by his familiar or deputy, the great medium who communicates the secrets of the deep to the King of Uganda. In

another sense he might be said to be the presiding priest of the source of the Nile, and as such was of course an interesting person for me to meet."

"We turned into the hut of the Mgussa's familiar, which at the farther end was decorated with many mystic symbols,—amongst others a paddle, the badge of his high office,—and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goat-skin apron, adorned with numerous charms, and used a paddle for a mace or walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so—walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style. The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures, by turn, as much as to say, What do you think of them? but no voice was heard save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she came.

"At this juncture the Mgussa's familiar, motioned the Kamraviona and several officers to draw around him, when, in a very low tone, he gave them all the orders of the deep, and walked away. His revelations seemed unpropitious, for we immediately repaired to our boats and returned to our quarters."

Although the ancient river and the mighty lake are the points on which the discoverer's fame will naturally concentrate, the world's obligations to him go much farther. Whether or not he has laid out a new touring district, as securely as we can calculate upon the world not retrograding into barbarism and poverty, so surely can we calculate on a new and vast field of enterprise and industry having been developed. As no one had penetrated to the interior of tropical Africa, it fell to the philosophers, by a system of induction, to tell us what sort of place it is. They were mistaken in their inference, as poor human beings from time to time will be, even though they should call themselves philosophers. That far to the north and far to the south of the equator were vast arid deserts of sand and salt, was a palpable truth.

Reason was then shown why the moisture of which these tracts were deprived was concentrated at the equator, where it caused drenching rains, which, under the heat of the sun, encumbered the earth with a rank vegetation generative of pestilent miasmas, and altogether forming a tract too spongily saturated to be bent to human use by tile-draining, or any of the other puny operations of existing agriculture.

Bold speculators, indeed, indulged in a dream that Providence had set down two great compensating elements in Africa, which were some day to test the engineering skill of man in subduing them to co-operation for his advantage. The surplus waters of Central Africa were to irrigate the sandy plains on either side, sending forth its own pestilential elements to confer fruitfulness on the desert. It is a pity, perhaps, but these fine speculations have been ruined by the discovery that the equatorial belt does not contain pestilential elements to be got rid of. There is neither excessive moisture nor excessive heat, and the climate appears to be one of the finest in the world. It might have been exactly as the philosophers settled it, but for the important fact that the country is a table-land, varying from three thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, so that what raises us above vegetation and into the regions of eternal snow at this latitude, brings us up to a temperate climate at the equator.

The discoverer saw a large tract of this kind of country. He thinks it stretches right across Africa, bisected by the equator; and the geographical sagacity he has shown bespeaks confidence for this opinion. There are districts of rich, alluvial country, full of food, animal and vegetable, resembling the finer parts of Dorset or Somerset; and if the Dorsetshire or Somersetshire farm-laborer could realize the abundant luxuries at the command of the people of these favored districts, his teeth would water, and he would sigh with the vain wish that he had been born black and blubber-lipped, and set down in tropical Africa. Butcher-meat in all varieties, from the rarest game kind to the full-bodied beef of the buffalo, abounds, and is well cooked; while the plantain affords a substitute—and a capital one—for bread and potatoes. A sort of wine, or strong beer, made from the plantain, and called pombé, appears

to abound to an extent that would greatly distress the British League of Total Abstemious. In fact, these dusky descendants of Ham, instead of being cursed for the indecorous conduct of their great ancestor, would appear to be endowed with a fund of material happiness beyond what poor fallen human nature is entitled to expect, were it not for such slight drawbacks as their constant liability to be kidnapped as slaves, or put to death by tyrannical kings, and to be decimated by famines, caused by their own carelessness in neglecting to make any sort of provision for an unproductive period, however brief. But these slight crooks in their lot appear to give them no uneasiness, and to abate nothing from the rollicking, easy manner in which they journey through life, with a resolution to live by the way. In fact, in this weary, working, utilitarian world of ours, it mightily refreshes one to read the accounts, one after another, of jolly, merry scenes with which this book abounds. It is like travelling with an excessively good-humored, genial, and amusing companion.

Thus the allusions to high cultivation and affluence are naturally not concentrated in any one place, but crop out through the work, mingled with social contrasts which are not without their parallels in the countries we are in use to call civilized. The expedition has penetrated some seven or eight hundred miles through the interior, when, on the edge of the great lake, near the territory of Uganda, the following successive sketches occur:—

“On arrival at Ngambézi, I was immensely struck with the neatness and good arrangement of the place, as well as its excessive beauty and richness. No part of Bengal or Zanzibar could excel it in either respect; and my men, with one voice, exclaimed, ‘Ah, what people these Waganda are!’ and passed other remarks, which may be abridged as follows: ‘They build their huts and keep their gardens just as well as we do at Ungūja, with screens and enclosures for privacy, a clearance in front of their establishments, and a baraza or reception-hut facing the buildings. Then, too, what a beautiful prospect it has!—rich, marshy plains studded with mounds, on each of which grows the umbrella cactus, or some other evergreen tree; and beyond, again, another hill-spur such as the one we have crossed over.’ One of King Mtésa’s uncles, who had not been burned to death by the order of the late King Sumna on his ascension to the throne, was the proprietor of this place, but unfortu-

nately he was from home. However, his substitute gave me his baraza to live in, and brought many presents of goats, fowls, sweet potatoes, yams, plantains, sugar-cane, and Indian-corn, and apologized in the end for deficiency in hospitality. I, of course, gave him beads in return.

“Continuing over the same kind of ground in the next succeeding spurs of the streaky red-clay sandstone hills, we put up at the residence of Isamgévi, a Mkungū, or district officer of Rūmanika’s. His residence was as well kept as Mtésa’s uncle’s; but instead of a baraza fronting his house, he had a small enclosure, with three small huts in it, kept apart for devotional purposes, or to propitiate the evil spirits—in short, according to the notions of the place, a church. This officer gave me a cow and some plantains, and I in return gave him a wire and some beads. Many mendicant women, called by some Wichwézi, by others Mabandwa, all wearing the most fantastic dresses of mbūgū, covered with beads, shells, and sticks, danced before us, singing a comic song, the chorus of which was a long, shrill rolling Coo-roo-coo-roo, coo-roo-coo-roo, delivered as they came to a standstill. Their true functions were just as obscure as the religion of the negroes generally; some called them devil-drivers, others evil-eye averters; but, whatever it was for, they imposed a tax on the people, whose minds being governed by a necessity for making some self-sacrifice to propitiate something, they could not tell what, for their welfare in the world, they always gave them a trifle in the same way as the East Indians do their fakirs. . . .

“Maūla now came, after receiving repeated and angry messages, and I forced him to make a move. He led me straight up to his home, a very nice place, in which he gave me a very large, clean, and comfortable hut—had no end of plantains brought for me and my men—and said, ‘Now you have really entered the kingdom of Uganda, for the future you must buy no more food. At every place that you stop for the day, the officer in charge will bring you plantains, otherwise your men can help themselves in the gardens, for such are the laws of the land when a king’s guest travels in it. Any one found selling anything to either yourself or your men would be punished.’ Accordingly, I stopped the daily issue of beads; but no sooner had I done so, than all my men declared they could not eat plantains. It was all very well, they said, for the Waganda to do so, because they were used to it, but it did not satisfy their hunger.

“Maūla, all smirks and smiles, on seeing me order the things out for the march, begged I would have patience, and wait till the messenger returned from the king; it would not take more than ten days at the most.

Much annoyed at this nonsense, I ordered my tent to be pitched. I refused all Maŭla's plantains, and gave my men beads to buy grain again with; and, finding it necessary to get up some indignation, said I would not stand being chained like a dog; if he would not go on ahead, I should go without him. Maŭla then said he would go to a friend's and come back again. I said, if he did not, I should go off; and so the conversation ended.

"26th.—Drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing had been going on these last two days and two nights to drive the Phépo or devil out of a village. The whole of the ceremonies were most ludicrous. An old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of pombé in their laps, sat in front of a hut, whilst other people kept constantly bringing them baskets full of plantain-squash and more pots of pombé. In the courtyard fronting them were hundreds of men and women dressed in smart mbügüs—the males wearing for turbans strings of abrus-seeds wound round their heads, with polished boars' tusks stuck in in a jaunty manner. These were the people who, all drunk as fifiers, were keeping up such a continual row to frighten the devil away."

If the fruitfulness of these districts, and their advance in a sort of civilization of their own, might somewhat surprise the travellers, they themselves created astonishment on grounds not quite dissimilar. For, if we have been under the impression that the inhabitants of Equatorial Africa are utterly steeped in barbarism, they have retaliated on us with a vengeance. Just look at the excuse solemnly offered by King Kamrasi of Unyoro for having dealt capriciously and inhospitably with two officers of her majesty's Indian army:—

"At the time the white men were living in Uganda, many of the people who had seen them there came and described them as such monsters, they ate up mountains and drank the N'yanza dry; and although they fed on both beef and mutton, they were not satisfied until they got a dish of the 'tender parts' of human beings three times a day. Now, I was extremely anxious to see men of such wonderful natures. I could have stood their mountain-eating and N'yanza-drinking capacities, but on no consideration would I submit to sacrifice my subjects to their appetites, and for this reason I first sent to turn them back; but afterwards, on hearing from Dr. K'yengo's men that, although the white men had travelled all through their country, and brought all the pretty and wonderful things

of the world there, they had never heard such monstrous imputations cast upon them, I sent a second time to call them on: these are the facts of the case."

Again:—

"We were anything but welcomed at Kiratesi, the people asking by what bad luck we had come there to eat up their crops; but in a little while they flocked to our doors and admired our traps, remarking that they believed each iron box contained a couple of white dwarfs, which we carry on our shoulders, sitting straddle-legs, back to back, and they fly off to eat people whenever they get the order."

The advance, indeed, of these nations in the merely material elements of civilization—in good living and mechanical skill—is a matter of extremely interesting study, although it is of a kind apt to confound broad principles in ethnological philosophy, and to humiliate their authors. The wisest of us are ever too apt to make our own form of civilization the measure of other people's absolute advance. Feudal traditions, and many other causes, have associated an advanced civilization with great houses of stone or brick, and taught us to despise the hovel of turf or mud thatched with grass as a type of primitive barbarism; but the genius of the Uganda people having run upon the structure of huts,—and possibly the climate and materials at hand exercising an influence in its favor,—they appear to have carried this style of architecture to a marvellous height of excellence. They are subtle workers in iron, both for useful and ornamental purposes; and the ivory-merchants, who carry seductive goods for the purchase of tusks, know that there is no use of trying to tempt these people with the common Sheffield ware that is omnipotent among really savage tribes—the Waganda can make better than the trader brings to them. They appear, too, to be highly accomplished in all peltry-work, or manufactures from furs and skins. Whoever is of opinion that the highest type of civilization is to be found in "a strong government," let him go to Uganda,—where, by the way, as one of its fruits, he will find sanitary rules and measures for the removal of impurities such as would make the heart of Mr. Chadwick rejoice within him, and such as he has in vain attempted to secure for the great cities of this empire.

The etiquette of courts and the habits of

the higher orders of society in Europe, though often ridiculed by satirists and condemned by cynics, have generally been counted among the fruits—not always the good fruits—of mature civilization. They are generally spoken of as of historical origin,—Roman or early feudal,—and are thus consecrated by grand associations, while modern polish has smoothed down their asperities, and carefully adapted the whole to the advanced civilization in which it is our privilege to live, without departing far from the long succession of precedents on which all is founded. This may be true of European courts and good society; yet whoever would see etiquettes at once the most complex and peculiar, as little like the etiquettes of Europe as it is possible to conceive, and at the same time protected by regulations as strict as the traditionary usages of the most ancient European or Asiatic courts, let him go to Uganda, and be presented, if he have influence enough, at the court of the great King Mtésa. Here is an account of the discoverer's first reception, which may be useful for the stranger's guidance on the solemn occasion, and he will excuse the rather unpronounceable technicalities, used for once in a way on account of the precise definitions given of their grotesque import: it will be seen that at the time referred to there is a queen-dowager's court as well as a king's.

“To-day the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honor. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper-cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope-skins which I observed were sewn together as well as any English gloves could have pierced them; whilst their headdresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells; and on their necks, arms and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snake-skin. N'yamgundū and Maūla demanded, as their official privilege, a first peep; and this being refused, they tried to persuade me that the articles comprising the present required to be covered with chintz, for it was considered indecorous to offer anything to his majesty in a naked state. This

little interruption over, the articles enumerated below were conveyed to the palace in solemn procession thus: With N'yamgundū, Maūla, the pages, and myself on the flanks, the Union-Jack carried by the kirangozi guide led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honor, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets; whilst in their rear were the rest of my men, each carrying some article as a present. . . . The palace on entrance quite surprised me with its extraordinary dimensions, and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; whilst within the enclosure, the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtésa's three or four hundred women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of N'yamasoré, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop-doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

“The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats, were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope-turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin-cloak tightly round him lest his naked legs might by accident be shown.

“This, then, was the ante-reception court; and I might have taken possession of the hut, in which musicians were playing and singing on large nine-stringed harps, like the Nubian tambira, accompanied by harmonicans. By the chief officers in waiting, however, who thought fit to treat us like Arab merchants, I was requested to sit on the ground outside in the sun with my servants. Now, I had made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the natives and Arabs are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England, though the Arabs had told me that from fear they had always complied with the manners of the

court. I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king. To avert over-hastiness, however,—for my servants began to be alarmed as I demurred against doing as I was bid,—I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying, if it were not conceded I would then walk away.”

Then follows a long, amusing description of the manner in which the English stranger took the established etiquettes by storm, and entered rather as a conqueror than according to the established form after the manner of a slave.

“The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in ‘open ranks,’ who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungū all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins: some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new mbūgū. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stem like a cock’s comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his ‘getting up.’ For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of

plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side: and on the other was a band of Wichwézi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

“I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

“Then, finding the day waning, he sent Mañla on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, ‘Yes, for full one hour,’ I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king’s gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person.”

For half a year Captain Speke had to hang on at this court, planning and struggling day by day to get permission and assistance to move onward to his destination. That they were weary, weary days, alternating in faint hopes and sickening disappointments, can easily be seen. But the adventurer, like a wise man, put his very annoyances and difficulties to use by noting everything that passed, and leaving the most extraordinary journal of court life ever penned. Reading it is like living in a country-house with the people who come across us in it. Color and

animation are given to it by two conflicting influences—the haughty rigidity of the court etiquette, and the impulsive African natures ever bounding against its restraints. Bana, or the great chief, as the author was called, must, for the dignity of Uganda, be subjected to as many of its servile etiquettes as he would endure. Yet no one—not even the king himself—could restrain his eagerness to behold the white man's accomplishments, and his rabid greed to possess the white man's effects. Hence came a game of most grotesque coquetting—insolent neglect or disdain when the stranger was courteous and genial—infinite finesses to draw him on if he were shy or indignant. The king's policy was to be ever sought, and ever to repel. There was consequently no meanness to which he would not submit to obtain proffers of attention and consideration from his great visitor, and no amount of insolence with which he would hesitate to repel them when they were secured. By degrees, however, the artificial gave way and the natural prevailed; and ere long Bana became an almost essential member of the Uganda court, and the familiar, and we may say private friend, both of the young king and his queenly mother. It is indeed quite clear to the reader, whether it was so to Bana himself or not, that they would never have let him away had they not firmly believed that the charming recollection of their social circle would be sure to attract him speedily back again. So now let us look in upon the queen-mother “at home :”—

“3d.—Our cross purposes seemed to increase; for, while I could not get a satisfactory interview, the king sent for N'yamgundū to ascertain why I never went to see him. I had given him good guns and many pretty things which he did not know the use of, and yet I would not visit him to explain their several uses. N'yamgundū told him I lived too far off and wanted a palace. After this I walked off to see N'yamsoré, taking my blankets, a pillow, and some cooking-pots to make a day of it, and try to win the affections of the queen with sixteen cubits bindéra, three pints péké, and three pints mtendé beads, which, as Waganda are all fond of figurative language, I called a trifle for her servants.

“I was shown in at once, and found her majesty sitting on an Indian carpet, dressed in a red linen wrapper with a gold border, and a box, in shape of a lady's work-box, prettily colored in divers patterns with mi-

nute beads, by her side. Her councillors were in attendance; and in the yard a band of music, with many minor Wakungū squatting in a semi-circle, completed her levee. Mañla on my behalf opened conversation, in allusion to her yesterday's question, by saying I had applied to Mtésa for a palace, that I might be near enough both their majesties to pay them constant visits. She replied, in a good, hearty manner, that indeed was a very proper request, which showed my good sense, and ought to have been complied with at once; but Mtésa was only a Kijana, or stripling, and as she influenced all the government of the country, she would have it carried into effect. Compliments were now passed, my presents given and approved of; and the queen, thinking I must be hungry,—for she wanted to eat herself,—requested me to refresh myself in another hut. I complied, spread my bedding, and ordered in my breakfast; but as the hut was full of men, I suspended a Scotch plaid, and quite eclipsed her mbugu curtain.

“Reports of this magnificence at once flew to the queen, who sent to know how many more blankets I had in my possession, and whether, if she asked for one, she would get it. She also desired to see my spoons, fork, and pipe—an English meerschauim, mounted with silver; so, after breakfast, I returned to see her, showed her the spoons and forks, and smoked my pipe, but told her I had no blankets left but what formed my bed. She appeared very happy and very well, did not say another word about the blankets, but ordered a pipe for herself, and sat chatting, laughing, and smoking in concert with me. . . .

“The queen and her ministers then plunged into pombé and became uproarious, laughing with all their might and main. Small bugu cups were not enough to keep up the excitement of the time, so a large wooden trough was placed before the queen and filled with liquor. If any was spilt, the Wakungū instantly fought over it, dabbing their noses on the ground, or grabbing it with their hands, that not one atom of the queen's favor might be lost; for everything must be adored that comes from royalty, whether by design or accident. The queen put her head to the trough, and drank like a pig from it, and was followed by her ministers. The band, by order, then struck up a tune called the Milélé, playing on a dozen reeds, ornamented with beads and cowtips, and five drums, of various tones and sizes, keeping time. The musicians, dancing with zest, were led by four band-masters, also dancing, but with their backs turned to the company to show off their long, shaggy, goat-skin jackets, sometimes upright, at other times bending

and on their heels, like the hornpipe dancers of the Western countries.

"It was a merry scene, but soon became tiresome; when Bombay, by way of flattery, and wishing to see what the queen's wardrobe embraced, told her any woman, however ugly, would assume a goodly appearance if prettily dressed; upon which her gracious majesty immediately rose, retired to her toilet-hut, and soon returned attired in a common check cloth, an abrus tiara, a bead necklace, and with a folding looking-glass, when she sat as before, and was handed a blown-glass cup of pombé, with a cork floating on the liquor, and a napkin mbügü covering the top, by a naked virgin. For her kind condescension in assuming plain raiment, everybody, of course, n'yanzigged. Next she ordered her slave-girls to bring a large number of sambo (anklets), and begged me to select the best, for she liked me much. In vain I tried to refuse them: she had given more than enough for a keepsake before, and I was not hungry for property; still I had to choose some, or I would give offence. She then gave me a basket of tobacco, and a nest of hen eggs for her 'son's' breakfast. When this was over, the Mukondéri, another dancing-tune, with instruments something like clarionets, was ordered; but it had scarcely been struck up, before a drenching rain, with strong wind, set in and spoiled the music, though not the playing—for none dared stop without an order; and the queen, instead of taking pity, laughed most boisterously over the exercise of her savage power as the unfortunate musicians were nearly beaten down by the violence of the weather.

"When the rain ceased, her majesty retired a second time to her toilet-hut, and changed her dress for a puce-colored wrapper, when I, ashamed of having robbed her of so many sambo, asked her if she would allow me to present her with a little English 'wool' to hang up instead of her mbügü curtain on cold days like this. Of course she could not decline, and a large double scarlet blanket was placed before her. 'Oh, wonder of wonders!' exclaimed all the spectators, holding their mouths in both hands at a time—such a 'pattern' had never been seen here before. It stretched across the hut, was higher than the men could reach—indeed, it was a perfect marvel; and the man must be a good one who brought such a treasure as this to Uddü. . . . The queen began to sing, and the councillors to join in chorus; then all sang and all drank, and drank and sang, till, in their heated excitement, they turned the palace into a pandemonium; still there was not noise enough, so the band and drums were called again, and tomfool—for Uganda, like the old European monarchies, always keeps a

jester—was made to sing in the gruff, hoarse, unnatural voice which he ever affects to maintain his character, and furnished with pombé when his throat was dry.

"Now all of a sudden, as if a devil had taken possession of the company, the prime minister with all the courtiers jumped upon their legs, seized their sticks,—for nobody can carry a spear when visiting,—swore the queen had lost her heart to me, and, running into the yard, returned, charging and jabbering at the queen; retreated and returned again, as if they were going to put an end to her for the guilt of loving me, but really to show their devotion and true love to her. The queen professed to take this ceremony with calm indifference, but her face showed that she enjoyed it. I was now getting very tired of sitting on my low stool, and begged for leave to depart, but N'yamasoré would not hear of it; she loved me a great deal too much to let me go away at this time of day, and forthwith ordered in more pombé. The same roystering scene was repeated; cups were too small, so the trough was employed; and the queen graced it by drinking, pig-fashion, first, and then handing it round to the company."

Let us now join the king in a couple of days' shooting, a pursuit in which he formed a wholesome acquaintance with the formidable weapons at the command of his white visitors:—

"Immediately after breakfast the king sent his pages in a great hurry to say he was waiting on the hill for me, and begged I would bring all my guns immediately. I prepared, thinking, naturally enough, that some buffaloes had been marked down; for the boys, as usual, were perfectly ignorant of his designs. To my surprise, however, when I mounted the hill half-way to the palace, I found the king standing, dressed in a rich filigreed waistcoat, trimmed with gold embroidery, tweedling the loading-rod in his finger, and an alfa cap on his head, whilst his pages held his chair and guns, and a number of officers, with dogs and goats for offerings, squatting before him.

"When I arrived, hat in hand, he smiled, examined my fire-arms, and proceeded for sport, leading the way to a high tree, on which some adjutant birds were nesting, and numerous vultures resting. This was the sport; Bana must shoot a nundo (adjutant) for the king's gratification. I begged him to take a shot himself, as I really could not demean myself by firing at birds sitting on a tree; but it was all of no use—no one could shoot as I could, and they must be shot. I proposed frightening them out with stones,

but no stone could reach so high; so, to cut the matter short, I killed an adjutant on the nest, and, as the vultures flew away, brought one down on the wing, which fell in a garden enclosure.

"The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment, when the king jumped frantically in the air, clapping his hands above his head, and singing out, 'Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! Oh, Bana, Bana! what miracles he performs!' and all the Wakungū followed in chorus. 'Now load, Bana—load, and let us see you do it!' cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded, he said, 'Come along, come along, and let us see the bird.' Then directing the officers which way to go—for, by the etiquette of the court of Uganda, every one must precede the king—he sent them through a court where his women, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly made fences; but the king roared to the officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. 'Woh, woh, woh!' cried the king again; 'there he is, sure enough; come here, women—come and look what wonders!' And all the women, in the highest excitement, 'woh-wohed' as loud as any of the men. But that was not enough. 'Come along, Bana,' said the king, 'we must have some more sport;' and, saying this, he directed the way towards the queen's palace, the attendants leading, followed by the pages, then the king, next myself—for I never would walk before him—and finally the women, some forty or fifty who constantly attended him.

"To make the most of the king's good-humor, while I wanted to screen myself from the blazing sun, I asked him if he would like to enjoy the pleasures of an umbrella; and before he had time to answer, held mine over him as we walked side by side. The Wakungū were astonished, and the women prattled in great delight; whilst the king, hardly able to control himself, sidled and spoke to his flatterers as if he were doubly created monarch of all he surveyed. He then, growing more familiar, said, 'Now, Bana, do tell me—did you not shoot that bird with something more than common ammunition? I am sure you did, now; there was magic in it.' And all I said to the contrary would not convince him. 'But we will see again.' 'At buffaloes?' I said. 'No, the buffaloes

are too far off now; we will wait to go after them until I have given you a hut close by.' Presently, as some herons were flying overhead, he said, 'Now, shoot, shoot!' and I brought a couple down right and left. He stared, and everybody stared, believing me to be a magician, when the king said he would like to have pictures of the birds drawn and hung up in the palace; 'but let us go and shoot some more, for it is truly wonderful.' Similar results followed, for the herons were continually whirling round, as they had their nests upon a neighboring tree; and then the king ordered his pages to carry all the birds, save the vulture—which, for some reason, they did not touch—and show them to the queen.

"He then gave the order to move on, and we all repaired to the palace. Arrived at the usual throne-room, he took his seat, dismissed the party of wives who had been following him, as well as the Wakungū, received pombé from his female evil-eye averters, and ordered me, with my men, to sit in the sun facing him, till I complained of the heat, and was allowed to sit by his side. Kites, crows, and sparrows were flying about in all directions, and as they came within shot, nothing would satisfy the excited boy-king but I must shoot them, and his pages take them to the queen, till my ammunition was totally expended. He then wanted me to send for more shot; and as I told him he must wait for more until my brother came, he contented himself with taking two or three sample grains and ordering his iron-smiths to make some like them.

"Cows were now driven in for me to kill two with one bullet; but as the off one jumped away when the gun fired, the bullet passed through the near one, then through all the courts and fences, and away no one knew where. The king was delighted, and said he must keep the rifle to look at for the night. . . . I had scarcely swallowed my breakfast before I received a summons from the king to meet him out shooting, with all the Wangū-ana armed, and my guns; and going towards the palace, found him with a large staff, pages and officers as well as women, in a plantain-garden, looking eagerly out for birds, whilst his band was playing. In addition to his English dress, he wore a turban, and pretended that the glare of the sun was distressing his eyes,—for, in fact, he wanted me to give him a wide-awake like my own. Then, as if a sudden freak had seized him, though I knew it was on account of Maūla's having excited his curiosity, he said, 'Where does Bana live? lead away.' Bounding and scrambling the Wakungū, the women and all, went pell-mell through everything towards my hut. If the Kamraviona or any of the boys could

not move fast enough, on account of the crops on the fields, they were piked in the back till half knocked over; but, instead of minding, they trotted on, n'yanzigging as if honored by a kingly poke, though treated like so many dogs.

"Arrived at the hut, the king took off his turban as I took off my hat, and seated himself on my stool; whilst the Kamraviona, with much difficulty, was induced to sit upon a cow-skin, and the women at first were ordered to squat outside. Everything that struck the eye was much admired and begged for, though nothing so much as my wide-awake and mosquito-curtains; then, as the women were allowed to have a peep in and see Bana in his den, I gave them two sacks of beads, to make the visit profitable, the only alternative left me from being forced into inhospitality, for no one would drink from my cup. Moreover, a present was demanded by the laws of the country.

"The king, excitedly impatient, now led the way again, shooting hurry-scurry through my men's lines, which were much commented on as being different from Waganda hutting, on to the tall tree with the adjutant's nest. One young bird was still living in it. There was no shot, so bullets must be fired; and the cunning king, wishing to show off, desired me to fire simultaneously with himself. We fired, but my bullet struck the bough the nest was resting on; we fired again, and the bullet passed through the nest without touching the bird. I then asked the king to allow me to try his Whitworth, to which a little bit of stick, as a charm to secure a correct aim, had been tied below the trigger-guard. This time I broke the bird's leg, and knocked him half out of the nest; so, running up to the king, I pointed to the charm, saying, 'That has done it'—hoping to laugh him out of the folly; but he took my joke in earnest, and turned to his men, commenting on the potency of the charm. Whilst thus engaged, I took another rifle and brought the bird down altogether. 'Woh, woh, woh!' shouted the king; 'Bana, Mzungü, Mzungü!' he repeated, leaping and clapping his hands, as he ran full speed to the prostrate bird, whilst the drums beat, and the Wakungü followed him: 'Now is not this a wonder? but we must go and shoot another.' 'Where?' I said; 'we may walk a long way without finding, if we have nothing but our eyes to see with. Just send for your telescope, and then I will show you how to look for birds.' Surprised at this announcement, the king sent his pages flying for the instrument, and when it came I instructed him how to use it; when he could see with it, and understand its powers, his astonishment knew no bounds; and, turning to his Wakungü, he said, laughing,

'Now, I do see the use of this thing I have been shutting up in the palace. On that distant tree I can see three vultures. To its right there is a hut, with a woman sitting inside the portal, and many goats are feeding all about the palace, just as large and distinct as if I was close by them.'"

Now for a water-party or regatta on the famous lake, Victoria N'yanza, destined, without doubt, ere long to exercise on its bosom a different sort of craft from the little fleet of the King of Uganda. It was on this occasion that our explorer met the high-priest of the Nile already mentioned:—

"To-day occurred a brilliant instance of the capricious restlessness and self-willedness of this despotic king. At noon, pages hurried in to say that he had started for the N'yanza, and wished me to follow him without delay. N'yanza, as I have mentioned, merely means a piece of water, whether a pond, river, or lake; and as no one knew which N'yanza he meant, or what project was on foot, I started off in a hurry, leaving everything behind, and walked rapidly through gardens, over hills, and across rushy swamps, down the west flank of the Murchison Creek, till 3 p.m., when I found the king dressed in red, with his Wakungü in front and women behind, travelling along in the confused manner of a pack of hounds, occasionally firing his rifle that I might know his whereabouts. He had just, it seems, mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offence, the nature of which I did not learn, he took the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her, and killed her outright.

"On this occasion, to test all his followers, and prove their readiness to serve him, he had started on a sudden freak for the three days' excursion on the lake one day before the appointed time, expecting everybody to fall into place by magic, without the smallest regard to each one's property, feelings, or comfort. The home must be forsaken without a last adieu, the dinner untasted, and no provision made for the coming night, in order that his impetuous majesty should not suffer one moment's disappointment. The result was natural: many who would have come were nowhere to be found; my guns, bed, bedding, and note-books, as well as cooking utensils, were all left behind, and, though sent for, did not arrive till the following day.

"On arrival at the morning station, not one boat was to be found, nor did any arrive until after dark, when, on the beating of drums and firing of guns, some fifty large ones appeared. They were all painted with red clay, and averaged from ten to thirty

paddles, with long prows standing out like the neck of a syphon or swan, decorated on the head with the horns of the Nsunnū (len-cotis) antelope, between which was stuck upright a tuft of feathers exactly like a grenadier's plume. These arrived to convey us across the mouth of a deep, rushy swamp to the royal yachting establishment, the Cowes of Uganda, distant five hours' travelling from the palace. We reached the Cowes by torch-light at 9 P.M., when the king had a picnic dinner with me, turned in with his women in great comfort, and sent me off to a dreary hut, where I had to sleep upon a grass-strewn floor. I was surprised we had to walk so far, when, by appearance, we might have boated it from the head of the creek all the way down; but, on inquiry, was informed the swampy nature of the ground at the head of the creek precluded any approach to the clear water there, and hence the long overland journey, which, though fatiguing to the unfortunate women, who had to trot the whole way behind, Mtéa's four-mile-an-hour strides, was very amusing. The whole of the scenery—hill, dale, and lake—was extremely beautiful. The Wangūana in my escort compared the view to their own beautiful Poani (coast); but in my opinion it far surpassed anything I ever saw, either from the sea or upon the coast of Zanzibar.

"The king rose betimes in the morning and called me, unwashed and very uncomfortable, to picnic with him during the collection of the boats. The breakfast, eaten in the open court, consisted of sundry baskets of roast-beef and plantain-squash, folded in plantain-leaves. He sometimes ate with a copper knife and picker, not forked—but more usually like a dog, with both hands. The bits too tough for his mastication he would take from his mouth and give as a treat to the pages, who n'yanzigged, and swallowed them with much seeming relish. Whatever remained over was then divided by the boys, and the baskets taken to the cooks. Pombé served as tea; coffee, and beer for the king; but his guests might think themselves very lucky if they ever got a drop of it.

"Now for the lake. Everybody in a hurry falls into his place the best way he can—Wakungū leading, and women behind. They rattle along, through plantains and shrubs, under large trees, seven, eight, and nine feet in diameter, till the beautiful waters are reached—a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which are here represented by the most beautiful little hills. A band of fifteen drums of all sizes, called the Mazagūzō, playing with the regularity of a lot of factory engines at work, announced the

king's arrival, and brought all the boats to the shore—but not as in England, where Jack, with all the consequence of a lord at home, invites the ladies to be seated, and enjoys the sight of so many pretty faces. Here every poor fellow, with his apprehensions written in his face, leaps over the gunwale into the water—ducking his head from fear of being accused of gazing on the fair sex—which is death—and bides patiently his time. They were dressed in plantain-leaves, looking like grotesque Neptunes. The king, in his red coat and wide-awake, conducted the arrangements, ordering all to their proper places—the women in certain boats, the Wakungū and Wangūana in others, whilst I sat in the same boat with him at his feet, three women holding būgūs of pombé behind.

"The king's Kisūahili now came into play, and he was prompt in carrying out the directions he got from myself to approach the hippopotami. But the waters were too large and the animals too shy, so we toiled all the day without any effect, going only once ashore to picnic; not for the women to eat,—for they, poor things, got nothing,—but the king, myself, the pages, and the principal Wakungū. As a wind-up to the day's amusement, the king led the band of drums, changed the men according to their powers, put them into concert pitch, and readily detected every slight irregularity, showing himself a thorough musician.

"This day requires no remark, everything done being the counterpart of yesterday, excepting that the king, growing bolder with me in consequence of our talking together, became more playful and familiar—amusing himself, for instance, sometimes by catching hold of my beard, as the rolling of the boat unsteadied him.

"We started early in the usual manner; but after working up and down the creek, inspecting the inlets for hippopotami, and tiring from want of sport, the king changed his tactics, and paddling and steering himself with a pair of new white paddles, finally directed the boats to an island occupied by the Mgussa, or Neptune of the N'yanza, not in person—for Mgussa is a spirit—but by his familiar or deputy. . . . The first operation on shore was picnicking, when many large mbūgūs of pombé were brought for the king; next, the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first

time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

"These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the Kamraviona and Mzungü (myself), for help and protection; whilst Lûbûga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, Mzungü, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

In this last extract come forth some portions of the dark side of Central African life. We are, indeed, afforded many opportunities of seeing the blackness of the blots that may pollute a civilization where there is no Christianity. This jolly, thoughtless people seem to have among them an abundant supply of all the vices prevalent in Europe—with a good many more. Among those which involve the infliction of injury to our neighbor, recklessness of life and cruelty rise conspicuous. The palaces are sickening shambles, where blood seems ever on the flow. The young king, Mtésa, seems not to have been in other respects a bad fellow; but he was forever killing. If there be any soundness in the theory that the slaughters in Dahomey are in some measure the accomplishment of religious promptings, and that a king who exceeds his predecessors in killing only thus shows himself to be a man of very serious impressions, which he exhibits in active piety,—no such vindication can be pleaded for the King of Uganda. Nor does his appear to be

the nature that would come out in bloody ruffianism or vindictive malignity among ourselves. The spirit of the sportsman seems to have had more to do with his slaughters—they appear to have been good fun to him, like the feat of the pirate who, in sheer exhilaration of animal spirits over the after-dinner grog, fired his pistols under the table among the legs of his fellow-roysterers—an incident deemed so comical by a companion who was not among the sufferers, that he could never allude to it without tears of laughter. Take the following passages, in which it seems impossible, from the simple clearness of their statements, that there is any exaggeration. One day at court is thus commemorated:—

"I was called in, and found the court sitting much as it was on the first day's interview, only that the number of squatting Wakungü was much diminished; and the king, instead of wearing his ten brass and copper rings, had my gold one on his third finger. This day, however, was cut out for business, as, in addition to the assemblage of officers, there were women, cows, goats, fowls, confiscations, baskets of fish, baskets of small antelopes, porcupines, and curious rats caught by his game-keepers, bundles of mbûgû, etc., etc., made by his linendrapers, colored earths and sticks by his magician, all ready for presentation; but, as rain fell, the court broke up, and I had nothing for it but to walk about under my umbrella, indulging in angry reflections against the haughty king for not inviting me into his hut.

"When the rain had ceased, and we were again called in, he was found sitting in state as before, but this time with the head of a black bull placed before him; one horn of which, knocked off, was placed alongside, whilst four living cows walked about the court.

"I was now requested to shoot the four cows as quickly as possible; but having no bullets for my gun, I borrowed the revolving pistol I had given him, and shot all four in a second of time; but as the last one, only wounded, turned sharply upon me, I gave him the fifth and settled him. Great applause followed this *wonderful* feat, and the cows were given to my men. The king now loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout,

or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, 'And did you do it well?' 'Oh, yes, capitally.' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life."

And here is another incident totally different in its details, yet presenting the same utter absence of thoughtfulness about life and death, and the same motley mixture of savage cruelty with careless glee:—

"Goats and other peace-offerings were presented; and, finally, a large body of officers came in with an old man, with his two ears shorn off for having been too handsome in his youth, and a young woman who, after four days' search, had been discovered in his house. They were brought for judgment before the king.

"Nothing was listened to but the plaintiff's statement, who said he had lost the woman four days, and, after considerable search, had found her concealed by the old man, who was indeed old enough to be her grandfather. From all appearances one would have said the wretched girl had run away from the plaintiff's house in consequence of ill treatment, and had harbored herself on this decrepit old man without asking his leave; but their voices in defence were never heard, for the king instantly sentenced both to death, to prevent the occurrence of such impropriety again; and to make the example more severe, decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but, being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day, until life was extinct. The dismayed criminals, struggling to be heard, in utter despair, were dragged away boisterously in the most barbarous manner, to the drowning music of the *milélé* and drums.

"The king in total unconcern about the tragedy he had thus enacted, immediately on their departure said, 'Now, then, for shooting, Bana; let us look at your gun.' It happened to be loaded, but fortunately only with powder, to fire my announcement at the palace; for he instantly placed caps on the nipples, and let off one barrel by accident, the contents of which stuck in the thatch. This created a momentary alarm, for it was supposed the thatch had taken fire; but it was no sooner suppressed than the childish king, still sitting on his throne, to astonish his officers still more, levelled the gun from his shoulder, fired the contents of the second barrel into the faces of his squatting Wakungū,

and then laughed at his own trick. In the mean while cows were driven in, which the king ordered his Wakungū to shoot with carbines; and as they missed them, he showed them the way to shoot with the Whitworth, never missing."

The blood-letting of his subjects seems to have been a resource of this king whenever anything excited his own royal nerves, whether joyfully or sorrowfully. Captain Speke was told that on receiving the ravishing intelligence of the approach of the white men, he immediately gave outlet to his excitement by putting to death "fifty big men and four hundred small ones." He was generous in his way, and liked those who could enjoy it to participate with him in this sort of sport. Though Captain Speke had a disagreeable suspicion that the cruelties of the palace were a little enhanced to impress him with the king's power, yet Mtésa had the sense not to bring his bloody fun too offensively under the eyes of his guest. On Bana's dusky lieutenant, Bombay, however, having been sent on a message to the court, he reported thus:—

"Just as at the last interview, the king had four women, lately seized and condemned to execution, squatting in his court. He wished to send them to Bana, and when Bombay demurred, saying he had no authority to take women in that way, the king gave him one, and asked him if he would like to see some sport, as he would have the remaining women cut to pieces before him. Bombay, by his own account, behaved with great propriety, saying Bana never wished to see sport of that cruel kind, and it would ill become him to see sights which his master had not."

In another incident reported to but not seen by the author, the combination of effeminate *étiquette* with cruelty makes the blood creep. No knife, sword, or other sharp-edged or pointed piece of metal can be brought within the precincts of the court—a wise precaution probably. When the king, therefore, desired to see one of his victims cut to pieces without being at the trouble of going to the proper shambles, an ingenious operator managed to do it with blades of sharp-edged papyrus grass.

By no means the least impressive feature in this volume is the author himself, who without a particle of egotism, comes before us with wonderful clearness. He does so,

because, not thinking of himself, he is entirely absorbed in his great project. He thus furnished an addition to the known instances of men, who, in the single-hearted devotion to their special objects, let us into their personality with a clearness which the egotist, ever thinking of himself and the effect he is producing, totally misses. The entire, absorbing devotion to the one object was, as often happens, the potential cause of its accomplishment. A man resolving merely to do something great and make himself famous, would have got, by playing a deep and complicated game, into infinite meshes of difficulty and danger, which the single-hearted explorer avoided. This thorough unconsciousness of all dangers or hardships, except as impediments to his progress to the great fountain-head, seems to have been his real protection through the hundreds of days, on every one of which no respectable insurance office would have taken his life at any reasonable premium. As the fiercest wild beasts are said to be appalled by the eye that shows no impression either of risk or wrath, so the sanguinary potentates among whom our explorer went, demanding nothing but a clear path to the head of the Nile, but determined to get that, seem to have restrained in their amazement the natural impulses of their ferocity.

The inner impulse which bore him on to the one great object had excellent auxiliaries, too, in many constitutional specialties,—among which were, a continued fund of good spirits and cheerfulness under conditions which would have sent despair to the hearts of other men; habits of punctual activity, which secured prompt attention to all the daily harassing details of the expedition; and a constitution not only strong, but peculiarly adapted to circumstances in which other strong constitutions broke down.

Of the same singleness of purpose and unconsciousness of all things not connected with the great object, there are other less momentous symptoms. While in everything bearing on the mere accomplishment of his journey to the point selected one sees the instinctive genius of the discoverer, there is in minor adjuncts a deal of simplicity. It is clear that, in all his transactions of a business character, he was cheated enormously at all hands. He was without the instinct of the wholesale merchant to take with him the best

commodities to serve as money in the districts he was to pass through—he was without the instincts of the retail dealer, or the employer of labor, to get proper value for the goods he had with him. But the elements which this unworldly man adds to his other and more important difficulties only make one love him the more for the patient serenity and courage with which he endures all things, from the risk of violent death or the absolute depression of heavy sickness, down to provoking detentions and paltry pillagings.

That instead of making up a book after fully digesting his experiences he has given us his daily journal, is a great gain to the world. We have here everything significant or important that was seen by him, or that happened to him, set down with a contemporary precision more like Boswell's Johnson than the manner of any other book we can recall—though the matters dealt with by two are so different that one does feel something ludicrous in the comparison. And as for the days when there were no events—the many, many days of uniform weariness—we are told that they passed, and are not made partakers in their dreary monotony, for the tired traveller bears his burden alone. At one juncture, indeed, the expedition was seriously imperilled. The caravan had, indeed, to turn back and be re-organized. Of the sea of troubles in which he was then struggling the explorer affords us the following Robinson Crusoe-like picture:—

“On arrival at Mihambo next day, all the porters brought their pay to me, and said they would not go, for nothing would induce them to advance a step farther. I said nothing; but, with ‘my heart in my shoes,’ I gave what I thought their due for coming so far, and motioned them to be off; then calling on the Pig for his decision, I tried to argue again, though I saw it was no use, for there was not one of my own men who wished to go on. They were unanimous in saying Usui was a ‘fire,’ and I had no right to sacrifice them. The Pig then finally refused, saying three loads even would not tempt him, for all were opposed to it. Of what value, he observed, would the beads be to him if his life was lost? This was crushing; the whole camp was unanimous in opposing me. I then made Baraka place all my kit in the middle of the boma, which was a very strong one, keeping out only such beads as I wished him to use for the men's rations daily, and ordered him to select a few men who would return

with me to Kazé; when I said, if I could not get all the men I wanted, I would try and induce some one, who would not fear, to go on to Usûi; failing which, I would even walk back to Zanzibar for men, as nothing in the world would ever induce me to give up the journey.

"This appeal did not move him; but, without a reply, he sullenly commenced collecting some men to accompany me back to Kazé. At first no one would go; they then mutinied for more beads, announcing all sorts of grievances, which they said they were always talking over to themselves, though I did not hear them. The greatest, however, that they could get up was, that I always paid the Wanyamûézi 'temporaries' more than they got, though 'permanents.' 'They were the flesh, and I was the knife;' I cut and did with them just as I liked, and they could not stand it any longer. However, they had to stand it; and next day, when I had brought them to reason, I gave over the charge of my tent and property to Baraka, and commenced the return with a bad hitching cough, caused by those cold easterly winds that blow over the plateau during the six dry months of the year, and which are, I suppose, the Harmattan peculiar to Africa.

"Next day I joined Grant once more, and found he had collected a few Sorombo men, hoping to follow after me. I then told him all my mishaps in Sorombo, as well as of the 'blue-devil' frights that had seized all my men. I felt greatly alarmed about the prospects of the expedition, scarcely knowing what I should do. I resolved at last, if everything else failed, to make up a raft at the southern end of the N'yanza, and try to go up to the Nile in that way. My cough daily grew worse. I could not lie or sleep on either side. Still my mind was so excited and anxious that, after remaining one day here to enjoy Grant's society, I pushed ahead again, taking Bombay with me, and had breakfast at Mchiméka's. . . . Baraka told me his heart shrank to the dimensions of a very small berry when he saw whom I had brought with me yesterday—meaning Bombay, and the same porters whom he had prevented going on with me before. I said, 'Pooh, nonsense; have done with such excuses, and let us get away out of this as fast as we can. Now, like a good man, just use your influence with the chief of the village, and try and get from him five or six men to complete the number we want, and then we will work round the east of Sorombo up to Usûi, for Sûwarora has invited us to him.' This, however, was not so easy; for Lûmérési, having heard of my arrival, sent his Wanyapara, or grey-beards, to beg I would visit him. He had never seen a white man in all

his life, neither had his father, nor any of his forefathers, although he had often been down to the coast; I must come and see him, as I had seen his mtoto Rûhé. He did not want property; it was only the pleasure of my company that he wanted, to enable him to tell all his friends what a great man had lived in his house.

"This was terrible: I saw at once that all my difficulties in Sorombo would have to be gone through again if I went there, and groaned when I thought what a trick the Pig had played me when I first of all came to this place; for if I had gone on then, as I wished, I should have slipped past Lûmérési without his knowing it.

"I had to get up a storm at the grey-beards, and said I could not stand going out of my road to see any one now, for I had already lost so much time by Makaka's trickery in Sorombo. Bûi then, quaking with fright at my obstinacy, said, 'You must—indeed you must—give in, and do with these savage chiefs as the Arabs when they travel, for I will not be a party to riding rough-shod over them.' Still I stuck out, and the grey-beards departed to tell their chief of it. Next morning he sent them back again to say he would not be cheated out of his rights as the chief of the district. Still I would not give in, and the whole day kept 'jawing' without effect, for I could get no man to go with me until the chief gave his sanction. I then tried to send Bombay off with Bûi, Nasib, and their guide, by night; but, though Bombay was willing, the other two hung back on the old plea. In this state of perplexity, Bûi begged I would allow him to go over to Lûmérési and see what he could do with a present. Bûi really now was my only stand-by, so I sent him off, and next had the mortification to find that he had been humbugged by honeyed words, as Baraka had been with Makaka, into believing that Lûmérési was a good man, who really had no other desire at heart than the love of seeing me. His boma, he said, did not lie much out of my line, and he did not wish a stitch of my cloth. So far from detaining me, he would give me as many men as I wanted; and, as an earnest of his good intentions, he sent his copper hatchet, the badge of office as chief of the district, as a guarantee for me.

"To wait here any longer after this, I knew, would be a mere waste of time, so I ordered my men to pack up that moment, and we all marched over at once to Lûmérési's, when we put up in his boma. Lûmérési was not in then, but, on his arrival at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket, in reply to which I fired three shots."

He was then assailed by a very critical illness, the torments of which were thus diversified by Lūmérésí :—

“He, with the most benign countenance, came in to see me, the very first thing in the morning, as he said, to inquire after my health; when, to please him as much as I could, I had a guard of honor drawn up at the tent door to fire a salute as he entered; then giving him my iron camp-chair to sit upon, which tickled him much,—for he was very corpulent, and he thought its legs would break down with his weight,—we had a long talk, though it was as much as I could do to remember anything, my brain was so excited and weak. Kind as he looked and spoke, he forgot all his promises about coveting my property, and scarcely got over the first salutation before he began begging for many things that he saw, and more especially for a déolé, in order that he might wear it on all great occasions, to show his contemporaries what a magnanimous man his white visitor was. I soon lost my temper whilst striving to settle the hongo. Lūmérésí would have a déolé, and I would not admit that I had one.

“23d to 31st.—Next morning I was too weak to speak moderately, and roared more like a madman than a rational being, as, breaking his faith, he persisted in bullying me. The day after, I took pills and blistered my chest all over; still Lūmérésí would not let me alone, nor come to any kind of terms until the 25th, when he said he would take a certain number of pretty common cloths for his children if I would throw in a red blanket for himself. I jumped at this concession with the greatest eagerness, paid down my cloths on the spot; and, thinking I was free at last, ordered a hammock to be slung on a pole, that I might leave the next day. Next morning, however, on seeing me actually preparing to start, Lūmérésí found he could not let me go until I increased the tax by three more cloths, as some of his family complained that they had got nothing. After some badgering, I paid what he asked for, and ordered the men to carry me out of the palace before anything else was done, for I would not sleep another night where I was. Lūmérésí then stood in my way, and said he would never allow a man of his country to give me any assistance until I was well, for he could not bear the idea of hearing it said that, after taking so many cloths from me, he had allowed me to die in the jungles—and dissuaded my men from obeying my orders.

“In vain I appealed to his mercy, declaring that the only chance left me of saving my life would be from the change of air in the hammock as I marched along. He would not listen, professing humanity, whilst he meant

plunder; and I now found he was determined not to beat the drum until I had paid him some more, which he was to think over and settle next day. When the next day came, he would not come near me, as he said I must possess a déolé, otherwise I would not venture on to Karagié; for nobody ever yet ‘saw’ Rūmanika without one. This suspension of business was worse than the rows; I felt very miserable, and became worse. At last, on my offering him anything that he might consider an equivalent for the déolé if he would but beat the drums of satisfaction, he said I might consider myself his prisoner instead of his guest if I persisted in my obstinacy in not giving him Rūmanika’s déolé; and then again peremptorily ordered all of his subjects not to assist me in moving a load. After this, veering round for a moment on the generous tack, he offered me a cow, which I declined.

“1st to 4th.—Still I rejected the offered cow, until the 2d, when finding him as dogged as ever, at the advice of my men I accepted it, hoping thus to please him; but it was no use, for he now said he must have two déolés, or he would never allow me to leave his palace. Every day matters got worse and worse. Mfūmbi, the small chief of Sorombo, came over, in an Oily-Gammon kind of manner to say Makaka had sent him over to present his compliments to me, and express his sorrow on hearing that I had fallen sick here. He further informed me that the road was closed between this and Usūi, for he had just been fighting there, and had killed the chief Gomba, burned down all his villages, and dispersed all the men in the jungle, where they now resided, plundering every man who passed that way. This gratuitous, wicked, humbugging terrifier helped to cause another defeat. It was all nonsense, I knew, but both Būi and Nasib, taking fright, begged for their discharges. In fearful alarm and anxiety, I then begged them to have patience and see the hongo settled first, for there was no necessity, at any rate, for immediate hurry; I wished them to go on ahead with Bombay, as in four days they could reach Sūwarora’s. But they said they could not hear of it—they would not go a step beyond this. All the chiefs on ahead would do the same as Lūmérésí; the whole country was roused. I had not even half enough cloths to satisfy the Wasūi; and my faithful followers would never consent to be witness to my being ‘torn to pieces.’

“5th and 6th.—The whole day and half of the next went in discussions. At last, able for the first time to sit up a little, I succeeded in prevailing on Būi to promise he would go to Usūi as soon as the hongo was settled, provided, as he said, I took on my-

self all responsibilities of the result. This cheered me so greatly, I had my chair placed under a tree and smoked my first pipe. On seeing this, all my men struck up a dance, to the sound of the drums, which they carried on throughout the whole night, never ceasing until the evening of the next day. These protracted caperings were to be considered as their congratulation for my improvement in health; for, until I got into my chair, they always thought I was going to die. They then told me, with great mirth and good mimicry, of many absurd scenes which, owing to the inflamed state of my brain, had taken place during my interviews with Lūmérésí. Bombay at this time very foolishly told Lūmérésí, if he 'really wanted a déolé,' he must send to Grant for one. This set the chief raving. He knew there was one in my box, he said, and unless I gave it, the one with Grant must be brought; for under no circumstances would he allow of my proceeding northwards until that was given him. Bui and Nasib then gave me the slip, and slept that night in a neighboring boma without my knowledge.

7th to 9th.—As things had now gone so far, I gave Lūmérésí the déolé I had stored away for Rūmanika, telling him, at the same time as he took it, that he was robbing Rūmanika, and not myself; but I hoped, now I had given it, he would beat the drums. The scoundrel only laughed as he wrapped my beautiful silk over his great broad shoulders, and said, 'Yes, this will complete our present of friendship; now then for the hongo—I must have exactly double of all you have given.' This Sorombo trick I attributed to the instigation of Makaka, for these savages never fail to take their revenge when they can. I had doubled back from his country, and now he was cutting me off in front. I expected as much when the oily blackguard Mfūmbi came over from his chief to ask after my health; so, judging from my experience with Makaka, I told Lūmérésí at once to tell me what he considered his due, for this fearful haggling was killing me by inches. I had no more déolés, but would make that up in brass wire. He then fixed the hongo at fifteen masango, or brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths of sorts, and a hundred necklaces of sami-sami or red coral beads, which was to pay for Grant as well as myself. I paid it down on the spot; the drums beat the 'satisfaction,' and I ordered the march with the greatest relief of mind possible.

"But Bui and Nasib were not to be found; they had bolted. The shock nearly killed me. I had walked all the way to Kazé and back again for these men, to show mine a good example—had given them pay and treble rations, the same as Bombay and Ba-

raka—and yet they chose to desert. I knew not what to do, for it appeared to me that, do what I would, we would never succeed; and in my weakness of body and mind I actually cried like a child over the whole affair. I would rather have died than have failed in my journey, and yet failure seemed at this juncture inevitable."

After this it is refreshing to join the traveller in his visit to the good King Rūmanika.

"The whole scenery was most beautiful. Green and fresh, the slopes of the hills were covered with grass, with small clumps of soft, cloudy-looking acacias growing at a few feet only above the water, and above them, facing over the hills, fine detached trees, and here and there the gigantic medicinal aloe. Arrived near the end of the Moga-Namirinzi hill in the second lake, the paddlers splashed into shore, where a large concourse of people, headed by Nnanaji, were drawn up to receive me. I landed with all the dignity of a prince, when the royal band struck up a march, and we all moved on to Rūmanika's frontier palace, talking away in a very complimentary manner, not unlike the very polite and flowery fashion of educated Orientals.

"Rūmanika was found sitting dressed in a wrapper made of a nzoé antelope's skin, smiling blandly as we approached him. In the warmest manner possible he pressed me to sit by his side, asked how I had enjoyed myself, what I thought of his country, if I did not feel hungry; when a picnic dinner was spread, and we all set to at cooked plantains and pombé, ending with a pipe of his best tobacco. Bit by bit Rūmanika became more interested in geography, and seemed highly ambitious of gaining a world-wide reputation through the medium of my pen. At his invitation we now crossed over the spur to the Ingézi Kagéra side, when, to surprise me, the canoes I had come up the lake in appeared before us. They had gone out of the lake at its northern end, paddled into and then up the Kagéra to where we stood, showing, by actual navigation, the connection of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon. The Kagéra was deep and dark, of itself a very fine stream, and, considering it was only one—and that, too, a minor one—of the various affluents which drain the mountain valleys into the Victoria N'yanza through the medium of the Kitan-gulé River, I saw at once there must be water sufficient to make the Kitan-gulé a very powerful tributary to the lake. . . .

"On the 9th I went out shooting, as Rūmanika, with his usual politeness, on hear-

ing my desire to kill some rhinoceros, ordered his sons to conduct the field for me. Off we started by sunrise to the bottom of the hills overlooking the head of the Little Windermere Lake. On arrival at the scene of action—a thicket of acacia shrubs—all the men in the neighborhood were assembled to beat. Taking post myself, by direction, in the most likely place to catch a sight of the animals, the day's work began by the beaters driving the covers in my direction. In a very short time, a fine male was discovered making towards me, but not exactly knowing where he should bolt to. While he was in this perplexity, I stole along between the bushes, and caught sight of him standing as if anchored by the side of a tree, and gave him a broadsider with Blissett, which, too much for his constitution to stand, sent him off trotting till, exhausted by bleeding, he lay down to die, and allowed me to give him a settler.

"In a minute or two afterwards, the good young princes, attracted by the sound of the gun, came to see what was done. Their surprise knew no bounds; they could scarcely believe what they saw; and then, on recovering, with the spirit of true gentlemen, they seized both my hands, congratulating me on the magnitude of my success, and pointed out, as an example of it, a bystander who showed fearful scars, both on his abdomen and at the blade of his shoulder, who, they declared had been run through by one of these animals. It was, therefore, wonderful to them, they observed, with what calmness I went up to such formidable beasts.

"Just at this time a distant cry was heard that another rhinoceros was concealed in a thicket, and off we set to pursue her. Arriving at the place mentioned, I settled at once I would enter with only two spare men carrying guns, for the acacia thorns were so thick that the only tracks into the thicket were runs made by these animals. Leading

myself, bending down to steal in, I tracked up a run till half-way through cover, when suddenly before me, like a pig from a hole, a large female, with her young one behind her, came straight down whoof-whoofing upon me. In this awkward fix I forced myself to one side, though pricked all over with thorns in doing so, and gave her one in the head which knocked her out of my path, and induced her for safety to make for the open, where I followed her down and gave her another. She then took to the hills and crossed over a spur, when, following after her, in another dense thicket, near the head of a glen, I came upon three, who no sooner sighted me, than all in line they charged down my way. Fortunately, at the time my gun-bearers were with me; so, jumping to one side, I struck them all three in turn. One of them dropped dead a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom. To please myself now I had done quite enough; but as the princes would have it, I went on with the chase. As one of the two, I could see, had one of his fore-legs broken, I went at the sounder one, and gave him another shot, which simply induced him to walk over the lower end of the hill. Then turning to the last one, which could not escape, I asked the Wanyambo to polish him off with their spears and arrows, that I might see their mode of sport. As we moved up to the animal, he kept charging with such impetuous fury, they could not go into him; so I gave him a second ball, which brought him to anchor. In this helpless state the men set at him in earnest, and a more barbarous finale I never did witness. Every man sent his spear, assagé, or arrow, into his sides, until, completely exhausted, he sank like a porcupine covered with quills. The day's sport was now ended, so I went home to breakfast, leaving instructions that the heads should be cut off and sent to the king as a trophy of what the white man could do."

ON 31 Dec., the London press offered its annual sacrifice to custom. Each paper omitted its articles to make room for a dreary history of the year, too lengthy for human perusal, too brief to be of the slightest use for future reference. The anathemas uttered at breakfast-tables must have been an awful addition to the daily sins of London, and all *gobemouches*, conversationists, old gentlemen, and club loungers displayed a perceptible increase of stupidity and weariness. A

dictionary, or index, or concordance, or collection of Mr. Byron's puns, is lively reading by the side of these things, and a London Directory would afford a great deal more amusement. Who are they written for? Even the penny papers insert them, though they at least cannot aspire to the honor of the "file." If they did, they would print themselves on paper lasting more than an hour and a half.—*Spectator*.

From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

THE NORTHERN MESSAGE.

POWER is teaching Mr. Lincoln those reticent forms under which, in English opinion, a statesman's work should be done. His Message this year is marred by none of that diffuseness, made original by none of those quaintnesses which all his previous utterances have educated us to expect. That slight hesitation, too, which was formerly so perceptible,—a hesitation as of a man doing his thinking aloud, and anxious to fortify his own judgment while convincing the country, has entirely disappeared. The Message is pervaded throughout by a new and impressive tone, as of a man who at last sees his way, whose mind is made up, and who will never again debate the policy he has adopted. The old forensic tinge is, of course, there still, for it is as natural to the constitution-loving President as to the Illinois lawyer; but the tinge is now that which pervades the judge's, not the advocate's, mind. He does not argue with the nation, or with a party within the nation, or with the foes who are still barring the nation's way; but he delivers a charge, a final summing-up of the law, which, "while he occupies his position," will be executed, be the resistance what it may. Taking up a half-forgotten clause in the Constitution of the United States,—a clause which binds the central authority "to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and protect it against domestic violence," and remembering his own prerogative of pardon, he builds thereon a polity as wide as the mischief to be put down. That clause, it is certain, was intended to apply to all cases in which a minority of well-affected persons were threatened by a majority hostile to republican institutions, and in that sense he employs it to work a revolution in the South. Recognizing that slavery is the very root of the existing civil war, and that any desertion of the blacks "would now be a cruel and astounding breach of faith," he, by a proclamation added to the Message, but defended within it, offers the South the following terms: Every citizen who has brought himself within the scope of the general laws against treason, or of the special laws passed by Congress against this particular treason,—i. e., nine-tenths of the South—may, on taking an oath to maintain the decree of emancipation, receive a full pardon. His life will be thenceforth safe, all his property, *except slaves*, will be restored, and he will be competent *ex facto* to all and every political act. In short, by ceasing to be a slaveholder he will become a citizen, not a tolerated resident, not a pardoned "suspect," not even an inhabitant of territories still in a dependent condition, but

a citizen with every right as complete as Mr. Lincoln himself enjoys. Pardon for treason,—and secession is treason, even if we recognize the revolutionary right,—was never offered on more merciful terms; but the President goes one step farther. In his eager constitutionalism,—too eager, unless Mr. Chase is indeed to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,—he bids the South remember that the proclamation to which they swear is the proclamation as interpreted by the highest judicial body, towards which even the South has always professed respect. Every individual in the South is offered free and instant pardon, to be claimed as of right, to be enjoyed without reservations, provided only that he will consent to live the free citizen of a free republican State. After this announcement, never yet equalled in humanity, except by a British Ministry in an Irish case, we do trust we have heard the last of Mr. Lincoln's legal cruelty.

Cold he is, as the *Times* has said, but it is with the coldness of an immutable resolve. Rising without abruptness from the individual to the State, Mr. Lincoln announces for that also a mode of re-entry to peace and quietness. Whenever one-tenth of the male inhabitants have accepted his offer, have announced, that is, their desire to be free citizens of a free State, the State powers shall on one other condition revive. The condition is that slavery cease. The Legislatures may take time; may impose stringent laws against vagrancy, or still more stringent rules against idleness; may visit a "masterless knave" with the penalties once inflicted in England; may do anything "consistent as a temporary arrangement with the blacks' present condition as a laboring, landless, and houseless class;" but they must set them free,—free of the lash and the auction-block,—free to read and to worship, to possess their wives and to guard their children like other human beings. Each State may, we imagine, vote compensation in any form it pleases, may, for example, tax the blacks for a generation for the benefit of their old owners, or vote the wild lands to the planters, an acre for every dollar's worth of emancipated flesh, but slavery they cannot retain. If they will retain it in spite of all,—why the demand for the war for the coming year is still one hundred and eighty millions. Take the Southern States to be what you will,—empires conquered by the sword, or revolted provinces subdued by the Government,—and terms more moderate were never offered by successful civilized ruler. If Russia offered them tomorrow to Poland, i. e., absolute and real autonomy, her own laws, her own officials, her own language, her own system of teaching, her own taxation, and a dominant vote at St.

Petersburg, on the single condition of enfranchising the serfs, what would be Tory scorn if the offer were refused? Yet the blood feud between South and North is of three years' standing; between Poland and Russia of six hundred.

So much for the justice of the new polity; now for its expediency. We are not of those who expect that this offer will be received in the South with acclamation, or bring the war at once to any acceptable end. The talk of Lord Lyons having endorsed Mr. Seward's ninety days is talk merely, invented in order to influence the sensitive market for cotton. The leaders are all excepted from the amnesty, and in the South the leaders *lead*; the generals are all excepted,—a real mistake,—and the army which they have led on successful battle-fields will never give them up. The terms by their very nature involve a temporary reunion with triumphant "Yankees," and the South hates Yankees even when not triumphant; above all, they involve emancipation, and the South, once driven to think of accepting them, may emancipate for itself. But the terms offered are, nevertheless, at once just and wise. They convince the North that the hour has arrived when the quarrel must be fought out, and so give to the whole nation the strength which springs from the sense of a Cause; they convince the slaves that the Federal Government, whatever its temptations, will never break faith with them; and within the South itself they organize disaffection. Throughout North Carolina and in the uplands of Georgia, all over Arkansas, and in the hill section of Tennessee, exist men who, though not devoted to the Union, are not devoted to slavery, and rather than war on forever will re-organize their States as free. Constitutional tradition is strong, and power accretes to regular governments even when supported only by a minority. Everywhere as a State is traversed by the troops they will leave behind them a regular organization, as strong, and we greatly fear as stern, as minorities in possession of power are apt to be. That authority will have at disposal its own section of whites, increased every day by waverers, all immigrants from the North, all Northern soldiers settled in garrison, and the whole black community, that is, huddled together as they now are, fully one-half of the South.

It is possible with those means to pacify the States, to re-organize society, and to put down, once for all, the legal sanctions of human slavery. Slavery once at an end, and the blacks settled down as an humble but free population, making their own way by study and thrift and usefulness towards political rights,—a process which their use as soldiers will greatly facilitate—the irritation created

by slavery must gradually disappear, and the Union will hang together until the different but free civilizations naturally produced outside and within the tropics once again reveal to the North and the South their inherent antagonism. Then, when the cause for separation may be one which will not injure mankind, Europe may be justified in wishing for that absence of uniformity in America which in Europe has made civilization one grand competitive rush. All that, however, is dreamy, and for the present the only fact worth attention is that the Message and proclamation, while binding the North together, sow dissension in the South, and secure final emancipation with the least possible disturbance of the existing order.

We have little more to say of the Message, the first columns of which are filled with facts of purely American interest. Mr. Chase's statement will require an analysis of its own; but we must here remark that President Lincoln seems at length to have perceived the fairness of English counsels, and though he cannot but think, as it is his duty to think, of the chances of his own re-election, he makes no *ad captandum* appeal to catch the Irish vote. The message begins with acknowledging that the British Government has "fulfilled just expectations," speaks of all pending questions in a tone of conciliation, and expresses the full determination of the United States to "do justice to foreigners." There is a total absence on this subject alike of hectoring and of argument, and the tone employed suggests that misfortune has at last taught the executive of the Union that international statesmanship, like all other statesmanship which does not employ coercion, is based on mutual concession.

From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

THE SOUTHERN MESSAGE.

THERE is always a singular sense of literary pleasure in passing from even the ablest of the genuine republican documents to the most spiritless of the commanding statesman's who rules the falling star of the Southern Confederacy. There is a political joylessness, a want of that buoyancy given to politics by personal ambition and the habit of successful leadership, about the best State papers of the North which make them, as mere literary reading, very inferior to Mr. Davis's always bold, always able, and always unscrupulous manifestoes. The difference is much the same as, to illustrate by works of mere imagination, we feel between the swift movement and assured sense of power that carries us, as though on horseback, through the pages of Sir Walter Scott, and the creeping, toil-worn, unre-freshing sort of intellectual tenacity which

subdues, without relaxing, the mind in the wonderful pages of Defoe. And the difference is the more remarkable in the present case, because, in point of literary effect, the Northern Message is much above, and the Southern decidedly below, the usual level of their respective authors.

Nay, Mr. Davis is this time, we think, inferior to himself not only in style, but in substance, and, what is most remarkable of all, in worldly wisdom. He begins, indeed, with his usual intrepidity and that frankness of admission which Louis Napoleon has gradually accustomed Europe to regard as dangerous, with insisting on the greatness of the Southern reverses—the loss of Vicksburg, of Port Hudson, and of Little Rock in Arkansas; and dwells with even less than warrantable triumph on the gallant and protracted defence of Charleston. But, in this Message at least, he enlarges on the greatness of the more distant reverses not without a purpose of injudiciously and unsuccessfully softening those which are more near or more immediately before the public eye. He refers the defeat of the recent battle of Chattanooga not to Grant's skill or Bragg's inefficiency, but to the fact that "some of our troops inexplicably abandoned positions of great strength, and by a disorderly retreat compelled the commander to withdraw the forces elsewhere successful," a statement which accounts for the ill-success of the leader only at the expense of admitting a deep disaffection in the Confederate army, and also, we may add, in a manner quite unsupported by the private letters, from officers of the Confederate army present in the battle, which the Richmond papers have since published. The simple truth about the victory of Chattanooga appears to be that General Grant caught General Bragg in exactly the same unprepared condition for attack in which some weeks before General Bragg succeeded in surprising General Rosecranz. The Confederates were prepared to retreat, but were not prepared at that moment to fight; and they were compelled to combine very inconveniently and disastrously to themselves those very different operations. Again, Mr. Davis would persuade us that General Lee accomplished successfully his object in the recent invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was, says the Confederate President, "to meet the threatened advance on Richmond, for which the enemy had made long and costly preparations, by forcing the army to cross the Potomac, and fight in defence of their own capital and homes." The "hard-fought battle of Gettysburg," he adds, "inflicted such severity of punishment as disabled them from early renewal of the campaign, as originally projected." This is mere literary fence. General Lee certainly did not advance into Mary-

land and Pennsylvania in order merely to divert the enemy from the attack on Richmond, for the battle of Chancellorsville had already crippled the Northern army too much to admit of any such project. It was a bold, aggressive move, which utterly failed in its purpose, and redressed, instead of enhancing, the effect of the reverse given to the Northern arms at Chancellorsville. For effective unscrupulousness we always give Mr. Davis full credit; but there is more of the weakness of advocacy in the coloring thus given by him to the unsuccessful Pennsylvanian campaign than we should have expected from his usually wise intellectual audacity.

When Mr. Davis demands calmly the power to order the conscription of those already liable to it, but who have furnished, and been legally permitted to furnish, substitutes, and for the further power to gather into his nets the aged (all men above forty-five years of age), for the lighter duties of the army, he faces a desperate emergency with that aristocratic courage in proposing highly unpopular measures that never fails him; but he shows something, again, of the transparent and, therefore, foolish unscrupulousness of defeat, when he reviles the North for not keeping its agreement with regard to the exchange of prisoners, and suppresses the double reason advanced for that refusal,—first, that a large force of Southern prisoners paroled at Vicksburg was captured by General Grant *in arms* at Chattanooga,—and next, that the South entirely declines to exchange fairly either the negro troops of the North or the white officers of those troops,—having, in fact, given no quarter to, and in at least one proved case, barbarously hanged, the officer and men of the black regiments, while in no single case have they treated either the officers or men of such regiments as prisoners of war.

But the passage of Mr. Davis's Message which fails most entirely to suppress the vivid ripple of his irritation at conscious failure, is the elaborate indictment which he brings against Lord Russell and our own Cabinet for having violated our pledge of absolute neutrality. Lord Russell, says Mr. Davis in effect, cheated the Confederate Government into admitting the principles of maritime neutrality laid down by the Congress of Paris in 1856, by holding out to them the advantage likely to result from the fourth principle there agreed to, that none but efficient blockades should be recognized, and then deliberately deprived them of that advantage (their principal motive, as he intimates, for concurrence in the Paris doctrine) by recognizing the inefficient Federal blockade of 3,000 miles of coast. And again, Mr. Davis accuses the same statesmen of deliberately measuring out one measure of neutrality as regards the supply of the munitions of war (in-

cluding ships) to the Northern, and another and severer measure to the Southern States. It would be impossible in our space, and with due regard to our readers' patience, to unravel the very careful web of fragmentary quotations from Lord Russell's despatches, wrested out of their context, by which Mr. Davis establishes to his own, or rather not to his own, but to his ignorant countrymen's satisfaction, the justice of these charges both as matters of fact and matters of deliberate intention. To effect his purpose Mr. Davis tries to present Lord Russell as humbly obeying the least dictate of Mr. Adams, and as apologizing almost penitentially for every aid afforded by English traders to the military resources of the South, while much greater and richer facilities were afforded to the military resources of the North. How completely this coloring reverses the true situation every one who verifies Mr. Davis's quotations will see at once. Mr. Davis, for instance, states that on the 12th June, 1861, the United States minister informed Lord Russell that "the fact of his having held interviews with the commissioners of the confederate Government had given 'great dissatisfaction,'—and that a protraction of this relation would be viewed by the United States as 'hostile in spirit, and to require some corresponding action accordingly.'" In response to this intimation her majesty's secretary assured the minister that he had no expectation of seeing them any more,"—which is, of course, intended to convey that Lord Russell was very much afraid of the threat implied, and gave way through fear. Of course, Lord Russell disclaimed, what by international law he was bound to disclaim, any intention of acknowledging the Government of the South, or of receiving the Confederate commissioners in any other than a private capacity; but equally, of course, he has maintained his right throughout without the slightest reference to the displeasure of the United States, and has acted on his right, to communicate directly with the Confederacy, so far as that course is desirable for the interests of this country. This was the course steadily adopted not only in May 1861, but later, during the quarrel about the Charleston consul, Mr. Bunch, and again during Mr. Mason's residence here, when Lord Russell discussed with him the efficiency of the Federal blockade. "It may be necessary in future," wrote Lord Russell in November, 1861, "for the protection of the interests of her majesty's subjects in the vast extent of country which resists the authority of the United States, to have further communication both with the central authority at Richmond and with the governors of the separate States, and in such cases such communications will continue to be made, but such communications will not

imply any acknowledgment of the Confederates as an independent State." Of course this attitude gave offence to both parties, as all impartial attitudes do,—to the Federals because they did not like the admission of a *de facto* central authority at Richmond at all—and to the Confederates because they did not choose to be communicated with under protest.

Mr. Davis's proof that Lord Russell has purposely misinterpreted the law of blockade established at Paris and our own Foreign Enlistment Act, in order to please the Federals and extend our own belligerent rights in future, is equally futile. Lord Russell has acted strictly on legal advice in both cases. The Paris law of blockade is very vague, and though the North approve, they are not bound by it, for they never acceded to the Paris treaty. It would have been the insanest arrogance to strain a vague provision against America, seeing that we have so often strained the international law in our own favor when we occupied the position of America—an arrogance, in short, of which Mr. Davis would be the first to see (though not to admit) the gross partiality. Wisely magnanimous, he declines to adopt the only remedies which he himself can suggest for our supposed partiality; namely, to menace the commerce of Great Britain by withdrawing the assent of the South to the maritime law laid down at Paris. This is very good of him, as scarcely any one but Lord Russell knew till this Message was published that the South does regard itself as bound by that treaty, and if it proclaimed a purely fictitious blockade of the North,—as Mr. Davis hints he might do,—and then confiscated every neutral vessel bound thither which his cruisers could catch, he would annihilate the Southern cause by the stroke of a pen. The difference between the efficiency of a blockade which in two years and a half has captured over one thousand blockade-runners, and upwards of £2,500,000 in property, and that of a blockade which might possibly, if Captain Semmes strained every nerve, effect about one-tenth part of the result (at ten times the cost to all neutral nations), is rather too great to escape Mr. Davis's discerning eye, so he wisely makes a virtue of necessity, and *only* expresses his hate of Lord Russell and his disgust with England, without indulging in anything that can properly be called menace.

On the whole, Mr. Davis does not, in this Message, entirely succeed in concealing the faltering hand and quivering nerve of one who stares ruin in the face, and is stung to the quick by the consciousness that he has deserved it. He is something less than his former self. But few men indeed, in his situation, would show a constancy so unblenching and an eye so keen.

From The Spectator.

THE EQUIPOISE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE
IN 1863.

THROUGHOUT a year which otherwise has been one of utter confusion, in which half the world has played the part most foreign to its own antecedents, in which Germany has been active and Italy calmly quiescent, Austria constitutional and Prussia given up to reaction, the movement of France and England has been distinct and traditional. On every great occasion France has been the innovating, England the Conservative power; France the motive force, England the resisting medium. Whenever an emergency has occurred, —war in America or disturbance in Europe, danger from Poles or risk from the attitude of Moldo-Wallachia, menaces from the Southern peninsula or appeals from the Northern one, —France has endeavored to act, and England to delay action, until the unavoidable hour had arrived. The entire force of Louis Napoleon has been expended on the preliminary object of getting England to move, the entire statesmanship of Great Britain on preventing herself from motion until the hour which seemed to her opportune. Such a neutralization of power so visible and affecting so many questions, has hardly occurred in our time, and it is well to ask if the result is one the British people approve.

The system began with the invasion of Mexico, which, though it commenced in 1862, has materially affected the discussions and the fortunes of 1863. The invasion, as an invasion for conquest, was wholly Napoleon's act, and the Emperor of the French has maintained his line with unusual perseverance. He likes short and striking wars, waged for definite ends, and under the eye of Paris; but in this instance he has fought for an object not yet visible, at a distance of half the world, for more than eighteen persevering months. He has been baffled mainly by the withdrawal of Great Britain, a wise and a just withdrawal, but one which rendered the French idea abortive. Had England adopted the secret programme, as she did the avowed one, and pushed on with France to "regenerate" the decaying American State, Spain must have adopted it too, and the Mexicans daunted by an alliance no empire has ever withstood, would, in all human probability, have re-organized their institutions. As it is, the invasion has been almost barren, and Mexico is still in its long-continued anarchy, while the world has been spared the dangerous precedent of a Government overturned by the sword because its internal arrangements did not suit the ideas of its great allies. As a consequence flowing out of this expedition the emperor has, throughout the year, been

most anxious to intervene in the American civil war.

Unless the South became independent he could not hope to retain even a preponderating influence in Mexico, while the failure of cotton interrupted the "order" he maintains among working men, and the stoppage of tobacco threatened at one time to embarrass his finance. He pressed Great Britain, therefore, again and again to give up her watchful neutrality, to join him in advising, i.e., enforcing an armistice, and so to accept the burden of arranging a revolutionary peace. Earl Russell, true to his love for freedom, declined to be pressed, and the Conservatives, true to their policy of doing nothing which can by any means be avoided, refused to censure Earl Russell. Great Britain did not take any counter-action, did not assist the North, or menace consequences if Napoleon acted alone, but simply refused to stir, and the blow inflicted through a medium so dense fell on its object without effect. Steel will not cut a candle through a few inches of water, and the North did not feel the terrible stroke from which England alone had saved them. Baffled once more on this side, the emperor turned to Poland. Throughout the year that unhappy country has been given up to the executioners. In Lithuania Mouravieff has been deporting the whole of the upper classes, in Ruthenia the peasantry have been made virtual lords of the soil, in the Kingdom an expression of discontent has been treated as a capital crime. In the spring the cry of the Poles awoke a fierce sympathy in France, and the emperor, always ready for action but never for isolation, offered if England would only aid, to demand Poland's freedom. England declined to co-operate, not as injurious or ungenerous, or as contrary to international law, but on the true Conservative ground, as involving consequences which it was not in the power of politicians to foresee. The idea of war was given up, for without British guarantees the emperor might have encountered the one external foe he dreads, a coalition of Europe, and Poland was left to struggle on. The Russian Government sneered at despatches which distinctly laid down the law, while they not only provided no penalty for breach of the law, but explicitly stated that none would be exacted. Then the emperor, ever eager for action, devised a still larger scheme, announced his intention, if England would aid, of rebuilding the crumbling edifice of European society.

The world was called to council to redress all existing grievances, and substitute a new arrangement for the treaties of 1815. The first act of that council would have been to decree the right of Poland to freedom; but

still England remained impassive. She did not object to councils, or to the freedom of Poland, or to the evacuation of Rome, or to the surrender of Venice, or to any one of the changes probably included within the programme; but she took her stand on the Conservative ground that any great change would involve in the end a great war, and that discussion in order to settle questions which could only be settled by war was merely a mode of hurrying on a host of catastrophes all at once. She refused to attend; and as a Congress called without England would be simply a Congress with England as supreme arbitrator, the project fell to the ground. The resisting medium had once again deadened the force of the blow. Even in the last question of the year—the great and dangerous quarrel between the German people and Denmark—the two countries, while appearing to exchange characters, have really retained their tone. France urges Germany to action by simply remaining passive, for if she had threatened to enforce the treaty of 1852 Germany must perforce have remained quiet within her own limits. England has been active, but only in order to prevent action, inducing Denmark and threatening Germany into comparative moderation. The single object in this case also has been the Conservative one—to preserve the peace and, so far as human passions admit, to maintain things as they are.

We are not by any means sure that in this review the policy adopted by Great Britain appears to advantage beside that suggested by France. It has, indeed, one great result, which with many judgments outweighs all others—it tends to preserve the peace. Human foresight is so small, the chances of any war, however just, so infinitely great, that we are not prepared to assert this view either untenable or unjust. Had England assisted France in the matter of Poland, war might have been raging at this moment over half the world, and Europe would be in the cauldron with no statesman-Medea at hand. But apart from this grand result, the dignity of the attitude chosen by England—an attitude by which her whole strength is exhausted in merely resisting progress—is fairly open to question. Earl Russell may have been right in each individual case, and, indeed, the only doubtful one is that of interference for Poland; but the history of the year seems to indicate a principle which most certainly is not sound. That principle is resistance to change under all circumstances, but more

especially to change of which the Emperor of the French is to be the moving force. The conduct of England in refusing to intervene in the American civil war was not only wise but righteous, for intervention would even now pledge us to a crusade against freedom; but then it was not for that reason that the governing class abstained. They were willing enough to see the South triumphant would rejoice even now to see the Union divided; but any action towards that end would have given up their idea of leaving all other nations alone. It would have been "meddling" just as much as intervention for Poland, and the one case might have been used as precedent for the other. The refusal to intervene yields no proof that England is throwing herself heartily upon the side of freedom. She professes, indeed, to do it, and her people sympathize keenly with every insurrection raised upon intelligible ground. But throughout the long discussion on Poland, and the short discussion on Congress, and the strangled discussion on the Christian subjects of Turkey, her *action* has been, on the whole, unfavorable to the nationalities with whom her people claim to be in permanent alliance. France, with a despotic government, has freed Italy, would have freed Poland, and will, if we permit, free the white races now subjected to the rule of a bad Asiatic horde. England, with a free government and a people passionately anxious for the diffusion of freedom, criticised the enfranchisement of Lombardy, held back when a promise might have enfranchised Venice, resisted the liberation of Poland, and would actually go to war rather than suffer the bonds of the Christians in Turkey to be finally broken away. In many of these instances, taken separately, her statesmen have been in the right; in none, except that of Turkey, can they be proved to be in the wrong, but the whole taken together suggest a steady *drift*, which is not in accord either with our character as a Liberal power, our interests as a commercial people, or our dignity as the guardians of that tempered freedom which we alone among first-class nations for the present hour retain. Is there no policy possible which, while as free from danger as that which we now pursue, shall keep our action in straighter accord with our habitual talk? Is France always to be the power to which the hopeless look for aid, England always the power which arrests the assistance others are ready to grant? Is it our *wish* to be always prudent and peaceful and small?

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1027.—6 February, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Joshua Leavitt. Sinclair Tousey : New York.

SECESSION IN SWITZERLAND AND IN THE UNITED STATES COMPARED. By I. Watts De Peyster. Catskill Journal.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

I WALK as one who knows that he is treading
A stranger soil ;
As one round whom the world is spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered
From a sharp chain :
Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungential air ;
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is wreath-
ing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near ;
But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me down-
ward ;
Its spell is gone.
My course is now right upward and right on-
ward,
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of Time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away ;
Speed thy fair dawn of life and joy and healing,
Thou Star of Day.

For Thee, its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries ;
For Thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected,
Thy Bride still sighs,
H. BONAR.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars ?
What but death bemocking folly ?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye ;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by ;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

THE ALPINE HORN.

WHEN varying hues of parting day
O'er evening's portals faintly play,
The Alpine Horn calls far away,
Praised be the Lord.

And every hill and rock around,
As though they loved the grateful sound,
Sent back, 'mid solitudes profound,
Praised be the Lord.

Just Heaven ! has man so thankless grown,
He brings no anthems to thy throne,
When voiceless things have found a tone
To praise the Lord ?

Ah, no, for see the shepherds come,
Though hardly heard the welcome home,
From toil of day, they quickly come
To worship God.

The book that taught their hearts to bow,
And childhood's laugh and sunny brow,
All, all by them forgotten now,
In praise to God.

Kneeling the starry vaults beneath,
With spirits free as air they breathe,
Oh, pure should be their votive wreath,
Of praise to God.

How lovely such a scene must be,
When prayer and praise ascend to thee
In one glad voice of melody,
Eternal Lord.

All space thy temple, and the air
A viewless messenger to bear
Creation's universal prayer
On wings to heaven.

Oh, that for me some Alpine Horn,
Both closing eve and waking morn,
Would sound and bid my bosom scorn
The world's vain joys

Its treasured idols all resign,
That, when life's cheating hues decline,
The one undying thought be mine
To praise the Lord.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"MY BEAUTIFUL LADY."

THIS is the quaint title—and there is much in a title—of a volume of poetry, nay, we may conscientiously say a poem, which, even if less noteworthy in itself, would have been remarkable for the circumstances of its production. It is not one of the innumerable "lays," "verses," "lyrics"—the weak, crude efforts of some young scribbler thirsting for reputation, but the one work, the concentrated, deliberate labor of love, given, as the fruit of many years, by a man whose life-labor in another art has earned for him a reputation high enough to make poetical renown of very secondary value. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, has no need of the fame of a poet. And though when he leaves the chisel for the pen, he must necessarily be judged among pen-laborers, just as severely and accurately as if his marble-poems had never existed.—still it is curious to trace in this additional instance a confirmation of the fact, that genius has but one common root, and that its development into one of the three branches of the sister arts is often a mere accident. We could name many living men of mark, or whom chance alone appears to have decided whether they should be poets, artists, or musicians. And we need not go so far back as Da Vinci or Michael Angelo to find some who have excelled in all the various subdivisions into which branches that strange gift which we call the creative faculty; who have been at once painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, poets. Though, except in rarest instances, this is a fatal excellence. A man is far safer in having one single settled purpose in his life, unto which all his study, observation, and experience ought to tend. It is highly to Mr. Woolner's credit—and doubtless to the great benefit of his fame as a sculptor—that, with all this facility of versification, and the intense delight which all who read his book must be convinced the author took therein, he has allowed himself to be, rumor says, from ten to fifteen years, in perfecting, unpublished, "My Beautiful Lady."

And he has his reward. Seldom does a critic rest with such complete satisfaction on a book, which, whatever level of literary merit it may attain, cannot but be regarded as being, of its kind, a pure work of art, careful, conscientious, complete: in which

nothing is done slovenly, or erratically, or hastily. Earnest, too,—and though strictly impersonal in its character,—yet retaining the vivid impression of the author's individuality, that is, his individuality transfused through his imagination, so as to be able to generalize, concentrate, and elevate accidental fact into universal poetic truth. In plain words, no one would ever suspect Mr. Woolner of being the hero of his own poem, yet by the power which genius alone possesses, he has been able so thoroughly to identify himself with his conception, that every one who reads his pathetic story of "love which never found its earthly close," will feel at once that it is in one sense absolutely true; that sublimation of literal fact, out of which the poet creates a universal verity.

This fervent and touching realism lifts the book in some degree out of the level of ordinary criticism. Reviewers, trained and eager to dart with "flaw-seeking eyes, like needle-points," upon faulty expressions, fancied plagiarisms, tumid commonplaces, might no doubt discover such in this volume; but the mere reader, who reads for his own delight, will be carried along, heart-warm, by the mere impetus of that delight, nor pause to criticise till he has ceased to feel.

Strongly emotional—yet with both passion and fancy made subordinate to its ethical purpose, the book stands out distinctly among all poems of late years, as the deification of Love. Love, regarded neither as the "Venus Victrix" of the ancients, nor treated with the sentimental chivalry of mediæval times—or the fantastic, frivolous homage of a later age, under which lay often concealed the lowest form of the passion which can degrade manhood or insult womanhood: but love the consoler, the refiner, the purifier, the stimulator to all that is high and lovely and of good report. Love, not spread abroad among many objects—the "episode in man's life," as Byron terms it—(alas! he spoke but as he knew)—or the dream of mere fancy, like Shelly's:—

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought;"

but love, strong, human, undivided, and from its very singleness the more passionately pure;—the devotion of the individual man to the individual woman, who is to him

the essence of all womanhood, the satisfaction of all his being's need ; from whom he learns everything, and to whom he teaches everything of that secret which is the life-blood of the universe, since it flows from the heart of God himself—the Love Divine.

This doctrine, the Christian doctrine of love, is, even in our Christian times, so dimly known and believed in, that we hail thankfully one more poet, one more man, who has the strength to believe in it, and the courage to declare it. For, God knows, it is the only human gospel which in this fast corrupting age will have power to save men and elevate women. Coventry Patmore preached it in his "Angel in the House," which with all its quaintnesses and peculiarities, stands alone as the song of songs, wherein is glorified the pure passion, which, if it is to be found anywhere in the world, is to be found at our English firesides—conjugal love. And though "My Beautiful Lady" attains not that height—fate forbidding that the love of betrothal should ever become the perfect love of marriage—still it breathes throughout the same spirit. Such books as these are the best barrier against that flood of foulness which seems creeping in upon us, borne in, wave after wave, up to our English doors by the tide of foreign literature ; French novels, with their tinsel cleverness, overspreading a mass of inner corruption ; and German romances, confusing the two plain lines of right or wrong with their sophistical intellectualities and sentimental affinities : or, worse than either, being a cowardly compromise between the two, that large and daily increasing section of our own popular writing, which is called by the mild term, "sensational."

"My Beautiful Lady" is, of course, a love poem ; divided into sections—call them cantos—of varied style and rhythm, after the manner of "Maud." Nay, there are many critics who will aver that had "Maud" never been written neither would Mr. Woolner's poem. But besides the fact, that the latter was planned and partly executed before the former appeared—the differences are great enough to prevent all suspicion of plagiarism beyond a certain occasional Tennysonian ring, which pervades most of our modern verses, marking the involuntary influence of the master-poet on all the poetry of our age. It is the history of a holy, happy, mutual

love—crowned, not by fruition, but loss : yet still complete. For death, at first the ruthless divider, afterwards only perfects, into the perfectness of a noble, resigned, useful and not unhappy life this passion of the soul—which had it been a merely human passion,

"Would at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn—and expire."

The story is simplicity itself : there being no characters except the two—hero and heroine : no incidents save those of love and death. Few descriptions,—even the portrait of "My Lady" is projected, or rather reflected, less by her own corporeal identity than by the mental influence which she exercises over the imagination of her lover. Not many poets, who, while they pretend to

"—despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes,"

yet prate of them incessantly as the best realities of love, have drawn with such purely spiritual and yet vivid touches a more life-like portrait than this,—

"I love my lady, she is very fair,
Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair ;
Her spirit sits aloof and high,
But glances from her tender eye
In sweetness droopingly.

"As a young forest while the wind drives
through,
My life is stirred when she breaks on my view ;
Her beauty grants my will no choice
But silent awe, till she rejoice
My longing with her voice.

"Her warbling voice, though ever low and mild,
Oft makes me feel as strong wine would a child ;
And though her hand be very light
Of touch, it moves me with its might,
As would a sudden fright.

"A hawk, high poised in air, whose nerved
wing-tips
Tremble with might suppressed, before he dips,
In vigilance, scarce more intense
Than I, when her voice holds my sense
Contented in suspense.

"Her mention of a thing, august or poor,
Makes it far nobler than it was before ;
As where the sun strikes life will gush,
And what is pale receives a flush,
Rich hues, a richer blush."

Such a woman, we feel, was worthy of the following poem, or rather psalm, of lover-like rapture over the love won :—

"DAWN.

"O lily, with the sun of heaven's
Prime splendor on thy breast,

My scattered passions toward thee run,
Poising to awful rest.

“ The darkness of our universe
Smothered my soul in night :
Thy glory shone ; whereat the curse
Passed molten into light.

“ Raised over envy, freed from pain,
Beyond the storms of chance,
Blest king of my own world I reign,
Controlling circumstance.”

“ Noon ” and “ Night ”—two other carols
—rich and rosy with the atmosphere of full
delight and contented love, carry forward the
story through its brief sunshine into the
shadow of the fate which is to come. “ Her
Garden ” gives the first sign :—

“ In walking forth, I felt with vague alarm
Heavier than wont her pressure on my arm,
As through morn’s fragrant air we sought what
harm
That eastern wind’s despite had done the gar-
den’s growth,
Where much lay dead or languished low for
drouth.

“ Her own parterre was bounded by a red
Old buttressed wall of brick, moss-broidered,
Where grew, mid pink and azure plots, a bed
Of shining lilies, intermixed in wondrous light—
She called them ‘ Radiant spirits robed in white.’
* * * * *

“ My Lady dovelike to the lily went,
Took in curved palms a cup, and forward leant,
Deep draining to the gold its dreamy scent.
(I see her now, pale beauty, as she bending
stands,
The wind-worn blossom resting in her hands.)

“ Then slowly rising, she in gazing trance
Affrayed, long pored on vacancy. A glance
Of chilly splendor tinged her countenance,
And told the saddened truth that stress of blight-
ing weather
Had made her lilies and My Lady droop to-
gether.”

“ Tolling Bell ” is beautiful, despite some
jarring faults, an exaggeration of diction, and
a didactic lengthiness. Both matter and
style should have been perfectly simple, with
that solemn severity of art which Tennyson
indicates when he says,—

“ In words, like weeds, I’ll wrap me o’er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is felt in outline and no more.”

The lover has come to see his mistress, who
has recovered from temporary illness, but is
still under the warning shadow which fore-
tells her slow-advancing doom :—

“ I watched in awkward wonder for a time
While there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,
And looked a bird of Paradise
Languid from the traversed skies.

“ A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile. Strange I
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly
When love alarmed and challenged sympathy:
Unnerved in chills of creeping fear,
Danger surely threatening near.

“ I shrank from searching the abyss I felt
Yawned by : whose verge voluptuous blossoms
belt
With dazzling hues. She speaks ! I fall and
melt,
One sacred moment drawn to rest,
Deeply weeping on her breast.
* * * * *

“ Our visions met, when pityingly she flung
Her passionate arms about me, kissing clung,
Close kisses, stifling kisses, till each wrung,
With welded mouths, the other’s bliss
Out in one long sighing kiss.

“ Love-flower that burst in kisses and sweet tears,
Scattering its roseate dream-flakes, disappears
In cold truth ; for loud, with brazen jeers,
That bell’s toll, clanging in my brain
Beat me, loath, to earth again.”

Finely painted, with a pencil of awful re-
ality, is the man’s agony of despair, stung
by the woman’s resignation into impious
outreries against Providence, and even bitter
reproaches against herself, until he is calmed
by the angelic calm of the loving spirit al-
ready bound for the

“ desolation, dark, unknown,
Whose limits, stretched from mortal sight,
Touch the happy hills of light.”

The description of his yet unconquerable
anguish, of her soothing, of their peaceful
reading together, of the temporary parting ;
after which, crushed by the sense of what is
coming upon him, he rushes out in the wild
night, wandering yearly, he “ knew not
where,” till morning ;—all this it is nearly
impossible to criticise. One’s cool appraise-
ment of the literary value of the poetry sinks
dumb before the pathetic human-ness of
the subject. We follow the story through
three more portions—“ Will-o’-the-Wisp,”
“ Given Over,” “ Storm,” to “ My Lady in
Death ;” of which it is the highest tribute
that can be paid to the author to say that its
intense reality almost makes us feel, in read-
ing, as if we had no right to read—or he to
write of such things. It commences thus :—

"All is but colored show. I look
Up through the green hues shed
By leaves above my head,
And feel its inmost worth forsook
My being when she died.
This heart, now hot and dried,
Halts, as the parched course where a brook
Mid flowers was wont to flow,
Because her life is now
No more than stories in a printed book.

"Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
Clay cold, and sadly still
My happy face felt thrill.
How much her dear, dear mouth expressed !
And now are closed and set
Lips that my own have met :
Her eyelids by the damp earth pressed,
Damp earth weighs on her eyes,
Damp earth shuts out the skies.
My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

"To see her high perfection sweep
The favored earth, as she
With welcoming palms met me !
How can I but recall and weep ?
Her hands' light charm was such
Care vanished at their touch.
Her feet spared little things that creep ;
'For stars are not,' she'd say,
'More wonderful than they.'
And now she sleeps her heavy, heavy sleep."

His fancy then recalls two scenes—one, than
which few poets have written a sweeter, of
the lovers sitting together, in the hush of a
summer wood, fondly anticipating their near-
at-hand marriage-day;—the other, the day of
death, while "My Lady's" soul departs—

"Oblivion struck me like a mace,
And as a tree that's hewn
I dropped in a dead swoon,
And lay a long time cold upon my face.

"Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate
Pressed down with its whole weight.
My sense came back, and, shivering o'er,
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen, cruel glare,—
Which shone not warm as heretofore,—
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze.
No more, no more ; oh, never any more."

After this comes to the lover the death-in-
life, the mortal torpor of loss, followed by
that desperate craving for some token of love
beyond the grave, out of whose awful silence
proceeds no answer, until at last the voice of
Divine Mercy, speaking through a vision,
conjured up in the night-time beside "My
Lady's" moonlit grave, convinces the be-
reaved heart through the strength of its own
love, of the immortality of that for which it

mourns and craves. The lover is thereby
taught the lesson of reproof and submission,
that, softened by the chastisement of pain,
he may stretch out in the higher life where
Love is sublimed into Duty, and Hope loses
itself in faith—"the evidence of things not
seen."

A subject so noble would raise even the
plainest prose to a certain level of poetry—
while the highest poetry would scarcely be
commensurate with the grandeur of the theme.
When we say that in "My Lady's Voice
from Heaven" Mr. Woolner has failed in
making his execution equal to his conception,
it is only saying that he failed where almost
any poet, save a Dante or a Milton, would
have failed. Nevertheless, the moral beauty
of the whole, and the artistic beauty of the
fragments, compensate for a degree of disap-
pointment which the reader feels in what
should have been the climax of the poem.
Something of this may be owing to the stiff,
short lilt of the rhythm, and to a certain
aroma, so to speak, which reminds one of the
"Poet's Vow" of Mrs. Browning. Yet it
has exquisite passages. Witness this, when
the lover is sitting by the midnight tomb:—

"—A wind came, blown o'er distant sheaves,
That, hissing, tore and lashed the leaves,
And lashed the undergrowth.

"It roared and howled, it raged about
With some determined aim ;
And storming up the night, brought out
The moon, that, like a happy shout,
Called forth My Lady's name,

"In sudden splendor on the stone ;
Then, for an instant, I
Snatched and heaped up my past, bestrown
With hopes and kisses, struggling moan,
And pangs : as suddenly,

"Oppressed with overwhelming weight
Down fell the edifice ;
When touched as by the hand of Fate
My gloom was gone. I felt my state
So light, I sobbed for bliss."

Part III. of "My Beautiful Lady" con-
sists of two blank-verse poems, "Years After"
and "Work." The first, supposed to be
written ten years subsequent to "My Lady's"
death, contains tender memory-pictures of
her home, her parents, her own childhood
and maidenhood, her sweet household words
and ways. It seems as if grief—as grief
often will do—had gone backward with a
desperate leap over the chasm of despair into
the pleasant fields of fond remembrance,

where love in fancy could still walk hand in hand with the lost beloved, and feel no more anything of the past, except love. And in the last poem, “Work,” shines out the final sanctification of all this anguish—the wisdom won out of sorrow, the large patience and universal loving-kindness taught by the bitterness of personal pain. Duty, endurance, faith—all these hidden seeds of eternal life which never spring up in the human heart till the rough ploughshare of affliction has passed over it—arise in the heart of this man, to make green and lovely the existence that was once so black and bare.

Amidst much to the same purport towards the close, he speaks as follows:—

“I, craving gracious aid of Heaven, straightway
Began the work which shall be mine till death.
And if ’tis granted that I may disroot
Some evil deeds, or plant a seed which time
Shall nourish to a tree of pleasant shade,
To wearied limbs a boon, and fair to view—
I then shall know the hand that struck me down
Has been my guide unto the paths of truth.
And she, my lost adored one, where is she?
Where has she been throughout these dragging
years
Of labor!

She has been my light of life!
The lustrous dawn and radiance of the day
At noon—and she has burned the colors in
To richer depths across the sun at setting;
And my tired lips she closes; then, in dreams,
Descends a shaft of glory barred with stairs,
And leads my spirit up where I behold
My dear ones lost. And thus through sleep,
not death,
Remote from earthly cares and vexing jars,
I taste the stillness of the life to come.”

Thus, in that peaceful completeness,—which should be the aim and crown of all true poetry, of all imaginative writing of every sort,—closes “My Beautiful Lady.” It is its highest praise. No poet—no author of any kind—has a right to torture the world with his own distempered fancies, useless griefs, unsatisfied doubts, and unrepented sins. We all suffer alike, we that sing and we that are dumb; let none of us add the weight of his own, wantonly, to his brother’s burden. The genius which, so far from striving with the clear-eyed power which genius especially possesses,—

“To justify the ways of God to men,”

—by its own wilfulness seeks to involve them in double darkness—has been false to the highest gift which God can bestow. Therefore, above many greater and more perfect poets, do we rate this poet, because, in this sense, he has been true to his divine calling. Being—as all real authors are—a creator, he has created not a monster, but a man; a human shape, complete, pure, noble, and lifelike, as one of his own marble images. Whether he ever writes another book or not,—perhaps, genius itself having its limits of power, and art being long, and life short, he had better not,—it may henceforward be truthfully said of Thomas Woolner, “that he can do two things—he can make a statue, and he can make a poem.”

THE Pope has fraternized with Mr. Jefferson Davis. Whether or not he has formally recognized him, it does not appear; but in answering Mr. Davis’s letter, he has, at least, given him his full title of “Illustrious and Honorable President.” Mr. Davis appears to have written in September to the Pope, to thank his Holiness for a letter to the Archbishop of New Orleans, in which profound grief was expressed for the civil war in America. The Southern President catches at this expression, and declares to the Holy Father that the Southerners only wish “to live in peace under the protection of our own institutions and under our laws, which not only ensure to every one the enjoyment of his temporal rights, but also the free exercise of his religion.” This calm ignoring of the negro, as practically no one, seems to have pleased the Pope, who hopes, in

reply, “it may please God to make the other rulers” of America reflect seriously “how terrible is civil war.” There is a grim humor in this declaration on the part of the author of the civil war, the one man who has the chief moral responsibility of it,—that he is as anxious for peace as the successor of St. Peter himself,—if he can get it *on his own terms*. If it has taken in Pio Nono, it must be owing to the very great similarity in the political position of the two potentates, who are both anxious for slavery (of different kinds), and both of opinion that to give up the right to enslave is to give up the only true value of freedom. It is a bad omen for the South that the Pontiff, himself long alienated from the free Italian people, goes forth first to welcome it into the brotherhood of spiritual oppressors.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MIND AND THE BODY.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

ONCE among other tenants at will upon earth,
Dwelt a Mind of high rank, very proud of his
birth,
With a Body, who, though a good Body enough,
When his feelings were hurt, was inclined to be
rough ;
Now that Mind and that Body, for many a day,
Lived as what we called friends in a cold sort of
way ;
For the very best friends, though the sons of one
mother,
Cool in friendship by seeing too much of each
other.
At length, just as time should have softened their
tether,
And they had not much longer to rub on together,
Many trifles occurred that they differed about,
And engendered the rancor which thus they spoke
out :—
Quoth the Mind to the Body, " Attend to me, sir ;
At whate'er I propose, must you always demur ?
Rouse up, and look lively—we want something
new—
Just the weather for travel—let's start for Peru.
Ha ! there you sit, languidly, sipping your sago ! "

THE BODY.

I'm forced to remind you I've got the lumbago.

THE MIND.

O ye gods, what a wrench ! softly, softly ! lie
still—
I abandon Peru ; take your anodyne pill.
Somewhat eased by the pill and a warm fomen-
tation,
The Body vouchsafed to the Mind—meditation.
Now the calmness with which sound philosophers
scan ills,
Depends, at such times, very much on hot flan-
nels.
Mused the Mind : " How can Matter stretch Me
on the rack ?
Why should Mind feel lumbago ? Has Mind got
a back ?
I could write something new on that subject, I
think,—
Would it hurt you, my Body, to give me the
ink ? "

THE BODY.

At your old tricks again ! Let me rest in my
bed.
Metaphysics indeed ! pleasant nuts for my head.
Ah, beware of yourself ! If its rage you pro-
voke,
That head could demolish the Mind with a stroke.

THE MIND.

Grim thought to have scared Mr. Addison's Cato,
When he sat in his dressing-gown reading his
Plato !

Does Man nurse in his head an electric torpedo,
Whose stroke could have hurled into rubbish the
" Phædo " ?

Vile Body ! thou tyrant ! thou worse than a Turk !
If I must be thy slave—then, at least, let me
work,

For in labor we lose the dull sense of our chain ;
But I cannot even think without leave of thy
brain.

Well, well ! since it must be, I tamely submit.
How now do you feel ? less inclined for a fit ?
That is well ! come, cheer up ! though you are a
vile Body,
Let me cherish and comfort you !—Ring for the
toddly.

Then the Body, though not without aid of the
Mind,
Raised himself on his elbow, and gravely re-
joined :—

THE BODY.

O my Mind ! it is well said by Sappho—at least
So she says in Grillparzer *—that you are a beast,
And the worst of all beasts ; other sins she com-
pares
To hyenas and wolves, lions, tigers, and bears ;
But the snake is Ingratitude !—you are ungrate-
ful,
And are thus of all beasts of the field the most
hateful.
Rememberest thou, wretch, with no pang of re-
morse,
How I served thy least whim in the days of my
force ?
When thy thoughts through my ear, touch and
taste, scent and sight,
Wandered forth for the food which they found in
delight ;
When my youth crowned thee king of Hope's
boundless domains,
And thy love warmed to life from the glow of my
veins.
And what my return ? overtaken, overborne,
And alike by thy pains and thy pleasures out-
worn,
Thou hast made me one ache from the sole to the
crown ;
Thank thyself, cruel rider, thy steed founders
down !

Now, ere the Mind's answer I duly report,
It becomes me to say that in camp and in court,
In senate and college, this Body and Mind,
Clubbed up in one whole, by one title defined,
Were called " A Great Man."

With excusable pride,
The Mind, looking down on the Body replied :—

THE MIND.

View thy pains as the taxes exacted by glory,
What's this passage through life to a passage in
story ?

* " Die andern Laster, alle
Hyanen, Lowen, Tiger, Wolfe, sind's
Der Undank ist die Schlange ! "

—Grillparzer's " Sappho."

I have made thee one ache from the sole to the crown,
Be it so !
And the recompense? Priceless : Renown.

THE BODY.

Hang renown ! Horrid thing, more malign to a Body
Than that other strong poison you offered me—toddy.
By renown in my teens I was snatched from my cricket,
To be sent to the wars, where I served as a wicket.
And there your first step in renown crippled me,
By the ball you invited to fracture my knee.

THE MIND.

Well, I cannot expect you to sympathize much
With the Mind's noble longings—

THE BODY.

To limp on a crutch ?

THE MIND.

But battles and bullets don't come every day—
You owe me some pleasant things more in your way ;
For the joys of the sense are by culture refined,
And the Body's a guest in the feasts of the Mind.
Recall'st thou the banquets vouchsafed thee to share,
When the wine was indeed the Unbinder of Care ;
In which Genius and Wisdom, invited by Mirth,
Laid aside their grand titles as rulers of earth ;
And, contented awhile our familiars to sit,
Genius came but as Humor, and Wisdom as Wit ?
Recall'st thou those nights ?

THE BODY.

Well recall them I may !

Yes, the nights might be pleasant ; but then—
their Next Day ;
And, as Humor and Wit should have long since found out,
The Unbinder of Care is the Giver of Gout.
Yet you've injured me less with good wine and good cooks
Than with those horrid banquets you made upon books.
Every hint my poor nerves could convey to you scorning,
Interdicted from sleep till past three in the morning,
While you were devouring the trash of a college,
And my blood was made thin with crude apples of knowledge.
To dry morsels of Kant, undigested, I trace
Through the maze of my ganglions the tic in my face :
And however renowned your new theory on Light is,
Its effect upon me was my chronic gastritis.

Talk of Nature's wise laws, learn from Nature's lawgiver,
That the first law to man is, "Take care of your liver !"

But I have not yet done with your boasted renown,
'Tis the nuisance all Bodies of sense should put down.

Where a Mind is renowned, there a Body's dyspeptic—

Even in youth Julius Cæsar made *his* epileptic.
The carbuncular red of renowned Cromwell's nose

Explains his bad nights : what a stomach it shows !

Who more famed than they two ? Perhaps great Alexander :

But would I be his body ? I'm not such a gander.

When I think on the numberless pains-and distresses

His small body endured from his great mind's excesses,

All its short life exposed to heat, cold, wounds, and slaughter,

Its march into Ind—not a drop of good water ;
Its enlargement of spleen—shown by rages at table,

Till it fell, easy prey, to malaria at Babel ;—
Could his mind come to earth, its old pranks to repeat

Once more, as that plague, Alexander the Great,
And in want of a body propose to take me,
My strength rebestowed and my option left free,
I should say, as a body of blood, flesh, and bones,
Before I'd be his, I'd be that of John Jones.
Enough ! to a mortal no curse like renown !

Here, shifting his flannels, he groaned and sank down.

Now, on hearing the Body complain in this fashion,

The Mind became seized with fraternal compassion ;

And although at that moment he felt very keenly
The sting of his pride to be rated so meanly,
So much had been said which he felt to be true
In a common-sense, bodily, plain point of view,
That it seemed not beneath him to meet the complaint

By confessing his sins—in the tone of a saint.

THE MIND.

Yes, I cannot deny that I merit your blame—
I have sinned against you in my ardor for fame ;
Yet even such sins you would see, my poor Body,
In a much milder light had you taken that toddy.
But are all of my acts to be traced to one cause ?
Have I strained your quick nerves for no end but applause ?

Do not all sages say that the Mind cannot hurt you

If it follow the impulse unerring of virtue ?

And how oft, when most lazy, I've urged you to step on,

And attain the pure air of the moral TO PREPON !

Let such thoughts send your blood with more
warmth through its channels,
Wrap yourself in my virtues, and spurn those
moist flannels!

THE BODY.

Ho! your virtues! I thank you for nothing,
my Mentor,
I'd as soon wrap my back in the shirt of the
Centaur.
What the Mind calls a virtue too oft is a sin,
To be shunned by a Body that values his skin.
Pray, which of your virtues most tickles your
vanity?

THE MIND.

The parent and queen of all virtues—Humanity.

THE BODY.

And of all human virtues I've proved it to be
The vice most inhumanly cruel to me.
Scarcely three weeks ago, when, seduced by fine
talk
Of your care for my health, I indulged in a walk,
On a sudden you stop me—a house is in flames;
It was nothing to me had it burned up the
Thames,
But you hear a shrill cry—"Save the child in
the attic!"
You forget, thanks to you, that I've long been
rheumatic,
And to rescue that brat, who was no child of
mine,
Up the Alp of a ladder you hurry my spine.
Thus, as Cassio was stabbed from behind by Iago,
Vile assassin, you plunged in my back—this
lumbago.
That was, I believe, your last impulse of virtue!

THE MIND.

In improving myself must I ever then hurt you?
Must your wheels for their clock-work be rendered
unfit,
If made slower by wisdom or quicker by wit?
Is the test of all valor the risk of your bones,
And the height of philosophy scorn for your
groans?
Must the Mind in its strife give the Body no quar-
ter,
And where one would be saint must the other be
martyr?
Alas, it is true! and that truth proves, O brother!
That we two were not meant to live long with each
other.
But forgive me the past; what both *now* want
is—quiet:
Henceforth, I'll concentrate my thoughts on your
diet;
And, at least, till the term of companionship
ends,
Let us patch up our quarrels and try to be
friends.

Then the Body let fall the two words, in men's
fate
And men's language the fullest of sorrow—"Too
late!"
He paused and shed tears—then resumed: "I
can see
Nothing left for myself but revenge upon thee."
He spake—gout, lumbago, and tic rebeegan,
Till both Body and Mind fell asleep—A Great
Man!
Thus the feud once declared, was renewed unre-
lenting.
Still the Mind proudly braved the avenger's tor-
menting;
And whenever he could coax from his jailor, the
gout,
The loan of two feet to walk stately out,
The crowd's reverent gaze on his limp and his
crutch,
And the murmur, "There goes the Great Man,"
soothed him much.
"Ache, O body!" he said, "from the sole to
the crown;
Ever young with the young blooms the life of
renown."
How long this stern struggle continued, who
knows?
'Tis the record of Mind that biography shows;
Even German professors still leave in dark ques-
tion
The most critical dates in a Caesar's digestion.
At length a door oped in the valves of the heart,
Through which the Mind looked and resolved to
depart.
Bending over the Body, he whispered, "Good-
night!"
And then, kissing the lids, stole away with the
light.
So at morning the Body lay cold in his bed,
And the news went through London, "The Great
Man is dead!"
Now the Mind—like a young bird, whose wings
newly given,
Though they lift it from earth, soar not yet into
heaven—
Still hovering around the old places he knew,
Kept this world, like the wrack of a dream, in
his view.
But strange to relate—that which most had con-
soled,
Or rejoiced him to think would remain in his
hold
As a part of himself, the Immortal,—renown—
Seemed extinct as the spark when a rocket drops
down.
Of senates disputing, of battle-fields gory,
Of story and glory and odes laudatory,
He could not have thought less had he been a
John Doree.
Much amazed, he beholds all the pomps they be-
stow
On that Body so long his most pitiless foe;
With the plate on the coffin, the wreaths on the
bier,
And the scholar explaining in Latin severe,
That he lived for all races, and died to lie Here.
Saith the Mind, "What on earth are those boo-
bies about?"

hat black box but contains my lumbago and
gout.
Why such pomps to my vilest tormentor assigned,
and what has that black box to do with this
Mind?
Mark! They talk of a statue!—of what? not of
me?
Can they think that my likeness in marble can
be?
As the Mind got a nose, and a mouth, and a
chin?
Is this Mind the old fright which that Body has
been?
Is it civil to make me the marble *imago*
of the gone incarnation of gout and lumbago?”
Thus the Mind. While the Body, as if for pre-
ferment,
goes in state through the crowd to his place of
interment.
The clemn princes and peers head the gorgeous pro-
cession.
March the mutes—mourning best, for they mourn
by profession;
And so many grand folks, in so many grand car-
riages,
Were not seen since the last of our royal love-
marriages.
A little time more; the black box from men’s
eyes,
Has sunk under the stone door inscribed “Here
he lies!”
And the princes and peers who had borne up the
pall—
Undertakers, spectators, dean, chapter, and all—
Leave the church safely locked all alone with its
tombs,
And the heir takes the lawyer to lunch in his
rooms;
And each lesser great man in the party he’d led,
Thinks, “An opening for me, now the Great Man
is dead!”
And the chief of the other wrong half of the na-
tion
Sheds a tear o’er the notes of a funeral oration;
For the practice of statesmen (and long may it
thrive!)
Is to honor their foes—when no longer alive.
In short, every Man—save the Man who knows
Town—
Would have said for three days, “This is lasting
renown!”
But of lasting renown one so soon becomes weary—
The most lasting I know of is that of Dundreary.
Now the Mind having done with our world’s
men and things,
High o’er all that know death poised the joy of
his wings;

Every moment from light gaining strength more
and more,
Every moment more filled with the instinct to
soar,
Till he sees, through a new sense of glory, his
goal,
And is rapt to the gates which Mind enters as
Soul.

“ADSUM.”

DECEMBER 23-4, 1863.

“And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar,
sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his
head a little and quickly said, ‘Adsum!’ and fell
back.”—*The Newcomes*.

I.

The Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down!)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until It reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep:
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear:
He never turned his head,
But answered, “I am here.”

II.

Into the night they went.
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide;
Where grand old Homer sits,
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakspeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
“Art thou become like us?”
He answered, “I am here.”

—Round Table

From The Reader.

MR. KIRK'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk. Two Volumes. Murray.*

THE most prominent character of the fifteenth century, and perhaps, indeed, of the Middle Ages since Charlemagne, is Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Had not death put an early end to his career, history would probably have immortalized him as the founder of a powerful empire. The attention of posterity has been so attracted to the romantic side of his life that we have not until now possessed a standard history of his eventful reign. Philippe de Commynes, Gachard, Michelet, and many others, have failed to grasp the entire *ensemble* of the life of this hero of his age.

The difficulty of unravelling the accumulation of documentary evidence, and of examining the fruits of critical researches, has become very considerable. Mr. John Foster Kirk has therefore undertaken no easy task in preparing a complete history of Charles the Bold. His rivalry with Louis XI. formed one of the most conspicuous features of his career, requiring much patient investigation on the part of the historian. It was a contest such as writers of romance delight in depicting. At every wily endeavor to seize the reins of power, the French monarch found himself confronted by the mailed figure of his haughty vassal; and, on the other hand, wherever the daring projects of Charles were at work, there was he sure to feel the undermining and counteracting influence of his enemy.

Mr. Kirk opens his narrative with an impressive description of the disastrous results of the murder of the Duke of Orleans by John the Fearless, and of the civil war between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs—or, rather, we may say, the total anarchy which drove the peasantry in despair to seek refuge in the forests, exclaiming that “surely the devil was taking possession of the earth.” Not only were the villages and lands almost depopulated, but the desolation in the towns was even greater. An eye-witness states that, in the summer of 1418, the Armagnacs having been defeated in Paris, “il n’y avait pas de

rue où il n’y eut des meurtres; les cadavres gisaient en tas dans la boue. Le Dimanche 29 Mai, seulement, 522 hommes trouvèrent une mort violente dans les rues, sans compter ceux tués dans les maisons.” Famine soon followed war, and both generated pestilence. These dramatic scenes, and the assassination of John the Fearless on the bridge of Montereau, twelve years after the murder of the Duke of Orleans, are powerfully narrated by the author. At length Philip the Good, father of Charles the Bold, made peace with France, and the king, for the restoration of order and discipline, created, for the first time in Europe, a standing army.

In 1433 our hero was born at Dijon, and exhibited, even in infancy, the violence and impetuosity of his temper. He received a princely education, and acquired a much larger share of learning than usually falls to the lot of his equals in rank. We are glad to observe that Mr. Kirk, in this part of his work, takes the opportunity of exposing the deviations from the truth, and even the distortion of historical facts, of which Sir Walter Scott is guilty in his novel of “*Quentin Durward*,” where he attributes to Charles the Bold precisely those vices from which he was altogether free, and gives a false coloring to the whole period.

Two years after the marriage of Charles the Bold with Isabella of Bourbon, there arrived at the court of Brussels (1456) a fugitive from France, barely seventeen years of age, who was afterwards to be Louis XI. and the bitterest enemy of the Duke of Burgundy upon whose bounty he now lived for five years. At the death of Charles VII., the duke accompanied the new King of France with a triumphal procession of three thousand or four thousand men, to Rheims, where Louis was to be crowned. Philip the Good with his son Charles, and the nobles of the court, appeared in great splendor, preceded and followed by pages, archers, and men-at-arms, all in gorgeous costumes and blazing with jewelry. The coronation, and the festivities that followed, read more like a fairy tale than a page of history; but the author is careful to refer us continually to his authorities. A visit made somewhat later by the King of France to Philip, at his castle of Hesden, affords a very amusing picture of that favorite residence of the Burgundian sovereign.

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"By a stranger who accidentally found himself within its walls it might have been mistaken for the haunt of whimsical and malicious genii. Its principal gallery was a complete museum of *diableries*, being secretly surrounded by ingenious mechanical contrivances for putting into operation the broadest possible jokes. The unsuspecting visitor found himself performing, quite involuntarily, the part of Pantaloon. If he laid his hand upon any article of furniture he was saluted with a shower of spray, besmeared with soot, bepowdered with flour. When a numerous company was assembled, the ceiling, painted and gilded in imitation of the tarry sky, would be suddenly overcast; a now-storm followed, or a torrent of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The water even ascended by fountains through the floor for the especial discomfort of the ladies. The guests, attempting to escape, only plunged into fresh embarrassments. If they sought egress by the door, they had to cross a trap which, being suddenly withdrawn, dropped them into a bath, or into a large sack filled with feathers. If they opened a window, they were blinded with jets of water, and the aperture closed again with a violent noise. Meanwhile they were pursued by masked figures who pelted them with little balls, or belabored them with sticks. A full description of these *ouvrages de joyeuseté et plaisance*, as they are termed, have been given by the inventor himself, *Colart le Voleur*."

In June, 1467, the Duke Philip the Good breathed his last, after having raised the Netherlands to a height of prosperity that was the envy of the world. His remains were deposited in the church of Saint Donatus at Bruges. Thither they were borne at night amid the blaze of sixteen hundred torches. More than a score of prelates officiated at the obsequies. The heralds broke their batons above the bier, and proclaimed in doleful tones that Philip, duke of four duchies, count of seven counties, lord of innumerable lordships, was dead. Then, raising their voices to the loftiest pitch, they cried, "Long live Charles, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, of Limbourg, and of Luxembourg; Count of Flanders, of Artois, of Burgundy, of Hainault, of Holland, of Zealand, and of Namur; Marquis of the Holy Empire, lord of Friesland," etc., etc. The multitude that thronged the church responded with a jubilant acclaim. Thus, at the age of thirty-three, Charles the Bold came into possession of an inheritance unsurpassed by any prince

in Christendom. This closes the first book of Mr. Kirk's History, replete with details of the highest interest, drawn from sources very little known to English readers.

In the first four chapters of the second book, after having given a long and vivid description of the prosperity of the country, the author rivets the attention by pictures of the court and household of Charles of Burgundy—his mode of government, and the development of his stern and implacable character.

A little more than a year had elapsed since the death of Philip when Charles solemnized his marriage at Bruges with the Princess Margaret of York. She arrived at the Flemish port of Sluys with a fleet of sixteen vessels, commanded by the Lord High Admiral of England. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary splendor, and the festivities were kept up for more than a week with unabated vivacity. The alliance by marriage with England was ominous to the French king, who made an appeal to the nation, and for the first time in France summoned the representatives of the different classes of his subjects, with the intent of submitting his measures for their deliberation and advice. With the duplicity natural to his character, Louis, while he accepted an interview with the Duke Charles at Peroune, plotted against him at Liège. This so enraged Charles that the king was momentarily kept in captivity, and his fate was in suspense for many days. The duke at last, however, decided upon the measure which was at once the most politic and the least criminal. The famous treaty of Peroune was signed by both parties, and the two princes set out together to crush the rebellion at Liège. The fate of the city was appalling. The inhabitants were massacred without pity—no lives were spared. With the exception of churches and monasteries, the whole town was destroyed by fire, and the ruins levelled with the ground. The chastisement of the rebels of Liège was followed by the punishment of the citizens of Ghent, who had mortally offended the duke on the occasion of his *Joyous entry* into their town.

These severe measures produced a deep impression on the people, and made them look upon the new sovereign as the most powerful and the most redoubtable in Christendom. The reign of Charles the Bold divides itself

naturally into two periods. During the first he is chiefly engaged in attempts to undermine the French monarchy; in the second he is occupied in unceasing endeavors to establish a power which should rival, and even rise superior, to the kingdom of France. The last years of the fifteenth century are universally recognized as teeming with remarkable events—the starting-point, in fact, of modern, in contradistinction to mediæval, history. The struggle which preceded this epoch is vividly reflected in every phase of the ambitious and warlike career of Charles the Bold. His history forms a vantage-ground from which a wider survey can be made of the internal affairs of foreign states than is to be obtained from any other point; and it is chiefly on this account that the present work excites a greater degree of interest than the life of any other sovereign, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Charlemagne.

It was with something of the splendor of this last-named monarch that the Duke of Burgundy made his entry into the venerable city of Trèves, on the 30th September, 1473. He had been promised irrevocably, and for life, the appointment of vicar-general of the whole empire, and also his elevation to the throne on the death of the existing emperor, Frederic.

“The avenue and streets were densely crowded with spectators, curious to behold the far-famed splendors of the Burgundian court, and to scan the features of a prince whose character and actions had produced so deep an impression on the mind of the contemporaries. He rode side by side with the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Over his armor of polished steel he wore a short mantle so thickly sprinkled with diamonds, rubies, and other gems that its cost was estimated at not less than two hundred thousand gold crowns. He carried in his hand a velvet hat, on the front of which blazed a diamond of inestimable price, while his jewelled helmet was borne behind him by a page. His horse, a famous black steed of incomparable strength and beauty, was equipped in warlike harness, but covered with caparisons of violet and gold that descended to the ground. The emperor, arrayed with sufficient magnificence, in a long robe of cloth of gold bordered with pearls, and worn in the Turkish fashion, presented in other respects a striking contrast to his proud and powerful vassel. Age had

somewhat bent his form, but added nothing to the dulness of an eye always expressive of indolence, timidity, and incapacity; of a character, in short, ludicrously ill-adapted to his position at the head of Christendom. The purple, though it concealed his distorted foot,—the result of a disease said to have been contracted by his inveterate and lazy habit of kicking open every door through which he wished to pass,—could not hide his vulgar features, vulgar manners, and slothful intellect. Never, say the describers of this scene, though very familiar with the pomps and pageants of the age, had there ever been witnessed such a blazing of gold, such a sparkling of gems, such a flaunting of damask and velvets of the richest hues and costliest texture, such a prancing of steeds and waving of banners, until the eye was dazzled by the continuous stream of confused magnificence. France and the whole of Western Germany were in a fever of speculation, for they expected that soon Charles would be solemnly crowned at Trèves, and placed at the head of a Burgundian monarchy. Indeed, the diadem, sceptre, and other regalia were no longer mere air-drawn visions, but had taken tangible shapes under the hands of skilful workmen.”

Mr. Kirk proceeds to describe in an admirable style, unsurpassed in the best pages of Prescott, how all these bright prospects fell to the ground, and were defeated by the intrigues of Louis XI. and the weakness of the Emperor Frederic.

The league against Burgundy was a masterly stroke, and prepared with great political skill by the King of France. On the 25th October, 1474, the magistrates and people of the communities constituting the great confederacy of Upper Germany, proclaimed themselves the enemies of Charles the Bold. The message was secured to the herald's staff in the usual manner, by being inserted in a split at one extremity. Its concluding words stated that “this declaration was with purpose to execute it whether in attack or defence, in the day or in the night, by slaying, by burning, by plundering, and by all other customary methods, whereof he was required to take notice.” With this open defiance Mr. Kirk ends the second volume of his work. We impatiently await the third, which must contain matter of even deeper interest than the foregoing volumes.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

TONY IN TOWN.

DAY followed day, and Tony Butler heard nothing from the minister. He went down each morning to Downing Street, and interrogated the austere doorkeeper, till at length there grew up between that grim official and himself a state of feeling little short of hatred.

"No letter?" would say Tony.

"Look in the rack," was the answer.

"Is this sort of thing usual?"

"What sort of thing?"

"The getting no reply for a week or eight days?"

"I should say it is very usual with certain people."

"What do you mean by certain people?"

"Well, the people that don't have answers to the letters, nor aint likely to have them."

"Might I ask you another question?" said Tony, lowering his voice, and fixing a very quiet but steady look on the other.

"Yes, if it's a short one."

"It's a very short one. Has no one ever kicked you for your impertinence?"

"Kicked *me*—kicked *me*, sir!" cried the other, while his face became purple with passion.

"Yes," resumed Tony, mildly; "for let me mention it to you in confidence, it's the last thing I mean to do before I leave London."

"We'll see about this, sir, at once," cried the porter, who rushed through the inner door, and tore up-stairs like a madman. Tony meanwhile brushed some dust off his coat with a stray clothes-brush near, and was turning to leave the spot, when Skeffington came hurriedly towards him, trying to smother a fit of laughter that would not be repressed.

"What's all this, Butler?" said he. "Here's the whole office in commotion. Willis is up with the chief clerk and old Baynes, telling them that you drew a revolver, and threatened his life, and swore if you hadn't an answer by to-morrow at twelve, you'd blow Sir Harry's brains out."

"It's somewhat exaggerated. I had no revolver, and never had one. I don't intend any violence beyond kicking that fellow, and I'll not do even that if he can manage to be commonly civil."

"The Chief wishes to see this gentleman up-stairs for a moment," said a pale, sickly youth to Skeffington.

"Don't get flurried. Be cool, Butler, and say nothing that can irritate—mind that," whispered Skeffington, and stole away.

Butler was introduced into a spacious room, partly office, partly library, at the fireplace of which stood two men, a short and a shorter. They were wonderfully alike in externals, being each heavy-looking, white-complexioned, serious men, with a sort of dreary severity of aspect, as if the spirit of domination had already begun to weigh down even themselves.

"We have been informed," began the shorter of the two, in a slow, deliberate voice, "that you have grossly outraged one of the inferior officers of this department; and although the case is one which demands and shall have, the attention of the police authorities, we have sent for you—Mr. Brand and I—to express our indignation,—eh, Brand?" added he, in a whisper.

"Certainly, our indignation," chimed in the other.

"And aware, as we are," resumed the Chief, "that you are an applicant for employment under this department, to convey to you the assurance that such conduct as you have been guilty of, totally debars you—excludes you—"

"Yes, excludes you," chimed in Brand.

"From the most remote prospect of an appointment!" said the first, taking up a book, and throwing it down with a slap on the table, as though the more emphatically to confirm his words.

"Who are you, may I ask, who pronounce so finally on my prospects?" cried Tony.

"Who are we? who are we?" said the Chief, in a horror at the query. "Will you tell him, Mr. Brand?"

The other was, however, ringing violently at the bell, and did not hear the question.

"Have you sent to Scotland Yard?" asked he of the servant who came to his summons. "Tell Willis to be ready to accompany the officer, and make his charge."

"The gentleman asks who we are," said Baynes, with a feeble laugh.

"I ask in no sort of disrespect to you," said Butler, "but simply to learn in what capacity I am to regard you. Are you magistrates? Is this a court?"

"No, sir, we are not magistrates," said Brand, "we are Heads of Departments—departments which we shall take care do not include within their limits persons of your habits and pursuits."

"You can know very little about my habits or pursuits. I promised your hall porter I'd kick him, and I don't suspect that either you or your little friend there would risk any interference to protect him."

"My lord!" said a messenger, in a voice of almost tremulous terror, while he flung open both inner and outer door for the great man's approach. The person who entered, with a quick, active step, was an elderly man, white-whiskered and white-haired, but his figure well set up, and his hat rakishly placed a very little on one side; his features were acute, and betokened promptitude and decision, blended with a sort of jocular humor about the mouth, as though even state affairs did not entirely indispose a man to a jest.

"Don't send that bag off to-night, Baynes, till I come down," said he, hurriedly; "and if any telegrams arrive, send them over to the House. What's this policeman doing at the door?—who is refractory?"

"This young man," he paused, for he had almost said gentleman—"has just threatened an old and respectable servant of the office with a personal chastisement, my lord."

"Declared he'd break every bone in his body," chimed in Brand.

"Whose body?" asked his lordship.

"Willis's, my lord—the hall porter—a man, if I mistake not, appointed by your lordship."

"I said, I'd kick him, said Tony, calmly.

"Kick Willis?" said my lord, with a forced gravity, which could not, however, suppress a laughing twinkle of his keen gray eyes—"kick Willis?"

"Yes, my lord; he does not attempt to deny it."

"What's your name, sir?" asked my lord.

"Butler," was the brief reply.

"The son of—no not son—but relative of Sir Omerod's?" asked his lordship again.

"His nephew."

"Why, Sir Harry Elphinstone has asked me for something for you. I don't see what I can do for you. It would be an admirable thing to have some one to kick the porters;

but we haven't thought of such an appointment,—eh, Baynes? Willis, the very first; most impudent dog. We want a messenger for Bucharest, Brand, don't we?"

"No, my lord; you filled it this morning—gave it to Mr. Beed."

"Cancel Beed, then, and appoint Butler."

"Mr. Beed has gone, my lord—started with the Vienna bag."

"Make Butler supernumerary."

"There are four already, my lord."

"I don't care if there were forty, Mr. Brand! Go and pass your examination, young gentleman, and thank Sir Harry Elphinstone, for this nomination is at his request. I am only sorry you didn't kick Willis." And with this parting speech he turned away, and hopped down-stairs to his brougham, with the light step and jaunty air of a man of thirty.

Scarcely was the door closed, when Baynes and Brand retired into a window recess, conversing in lowest whispers, and with much head-shaking. To what a frightful condition the country must come—any country must come—when administered by men of such levity—who make a sport of its interests, and a practical joke of its patronage—was the theme over which they now mourned in common.

"Are you going to make a minute of this appointment, Brand?" asked Baynes. "I declare I'd not do it."

The other pursed up his lips and leaned his head to one side, as though to imply that such a course would be a bold one.

"Will you put his name on your list?"

"I don't know," muttered the other. "I suspect we can do it better. Where have you been educated, Mr. Butler?"

"At home, principally."

"Never at any public school?"

"Never except you call a village school a public one."

Brand's eyes glistened, and Baynes's returned the sparkle.

"Are you a proficient in French?"

"Far from it. I could spell out a fable, or a page of 'Telemachus,' and even that would push me hard."

"Do you write a good hand!"

"It is legible, but it's no beauty."

"And your arithmetic?"

"Pretty much like my French—the less said about it the better."

"I think that will do, Brand," whispered Baynes.

The other nodded, and muttered, "Of course; and it is the best way to do it."

"These are the points, Mr. Butler," he continued, giving him a printed paper, "on which you will have to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners; they are, as you see, not very numerous nor very difficult. A certificate as to general conduct and character—British subject—some knowledge of foreign languages—the first four rules of arithmetic—and that you are able to ride—"

"Thank Heaven, there is one thing I can do, and if you ask the commissioners to take a cast 'cross country, I'll promise them a breather!"

Tony never noticed, nor, had he noticed, had he cared for the grave austerity of the heads of departments at this outburst of enthusiasm. He was too full of his own happiness, and too eager to share it with his mother.

As he gained the street, Skeffington passed his arm through his, and walked along with him, offering him his cordial congratulations, and giving him many wise and prudent counsels, though unfortunately, from the state of ignorance of Tony's mind, these latter were lamentably unprofitable. It was of "the Office" that he warned him—of its tempers, its caprices, its rancors, and its jealousies, till, lost in the maze of his confusion, poor Tony began to regard it as a beast of ill-omened and savage passions—a great monster, in fact, who lived on the bones and flesh of ardent and high-hearted youths, drying up the springs of their existence, and exhausting their brains out of mere malevolence. Out of all the farrago that he listened to, all that he could collect was, "that he was one of those fellows that the chiefs always hated and invariably crushed." Why destiny should have marked him out for such odium—why he was born to be strangled by red tape, Tony could not guess, nor, to say truth, did he trouble himself to inquire; but, resisting a pressing invitation to dine with Skeffington at his club, he hastened to his room to write his good news to his mother.

"Think of my good fortune, dearest little mother," he wrote. "I have got a place, and such a place! You'd fancy it was made for me, for I have neither to talk, nor to

think, nor to read, nor to write—all my requirements are joints that will bear bumping, and a head that will stand the racket of railroad and steamboat without any sense of confusion, beyond what nature implanted there. Was he not a wise minister who named me to a post where bones are better than brains, and a good digestion superior to intellect? I am to be a messenger—a Foreign Service Messenger is the grand title—a creature to go over the whole globe with a white leather bag or two, full of mischief, or gossip, as it may be, and whose whole care is to consist in keeping his time, and being never out of health.

"They say in America the bears were made for Colonel Crocket's dog, and I'm sure these places were made for fellows of my stamp—fellows to carry a message, and yet not intrusted with the telling it.

"The pay is capital, the position good—that is, three-fourths of the men are as good or better than myself; and the life, all tell me, is rare fun—you go everywhere, see everything, and think of nothing. In all your dreams for me, you never fancied the like of this. They talk of places for all sorts of capacities, but imagine a berth for one of no capacity at all! And yet, mother dear, they have made a blunder—and a very absurd blunder, too, and no small one!—they have instituted a test—a sort of examination—for a career that ought to be tested by a round with the boxing-gloves, or a sharp canter over a course with some four-foot hurdles!

"I am about to be examined, in about six weeks from this, in some foreign tongues, multiplication, and the state of my muscles. I am to show proof that I was born of white parents, and am not too young or too old to go alone of a message. There's the whole of it. It aint much, but it is quite enough to frighten one, and I go about with the verb *avoir* in my head, and the first four rules of arithmetic dance round me like so many furies. What a month of work and drudgery there is before *you*, little woman. You'll have to coach me through my declensions and subtractions. If you don't fag, you'll be plucked, for, as for me, I'll only be your representative whenever I go in. Look up your grammar then, and your history too, for they plucked a man the other day that said Piccolomini was not a general, but a little girl

that sang in the 'Traviata'! I'd start by the mail this evening, but that I have to go up to the office—no end of a chilling place—for my examination-papers, and to be tested by the doctor that I am all right, thews and sinews; but I'll get away by the afternoon, right glad to leave all this turmoil and confusion, the very noise of which makes me quarrelsome and ill-tempered.

"There is such a good fellow here, Skeffington—the Honorable Skeffington Damer, to speak of him more formally—who has been most kind to me. He is private secretary to Sir Harry, and told me all manner of things about the government offices, and the dons that rule them. If I was a clever or a sharp fellow, I suppose this would have done me infinite service; but, as old Dr. Kinward says, it was only 'putting the wine in a cracked bottle;' and all I can remember is the kindness that dictated the attention.

"Skeff is some relation—I forget what—to old Mrs. Maxwell of Tilney, and, like all the world, expects to be her heir. He talks of coming over to see her when he gets his leave, and said—God forgive him for it—that he'd run down and pass a day with us. I couldn't say Don't, and I had not heart to say Do! I had not the courage to tell him frankly that we lived in a cabin with four rooms and a kitchen, and that butler, cook, footman, and housemaid were all represented by a barefooted lassie, who was far more at home drawing a fishing-net, than in cooking its contents. I was just snob enough to say, Tell us when we may look out for you; and without manliness to add, And I'll run away when I hear it. But he's a rare good fellow, and teases me every day to dine with him at the Arthur—a club where all the young swells of the government offices assemble to talk of themselves, and sneer at their official superiors.

"I'll go out, if I can, and see Dolly before I leave, though she told me the family didn't like her having friends,—the flunkies call them followers,—and of course I ought not to do what would make her uncomfortable; still, one minute or two would suffice to get me some message to bring the doctor, who'll naturally expect it. I'd like, besides, to tell Dolly of my good fortune, though it is, perhaps, not a very graceful thing to be full of one's own success to another, whose

position is so painful as hers, poor girl. If you saw how pale she has grown, and how thin; even her voice has lost that jolly ring it had, and is now weak and poor. She seems so much afraid—of what or whom I can't make out—but all about her bespeaks terror. You say very little of the Abbey, and I am always thinking of it. The great big world, and this great big city that is its capital, are very small things to me, compared to that little circle that could be swept by a compass, with a centre at the Burnside, and a leg of ten miles long, that would take in the Abbey and the salmon-weir, the rabbit-warren and the boat-jetty! If I was very rich, I'd just add three rooms to our cottage, and put up one for myself, with my own traps; and another for you, with all the books that ever were written; and another for Skeff, or any other good fellow we'd like to have with us. Wouldn't that be jolly, little mother? I won't deny I've seen what would be called prettier places here—the Thames above and below Richmond, for instance. Lawns smooth as velvet—great trees of centuries' growth, and fine houses of rich people are on every side. But I like our own wild crags and breezy hill-sides better; I like the great green sea, rolling smoothly on, and smashing over our rugged rocks, better than all those smooth eddied currents, with their smart racing-boats skimming about. If I could only catch these fellows outside the Skerries some day, with a wind from the north-west: wouldn't I spoil the colors of their gay jackets?

"Here's Skeff come again. He says he is going to dine with some very pleasant fellows at the Star and Garter, and that I must positively come. He won't be denied, and I am in such rare spirits about my appointment, that I feel as if I should be a churl to myself to refuse, though I have my sore misgivings about accepting what I well know I never can make any return for. How I'd like one word from you to decide for me!

"I must shut up. I'm off to Richmond, and they are all making such a row and hurrying me so, that my head is turning. One has to hold the candle, and another stands ready with the sealing-wax, by way of expediting me. Good-by, dearest mother—I start to-morrow for home. Your affectionate son,
TONY BUTLER."

CHAPTER XIV.

A DINNER AT RICHMOND.

WITH the company that composed the dinner-party we have only a very passing concern. They were—including Skeffington and Tony—eight in all. Three were young officials from Downing Street; two were guardsmen; and one an inferior member of the royal household—a certain Mr. Arthur Mayfair, a young fellow much about town, and known by every one.

The dinner was ostensibly to celebrate the promotion of one of the guardsmen—Mr Lyner; in reality, it was one of those small orgies of eating and drinking, which our modern civilization has imported from Paris.

A well-spread, and even splendid table was no novelty to Tony; but such extravagance and luxury as this he had never witnessed before; it was, in fact, a banquet in which all that was rarest and most costly figured, and it actually seemed as if every land of Europe had contributed some delicacy or other to represent its claims to epicurism, at this congress. There were caviare from Russia, and oysters from Ostend, and red trout from the Highlands, and plover eggs and pheasants from Bohemia, and partridges from Alsace, and scores of other delicacies, each attended by its appropriate wine; to discuss which, with all the high connoisseurship of the table, furnished the whole conversation. Politics and literature apart, no subject could have been more removed from all Tony's experiences. He had never read Brillat Savarin, nor so much as heard of M. Ude—of the great controversy between the merits of white and brown truffles, he knew positively nothing, and he had actually eaten terrapin, and believed it to be very exquisite veal!

He listened, and listened very attentively. If it might have seemed to him that the company devoted a most extravagant portion of the time to the discussion, there was such a realism in the presence of the good things themselves, that the conversation never descended to frivolity; while there was an earnestness in the talkers that rejected such an imputation.

To hear them, one would have thought—at least, Tony thought—that all their lives had been passed in dining. Could any memory retain the mass of small minute circumstances that they recorded, or did they keep

prandial records as others keep game-books? Not one of them ever forgot where and when and how he had ever eaten anything remarkable for its excellence; and there was an elevation of language, an ecstasy imported into the reminiscences, that only ceased to be ludicrous when he grew used to it. Perhaps, as a mere listener, he partook more freely than he otherwise might of the good things before him. In the excellence and endless variety of the wines, there was, besides, temptation for cooler heads than his. Not to add, that on one or two occasions he found himself in a jury, empanelled to pronounce upon some nice question of flavor, points upon which, as the evening wore on, he entered with a far greater reliance on his judgment than he would have felt half an hour before dinner.

He had not, what is called in the language of the table, a “made head.” That is to say, at Lyle Abbey, his bottle of Sneyd's Claret after dinner was more than he liked well to drink; but now, when Sauterne succeeded Sherry, and Macobrunner came after Champagne, and in succession followed Bordeaux and Burgundy and Madeira, and then Bordeaux again of a rarer and choicer vintage, Tony's head grew addled and confused. Though he spoke very little, there passed through his mind all the varied changes that his nature was susceptible of. He was gay and depressed, daring and cautious, quarrelsome and forgiving, stern and affectionate, by turns. There were moments when he would have laid down his life for the company, and fleeting instants when his eye glanced around to see upon whom he could fix a deadly quarrel; now he felt rather vain-glorious at being one of such a distinguished company, and now a sharp distrust shot through him that he was there to be the butt of these town-bred wits, whose merriment was nothing but a covert impertinence.

All these changeful moods only served to make him drink more deeply. He filled bumpers and drank them daringly. Skeffington told the story of the threat to kick Willis—not much in itself, but full of interest to the young officials who knew Willis as an institution, and could no more have imagined his personal chastisement than an insult to the royal arms. When Skeff, however, finished by saying that the Secretary of State himself rather approved of the measure, they

began to feel that Tony Butler was that greatest of all created things, "a rising man." For as the power of the unknown number is incommensurable, so the height to which a man's success may carry him can never be estimated.

"It's deuced hard to get one of these messengerships," said one of the guardsmen; "they say it's far easier to be named Secretary of Legation."

"Of course it is. Fifty fellows are able to ride in a coach for one that can read and write," said Mayfair.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Tony, his eyes flashing fire.

"Just what I said," replied the other, mildly—"that as there is no born mammal so helpless as a real gentleman, it's the rarest thing to find an empty shell to suit him."

"And they're well paid too," broke in the soldier. "Why, there's no fellow so well off. They have five pounds a day."

"No, they have not."

"They have."

"They have not."

"On duty. When they're on duty."

"No, nor off duty."

"Harris told me."

"Harris is a fool."

"He's my cousin," said a sickly young fellow, who looked deadly pale, "and I'll not hear him called a liar."

"Nobody said liar. I said he was a fool."

"And so he is," broke in Mayfair, "for he went and got married the other day to a girl without sixpence."

"Beaumont's daughter?"

"Exactly. The 'Lively Kitty,' as we used to call her, a name she'll scarce go by in a year or two."

"I don't think," said Tony, with a slow, deliberate utterance—"I don't think that he has made me a suit—suit—suitable apology for what he said—eh, Skeff?"

"Be quiet, will you?" muttered the other.

"Kitty had ten thousand pounds of her own."

"Not sixpence."

"I tell you she had."

"Grant it. What is ten thousand pounds?" lisped out a little pink-cheeked fellow, who had a hundred and eighty per annum at the Board of Trade. "If you are economical, you may get two years out of it."

"If I thought," growled out Tony into

Skeff's ear, "that he meant it for insolence, I'd punch his head, curls and all!"

"Will you just be quiet?" said Skeff again.

"I'd have married Kitty myself," said pink cheeks, "if I thought she had ten thousand."

"And I'd have gone on a visit to you," said Mayfair, "and we'd have played billiards, the French game, every evening."

"I never thought Harris was so weak as to go and marry," said the youngest of the party, not fully one-and-twenty.

"Every one hasn't your experience, Upton," said Mayfair.

"Why do the fellows bear all this?" whispered Tony again.

"I say—be quiet—do be quiet!" mumbled Skeff.

"Who was it used to call Kitty Beaumont the Lass of Richmond Hill?" said Mayfair; and another uproar ensued as to the authority in question, in which many contradictions were exchanged, and some wagers booked.

"Sing us that song Bailey made on her—'Fair Lady on the River's Bank;' you can sing it, Clinton?"

"Yes, let us have the song," cried several together.

"I'll wager five pounds I'll name a prettier girl on the same spot," said Tony to Skeff.

"Butler challenges the field," cried Skeff. "He knows, and will name, the prettiest girl in Richmond."

"I take him. What's the figure?" said Mayfair.

"And I—and I!" shouted three or four in a breath.

"I think he offered a pony," lisped out the youngest.

"I said, I'd bet five pounds," said Tony, fiercely; "don't misrepresent me, sir!"

"I'll take your money, then!" cried Mayfair.

"No, no; I was first; I said 'done' before you," interposed a guardsman.

"But how can it be decided? we can't summon the rival beauties to our presence, and perform Paris and the apple," said Skeff.

"Come along with me, and you shall see her," broke in Tony; "she lives within less than five minutes' walk of where we are. I am satisfied that the matter should be left to your decision, Skeffington."

"No, no," cried several together; "take

Mayfair with you ; he is the fittest man amongst us for such a criticism ; he has studied these matters profoundly."

"Here's a health to all good lasses!" cried out another; and goblets were filled with champagne, and drained in a moment, while some attempted the song; and others, imagining that they had caught the air started off with "Here's to the Maiden of Blooming Fifteen," making up an amount of confusion that was perfectly deafening, in which the waiter entered to observe, in a very weak tone, that the Archdeacon of Halford was entertaining a select party in the next room, and entreated that they might be permitted to hear each other occasionally.

Such a burst of horror and indignation as followed this request! Some were for an armed intervention at once; some for a general smash of all things practicable; and two or three, haughtier in their drunkenness, declared that the Star and Garter should have no more of their patronage, and proudly ordered the waiter to fetch the bill.

"Thirty-seven,—nine,—six," said Mayfair, as he held the document near a candle; "make it an even forty for the waiters, and it leaves five pounds a head, eh?—not too much after all."

"Well, I don't know; the asparagus was miserably small."

"And I got no strawberries."

"I have my doubts about that Moselle."

"It aint dear, at least: it's not dearer than anywhere else."

While these criticisms were going forward, Tony perceived that each one in turn was throwing down his sovereigns on the table, as his contribution to the fund; and he approached Skeffington, to whisper that he had forgotten his purse, his sole excuse to explain, what he wouldn't confess, that he believed he was an invited guest. Skeff was, however, by this time so completely overcome by the last toast, that he sat staring fatuously before him, and could only mutter, in a melancholy strain, "To be, or not to be; that's a question."

"Can you lend me some money?" whispered Tony. "I want your purse."

"He—takes my purse—trash—trash—" mumbled out the other.

"I'll book up for Skeffy," said one of the guardsmen; "and now it's all right."

"No," said Tony aloud; "I haven't

paid; I left my purse behind; and I can't make Skeffington understand that I want a loan from him;" and he stooped down again, and whispered in his ear.

While a buzz of voices assured Tony that "it didn't matter,—all had money, any one could pay," and so on, Skeffington gravely handed out his cigar-case, and said, "Take as much as you like, old fellow; it was quarter-day last week."

In a wild, uproarious burst of laughter they now broke up; some helping Skeffington along, some performing mock ballet steps, and two or three attempting to walk with an air of rigid propriety, which occasionally diverged into strange tangents.

Tony was completely bewildered. Never was a poor brain more addled than his. At one moment he thought them all the best fellows in the world: he'd have risked his neck for any of them; and, at the next, he regarded them as a set of insolent snobs, daring to show off airs of superiority to a stranger, because he was not one of them; and so he oscillated between the desire to show his affection for them, or have a quarrel with any of them.

Meanwhile, Mayfair, with a reasonably good voice and some taste, broke out into a wild sort of air, whose measure changed at every moment. One verse ran thus:—

"By the light of the-moon, by the light of the moon,

We all went home by the light of the moon.

With a ringing song

We tramped along,

Recalling what we'll forget so soon.

How the wine was good,

And the talk was free,

And pleasant and gay the company.

"For the wine supplied

What our wits denied,

And we pledged the girls whose eyes we knew,
whose eyes we knew.

You ask her name, but what's that to you?
what's that to you?"

"Well, there's where she lives, anyhow," muttered Tony, as he came to a dead stop on the road, and stared full at a small two-storied house in front of him.

"Ah, that's where she lives!" repeated Mayfair, as he drew his arm within Tony's, and talked in a low and confidential tone.

"And a sweet, pretty cottage it is. What a romantic little spot! What if we were to serenade her?"

Tony gave no reply. He stood looking up at the closed shutters of the quiet house, which, to his eyes, represented a sort of penitentiary for that poor imprisoned, hard-working girl. His head was not very clear, but he had just sense enough to remember the respect he owed her condition, and how jealously he should guard her from the interference of others. Meanwhile Mayfair had leaped over the low paling of the little front garden, and stood now close to the house. With an admirable imitation of the prelude of a guitar, he began to sing,—

“Come, dearest Lilla,
Thy anxious lover
Counts, counts the weary moments over”—

As he reached thus far, a shutter gently opened, and in the strong glare of the moonlight, some trace of a head could be detected behind the curtain. Encouraged by this, the singer went on in a rich and flowery voice,—

“Anxious he waits,
Thy voice to hear
Break, break on his enraptured ear.”

At this moment the window was thrown open, and a female voice, in an accent strongly Scotch, called out—“Awa wi’ ye—pack o’ ne’er-do-weels as ye are—awa wi’ ye a’! I’ll call the police.” But Mayfair went on,—

“The night invites to love,
So tarry not above,
But Lilla—Lilla—Lilla come down to me!”

“I’ll come down to you, and right soon,” shouted a hoarse masculine voice. Two or three who had clambered over the paling beside Mayfair now scampered off; and Mayfair himself, making a spring, cleared the fence, and ran down the road at the top of his speed, followed by all but Tony, who, half in indignation at their ignominious flight, and half with some vague purpose of apology, stood his ground before the gate.

The next moment the hall-door opened, and a short, thick-set man, armed with a powerful bludgeon, rushed out and made straight towards him. Seeing, however, that Tony stood firm, neither offering resistance nor attempting escape, he stopped short and cried out, “What for drunken blackguards are ye, that canna go home without disturbing a quiet neighborhood?”

“If you can keep a civil tongue in your

head,” said Tony, “I’ll ask your pardon for this disturbance.”

“What’s your apology to me, you young scamp?” cried the other, wrenching open the gate and passing out into the road. “I’d rather give you a lesson than listen to your excuses.” He lifted his stick as he spoke, but Tony sprang upon him with the speed of a tiger, and, wrenching the heavy bludgeon out of his hand, flung it far into a neighboring field, and then, grasping him by the collar with both hands, he gave him such a shake as very soon convinced his antagonist how unequal the struggle would be between them. “By Heaven!” muttered Tony, “if you so much as lay a hand on me, I’ll send you after your stick. Can’t you see that this was only a drunken frolic; that these young fellows did not want to insult you, and if I stayed here behind them, it was to appease, not to offend you?”

“Dinna speak to me, sir. Let me go—let go my coat. I’m not to be handled in this manner!” cried the other in passion.

“Go back to your bed, then!” said Tony, pushing him from him. “It’s clear enough you have no gentleman’s blood in your body, or you’d accept an amends, or resent an affront.”

Stung by this retort, the other turned and aimed a blow at Butler’s face; but he stopped it cleverly, and then, seizing him by the shoulder, he swung him violently round, and threw him within the gate of the garden.

“You are more angered than hurt,” muttered Tony, as he looked at him for an instant.

“O Tony, that this could be you!” cried a faint voice from a little window of an attic, and a violent sob closed the words.

Tony turned and went his way towards London, those accents ringing in his ears, and at every step he went, repeating, “That this could be you!”

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE MEETING AND PARTING.

WHAT a dreary waking was that of Tony’s on the morning after the orgies! Not a whit the less overwhelming from the great difficulty he had in recalling the events, and investigating his own share in them. There was nothing that he could look back upon with pleasure. Of the dinner and the guests, all that he could remember was the costliness

and the tumult; and of the scene at Mrs. M'Gruder's, his impression was of insults given and received, a violent altercation, in which his own share could not be defended.

How very different had been his waking thoughts, had he gone as he proposed, to bid Dora a good-by, and tell her of his great good fortune! How full would his memory now have been of her kind words and wishes! how much would he have to recall of her sisterly affection! for they had been like brother and sister from their childhood. It was to Dora that Tony confided all his boyhood's sorrows, and to the same ear he had told his first tale of love, when the beautiful Alice Lyle had sent through his heart those emotions, which, whether of ecstasy or torture, make a new existence and a new being to him who feels them for the first time. He had loved Alice as a girl, and was all but heart-broken when she married. His sorrows—and were they not sorrows?—had all been intrusted to Dora, and from her he had heard such wise and kind counsels, such encouraging and hopeful words; and when the beautiful Alice came back, within a year, a widow, far more lovely than ever, he remembered how all his love was rekindled. Nor was it the less entrancing that it was mingled with a degree of deference for her station, and an amount of distance which her new position exacted.

He had intended to have passed his last evening with Dora in talking over these things—and how had he spent it? In a wild and disgraceful debauch, and in a company of which he felt himself well ashamed.

It was, however, no part of Tony's nature to spend time in vain regrets; he lived ever more in the present than the past. There were a number of things to be done, and done at once. The first was to acquit his debt for that unlucky dinner; and in a tremor of doubt, he opened his little store to see what remained to him. Of the eleven pounds ten shillings his mother gave him, he had spent less than two pounds; he had travelled third-class to London, and while in town denied himself every extravagance. He rang for his hotel bill, and was shocked to see that it came to three pounds seven-and-sixpence. He fancied he had half-starved himself, and he saw a catalogue of steaks and luncheons to his share, that smacked of very gluttony. He paid it without a word, gave an apology

to the waiter, that he had run himself short of money, and could only offer him a crown. The dignified official accepted the excuse and the coin, with a smile of bland sorrow. It was a pity that cut both ways, for himself and for Tony too.

There now remained but a few shillings above five pounds, and he sat down and wrote this note:—

“MY DEAR SKEFFINGTON,—Some one of your friends, last night, was kind enough to pay my share of the reckoning for me. Will you do me the favor to thank and repay him? I am off to Ireland hurriedly, or I'd call and see you. I have not even time to wait for those examination papers, which were to be delivered to me either to-day or to-morrow. Would you send them by post, addressed ‘T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine.’ My head is not very clear to-day, but it should be more stupid if I could forget all your kindness since we met.—Believe me, very sincerely, etc.,
TONY BUTLER.”

The next was to his mother.

“DEAREST MOTHER,—Don't expect me on Saturday; it may be two or three days later ere I reach home. I am all right, in rare health and capital spirits, and never in my life felt more completely your own,
“TONY BUTLER.”

One more note remained, but it was not easy to write it, nor even to decide whether to address it to Dora or to Mr. M'Gruder. At length he decided for the latter, and wrote thus:—

“SIR,—I beg to offer you the very humblest apology for the disturbance created last night before your house. We had all drunk too much wine, lost our heads, and forgotten good manners. If I had been in a fitting condition to express myself properly, I'd have made my excuses on the spot. As it is, I make the first use of my recovered brains to tell you how heartily ashamed I am of my conduct, and how desirous I feel to know that you will cherish no ungenerous feelings towards your faithful servant,
“T. BUTLER.”

“I hope he'll think it all right. I hope this will satisfy him. I trust it is not too humble, though I mean to be humble. If he's a gentleman, he'll think no more of it; but he may not be a gentleman, and will probably fancy that because I stoop, he ought to kick me. That would be a mistake; and perhaps it would be as well to add, by way of P. S., ‘If the above is not fully satisfac-

tory, and that you prefer another issue to this affair, my address is, 'T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine, Ireland.'

"Perhaps that would spoil it all," thought Tony. "I want him to forgive an offence, and it's not the best way to that end to say, 'If you like fighting better, don't balk your fancy.' No, no; I'll send it in its first shape. I don't feel very comfortable on my knees, it is true, but it is all my own fault if I am there."

"And now to reach home again. I wish I knew how that was to be done! Seven or eight shillings are not a very big sum, but I'd set off with them on foot, if there was no sea to be traversed." To these thoughts there was no relief by the possession of any article of value that he could sell or pledge. He had neither watch nor ring, nor any of those fanciful trinkets which modern fashion affects.

He knew not one person from whom he could ask the loan of a few pounds; nor, worse again, could be certain of being able to repay them within a reasonable time. To approach Skeffington on such a theme was impossible; anything rather than this. If he were once at Liverpool, there were sure to be many captains of northern steamers that would know him, and give him a passage home. But how to get to Liverpool? The cheapest railroad fare was above a pound. If he must needs walk, it would take him a week, and he could not afford himself more than one meal a day taking his chance to sleep under a corn-stack or a hedgerow. Very dear indeed was the price that grand banquet cost him, and yet not dearer than half the extravagances men are daily and hourly committing—the only difference being, that the debt is not usually exacted so promptly. He wrote his name on a card, and gave it to the waiter, saying "When I send to you under this name, you will give my portmanteau to the bearer of the message, for I shall probably not come back—at least for some time."

The waiter was struck by the words, but more still by the dejected look of one, whom, but twenty-four hours back, he had been praising for his frank and gay bearing.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?" asked the man, respectfully.

"Not a great deal," said Tony, with a faint smile.

"I was afraid, sir, from seeing you look pale this morning. I fancied, indeed, that there was something amiss. I hope you're not displeased at the liberty I took, sir?"

"Not a bit; indeed, I feel grateful to you for noticing that I was not in good spirits. I have so very few friends in this big city of yours, your sympathy was pleasant to me. Will you remember what I said about my luggage?"

"Of course, sir, I'll attend to it; and if not called for within a reasonable time, is there any address you'd like me to send it to?"

Tony stared at the man, who seemed to flinch under the gaze, and it shot like a bolt through his mind. "He thinks I have some gloomy purpose in my head. I believe I apprehend you," said he, laying his hand on the man's shoulder; "but you are all wrong. There is nothing more serious the matter with me, than to have run myself out of money, and I cannot conveniently wait here till I write and get an answer from home; there's the whole of it."

"Oh, sir, if you'll not be offended at an humble man like me—if you'd forgive the liberty I take, and let me, as far as a ten-pound note;" he stammered and reddened, and seemed positively wretched in his attempt to explain himself without any breach of propriety. Nor was Tony indeed less moved as he said,—

"I thank you heartily; you have given me something to remember of this place with gratitude so long as I live. But I am not so hard pressed as you suspect. It is a merely momentary inconvenience, and a few days will set it all right. Good-by; I hope we'll meet again." And he shook the man's hand cordially in his own strong fingers, and passed out with a full heart and a very choking throat.

When he turned into the street, he walked along, without choosing his way. His mind was too much occupied to let him notice either the way or the passers-by, and he sauntered along, now musing over his own lot, now falling back upon that trustful heart of the poor waiter, whose position could scarcely have inspired such confidence.

"I am certain that what are called moralists are unfair censors of their fellow-men. I'll be sworn there is more of kindness and generosity and honest truth in the world,

than there is of knavery and falsehood ; but as we have no rewards for the one, and keep up jails and hulks for the other, we have nothing to guide our memories. That's the whole of it ; all the statistics are on one side."

While he was thus ruminating, he had wandered along, and was already deep in the very heart of the city. Nor did the noise, the bustle, the overwhelming tide of humanity arouse him, as it swept along in its ceaseless flow. So intently was his mind turned inward, that he narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus, the pole of which struck him, and under whose wheels he had unquestionably fallen, if it were not that a strong hand grasped him by the shoulder, and swung him powerfully back upon the flagway.

"Is it blind you are, that you didn't hear the 'bus?" cried a somewhat gruff voice, with an accent that told of a land he liked well ; and Tony turned and saw a stout, strongly built young fellow, dressed in a sort of bluish frieze, and with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder. He was good-looking, but of a more serious cast of features than is common with the lower-class Irish.

"I see," said Tony, "that I owe this good turn to a countryman. You're from Ireland?"

"Indeed, and I am, your honor, and no lie in it," said he, reddening, as, although there was nothing to be ashamed of by the avowal, popular prejudice lay rather in the other direction.

"I don't know what I was thinking of," said Tony, again ; and even yet his head had not regained its proper calm. "I forgot all about where I was, and never heard the horses till they were on me."

"'Tis what I remarked, sir," said the other, as with his sleeve he brushed the dirt off Tony's coat. "I saw you was like one in a dream."

"I wish I had anything worth offering you," said Tony, reddening, while he placed the last few shillings he had in the other's palm.

"What's this for?" said the man, half angrily ; "sure you don't think it's for money I did it ;" and he pushed the coin back almost rudely from him.

While Tony assuaged, as well as he might, the anger of his wounded pride, they walked on together for some time, till at last the other said, "I'll have to hurry away now,

your honor ; I'm to be at Blackwall, to catch the packet for Derry, by twelve o'clock."

"What packet do you speak of?"

"The *Foyle*, sir. She's to sail this evening, and I have my passage paid for me, and I mustn't lose it."

"If I had my luggage, I'd go in her too. I want to cross over to Ireland."

"And where is it, sir—the luggage, I mean?"

"Oh, it's only a portmanteau, and it's at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden."

"If your honor wouldn't mind taking charge of this," said he, pointing to his bundle, "I'd be off in a jiffy, and get the trunk, and be back by the time you reached the steamer."

"Would you really do me this service? Well, here's my card ; when you show this to the waiter, he'll hand you the portmanteau ; and there is nothing to pay."

"All right, sir ; the *Foyle*, a big paddle steamer—you'll know her red chimney the moment you see it ;" and without another word he gave Tony his bundle and hurried away.

"Is not this trustfulness?" thought Tony, as he walked onward ; "I suppose this little bundle contains all this poor fellow's worldly store, and he commits it to a stranger, without one moment of doubt or hesitation." It was for the second time, on that same morning, that his heart was touched by a trait of kindness ; and he began to feel, that if such proofs of brotherhood were rife in the world, narrow fortune was not half so bad a thing as he had ever believed it.

It was a long walk he had before him, and not much time to do it in, so that he was obliged to step briskly out. As for the bundle, it is but fair to own that at first he carried it with a certain shame and awkwardness, affecting, in various ways, to assure the passers-by that such an occupation was new to him ; but as time wore on, and he saw, as he did see, that very few noticed him, and none troubled themselves as to what was the nature of his burden, he grew more indifferent, well consoled by thinking that nothing was more unlikely than that he should be met by any one he knew.

When he got down to the riverside, boats were leaving in every direction, and one for the *Foyle*, with two passengers, offered itself at the moment. He jumped in, and soon

found himself aboard a large mercantile boat, her deck covered with fragments of machinery and metal for some new factory in Belfast. "Where's the captain?" asked Tony, of a gruff-looking man in a tweed coat and a wide-awake.

"I'm the captain; and what then?" said the other.

In a few words Tony explained that he had found himself short of cash, and not wishing to be detained till he could write and have an answer from home, he begged he might have a deck passage. "If it should cost more than I have money for, I will leave my trunk with your steward till I remit my debt."

"Get those boats aboard—clear away that hawser there—look out, or you'll foul that collier!" cried the skipper, his deep voice ringing above the din and crash of the escaping steam, but never so much as noticing one word of Tony's speech.

Too proud to repeat his address, and yet doubting how it had been taken, he stood, occasionally buffeted about by the sailors as they hurried hither and thither; and now, amidst the din, a great bell rang out, and while it clattered away, some scrambled up the side of the ship, and others clambered down, while, with shout and oaths and imprecations on every side, the great mass swung round, and two slow revolutions of her paddles showed she was ready to start. Almost frantic with anxiety for his missing friend, Tony mounted on a bulwark, and scanned every boat he could see.

"Back her!" screamed the skipper; "there, gently—all right. Go ahead;" and now, with a shouldering, surging heave, the great black monster lazily moved forward, and gained the middle of the river. Boats were now hurrying wildly to this side and to that, but none towards the *Foyle*. "What will become of me? What will he think of me?" cried Tony; and he peered down into the yellow tide, almost doubtful if he ought not to jump into it.

"Go on!" cried the skipper; and the speed increased, a long swell issuing from either paddle, and stretching away to either bank of the river. Far away in this rocking tide, tossing hopelessly and in vain, Tony saw a small boat wherein a man was standing wildly waving his handkerchief by way of signal.

"There he is, in one minute—give him one minute, and he will be here!" cried Tony, not knowing to whom he spoke.

"You'll get jammed, my good fellow, if you don't come down from that," said a sailor. "You'll be caught in the davits when they swing round;" and seeing how inattentive he was to the caution, he laid a hand upon him and forced him upon deck. The ship had now turned a bend of the river, and as Tony turned aft to look for the boat, she was lost to him, and he saw her no more.

For some miles of the way, all were too much occupied to notice him. There was much to stow away and get in order, the cargo having been taken in even to the latest moment before they started. There were some carriages and horses, too, on board, neither of which met from the sailors more deferential care than they bestowed on cast-metal cranks and iron sleepers, thus occasioning little passages between those in charge and the crew, that were the reverse of amicable. It was in one of these Tony heard a voice he was long familiar with. It was Sir Arthur Lyle's coachman, who was even more overjoyed than Tony at the recognition. He had been sent over to fetch four carriage-horses and two open carriages for his master, and his adventures and mishaps were, in his estimation, above all human experience.

"I'll have to borrow a five-pound note from you," said Tony; "I have come on board without anything—even my luggage is left behind."

"Five-and-twenty, Mr. Tony, if you want it. I'm as glad as fifty to see you here. You'll be able to make these fellows mind what I say. There's not as much as a spare tarpaulin to put over the beasts at night; and if the ship rocks, their legs will be knocked to pieces."

If Tony had not the same opinion of his influence, he did not, however, hesitate to offer his services, and assisted the coachman to pad the horse-boxes, and bandage the legs with an overlaid covering of hay rope, against any accidents.

"Are you steerage or aft?" asked a surly-looking steward of Tony as he was washing his hands after his exertions.

"There's a question to ask of one of the best blood in Ireland!" interposed the coachman.

"The best blood in Ireland will then have

o pay cabin fare," said the steward, as he totted down a Mem. in his book; and Tony was now easy enough in mind to laugh at the fellow's impertinence as he paid the money.

The voyage was not eventful in any way; the weather was fine, the sea not rough, and the days went by as monotonously as need be. If Tony had been given to reflection, he would have had a glorious opportunity to indulge the taste, but it was the very least of all his tendencies.

He would, indeed, have liked much to review his life, and map out something of his future road; but he could do nothing of this kind without a companion. Asking him to think for himself, and by himself, was pretty much like asking him to play chess or backgammon with himself, where it depended on his caprice which side was to be the winner. The habit of self-depreciation had, besides, got hold of him, and he employed it as an excuse to cover his inertness. "What's the use of my doing this, that, or t'other? I'll be a stupid dog to the end of the chapter. It's all waste of time to set me down to this or that. Other fellows could learn it; it's impossible for *me*."

It is strange how fond men will grow of leading in *forma pauperis* to their own hearts, even men constitutionally proud and high-spirited. Tony had fallen into this unlucky habit, and got at last to think it was his safest way in life to trust very little to his judgment.

"If I hadn't been 'mooning,' I'd not have walked under the pole of the omnibus, nor chanced upon this poor fellow, whose bundle I have carried away, nor lost my own kit, which, after all, was something to me." Worse than all these—ininitely worse—was the thought of how that poor peasant would think of him! "What a cruel lesson of mistrust and suspicion have I implanted in that honest heart! What a terrible revulsion must have come over him, when he found I had sailed away and left him!" Poor Tony's reasoning was not acute enough to satisfy him that the man could not accuse him for what was out of his power to prevent—the departure of the steamer; nor, with Tony's own luggage in his possession, could he arraign his honesty, or distrust his honor.

He bethought him that he would consult Waters, for whose judgment in spavins,

thoroughpins, capped hocks, and navicular lameness, he had the deepest veneration. Waters, who knew horses so thoroughly, must needs not be altogether ignorant of men.

"I say, Tom," cried he, "sit down here, and let me tell you something that's troubling me a good deal, and perhaps you can give me some advice on it." They sat down accordingly under the shelter of a horse-box, while Tony related circumstantially his late misadventure.

The old coachman heard him to the end without interruption. He smoked throughout the whole narrative, only now and then removing his pipe to intimate by an emphatic nod that the "court was with the counsel." Indeed, he felt that there was something judicial in his position, and assumed a full share of importance on the strength of it.

"There's the whole case now before you," said Tony, as he finished—"what do you say to it?"

"Well, there an't a great deal to say to it, Mr. Tony," said he, slowly. "If the other chap has got the best kit, by course he has got the best end of the stick; and you may have an easy conscience about that. If there's any money or val'able in *his* bundle, it is just likely there will be some trace of his name, and where he lives too; so that, turn out either way, you're all right."

"So that you advise me to open his pack and see if I can find a clue to him?"

"Well, indeed, I'd do that much out of curiosity. At all events, you'll not get to know about him from the blue handkercher with the white spots."

Tony did not quite approve the counsel; he had his scruples, even in a good cause, about this investigation, and he walked the deck till far into the night, pondering over it. He tried to solve the case by speculating on what the countryman would have done with *his* pack. "He'll have doubtless tried to find out where I am to be met with or come at. He'll have ransacked my traps, and if so, there will be the less need of *my* investigating *his*. *He's* sure to trace *me*." This reasoning satisfied him so perfectly that he lay down at last to sleep with an easy conscience and so weary a brain that he slept profoundly. As he awoke, however, he found that Waters had already decided the point of conscience which had so troubled

him, and was now sitting contemplating the contents of the peasant's bundle.

"There an't so much as a scrap o' writing, Mr. Tony; there an't even a prayer-book with his name in it—but there's a track to him for all that. I have him!" and he winked with that self-satisfied knowingness which had so often delighted him in the detection of a splint or a bone-spavin.

"You have him?" repeated Tony. "Well, what of him?"

"He's a jailer, sir—yes, a jailer. I won't say he's the chief—he's maybe second or third—but he's one of 'em."

"How do you know that?"

"Here's how I found it out;" and he drew forth a blue cloth uniform, with yellow cuffs and collar, and a yellow seam down the trousers. There were no buttons on the coat, but both on the sleeve and the collar were embroidered two keys, crosswise. "Look at them, Master Tony; look at them, and say an't that as clear as day? It's some new regulation, I suppose, to put them in uniform; and there's the keys, the mark of the lock-up, to show who he is that wears them."

Though the last man in the world to read riddles or unravel difficulties, Tony did not accept this information very willingly. In truth, he felt a repugnance to assign to the worthy country fellow a station which bears, in the appreciation of every Irishman, a certain stain. For, do as we will, reason how we may, the old estimate of the law as an oppression surges up through our thoughts, just as springs well up in an undrained soil.

"I'm certain you're wrong, Waters," said he, boldly; "he hadn't a bit the look of that about him: he was a fine, fresh-featured, determined sort of fellow, but without a trace of cunning or distrust in his face."

"I'll stand to it, I'm right, Master Tony. What does keys mean? Answer me that. An't they to lock up? It must be to lock up something or somebody—you agree to that?"

Tony gave a sort of grunt, which the other took for concurrence, and continued.

"It's clear enough he an't the county treasurer," said he, with a mocking laugh—"nor he don't keep the queen's private purse neither; no, sir. It's another sort of val'ables is under his charge. It's highwaymen and housebreakers and felony chaps."

"Not a bit of it; he's no more a jailer

than I'm a hangman. Besides, what is to prove that this uniform is his own? Why not be a friend's—a relation's? Would a fellow trained to the ways of a prison trust the first man he meets in the street, and hand him over his bundle? Is that like one whose daily life is passed among rogues and vagabonds?"

"That's exactly how it is," said Waters, closing one eye to look more piercingly astute. "Did you ever see anything trust another so much as a cat does a mouse? She hasn't no dirty suspicions at all, but lets him run here and run there, only with a make-believe of her paw letting him feel that he an't to trespass too far on her patience."

"Pshaw!" said Tony, turning away, angrily; and he muttered to himself as he walked off, "How stupid it is to take any view of life from a fellow who has never looked at it from a higher point than a hay-loft!"

As the steamer rounded Fair Head, and the tall cliffs of the Causeway came into view, other thoughts soon chased away all memory of the poor country fellow. It was home was now before him—home, that no humility can rob of its hold upon the heart—home, that appeals to the poorest of us by the selfsame sympathies the richest and greatest feel? Yes, yonder was Carrig-a-Rede, and there were the Skerries, so near and yet so far off. How slowly the great mass seemed to move, though it was about an hour ago she seemed to cleave the water like a fish. How unfair to stop her course a Larne to land those two or three passengers and what tiresome leave-takings they indulge in; and the luggage, too, they'll never get it together! So thought Tony, his impatience mastering both reason and generosity.

"I'll have to take the horses on to Derry Master Tony," said Waters, in an insinuating tone of voice, for he knew well what assistance the other could lend him in any difficulty of the landing. "Sir Arthur thought that if the weather was fine we might be able to get them out on a raft and tow them in to shore; but it's too rough for that."

"Far too rough," said Tony, his eye straining to catch the well-known landmark of the coast.

"And with blood-horses, too, in top condition, there's more danger."

"Far more."

"So I hope your honor will tell the master that I didn't ask the captain to stop, for I saw it was no use."

"None whatever. I'll tell him—that is, if I see him," muttered Tony, below his breath.

"Maybe, if there was too much sea 'on' for your honor to land—"

"What?" interrupted Tony eying him sternly.

"I was saying, sir, that if your honor was forced to come on to Derry—"

"How should I be forced?"

"By the heavy surf, no less," said Waters, peevishly, for he foresaw failure to his negotiation.

"The tide will be on the flood till eleven, and if they can't lower a boat I'll swim it, that's all. As to going on to Derry with you, Tom," added he, laughing, "I'd not do it if you were to give me your four thoroughbreds for it."

"Well, the wind's freshening anyhow," grumbled Waters, not very sorry, perhaps, at the turn the weather was taking.

"It will be the rougher for you as you sail up the Lough," said Tony, as he lighted his cigar.

Waters pondered a good deal over what he could not but regard as a very great change in character. This young man, so gay, so easy, so careless—so ready to do anything, or do nothing—how earnest he had grown, and how resolute and how stern too.

Was this a sign that the world was going well, or the reverse, with him? Here was a knotty problem, and one which, in some form or other, has ere now puzzled wiser heads than Waters's. For as the traveller threw off in the sunshine the cloak which he had gathered round him in the storm, prosperity will as often disclose the secrets of our hearts

as that very poverty that has not wealth enough to buy a padlock for them.

"You want to land here, young man," said the captain to Tony; "and there's a shore-boat close alongside. Be alive, and jump in when she comes near."

"Good-by, Tom," said Tony, shaking hands with him. "I'll report well of the beasts, and say also how kindly you treated me."

"You'll tell Sir Arthur that the rub on the off shoulder wont signify, sir; and that Emperor's hock is going down every day. And please to say, sir,—for he'll mind *you* more than *me*,—that there's nothing will keep beasts from kicking when a ship takes to rollin'; and that, when the helpers got sea-sick, and couldn't keep on deck, if it hadn't been for yourself—Oh, he's not minding a word I'm saying," muttered he, disconsolately; and certainly this was the truth, for Tony was now standing on a bulwark, with the end of a rope in his hand, slung whip fashion from the yard, to enable him to swing himself at an opportune moment into the boat, all the efforts of the rowers being directed to keep her from the steamer's side.

"Now's your time, my smart fellow," cried the captain—"off with you!" And as he spoke, Tony swung himself free with a bold spring, and, just as the boat rose on a wave dropped neatly into her.

"Well done for a landsman!" cried the skipper; "port the helm, and keep away."

"You're forgetting the bundle, Master Tony," cried Waters, and he flung it towards him with all his strength; but it fell short, dropped into the sea, floated for about a second or so, and then sank forever.

Tony uttered what was not exactly a blessing on his awkwardness, and, turning his back to the steamer, seized the tiller and steered for shore.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOLS.
VII. AND VIII.

THOSE who watch, not without anxiety, the national taste, should be comforted by the great success of this book, and rejoice to hear that a whole edition has been sold off before the public had ever seen it, simply on the authority of Mr. Froude's name, and of a very able ante-natal review in the *Quarterly*.*

It appears that the English literary appetite is not permanently injured by periodic literature, nor even by sensation novels; that, however it may have disported itself (not over-wholesomely) with tiny French kickshaws, wherein unclean beasts are cunningly disguised by sauce piquante, it has still stomach enough left for the good old English *pièce de résistance* when it appears, and can devour (and we will trust digest) two very ponderous tomes, with an honest belief that it will feel the better after it.

The truth is, that there is as great a demand as ever in Britain, and, we doubt not, in France, Germany, and America, for honest literary work, faithfully done, founded on fact, and worked out in a truly human and humane spirit.

Founded on fact: whatever may be the faults of this generation, there never was one in the world's history which was so greedy after facts, and especially the facts of the past. It is not quite satisfied with the old answers to the three great human questions, by virtue of asking which a man is a man, and not a hairless gorilla,—Whence did we come? Where are we? Whither are we going? It suspects that, for the last fifty years at least, attention has been too exclusively directed to the last of these three questions, to the exclusion of the two former, which surely must be answered, more or less, ere the third can be solved. It is asking, therefore, more and more earnestly, Whence did we come? It asks of Darwinian speculators, of discoverers of flint arrow-heads and kitchen-middens, of antiquaries, of monk-chroniclers, of historic romancers. Even Eugene Sue and his "Fils de Joel" are welcome, if he can tell anything of the great question, How came we hither? This generation is getting a wholesome philosophical instinct, that only by knowing the past can one guess at the future; that the future is

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contained in the past, and the child father to the man; that one generation reaps what its forefathers have sown; that Nature in nations, as in all other things, *non agit per saltum*; that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." It has learned from antiquaries that we are the same people that we were fifteen hundred years ago; that we brought the germs of our language, our laws, our liberty, with us off the Holstein moors. It has learned from the High-Church party (and all true Englishmen should gratefully acknowledge that debt) that there was an England before the Reformation; that we had our patriots and our lawyers, our sages and our saints, in the Middle Ages, as well as in the times of Tudors or of Stuarts; and it desires more and more to know what manner of men they were, these ancestors of ours—so unlike us in garb and thought; so like us, it now appears, in heart and spirit. Moreover, men feel—and Heaven grant that they may feel more and more—the awfulness of Britain's greatness—a greatness not so much won as thrust upon her—fortuitous, incoherent, and without plan or concentration; spread and dotted dangerously, if not weakly, over the whole world. They themselves are so small: and yet their country is so great—they know not how—and she, as a collective whole, seems not to know either; nor how to wield her greatness, save from hand to mouth—

"Oppressed
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born."

It is a wholesome frame of mind, that, and a safe one, just because it is an humble one; and we will thank every one, from Mr. Bright at home to French and Prussian journalists abroad, who will keep that mind alive in us, and abuse us, and rate us, and tell us that we may be a monstrous incoherence while we fancy ourselves a compact organism; that we may be going on the utterly wrong path, while we think ourselves on the utterly right one; and toppling to ruin, while we fancy ourselves omnipotent. Let them exaggerate our faults and our weaknesses as they will; the public will be only too likely to exaggerate on the opposite and less safe side.

But for this very cause, the public now welcome anything like good English history.

Only, it demands that the history shall be

human. The many are no believers in the theories of Mr. Buckle. They do not put themselves in the same category with wheat and potatoes, sparrows and tadpoles, or any other things whose fate is determined by soil, climate, supply of food, and competition of species. They have a strong and wholesome belief that mankind is not an abstraction, but signifies the men and women who have lived or do live, and that the history of England is the history of the men and women of England, not of its soil, plants, and animals. And therefore they crave for a history of the hearts and characters of those same men and women, and not a mere history of statistics, events, principles. They do not deny the value of those latter; but they rationally and fairly ask for them as they occurred in fact. The statistics must be set forth in the weal or woe of the human beings who were the better or the worse for them; the events in the deeds of the men who acted them; the principles in the lives of those who worked them out, fought for them, died for them. The things did not do themselves; men of old did them; and therefore the men now of to-day must see the men doing them. That only will they call history. If history is to be written on Mr. Buckle's plan, they simply will not read it. It is to them no history at all. They ask for historic truth, holding that (and rightly) to be identical with dramatic truth. Therefore they will read their Bible (though every number in it were demonstrated to be wrong) and get history therefrom, because it is infinitely dramatic and human. They will get their English history from Shakspeare, and understand and remember it, because he is dramatic and human. They will not read, understand, or remember the modern Constitutional Histories, Philosophies of History, and such like (excellent and instructive to the scholar as they are), because they are not dramatic and human. They will not read M. Guizot, they will not read Sismondi (to take no example nearer home), because they are not dramatic and human. Men wish to know about men of like passions with themselves, and to hear of them from a writer who has human sympathies and dramatic power.

That last is a necessary qualification. To write of men, the writer must be himself a man. When Johnson parodied poor Henry Brooke's line in "Gustavus Vasa"—

"Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"
by—

"Who drives fat bullocks must himself be fat,"
he spake, as wise men are wont, more truth than he thought for. For is it not true? From whence come mad bulls, and all the terrors of Smithfield, save from this—that drovers, like too many historians, are notably and visibly a lean race; and, having no sympathy with the pangs of obesity, do overdrive, hurry, and altogether misunderstand and abuse their quadruped charges, as historians their biped ones, sinning perpetually against the time-honored law, "Hurry no man's cattle, specially your own."

As it would be good, therefore, for the public safety, if no man were allowed to exercise the craft and mystery of a drover, unless he weighed by scale full sixteen stone, so would it be good for the public knowledge that no one should exercise the craft and mystery of an historian, unless he had had his fair share of the sorrows and joys—nay, also, perhaps, of the weaknesses of humanity. One might go further, and say that the model historian ought to have been in at least one conspiracy; to have commanded an army in battle; to have run away therefrom; to have committed a murder; to have had the appointing of half a dozen bishops; to have divorced a wife or two; to have spent the best years of his life in prison strong; and finally, to have been hanged, or, still better, burned alive. But perfection is impossible in this life.

Certainly, it is not enough to eschew principles and theories, and write exclusively of human beings and their deeds, without a large and deep human sympathy. One has seen examples of that kind of history, which have degenerated into mere inventories of old clothes, or bills of indigestible fare; and it is not important to the human race to know the exact day on which Queen Adeliza Johanna Maud wore a green boddice over a blue kirtle, or on which Abbot Helluo de Voragine cooked five porpoises whole for a single feast. But the most notable instance of an historic failure, from mere want of humanity, is perhaps, "Machiavelli's History of Florence." No book can be more free from theory, principle, or moral of any kind—not even a sensation novel. It is not even, like such a novel, inhuman—i.e., drawing humanity in mon-

strous and impossible forms; it is simply extra-human, drawing it not at all. Nevertheless, it is entirely occupied with men and their deeds; it is written as fluently, gracefully, vividly, as book need be; it is crammed with incident—with stratagems and treasons dire, with battle, murder, sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine; and yet the effect of the whole is utter weariness, confusion, and disgust. There is no delineation of character; there is no feeling for, or with, any actor. As might be expected from the cynic author of the "Principe," his men are not men, but stronger and cunninger beasts of prey. And therefore the effect of the book is confusion, weariness, disgust. It is no better sport than to look at the insects devouring each other in a drop of water: not even as good; for Machiavelli's insects are all of the same kind, shape, and color, and one cannot even learn from them a lesson on the competition of species.

If all this be true (and true surely it is in the main), it is easy to understand the steadily increasing success of Mr. Froude's "History of the Tudors."

When his first volumes appeared, his capabilities for writing history were altogether unknown save to a few who had read in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* his admirable essays* on "Mary Tudor," "England's Forgotten Worthies," "The Morals of Queen Elizabeth," etc.

They could not tell that he possessed what Mr. Carlyle makes the very definition of genius, "the infinite capacity of taking trouble." That he has that, his subsequent volumes have well proved. But one thing the public knew of him, that genius he had, of a kind which interests the many far more than the genius of taking trouble—the genius of human sympathy. Whatever they thought, or were told to think, about his earlier books, they knew from them this—that he had the power of seeing things in men and women which the mass could not see; of saying things of them which the mass dared not say; and of finding words for his thought which the mass could not find. The public calls that genius—geniality—the gift of sympathy and insight; and on the strength of that one gift they expected eagerly, and accepted gladly, an account of any part of English history which came from a man who could tell them about the heart of man.

* Reprinted in *The Living Age* as they appeared.

They did wisely, and were not disappointed. They expected that he would solve for them puzzles concerning persons rather than concerning things, and they found him at once attempting to explain a personage perhaps the most Titanic, perhaps the most important, certainly the most unintelligible, in the long list of English sovereigns. Henry the Eighth, to the many, had as yet been comprehensible under no law save that popular one of Goldsmith's (by which, indeed, most historical problems are to this day solved),—

"The dog, to serve his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man."

But what the dog's private ends for such a suicidal course might be, they had in vain as yet surmised. Mr. Froude had his theory, discarding for the most part the said private ends, and substituting for them public ones. The critics recalcitrated. If it had been so, would they not have said it themselves long ago? Is it not their business to know all about everything? The instructors of youth recalcitrated. It would unsettle the minds of the rising generation. It would require too many schoolbooks to be written over again. Beside, might it not injure the tender conscience of youth to be informed that one unworthy personage less than they had previously supposed had sat on the throne of England, and helped to build up her wealth and greatness?

The public, obedient to its leaders, recalcitrated likewise as bidden, but read the book nevertheless; not without a secret suspicion, by plain John Bull common sense, that if the once pious, wise, and virtuous Henry the Eighth did suddenly, in his later years, transform himself from the likeness of a Christian man into that of a horned satyr of the woods, he might have compassed his wicked pleasures most safely and easily by the same method as his porcine friend, Francis the First, and most carnal men since his time, instead of endangering his crown, his country, and (as he held) his immortal soul, by marrying wife after wife. Moreover, the public, as they read, found wake up in them something of the old English respect and love for the man who, amid whatever confusions, and even crimes, of thought, feeling, and actions, first dared to face and fight like a man the giant lie of a thousand years, and throw off, once and for all, the incubus which had weighed on England ever since Offa, in a fatal day,

sent the first Peter's penny of Rome-scot to "the old Italian man who called himself a God, upon the strength of his wonder-working hoard of rags and bones."

For the public, intensely Protestant,—as all who are not such have discovered, and will discover to the end,—saw this at least, that Mr. Froude was intensely Protestant likewise: and yet, that he justified their Protestantism to them not by one-sided and unjust fanaticism, but by fairly seeing and setting forth, from a human point of view, the faith, the struggles of conscience, the martyrdoms of the heroes of the old faith—of More, of Fisher, of the poor monks of the Charterhouse.

They found the darkest puzzles on their own side of the question explained by Mr. Froude's knowledge of the other side; and learned from him—probably for the first time—to understand the deep discontent of Edward the Sixth's reign, and the subsequent revulsion to Popery under Mary, on some human and natural explanation, beside the old one of the rage and malice of the devil and his imps.

These volumes, even more than the earlier ones, showed the advantage of having our history written by students of human nature. The delineations of Somerset and Seymour, in Vol. V., were as masterly in themselves as they were pregnant with causes for the course which affairs took during that confused reign. The delineation of Mary Tudor was, as it ought to be, even more carefully worked out, and with the most complete success. For the first time, people in general could see in that hapless queen not a monstrous fury, but a woman, whose deepest sorrows and blackest crimes sprang out of her own warped and maddened womanhood. If Mr. Froude had done no more for English history than the figure of Mary Tudor alone, he would have deserved the thanks of all who love truth.

It was no wonder, then, that Mr. Froude's seventh and eighth volumes were anxiously expected, and greedily bought up. What would he, so subtle an analyst of character, and especially of the character of women, make of the great Elizabeth? Perhaps the first feeling of the many was one of disappointment. There seems to be a feeling abroad that Mr. Froude ought to have introduced the English heroic age and its heroine

with some set flourish of trumpets (in the old Elizabethan sense of that phrase, which involved no ridiculous notion); that he should have begun with a proem, indicating both from what point England was starting, and at what goal she would arrive.

But Mr. Froude has not done this. He has confined himself strictly to his method of drawing the time by drawing its personages, their conversations, their letters; by letting the action explain itself, without any explanatory comment from a chorus. It is wisest, perhaps, to believe that Mr. Froude knows best how to tell his own story. He has spent years of thought and labor on these volumes; and he ought, in fairness, to have the benefit of Goethe's paradoxical but true rule, that our first impression of a work of high art is one of disappointment, almost of dislike. It is so different from what we should have made ourselves. Not till we have looked at it again and again do we become reconciled to its unexpected form and proportions. And though it would be too much to claim for this history the honor of a perfect work of art, it is not too much to ask that we should not judge of its value till we have read it more than once—perhaps till we have read the volumes which will follow, and have seen Mr. Froude's picture of Elizabeth and her times as a whole.

Certainly, we must not till then judge of his portrait of Elizabeth herself. Mr. Froude, in these volumes, treats of a period which has been too much slurred over by her biographers, and which is painful enough to those who (as Englishmen did once, and should once more) admire and love her in spite of all her faults. She came to the throne, as he shows, crippled on every side; crippled by debts incurred by her sister, which she was trying honorably to pay, thereby bringing on herself the odium of stinginess; crippled by her inability to trust the statesmen who had brought England to the brink of ruin during her sister's and her brother's reign; crippled by her reasonable dissatisfaction with extreme negative Protestantism, and the revolutionary and fanatical forms which it was assuming on the Continent; crippled by the knowledge that at least half her subjects were still Romanists, ready to dethrone her—some of them to murder her—and put Mary Stuart in her place; crippled by the intrigues of France and

Spain, which she had no power to resist by force of arms, and which she was compelled—or rather fancied herself compelled—to meet, after the fashion of all princes in those days, by paltry and disingenuous counter-intrigues; crippled, last of all, as Mr. Froude freely allows, by an affection for Lord Robert Dudley, which all but alienated from her the hearts of her people, and brought her at one time to the brink of ruin.

Mr. Froude has seen all these excuses for her; but it is a question whether he has brought them before his readers with sufficient prominence. He reiterates contemptuously charges of avarice against her, which may be permissible in a republican author, like Mr. Motley, but do not come so consistently from Mr. Froude, who has confessed that she was trying to pay honestly her sister's debts. Surely, there were great excuses for her shrinking from throwing good money after bad, whether into Scotland or into the Netherlands. There were great excuses for her shrinking from armed assistance to foreign powers, while she had no certainty but that her armaments and her honor would not be fooled away by incapable commanders, as they had been in the preceding reigns. There were great excuses for her vacillating in her assistance both to Scots and to Netherlands, while neither Scots nor Netherlands clearly knew what they wanted, and while she, of course, knew still less. She had a vast and unexampled part to play, in an age in which all that was old was rocking to its ruin, all that was new was unformed and untried. Can we wonder that she took years in learning that part—that she made more than one ugly mistake in her lesson? Let it suffice that she did learn it; that from the first, with that fine instinct for choosing great and good servants which was her safeguard in after life, she chose the noble Cecil, and not merely used, but, on the whole, obeyed him; and that, at last, she conquered, leaving England as strong and glorious as she found it weak and disgraced.

As for her falsehoods; they brought their own punishment, so swiftly and so often, that they cured themselves. She began on the wrong path, after the fashion of the then world, when every one seems to have lied over public matters. It is enough that she left that path in time to save England and herself.

Moreover, we must remember the morality of the time was low. If it had not been low, there would have been no Reformation, because none would have been needed. All true reformations, which lay hold of the hearts of the people, as this one did of the heart of England, are moral, not doctrinal, reformations. As long as the old Creed is the salt of the earth, and makes men consciously better men, they will cling to it, be it never so ragged and shaky; for, say they, and truly, the grace of God is still present in it. But when the grace of God is found to be gone out of it, so that it no longer makes men better, but rather worse, then the Creed is but too likely to go the way of "the salt which has lost its savor."

And the Roman religion had, for some time past, been making men not better men, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment. From the time that indulgences were hawked about in his name, which would insure pardon for any man, "*etsi matrem Dei violavisset*," the world in general began to be of that opinion. But the mischief was older and deeper than those indulgences. It lay in the very notion of the dispensing power. A deed might be a crime, or no crime at all,—like Henry the Eighth's marriage of his brother's widow,—according to the will of the pope. If it suited the interest or caprice of the old man of Rome *not* to say the word, the doer of a certain deed would be burned alive in hell forever. If it suited him, on the other hand, to say it, the doer of the same deed would go, *sacramentis munitus*, to endless bliss. What rule of morality, what eternal law of right and wrong, could remain in the hearts of men born and bred under the shadow of so hideous a deception?

And the shadow did not pass at once when the pope's authority was thrown off. Henry VIII. evidently thought that if the pope could make right and wrong, perhaps he could do so likewise. Elizabeth seems to have fancied, at one weak moment, that the pope had the power of making her marriage with Leicester right, instead of wrong.

Moreover when the moral canon of the pope's will was gone, there was for a while no canon of morality left. The average morality of Elizabeth's reign was not so much low as capricious, self-willed, fortuitous; magnificent one day in virtue, terrible the next in vice. It was not till more than one generation had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, that Englishmen and Germans began to understand (what Frenchmen and Italians did not understand) that they were to be judged by the everlasting laws of a God who was no respecter of persons.

So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

Ever since Pope Stephen forged an epistle from St. Peter to Pepin, King of the Franks, and sent it with some flings of the saint's holy chains, that he might bribe him to invade Italy, destroy the Lombards, and confirm to him the "Patrimony of St. Peter;—ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his barrow, to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minster did not "draw" as well as the rival minster ten miles off;—ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding fresh lies, till men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about and to suspect that tongues were given to men, as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence.

The court of Rome had been for centuries, by the confession not merely of laymen and heretics, but of monks, bishops, canonized saints, beatified prophetesses, the falsest spot on earth, as well as the foulest. "Omnia Romæ venalia" had been a taunt not of the Reformation-time, but of five centuries' standing. The court policy of Rome had been that of Machiavel's Principe, "Divide et impera." Its example had debauched its vassal kings throughout Christendom. The courts of Europe were Italianized. The old

Teutonic "Biederkeit und Tapferkeit," the once-honored motto, "Treu und fest," had withered beneath the upas-shade of ultramontane falsehood and chicanery; the Teuton, whether English, Spanish, or German, tried to make up for the loss of honesty, by clumsy efforts to outlie Italian legatès and bishops, in which rivalry the Franks alone, the Luegenelder, liars from the beginning, had any tolerable success.

We must remember these things, ere we judge Elizabeth and her heroes. They were born in a demoralized time, with the vices of that time clinging thick upon them; having lost the old popish rule of right and wrong, wretched as it was, and having as yet no new Gospel rules to guide them; but they were growing more and more conscious of that new rule, of the Bible, of free thought, of the sanctity of national life; and by the lights thereof they were working their way out of the slough wherein they were born, to a higher, purer, nobler, more useful type of humanity than the world had seen for many a hundred years. Giants half awakened out of sleep, soiled with many an ugly fall, wearied and crippled in many a fearful fight, and yet victorious after all—we are not the men to judge them harshly, we who stand safe on the firm ground which their struggles won.

Of Elizabeth's attachment to Dudley, Mr. Froude has no doubt. Neither has he of the purity (in act at least) of that attachment. She asserted it at a moment when she believed herself dying; and there is not a jot of evidence in the opposite direction, save in the foul imaginations of Jesuits like Parsons, who could conceive of no love which was not after the model of Paris, Venice, and Rome. What Mr. Froude says on the miserable and scandalous Amy Robsart tragedy is worthy of most careful reading; but let the reader always keep in mind, that if Elizabeth and Dudley had been only willing (as they—at least he—seem to have been for a while) to submit themselves to the holy father at Rome, that holy father would have been both able and willing to grant Dudley a divorce from Amy Robsart, and permission to marry the queen.

Mr. Froude writes angrily and contemptuously of this affection toward Dudley; and there is cause enough for his so doing. He likes Elizabeth too well to allow her a license which he can allow to Mary Stuart. But he

should have remembered that, while Mary took that license; Elizabeth did not. Meanwhile, after Elizabeth had been so long represented as utterly cold, heartless, the slave of vanity and ambition, it ought rather to raise her, than lower her, in our eyes to find her from her youth a true woman, capable—as her after life showed abundantly to those who have eyes to see—of deep and true affection.

The key to Elizabeth's strange conduct during these early years seems to be, over and above her debt and poverty, and her pardonable ignorance that her true safety lay in putting herself at the head of the reformed party, this very simple and human fact—that she was honestly and deeply in love with a man who had been the friend of her youth, and the companion of her dangers; that she felt she must not marry him, while, woman-like, she could not give up the hope. That she amused others, and perhaps herself, with plans of marrying this person and that instead; and in order to put off the evil day, and escape as long as possible the loathed necessity, vacillated and lied, till she herself, and England likewise, was half-mad with suspense. That, after all, she nobly resigned herself to the stern logic of facts; and confessed—a truly noble confession for that proud spirit—“that she would have married my Lord Robert, but her subjects would not permit her.”

As for her love having been misplaced: what it is which produces in any pair of human beings, raised above the mere appetites of the animal, that mysterious attraction, is altogether so unknown and miraculous, that it is impossible for a student of human nature to say what bizzare and unexpected matches may not be made any day, among people whose characters he fancies he knows most thoroughly. Have we never seen noble women throw themselves away on knaves and fools? Have we never seen them, too, after they have found out their own mistake, justify and sanctify it to themselves by devotion the more intense as the object thereof is more unworthy? Unfathomable is the heart of woman. It is not for man, at least, to speak rudely of its weakness, when that weakness so often brings to them undeserved blessings. It is not for women, either, to speak rudely of that weakness, when—as in Queen Elizabeth's case—it has been conquered,—con-

quered, as usual, not without fearful struggles, which scar and cripple the whole character for the rest of life, but conquered still, by the simple sense of duty.

It may fairly be questioned, whether Mr. Froude has not indulged too much that subtle power with which he can unweave the tangled skein of human motives—a power which would have made him, had he chosen so to waste it, one of our very best novelists. Certainly page after page of the first of these two volumes leave on us a sense of confusion and bewilderment. We have got not into one spider's web, but into four or five at once, spun, or rather in the act of being spun, through and across each other, all competing for the possession of the one fly—while, to make confusion worse confounded, the fly fancies itself a spider likewise, and begins trying to spin its web in self-defence, with results so painful and ludicrous that Mr. Froude loses his temper a little, and has no pity for the poor fly, forgetting how hard the times were, and how great the temptation to a lone woman like Elizabeth, to try if she could not meet cunning with cunning. The complication of affairs is well likened by the Quarterly Reviewer to the famous “Niece-nephew and Beef-eater dead-lock” in the *Critic*. But Mr. Froude is not content with simply showing us the dead-lock. He takes the puzzle to pieces, bit by bit, puts it together again, suggests possible methods of re-arrangement thereof, and ultimately confuses somewhat, not himself—for he seems as much at home in plots as De Quadra or Philip—but his readers.

In that strange intrigue, for instance, which ended in Mary Queen of Scots selling herself, body but not soul, to the miserable Darnley, half out of cool-blooded policy, half out of bravado against Queen Elizabeth (who seems, in these early years, to have borne with her kindly, and advised her wisely), we find Elizabeth entreating Mary to marry Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester); on which Mr. Froude well says, p. 72:—

“Even in the person whom in her heart she desired Mary to marry, Elizabeth was giving an evidence of the sincerity of her intentions. Lord Robert Dudley was perhaps the most worthless of her subjects; but in the loving eyes of his mistress he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*: and she took a melancholy pride in offering her sister her choicest jewel, and in raising Dud-

ley, though she could not marry him herself, to the reversion of the English throne."

Well said of Mr. Froude; and nobly done of Queen Elizabeth: but if so, why do we find, fifteen pages afterwards, this very shrewd, but rather unsatisfactory, passage?

"It is possible that the communications from Lord Robert to the Spanish ambassador were part of a deliberate plot to lead Philip astray after a will-o'-the-wisp, to amuse him with hopes of recovering Elizabeth to the Church, while she was laughing in her sleeve at his credulity. If Lord Robert was too poor a creature to play such a part successfully, it is possible that he, too, was Elizabeth's dupe. Or again, it may have been that Elizabeth was insincere in her offer of Lord Robert to the Queen of Scots, while she was sincere in desiring the recognition of Mary Stuart's title, because she hoped that, to escape the succession of a Scottish princess, one party or other would be found in England to tolerate her marriage with the only person whom she would accept. If the queen was playing a false game, it is hard to say which hypothesis is the more probable; yet on the one hand it will be seen that Cecil, Randolph—every one who has left an opinion on record—believed that she was in earnest in desiring Mary Stuart to accept Lord Robert; whilst, on the other hand, the readiness with which the Spanish court listened to Lord Robert's overtures, proves that they at least believed that he had a real hold on Elizabeth's affections; and it is unlikely, with the clue to English state secrets which the Spanish ministers undoubtedly possessed, that they would have been deceived a second time by a mere artifice. The least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true. Elizabeth was most likely acting in good faith when she proposed to sacrifice Dudley to the Queen of Scots. Lord Robert as probably clung to his old hopes, and was sincere—so far as he could be sincere at all—in attempting to bribe Philip to support him in obtaining his object."

No doubt, "the least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true." And Mr. Froude had given such an explanation in page 72. But if so, *cui bono* this whole passage? It only adds—unnecessarily, surely—to that sense of bewilderment which certainly seizes the reader during the perusal of much of the first volume.

But in as far as he omits surmises, and confines himself to the facts, however complicated, has not Mr. Froude a right to say to

us critics, who earn our money by telling the world how things ought to have been done, instead of doing them ourselves, "How otherwise would you have had me draw the period, so as to give you a just notion of it? Take care that your very blame be not praise, proving that I have drawn from the life, and to the life. Call this part of my book the worst names you will; say that it is tedious—so was the time. Confused, mean, irritating—so was the time. I have tried to draw it as it was; and let it produce in the reader the same effect which it produced on the whole English people. Had I made the period interesting, I should have made it just what it was not. Had I compressed it, I should have given you the false notion that it was a short and unimportant episode in Elizabeth's reign, instead of what it was—a long suspense and confusion, which tormented people and statesmen alike into all but despair and rebellion, which endangered Elizabeth's throne, which permanently damaged her reputation, and gave a handle for Father Parsons, and the rest of the Jesuit slanderers and plotters, to pour out their foul 'Leicesters, Commonwealths,' and other *vomissemens du diable*. I have been tedious and irritating? If you had lived in those days, you would have found them infinitely more tedious and irritating than I have been."

The fact is, Mr. Froude has been in the case of one who has to represent on the stage a peat-bog—a foul, quaking, bottomless morass, stretching for weary miles. And how should he have done it, save by representing it as it was? He might have made it, for scenic purposes, look very pretty—deck it over with roses and gilly-flowers, and stuck a maypole in the midst, with swains and nymphs dancing round it, on soil of questionable security. But, on the whole, the impossible is not likely to be the correct.

Or he might have, for dramatic purposes likewise, only indicated his peat-bog, after the method of Bully Bottom and Snug the joiner, and cause one to enter with a spade over his shoulder and a turf in his hand, and say—

"This turf of peat, which in my hand I hold,
Doth bog present, both naked, deep, and cold,
Where snipe and duck do breed;"

and so forth.

After which he must say, of course, "But, sweet ladies, or fair ladies, if you think I am

truly and indeed a bog, you be too hard on me. I am no bog, but honest John Heathcropper, at your service. So you must not be afraid of falling into me; no, nor of filing the soles of your feet through and of my bog:" etc., etc.,—a method not unknown to various writers of history, who have taken on themselves to tell the story of Mary Queen of Scots, Francis the First, and other model sovereigns, with all the naughtiness left out for special reasons.

Mr. Froude has taken the simpler (and on the whole juster) plan of sending John Heathcropper on the stage to confess that the bog is a very dangerous bog, a naughty bog, and must be crossed nevertheless; but that he has crossed it himself, and come back with a lantern; and that any lady or gentleman who chooses to step from this tummock to that tuffet, and so on, may in time get across; but that if they do slip in, he will find them a lantern, but cannot find them legs.

In drawing the character of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude has been more successful than he has as yet been in drawing Elizabeth. The task, indeed, is easier. The incidents of her life are so brilliant and dramatic, that, honestly told, they are enough to reveal the woman herself throughout: besides, the character is a shallower one than Elizabeth's—shallow from want of principle, though not from want of intellect or passion; a true panther nature—beautiful and swift, crafty and cruel, with the panther's stealthy crouch, the panther's sudden spring. Mr. Froude's admirable description of her ought to abolish, once and for all, the sentimental notion of her injured innocence, which prompts even Mr. Charles Knight to talk of her trial for her life, in 1586, as "an unequal encounter" between "the most adroit statesmen of her age" and "an inexperienced woman." Inexperienced? Burleigh and his compeers knew too well that, since she had landed in Scotland, she had had six-and-twenty years of perpetual experience in state craft and intrigue. They knew, too, that she had come into Scotland,—as John Knox saw at his first glance,—hardly needing that additional experience, so trained had she been in the ways of the craftiest court of Europe, and also—alas for her!—in the morals and language of a society which—if we are to believe Brantôme, who adored her—can hardly find a parallel now in the lowest purloins of

St. Giles'. Be merciful to her faults, considering the simply infernal atmosphere which she breathed in her girlhood; but talk no more of her inexperience, lest you provoke the laughter of all who know anything of the facts.

One famous personage at least—Rizzio—comes before us in these volumes in a light quite new to the man. We must abolish henceforth (at least for our children's sake) those sentimental pictures in which the harmless minstrel lies thrumming melodiously at the feet of his mistress, who, in her turn, looks languishing into the infinite serene, as she dreams of La Belle France; and substitute for them a dark and able Machiavel, crouched serpent-like at the ear of an Eve whose lowering brow, curling lip, and flashing eye show that she can not only listen to, but sympathize with, the dark hints of the tempter. Rizzio, doubtless, was a fiddler, thrummer on the lute, or other maker of pleasant noises; but he was, over and above, a true sixteenth century Italian; wily, unscrupulous, taking to intrigue as to his natural element. And—what is not generally known—he was at his death the most powerful man in Scotland. Within two or three years of the time when he slept, for want of better bed, on the very chest in the lodge at Holyrood on which his corpse was flung, he had become Mary's confidant, secretary, practical prime minister. He had entered into and fomented all her plots. He had caused her deadly and insane hatred toward her brother, and only wise and good counsellor, Murray. He was about to be invested with the chancellorship of which Murray had been deprived, and of the lands which were to be taken from him. He was already ruling the nobles of Scotland—he, an unknown foreigner. He was just about to be exalted above them all. The nobles, after the time-honored custom of the ancient Scots, got rid summarily of the intruder. Why not? It had been the fashion ever since the day when Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn; indeed, since Macbeth did the same by Duncan; or even earlier. When there is no law in a country, every man must needs be a law, if not to himself, at least to his enemies. So Rizzio was abolished; only the stupid and brutal boy Darnley would have him torn out of the very chamber of the queen, instead of seizing him at his own lodgings. But Darnley be-

lieved,—or at least made all Scotland believe,—that Rizzio was Mary's paramour. Mr. Froude believes that he was not, on the sound ground that no one can credit a word which Darnley said on any matter. But the slander, if slander it was, did its work. It justified Rizzio's death in the eyes of the Scotch, who, years after, shouted to poor James, "Come out, thou son of Signor Davie!" and gave occasion to at least one bitter jest—that the said James was the Solomon of England in this at least, that he was the son of David.

One cannot pity Rizzio. He played for all or nothing, and lost. One might have pitied him, if he had turned to bay valiantly at last. Fox as he was, he might at least have died like the fox—dumb and game, biting as long as two limbs are left together. But he did not. The upstart who, five minutes before, had been sitting at supper with the queen, while noble Scotchmen stood in waiting behind his chair, screamed with pain like a girl, clung to his mistress, then to her bed, and was dragged out howling for mercy, to die like the false cur that he was.

"Here is his destiny," moralized an old porter, as he stood by, and saw his corpse flung on the chest in the lodge; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth, a very niggard and misknown knave."

It is, in fact, the belief in Rizzio's guilt with Mary which explains the extreme brutality of the conspirators to Mary herself. Mere political jealousy of her favorite would not have vented itself in gratuitous insults to her. They believed Darnley's story, and were, in so far, his dupes. It was this, perhaps, which enabled Mary so far to thrust aside her own feelings as to pardon them, that she might the more securely wreak her vengeance on him.

Of her guilt with Bothwell, and her complicity in Darnley's murder, Mr. Froude's pages leave simply no doubt. He has made use of the famous "Casket-letters." But it is clear, from his own account, that they are no more needed to enable us to judge of her guilt than they were needed at the time. Scotland, England, and France, made up their minds at once, years before these letters were found, and we may, if needful, do the same.

As to the letters themselves, their authenticity, as is well known, has been again and

again denied of late years; so, indeed, has Mary's guilt of any kind. It has been considered right, perhaps because it was necessary, to ignore even the one broad fact, worth any dozen others, that within a few days of Darnley's death, Mary was honoring, caressing, playing garden games with the man who had indubitably murdered her husband, and, as the public were informed, abducted and dishonored her.

"But," says Mr. Froude, "the so-called certainties of history are but varying probabilities; and when witnesses no longer survive to be cross-questioned, those readers and writers who judge of the truth by their emotions can believe what they please. To assert that documents were forged, or that witnesses were tampered with, costs them no effort; they are spared the trouble of reflection by the ready-made assurance of their feelings."

"The story in the text," Mr. Froude says, in a note, "is taken from the depositions of Anderson and Pitcairn; from the deposition of Crawford in the Rolls' House; and from the celebrated Casket-letters of Mary Stuart to Bothwell." Out of these materials, Mr. Froude has constructed a story, which for clearness, pathos, and grace of style, will remain a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ,* as one of the most perfect specimens of writing in the whole range of our literature. Of the letters, he says: "Their authenticity will be discussed in a future volume, in connection with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place. Meantime, I shall assume the genuineness of documents which, without turning history into a mere creation of imaginative sympathies, I do not feel at liberty to doubt. They come to us, after having passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the queen, that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference. One of these letters could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakspeare; and that one, once accomplished, would have been so overpoweringly sufficient for its purpose that no forger would have multiplied the chances of detection by adding the rest. The inquiry at the time appears, to me, to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures. The English Council, among whom were many friends of Mary Stuart, had the French originals before them,

while we have only translations, or translations of translations."

But even those, it seems to me, are enough. Read that one letter, of which Mr. Froude well says, "that it could have been invented only by the genius of a Shakspeare," and judge whether it could have been written by any human being save by a woman, "at that strange point where her criminal passion becomes almost virtue by its self-abandonment:"—

"I must go forward with my odious purpose. You make me dissemble so far that I abhor it. If it were not to obey you, I had rather die than do it.

* * * * *

"Have no evil opinion of me for this, for you yourself are the cause of it. For my own private revenge, I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honor, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, I pray you take it in good part."

"Have no evil opinion of me for this."

What man, villain enough to have forged letters in Mary's name, would have had also human sympathy, insight, genius enough to have forged that one sentence; to have thrown in that exquisite touch of mingled tenderness and shame; to have made Mary's highest object, not the gratification of her own pleasure, but Bothwell's good opinion; to have represented her, and not him, as the suppliant and the slave? One can imagine—because one knows the drama of those days—what sort of stuff a forger would have put into Mary's mouth,—stuff worthy of a stage Semiramis or Messalina: but instead, we find words such as no man—perhaps not even Shakspeare—could invent or imagine,—words which prove their own authenticity, by their most fantastic and unexpected, yet most simple and pathetic, adherence to human nature. Those who doubt the terrible fact of Mary's having written that letter, must know as little of the laws of internal evidence as of the tricks of the human heart.

It can be no pleasure to go into such matters,—no pleasure to believe any woman an adulteress and a murderess. But as often as the relation of Elizabeth and Mary is brought before us, so often, at least for some years to come, will it be necessary to recollect clearly what it was. The whole matter, ever since Mr. Hume wrote his history, has been overlaid with misstatements, caused, probably,

by mere sentimentality, but just as dangerous as if they had been spread about by Father Parsons and the Jesuits themselves, for the express purpose of putting into the minds of men an entirely false view of the case. The sixteenth century Jesuits, however (with some show of sense, as from their point of view), spoke of Mary as a martyr, dying in defence of the Holy Roman faith: it was reserved for modern Protestants to broach the monstrous theory that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of Elizabeth. That notion might, indeed, have something tragic and terrible about it, false as it is, if it could only be proved that the two great queens were in love with the same man at the same moment, and fought Titanically for the prize. But as the favored personage required by that hypothesis has not yet been discovered in history, it remains that Elizabeth could have been jealous merely of Mary's superior beauty—and, indeed, one has seen the case actually so put, by some wiseacre who had probably never taken the trouble to consider what a deliberate and diabolical wickedness, extending over many years, he was imputing to the English queen.

Certainly, if such people had wished to further the influence of the Romish Church over the public mind, they could have devised no method of treating history better calculated to do so, than to represent this long and internecine battle between Protestantism and Popery as merely the private quarrel of two handsome and ambitious women. And, therefore, it is necessary to repeat again and again, that Mary Queen of Scots was not merely heir to the throne of England, but that she considered and declared herself the rightful queen thereof during the lifetime of Elizabeth. That she was the hope and mainstay of the Popish party, both in England and in Scotland, and the wily and unscrupulous foe of that Protestant cause which has been the strength and the glory of both countries alike. That for that very reason Elizabeth shrank from acknowledging her as her heir, because she knew (as Mr. Froude well shows) that to do so was to sign her own death-warrant; that she would have been shortly murdered by some of those fanatics, who were told by the pope and the Jesuits that her assassination was a sacred duty. That Mary, by her crimes, alienated from her, not her own subjects,—they had had too much reason to

hate her already,—but her Catholic friends in France, Spain, and England; and thus enabled Elizabeth to detain her in captivity as the only security against one who was an open conspirator, and pretender to the throne during her life; and finally, on the discovery of fresh plots against her crown, and the liberties and religion of England, which had by then become identified with the Protestant cause, to bring her to the scaffold. The justice or injustice of that sentence will, no doubt, be discussed by Mr. Froude in a future volume, as ably and fairly as he has in these volumes discussed Mary's original guilt; and if he shall give his verdict against Queen Elizabeth,—and therefore against the Lords and Commons of England, who concurred with her in the sentence,—we are bound to listen patiently to his decision. No one can come clean-handed out of such a long and fearful struggle; and the party which are in the right are but too certain, ere their work is done, to have likened themselves more than once to the party which is in the wrong.

But that Elizabeth and her party were in the right, and Mary and her party in the wrong, is to be remembered by every man who calls himself a Protestant; and any one who has observed the deep denationalization of mind now prevalent, not in the loyal, hereditary Catholics of these realms, but in

those who have lately joined, or are inclined to join, the Church of Rome; their dissatisfaction with the whole course of English history since the Conquest, and of Scotch history since the days of great John Knox, for what, thank Heaven, it is—a perpetual rebellion against ultramontane tyranny; their outspoken contempt for all feelings and institutions which are most honored by English or by Scotch,—those, I say, who have observed this, will never lose an opportunity of reminding their fellow-countrymen, and especially the young, that they must, in justice to their native land, keep unstained and clear their broad sense of right and wrong; and remember that the cause which Elizabeth (with whatever inconsistencies and weaknesses) espoused, was the cause of freedom and of truth, which has led these realms to glory; the cause which Mary (with whatever excuses of early education) espoused, was the cause of tyranny and of lies, which would have led these realms to ruin; and that after all—

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, et victa puellis.

What Mr. Froude will have to say on this subject, we shall wait patiently and hopefully to hear. But that he will take, in the main, the same view as has been taken in this last page, no one can doubt, who has read his already published volumes. C. K.

FROM PIZARRO TO CONCHA.—The Spanish Chancery is a fair match for the English. We hear of games of chess bequeathed in Spain from sire to son, but the Spanish courts have just decided a lawsuit transmitted through eight generations. Two centuries and a half ago the inheritance of the conqueror of Peru fell into litigation together with that of his nearest kinsmen. The litigation has gone on till it fell to three persons to claim each one the whole of the Pizarro estates. One of these claimants is the Duchess de la Concelada, Marchioness of Douro and wife of the famous Captain-General of Cuba, Marshal Concha; another is a grandee, the Duke of Noblejas; and the third a lady, the Marchioness of La Conquista. The courts have divided the spoils. The wife of Marshal Concha received the inheritance of Pizarro himself, the slayer of the Incas and spoiler of Peru; the Marchioness of La Conquista receives the entailed estate of Gonzales Pizarro; the Duke of Noblejas is bowed out of court, and the estate of Ferdinand Pizarro,

brother of the conqueror, goes to the charitable establishments of Madrid.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy from 1833 to 1847. Translated by Lady Wallace. Longmans.

We are glad to welcome these delightful and characteristic letters in their English dress (already reviewed in our columns in the original German). The translation seems to be very faithful and conscientious. A few passages here and there struck us as obscure or imperfect; but on comparing them with the original, the imperfections proved in almost every case to be in Mendelssohn himself, who appears to have been conscious of this defect, if we may judge from a letter to his father on page 76. The book is well got up, and is prefixed by a fine steel engraving from a likeness of Mendelssohn taken after death by Hensel,—a beautiful portrait, which brings the noble and somewhat careworn face before us with touching reality.—*Spectator*.

From The Watchman and Reflector.

• ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE revolution through which the American nation is passing is not a mere local convulsion. It is a war for a principle which concerns all mankind. It is THE war for the rights of the working classes of mankind, as against the usurpation of privileged aristocracies. You can make nothing else of it. That is the reason why, like a shaft of light in the judgment-day, it has gone through all nations, dividing to the right and the left the multitudes. *For* us and our cause, all the common working classes of Europe—all that toil and sweat and are oppressed. *Against* us, all privileged classes, nobles, princes, bankers, and great manufacturers, and all who live at ease. A silent instinct, piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, has gone through the earth, and sent every soul with instinctive certainty where it belongs. The poor laborers of Birmingham and Manchester, the poor silk weavers of Lyons, to whom our conflict has been present starvation and lingering death, have stood bravely *for* us. No sophistries could blind or deceive *them*; they knew that *our* cause was *their* cause, and they have suffered their part heroically, as if fighting by our side, because they knew that our victory was to be their victory. On the other side, all aristocrats and holders of exclusive privileges have felt the instinct of opposition, and the sympathy with a struggling aristocracy, for they, too, feel that our victory will be their doom.

This great contest has visibly been held in the hands of Almighty God, and is a fulfilment of the solemn prophecies with which the Bible is sown thick as stars, that he would spare the soul of the needy, and judge the cause of the poor. It was he who chose the instrument for this work, and he chose him with a visible reference to the rights and interests of the great majority of mankind, for which he stands.

Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense *a man of the working classes*. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; all his disadvantages and disabilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that

their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At seven years of age he was set to work, axe in hand, to clear up a farm in a Western forest. Until he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat boat, and on his return he split the rails for a log cabin and built it, and enclosed ten acres of land with a rail fence of his own handiwork. The next year he hired himself for twelve dollars a month to build a flat boat and take her to New Orleans; and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days, must know that it involved every kind of labor. In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian War, the hardy boatman volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this, while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the law books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about as a man of resources and shrewdness; he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies, and to whom they were ready to depute almost any enterprise which needed skill and energy. The surveyor of Sangamon County being driven with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract off from his hands. True, he had never studied surveying—but what of that? He accepted the “job,” procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and *did the work*. Do we not see in this a parable of the wider wilderness which in later years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation *without* chart or surveyor's chain?

In 1836 our backwoodsman, flat-boat hand captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practise law, and, as might be expected, rose rapidly.

His honesty, shrewdness, energy, and keen practical insight into men and things soon made him the most influential man in his State. He became the reputed leader of the Whig party, and canvassed the State a stump speaker in time of Henry Clay, and in 1846 was elected representative to Congress

ere he met the grinding of the great question of the day—the upper and nether millstone of slavery and freedom revolving against each other. Lincoln's whole nature inclined him to be a harmonizer of conflicting parties rather than a committed combatant on either side. He was firmly and from principle an enemy to slavery—but the ground he occupied in Congress was in some respects a middle one between the advance guard of the anti-slavery and the spears of the fire-eaters. He voted with John Quincy Adams for the receipt of anti-slavery petitions; he voted with Giddings for a committee of inquiry into the constitutionality of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the expediency of abolishing slavery in that District; he voted for the various resolutions prohibiting slavery in the territories to be acquired from Mexico, and he voted forty-two times for the Wilmot proviso. In Jan. 16, 1849, he offered a plan for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, by compensation from the national treasury, with the consent of a majority of the citizens. He opposed the annexation of Texas, but voted for the bill to pay the expenses of the war.

But at the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he took the field, heart and soul, against the plot to betray our territories to slavery. It was mainly owing to his exertions that at this critical period a Republican Senator was elected from Illinois, when a Republican Senator in the trembling national scales, of the conflict was worth a thousand times his weight in gold.

Little did the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, thoroughly patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was to need those prayers, the prayers of all this nation, and the prayers of all the working, suffering common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our national capital. Then the world has seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to wit; a plain working man of the people, with no more culture, instruction, or education than any such working man may obtain

for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world. The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements, with unpretending steadiness, striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe levelled their opera-glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had horny hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomatists were shocked at his system of etiquette; but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomatists, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does, it will be time for us to look about us."

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his state-papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional, and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. *The people will understand them.*" "But this or that form of expression is not elegant, not classical." "*The people will understand it,*" has been his invariable reply. And whatever may be said of his state-papers, as compared with the classic standards, it has been a fact that they have always been wonderfully well understood by the people, and that since the time of Washington, the state-papers of no President have more controlled the popular mind. And one reason for this is, that they have been informal and undiplomatic. They have more resembled a father's talks to his children than a state-paper. And they have had that relish and smack of the soil, that appeal to the simple human heart and head, which is a greater power in writing than the most artful devices of rhetoric. Lincoln might well say with the apostle, "But though I be rude in speech yet not in knowledge, but we have been thoroughly *made manifest among you* in all things." His rejection of what is called fine writing was as deliberate as St. Paul's, and for the same reason—because he felt that

he was speaking on a subject which must be made clear to the lowest intellect, though it should fail to captivate the highest. But we say of Lincoln's writing, that for all true, manly purposes of writing, there are passages in his state-papers that could not be better put; they are absolutely perfect. They are brief, condensed, intense, and with a power of insight and expression which make them worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold. Such are some passages of the celebrated Springfield letter, especially that masterly one where he compares the conduct of the patriotic and loyal blacks with that of the treacherous and disloyal whites. No one can read this letter without feeling the influence of a mind both strong and generous.

Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things, it is like the strength not so much of a stone buttress as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been drawn safely thus far during the tossings and tempests which beset her way.

Surrounded by all sorts of conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted, timid men, by Border States men, and Free States men, by radical Abolitionists and Conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, waited, observed, yielded now here and now there, but in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, and drawn the national ship through.

In times of our trouble Abraham Lincoln has had his turn of being the best abused man of our nation. Like Moses leading his Israel through the wilderness, he has seen, the day when every man seemed ready to stone him, and yet, with simple, wiry, steady perseverance, he has held on, conscious of honest intentions, and looking to God for help. All the nation have felt, in the increasing solemnity of his proclamations and papers, how deep an education was being wrought in his mind by this simple faith in God, the ruler of nations, and this humble willingness to learn the awful lessons of his providence.

We do not mean to give the impression that Lincoln is a religious man in the sense in which that term is popularly applied.

We believe he has never made any such profession, but we see evidence that in passing through this dreadful national crisis he has been forced by the very anguish of the struggle to look upward, where any rational creature must look for support. No man in this agony has suffered more and deeper albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, than seemed to some like insensibility. "Which ever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I sha'n't last long after it's over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg, his heavy eyes and worn and weary air told how our reverses wore upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at bottom that sometimes rose to the surface in some droll, quaint saying, or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

There have been times with many, of impetuous impatience, when our national ship seemed to lie water-logged and we have called aloud for a deliverer of another fashion,—a brilliant general, a dashing, fearless statesman, a man who could dare and do, who would stake all on a die, and win or lose by a brilliant *coup de main*. It may comfort our minds that since He who ruleth in the armies of nations set no such man to this work, that perhaps He saw in the man whom He did send some peculiar fitness and aptitudes therefor.

Slow and careful in coming to resolutions willing to talk with every person who has anything to show on any side of a disputed subject, long in weighing and pondering, attached to constitutional limits and time-honored landmarks, Lincoln certainly was the *safest* leader a nation could have at a time when the *habeas corpus* must be suspended and all the constitutional and minor rights of citizens be thrown into the hands of their military leader. A reckless, bold, theorizing, dashing man of genius might have wrecked our Constitution and ended us in a splendid military despotism.

Among the many accusations which in hours of ill-luck have been thrown out upon Lincoln, it is remarkable that he has never been called self-seeking, or selfish. When we were troubled and sat in darkness, and looked doubtfully towards the presidential chair, it was never that we doubted the good will of our pilot—only the clearness of his eyesight. But Almighty God has granted to him that clearness of vision which he gives to the true-hearted, and enabled him to set his honest foot in that promised land of freedom which is to be the patrimony of all men, black and white—and from hence forth nations shall rise up to call him blessed.

From The Reader.

THACKERAY.

NINE mornings ago the noble Thackeray, or whom we had all anticipated a longer life of continued activity and honor than the fifty-two years he had then attained, was found dead in his bed; and for three days already his body has been resting in its grave at Kensal Green. London, and all Great Britain, and all that portion of the earth that is reached by our English tongue, are so much poorer at this beginning of a new year than they thought to be as the old year was drawing to its close. It will be told hereafter how Thackeray lived almost to the end of the year 1863, and how, just as men began to write 1864, he was missed from the midst of them.

London will miss him. When we image to ourselves what London is and what has been its history, it is astonishing how much of what is fondest in our representations consists of recollections of the successive clusters of eminent men, and especially of eminent men of letters, that have there passed their lives. As far back as the days of Chaucer and Gower the tradition begins; it is but faintly kept up from that period till it bursts forth afresh in the glorious London of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the Elizabethans; since which time what is London, in the popular notion of its history, but that ever-growing, ever-roaring city in the midst of which company after company of the natural successors of those poetic and dramatic Elizabethans have found their habitations and inducements, their hard or easy livelihoods, and their noted or unnoted graves? To the Elizabethans succeeded the Wits of the Restoration, apart from whom, in an obscure outskirt, sat Milton, old and blind; to these the Wits of Queen Anne's reign; and to these the Georgians, elder, middle, and later, to the verge of our own times. In each generation, of course, there have been men of literary celebrity, not congregated in London, but distributed over the rest of the land, whether in other cities or in country-neighborhoods; and sometimes the centre of greatest intellectual power has certainly not been in the metropolis. But, in the main, the greatest quantity of British literary talent, at any one time, has always, for natural reasons, been aggregated in London; and the conspicuous literary cluster of any one time has consisted of men and women whom their contempora-

ries could recognize as Londoners. In our own age, more expressly than in most others, this has been the case. If we reckon this age from the beginning of our present sovereign's reign in 1837, and if, adopting a collective name that has been proposed, we call the British authors of these last twenty-six years "the Victorians," then a more than usual proportion of these Victorians have belonged, or are still belonging, to London. It is a cluster to be proud of—a cluster that will shine in our literary history, even when the lustre of the preceding Georgian era of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that of the earlier era of Queen Anne's Wits, are still remembered in the comparison. Who shall venture to draw up now a complete list of these eminent Victorians—including alike the historians, the poets, the novelists, the moralists, and the philosophers whom future times are likely to take account of under that designation? Or who so bold as, out of the forty or fifty of all orders that might compose such a list of the indubitably eminent, to select five or six, and aver, "These are they that will be looked back upon as the *pre-eminent* of our era, as the Victorian stars of the greatest magnitude"? We are in the noise and dust of the present; the most blatant and sociable have it their own way for a season; and, in the fall and click of a thousand hammers, few can tell who is working in pinchbeck, and who is beating and shaping the finest gold. Time will find out; or, if even Time should not trouble itself to do so, what does it matter? One of our Victorians, however, we can all at this moment speak of with certainty as sure to rank among the *pre-eminent* of that designation, however strict may be the posthumous criticism. We have laid him this week in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

Exclude our purely scientific men, exclude our artists, and think only of our men of letters since Queen Victoria came to the throne, and whatever common measure of intellectual power or of influence may then be applied to the forty or fifty of all orders who may be reckoned up as eminent Victorians under that designation, Thackeray will figure as indubitably one of the chief. As one of our contemporaries has already remarked, Thackeray was characteristically a Victorian—*pre-eminently* a writer whom our era can claim as, both chronologically and by the cast of his genius, belonging to itself.

And he was, distinctly, throughout his literary life, one of the London cluster of our Victorians. Born in India, but educated here, first at that Charterhouse School of which he delighted to make mention, and then at Cambridge, he had destined himself, in so far as for any profession at all, for that of Art; and it was not till after he had travelled about and seen much of the world in his youth that circumstances placed the pen in his hand and fixed him in his true position as a London man of letters. It was precisely in the first years of Queen Victoria's reign that Thackeray became a writer for London newspapers and periodicals; and the twenty-six years of this reign that have now elapsed exactly measure the duration of Thackeray's literary career. For at least ten years of this time he was a Londoner simply—unknown beyond the limits of the Fleet-Street and Pall-Mall world, though there were discerning friends there who marked his great powers, and prophesied their wider recognition; and it is only since about 1847, that, with the full cognizance of the Three Kingdoms, Thackeray, still moving among Londoners, has been looked at by them as one of those pre-eminent five or six of their number whom History will remember as among the most illustrious of Queen Victoria's subjects. How nobly by his very presence he sustained this high honor! Who that has seen Thackeray can ever lose the image of that tall great figure, beside which even tall men in a room seemed lessened, or of that broad and massive head, prematurely gray? As there was no man better known in the society of London or more constantly in the midst of it, so there was no man in it that all in all gave one an impression of greater dignity, or strength, or wit, or weight. Not abundant in speech, but frank, choice, decisive, indignant where there was need, and sometimes daringly trenchant and contemptuous, he had a tongue that well served, for those who knew his ways, his powerful and original brain. And now no more will that peculiar voice be heard, and that large figure seen among the Londoners. No more, when a London social gathering is to take place, will it be announced, as something worth knowing, that Thackeray is to be there; no more on going to such a gathering, will Thackeray's unexpected presence make the occasion more memorable. One of

the great stars of our Victorian cluster has vanished from the London sky.

What the loss is to the land at large and to the British literature of our epoch who can at present tell? No more, in periodicals, or in books, shall we expect new issues of that charming, graceful, exact, and transparent English, which we recognized at the first opening of the pages, and the fountain of which we would have kept forever flowing, if only that we might be kept in mind of the possibility of the classic use of our tongue in an age of slip-slop and scores of competing mannerisms. No more, over new pages of this inimitable English, shall we follow the humors, the whimsies, the characteristic trains of reflection of that brave, original, knowing, and finely cultured mind—here provoked to laughter by the wildest farce, there touched in our finer nerves by some sudden stroke of the pensive or the sad, anon almost alarmed at the savageness of the satire, or made to wince at feeling ourselves seen through and our deceits detected. No more among the pleasures of our more cultured British homes will be that of reading new stories by Thackeray. The round of his creations is complete, and to that wondrous company of imaginary beings, of such marked characters and physiognomies, that sprang from his teeming fancy within the last quarter of a century, and have taken their already familiar places in the vast population of our British world of fiction, no more will now be added. We must go back now, so far as we would have this pleasure from him renewed, upon the novels and miscellanies which he has left us. No more will our critics be able to spin their old disquisition on the points of contrast between the living Dickens and the living Thackeray. Dickens, let us be thankful, still survives among us in the full practice of that rich and marvellous genius in prose-fiction which had won him his national fame before Thackeray's rival powers had been heard of, and the unabated force of which, even after Thackeray's so-called rivalry with him was established, Thackeray was one of the most eager to assert and to admire. But, though this habit of talking of the two as rivals has been carried too far,—although the two were not so much rivals as contemporaneous examples of distinct styles of literary art, the existence of

both of which in any one time is always to be looked for and always to be desired,—yet, one cannot help feeling that, for the moment, by Thackeray's death, the desirable balance is somewhat disturbed. He, among our novelists, was the apostle and representative of Realism as opposed to Romanticism; and it would not be difficult to make out this as one of our many reasons for regretting Thackeray's loss—that to him, more perhaps than to any other popular writer of our generation, may be traced that revival of a wholesome spirit of Realism, of a tendency to keep close to nature and fact, and to bring into fiction a surcharge of actual matter of observation, which has certainly been one of the intellectual phenomena of our time. By Thackeray's death the balance is a little disturbed, for we have no such masculine master of reality in fiction left to antagonize the tendency to excess in the fantastic. All in all, in Thackeray British Literature has lost a man the precise like of whom had never preceded him and will never again be seen. Thinking of the combination of qualities that existed in him, we may well speak of his as a genius in many respects unique in the entire range of British literary history.

There will be more private and sacred regrets for Thackeray, of which it is hardly

possible to speak here. To the peculiar kind-heartedness of the man, despite the apparent cynicism of his writings and the seeming dryness at times of his manner, there is but one testimony from all who really knew him. The anecdotes that one hears of him in this respect—how he would fold up a sovereign or two, put them inside a book, and then wrap the book up in paper and address it, so that, in case he should be out when the expected acquaintance who wanted the little help called for it, his servant might not know the exact purpose of the call, or how again he would enclose a few sovereigns in a pill-box, and leave them with a poor old lady patient who wanted that kind of medicine most, with the inscription outside “to be taken one at a time,”—these anecdotes have all a certain characteristic air of Thackeray. No more will there be these quaint and secret acts of charity by the hand of Thackeray. Many who needed his charity will miss him; and many who needed it not will miss henceforth his generous and hospitable friendship. Nor, while his friends and the world at large feel their own loss, let those two be forgotten who grieve at the hearth in Kensington where he will no more be seen. Let the love and respect that the nation owes to Thackeray descend to Thackeray's daughters.

LATE last week Sir George Grey, at the suggestion of the judge who tried him, ordered an inquiry into the *present* state of Mr. G. V. Townley's mind. The judge expressed himself, it is said, perfectly satisfied with the verdict, but doubtful whether the guilty man, though sane at the time of the murder, were sane *now*. The medical men appointed for this purpose have reported Mr. Townley of unsound mind, and the Home Secretary has reprieved him, and ordered him to be detained in a lunatic asylum at her majesty's pleasure. No question seems to have been raised as to the sanity of Mr. Townley when he committed the murder, but only as to the result of the suspense and imprisonment on his intellect. We suppose there is something that might be deemed inhuman by the popular instinct in executing any one whose mind cannot be supposed to grasp fully the moral cause for that execution. Is it that the popular imagination fancies some change in the personality,—thinks the lunatic, for instance, a different *person* from the sane man who was justly held responsible for and guilty of the murder? Or is it that Sir George Grey only attributes this impression to the popular imagination? Any way, it is curious that

the insanity, which diminishes the *worth* of life, should make it *more* sacred in the eye of the Government.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

THE *Times* publishes an interesting summary on the results of fish culture in France. It is there, like everything else, superintended by the State, which keeps up at Huningue, on the Swiss frontier, an enormous fish-hatching factory. The expense of this place is about £2,000 a year, the outturn in 1861–62 was some seventeen millions of eggs, chiefly of the large fleshy fishes, of which about thirty-four per cent were lost. So successful is the process that, although the establishment has been barely twelve years in full work, the fisheries of France have been restocked, and the rivers are “leaping with fish.” Could not the experiment be repeated in England by any one of the great proprietors? The Duke of Northumberland is spending thousands on most creditable efforts to rear the cocoanut, the mangosteen, and other tropical fruits; but £2,000 a year expended on an English Huningue would yield an important addition to the food of the entire people.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

HYMN.

Written for the opening of a new house of worship
(T. S. King's) in San Francisco.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell thy hymns of wave and gale,
And organ thunders never fail
Behind the cataract's misty veil,

Our puny walls to thee we raise,
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise,—
Forgive, O Lord! our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before thee in an evil day
Our country's bleeding heart we lay.
We dare not ask thy hand to stay;

But through the war-cloud pray to thee
For Union, but a Union free,
And peace that comes of purity.

That thou wilt bare thine arm to save,
And, smiling through this Red-Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our needs,
We trust no rites nor words nor deeds,
Nor yet the broken staff of creeds.

Assured alone that thou art good
To each as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood!

Weak, sinful, blind, to thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these western gates of even,
We wait to see with thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee,—
Thy Church our wide humanity!

White flowers of Love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of Peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time!

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word.

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore!

—Independent.

FROM A MUSICAL SUFFERER.

Do enlighten me,—is it from weakness or choice
Comes this villanous tremolo habit of sing-
ing,—

This new "wiggle"—as somebody terms it—of
voice,

Which these lyrical songsters are constantly
bringing?

If I go to the opera,—big burly throats
Of the amorous tenors and chivalrous basses,
That appear as if formed for sustainment of notes,
And the even prolongment of all vocal graces,—

Their heroics declaim in a quivering way,
That all vocal propriety clearly outrages,
And in shaky cadenzas their passions convey,
To remind one of ague in all its bad stages.

And obese prima-donnas—whose figures suggest
An addiction to fager, if not a style *largo*,
With their arias wavy with vocal unrest,
On legitimate pleasure lay hopeless embargo.

Cavatins are corkscrewed, and *recitativ*
Is a weak undulation of vocal delivery,
Nor does sonorous unison bring its relief,
But is tippy in tone, and in climaxes quivery.

If at church I attend—where some petted quar-
tette
Of their florid accomplishment give exhibition,
In the place of devotional method—I get
The same tremolo, only in cheapened edition.

I had thought that the concert-room nuisance
had reached
Its extent in the ignorant chatter and giggle,—
But let ballad be sung or bravura be screeched,
There's a trial yet worse—the inveterate "wig-
gle."

The great organ is played,—I am there,—for at
length
Is the fortunate time to hear harmonies sem-
blant
To the instrument's massiveness, finish and
strength;
The performer commences—and out comes the
"Tremblant."

It would seem that all vocalization, before
It were fit to the auditor's ear to be taking,
Must, like physic, observing medicinal law,
Undergo the anterior process of shaking.

"Wiggle" on then, ye singers, both lyric and
local,—

Fashion tolerates, so I submit without blink-
ing;

But, as strange as it seems, such performances
vocal

Are, in popular phrase, "no great shakes,"
to my thinking.

—Transcript.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1028.—13 February, 1864.

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☞ Finding that our remarks on Christmas and New Year's Gifts have received much attention, and have caused some acceptable presents to be made, we reprint them, and can still furnish the Nos. from 1st January.

☞ The last volume of 1863 is now bound and ready to be exchanged for the Nos., on receipt of Fifty Cents for the binding.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—Does a gentleman wish to make a present to a lady which will show his own taste, compliment hers, and be long kept in remembrance by its good effects—let him send six dollars to us, and she will receive *The Living Age* for a year, free of postage.

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(DECEMBER 24TH, 1863.)

He was a cynic : By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways :
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic : You might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver
hair ;
In those blue eyes with childlike candor lit,
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic : by the love that clung
About him from his children, friends, and kin :
By the sharp pain, light pen, and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

He was a cynic : let his books confess
His *Dobbin's* silent love ; or yet more rare,
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness ;
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

And if his acts, affections, works, and ways
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,
From life to death, O public, turn your gaze—
The last scene of a cynical career !

These uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
These sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

A cynic? Yes, if 'tis the cynic's part
To track the serpent's trail with saddened eye,
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,
How lives in checkered shade and sunshine lie ;

How e'en the best unto the worst is knit
By brotherhood of weakness, sin, and care ;
How even in the worst sparks may be lit
To show all is not utter darkness there.

Through Vanity's bright-flaunting fair he walked,
Marking the puppets dance, the jugglers play ;
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort balked,
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward
way ;

And told us what he saw : and if he smiled
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—
But more of love than either. Undeified,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

And gift of courtesy, and grace of love,
When shall his friends find such another friend ?
For them, and for his children God above
Has comfort : let us bow : God knows the end.
—*Punch*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Now that his noble form is clay,
One word for good old Thackeray,—
One word for gentle Thackeray,
Spite of his disbelieving eye,
True Thackeray—a man who would not lie.

Among his fellows he was peer
For any gentleman that ever was ;
And if the lordling stood in fear
Of the rebuke of that satiric pen,
Or if the good man sometimes gave a tear,
They both were moved by equal laws,
They loved and hated him with honest cause ;
'Twas Nature's truth that touched the men.

Oh, nights of Addison and Steele,
And Swift and all those men return !
Oh, for some writer, now, to make me feel !
Oh, for some talker that can bid me burn,
Like him, with his majestic power
Of pathos mixed with terrible attack,
And probing into records of the past,
Through some enchanted hour,
To show the white and black,
And what did not—and what deserved to last !

Poet and scholar, 'tis in vain
We summon thee from those dim halls
Where only death is absolute and holds unques-
tioned reign.

Even Shakspeare must go downward in his dust—
And lie with all the rest of us in rust—
And mould and gloom and mildewed tomb
(Mildewed or May-dewed, evermore a tomb),
Yet hoping still above our skies
To have his humble place among the just.

And so "Hic Jacet"—that is all
That can be writ, or said, or sung
Of him who held in such a thrall
With his melodious gift of pen and tongue
Both nations—old and young.

Honor's a hasty word to speak ;
But now I say it solemnly and slow
To the One Englishman most like that Greek
Who wrote "The Clouds" two thousand years
ago. —*Daily Advertiser*.

ANOTHER YEAR.

PASSES the great procession of the years,
And human creatures fade, and human na-
tions :

And he who listens towards the future, hears
The hurrying feet of unborn generations,
Onward they come, to triumph o'er the earth,
To make fierce wars, to spoil much virgin
paper,

To live the old life of trouble and of mirth,
And then to vanish like a summer vapor.

We must go first. The Nestor of the State,
Lyndhurst, has left us. Meaner men and
younger—

Gay girls—young children—fall before their fate,
Yet never satiate "Edax Rerum's" hunger.

Last name of note upon the fatal list
Of human souls escaped beyond humanity—
The witty, genial, keen-eyed humorist
Who preached upon the text that all is vanity.

All would be vanity, if earth were all :
But turn your gaze to the adamantine portal
Whence the unimaginable glories fall
Whose reflex made our Milton's verse immor-
tal. C.

—*Press*.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et lettres publiés avec l'assentissement de sa famille. Par G. S. Trebutien, Conservateur adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Didier, Paris. 1863.

Maurice de Guérin. Journal, lettres et poèmes. Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier, Paris. 1863.

THERE is something deeply affecting in the announcement that the French Academy has accorded two grand prizes of three thousand francs each to writings, the author of which has been fifteen years beyond the reach of human praise or blame; indeed, which were primarily composed without a thought of their meeting any eye but that of the favorite brother for whom the occurrences and thoughts of the day were set down. Primarily, we say, for at first the brother was the sole object of the writings to which we refer, though latterly, when the diary had become a solace, though the original motive no longer existed, the following sentences occur, as if in self-excuse for the time spent upon it:—

“ Sometimes I say to myself, ‘ What is, or what will be, the use of these pages ? ’ They were only of value to him, to Maurice, who found his sister there. What does finding myself there signify to me ? But if I find an innocent amusement there—if I find there a rest from the toils of the day—if, in order to place them there, I make up the rose-gays, gathered from my wilderness, in solitude, my events and my thoughts, given me by God to teach or to strengthen me, oh, surely there can be no harm in it ! And if some heir of my cell should find them and meet with some good thought, which he may relish and be the better for, if only for a moment, I should have done good. I will do it. No doubt, I dread the loss of time, that *price of eternity*; but is it losing it to use it for one’s own soul and other people’s ? ”—1840. *January 24th.*—P. 334.

This, however, was only written when the estimation in which these journals were held by the friends to whom the brother had shown them had revealed to the author that relative value of talent in the world which experience cannot fail to make known, even to the humblest. In general, the great charm of the journal of Eugénie de Guérin is its perfect simplicity and, if we may use such an expression, its homely refinement. It is also most interesting and remarkable as an un-

conscious revelation of the working of the Roman Catholic system on a reflective and intellectual character.

Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, for it is impossible to separate the brother and sister, were the children of a country gentleman of Languedoc, of historical name, originally Italian, inheriting some of the best blood in the country, numbering cardinals, knights-hospitalliers, and troubadours among his collateral ancestors, but of small means; farming his own unproductive little estate of Le Cayla, near the town of Gaillac, and living a life among his neighbors which reminds us of Madame de la Rochejacquelein’s description of Vendéan manners before the Revolution; associating freely with farmers, who came to talk of their cattle in the evening, and going into the village to arrange the preliminaries of a peasant marriage. His château was a most lonely place, apparently scarcely accessible except on horseback, perched upon a steep hill and with a terrace in front, whence a slope led to a green valley through which a streamlet flowed. The house was, judging by a small print of it, of the tall, slim form peculiar to everything French, and retaining so much of the old defences, that it had an extinguisher turret and none of the older windows near the ground. Within, Eugénie thus describes it:—

“ Our rooms all white, without mirrors or any trace of luxury; the dining-room with a sideboard and chairs, and two windows looking towards the northern wood; the other parlor beside it, with a large, wide sofa, in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestry easy-chair, . . . two glass doors leading to the terrace.”—1840. *August.*—P. 399.

So lonely was this abode in winter, that the sight of a crow or the visit of a beggar was an event; but in summer it was a favorite resort of numerous relations and acquaintances living at Gaillac. The family consisted of four children, Erembert, Eugénie, Marie, and Maurice. Eugénie was born in 1805, Maurice in 1811; and when, five years later, the mother died, there remained that peculiar and beautiful inheritance of maternal love that so often links the eldest daughter of a bereaved family to the youngest and weakest member. And weak and tender Maurice evidently was to an unusual degree. The mother had left an inheritance of consump-

tion, and the Italian and Provençal natures combining in the family, produced in two at least of its members intellects of ardent poetical fervor, lodged within tender, delicate frames, sensitive to every outward influence. Clinging, affectionate, and full of sensibility, Maurice would have been the contempt of a hardy English boy; but he was pre-eminently a sister's brother, revelling in Rollin and the few books afforded by the scanty library of Le Cayla, wandering in the woods, making an almond-tree a sort of refuge and confidant, and preaching little sermons to his sisters out of a cave that they called the pulpit of St. Chrysostom. At eleven years old, he wrote a sort of poem in prose upon the murmuring music here called the Midsummer hum, but which he terms "the sounds of nature; the sounds shed abroad in the air, that rise with the sun, and follow him like a band in the train of a king."

A character like his, in so devout a family, seemed marked for the clerical profession, and at eleven he began his studies at Toulouse, and there distinguished himself so much that the Archbishops both of Toulouse and Rouen wished to undertake the charge of his further education; but his father did not accept the offer, and at thirteen he was sent to the Stanislas College at Paris, where he remained for five years without returning home.

The earlier years of a precocious manhood were almost necessarily full of struggles and suffering to a nature of so much ardor, bred up in the unquestioning faith of an old-fashioned Roman Catholic family, then launched into the sea of modern thought at Paris, with the clerical course of study making the difficulties practical instead of speculative.

When he came home, it was in a mood of deep melancholy that nothing seemed to cheer but the beauties of nature, and which was further deepened by his attachment to Louise de Bayne, an intimate friend of his sister, and evidently a most charming person; but, like Scott's Matilda of Rokeby, she could only admire without loving the plaintive poet, and gave her heart to a manly, resolute Algerine colonist, who was preparing a home for her in Africa.

Love and doubt alike unsettled Maurice from his projects of taking holy orders, and in the midst of his uncertainty and distress he was delighted by an offer of admission into La Chenaie, a sort of semi-monastic institu-

tion that the Abbé de Laménais had commenced in Brittany. Laménais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert, were at that time intimately united, and were regarded as the men likely to remould and revivify the Gallican Church; and in La Chenaie Maurice found several distinguished inmates, such as Lacordaire, Gerbet, afterwards the author of "Rome Chrétienne;" Elie de Kertanguy, Cazalés, and François Du Breil de Marzan, who has left an interesting record of the life there spent.

The community rose at five, and met for prayer and meditation on a subject fixed on the night before, and, after an appointed interval, each in turn gave the result of his thoughts. Prayers and mass followed; then occupation till the midday meal, after which came an hour and a half of recreation, when the younger men were encouraged to enjoy the manly exercises of their college days. Another chapel service followed, then a resumption of work, and in the evening the whole community assembled to listen to some religious book, read aloud in turns by the young men. Rodriguez, Bossuet, Fenelon, and St. Augustin, are specified as among their authors; but Maurice is mentioned as peculiarly excelling when reading the works of St. François de Sales and St. Theresa. He was then "no longer the timid, almost awkward youth who was silently present in the evening's official circles; he was the contemplative man—the poet; . . . he was our friend in his completeness, such as we loved him; such as, six years after, he was again seen by the two sisters who received him at Le Cayla, dying." —(*Maurice*, p. 445.) The day was ended with hymns and canticles sung in the chapel by Guérin and Kertanguy, and followed by the evening prayers.

The young men sometimes took expeditions for a few days in the scenery around, and the whole seemed a sort of ideal of a religious retreat—free, rational, and intellectual, according to modern requirements, and no less devout than an old convent. M. Feli, as Laménais was familiarly called there, was extremely loved, and Maurice always looked upon La Chenaie as a sort of peaceful paradise; but his friend, M. de Breil, thinks that at the time he was not so happy as he afterwards fancied; that he did not amalgamate with the rest of the students, nor enter into the spirit of the place; that he still was op-

pressed by the same vague melancholy, and that his really enjoyable moments were those when he was alone with Nature. His diary, which begins at La Chenaie, bears out this impression.

Inadequate as translation must necessarily be, we are tempted to give a few specimens of the exceeding beauty of his descriptions, and of the melancholy that struggled with his enjoyment :—

"1833. *April 5th, Good Friday.*—A day as fine as could be wished. Clouds, but only enough to form a landscape in the sky. Their forms become more and more summer-like. Their various groups remain motionless beneath the sun like flocks of sheep in the pastures during the great heats. I have seen a swallow and heard the bees humming over the flowers. As I sat in the sun, that my very marrow might be penetrated by the divine spring, I experienced some of the impressions of my childhood; for a moment I gazed on the sky with its clouds, the earth with its woods, its warblings and hummings, as I used then to do. This renewal of the first aspect of things, of the expression one saw in them at first sight, is in my opinion one of the sweetest reactions of childhood on the course of life.

"My God! what right has my soul thus to become engrossed in such fleeting enjoyments upon Good Friday, the day so full of thy death and of our redemption? There is in me some damnable spirit that rouses in me a strong distaste, and drives me, so to say, into rebellion against holy exercises and the collectedness of mind which ought to prepare us for the great solemnities of our faith. We have been in retreat for two days past, and I have done nothing but be weary, gnaw myself with I know not what thoughts, and embitter myself even against the practices of the retreat. Oh, well do I acknowledge the old leaven from which I have not yet cleansed my soul!"—P. 25 (*Maurice*).

"*April 23d.*—The awakening of vegetation is wonderfully slow. I am almost out of humor with Nature, who seems to enjoy putting us out of patience. The larches, the birches, the stocks of lilac that we have in the garden, the rose-trees and hawthorn hedges, scarcely bear any verdure; all the rest is gloomy and slumberous, as in winter, except some beeches, which, more springlike than their brethren, begin to form themselves into bright clouds on the dark mass of the plantation that borders the pond. For the rest, all the birds are come; the nightingales sing night and day; the sun shines wondrously; the winged insects hum and dance; life and joy are everywhere, except with me.

I know not the cause of the strange contrast that has for some days past made life more painful than in the winter days, and even then I was far from happy. I seem to myself like a dead tree in the midst of a verdant wood."—P. 32.

The thought of his first love likewise haunted him in his monastic retreat :—

"1833. *June 15th.*—*Strange dream.* I thought myself alone in a vast cathedral. Strongly impressed by the presence of God, I was in the state of mind in which one is solely conscious of God and of one's self, when a voice was uplifted. The voice was infinitely sweet—a woman's voice—which, however, filled the whole church like a grand concert. I knew it at once; it was the voice of Louise—*silver-sweet sounding.*

"19th.—Three nights following, the same figure has appeared to me. What must I think of it?"—*Maurice*, pp. 41, 42.

The italicized words are English, for Guérin was a warm admirer of several English writers, Scott and Wordsworth in especial; and this admiration formed a bond of union between him and M. Hippolyte de Morvonnais, author of "*La Thêbaïde des Grecs*," a Breton gentleman, married to a charming young wife, and living at Le Val de l'Arguenon. This young man, ten years older than Maurice, was so devoted to our Lake poets, that at this time a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, for the sake of making acquaintance with Wordsworth was a favorite project with him. We are told that the influences of La Chenaie, and in particular of François de Marzan, had been of great benefit to him, and that on the Easter Day of this year (1833) he communicated there for the first time for many years. Alas! that was the last Paschal Communion celebrated by Laménais himself! Collisions with the Bishop of Rennes led to the breaking up of the establishment of La Chenaie. Some of the pupils were transferred to Ploermel, and on the 7th of September Laménais set off for Rome, and the other inmates dispersed, few to meet again. Maurice did not at once leave Brittany, but remained making visits among his friends. His stay with Hippolyte de Morvonnais was a particularly peaceful and happy time, and his diary during these days is the fullest picture of his feeble spirit and high talent :—

"*Le Val, December 7th.*—After a year of perfect tranquillity, save for the tempests

within, which must not be charged upon the solitude, for that wrapped me in so much peace and silence that a less restless soul than mine would have been deliciously lulled asleep—after a year, I say, of this full tranquillity, my fortune, which had let me enter the holy house for a short repose, has knocked at the door to recall me, for she had not gone on her way, but had only sat down on the threshold to wait till I was strong enough to set off again. ‘Your halt has been long enough,’ she said. ‘Let us be gone. Forward!’ And she took my hand, and on she goes again, like the poor women we meet on the road, dragging a child after them with doleful looks. But how foolish am I to murmur! Are there no sorrows in the world except my own to water with my tears? Henceforth I shall say to the source of my tears ‘Be stayed;’ and to the Lord, ‘Lord, listen not to my complaints,’ whenever I am inclined to invoke him for myself; for it is well that I should suffer—I, who can win nothing in heaven by the merit of my actions, and who can only gain anything there by the virtue of suffering, like all feeble souls. Such souls have no wings to mount to heaven, yet the Lord, whose will it is to have them there, sends them aid. He places them on a pile of thorns, and sends down to kindle it the fire of grief; the wood is consumed, and from it darts towards heaven, as it were, a white vapor like the doves that took flight among the expiring flames of a martyr’s funeral pile. It is the soul that has fulfilled its sacrifice, and that the fire of tribulation has made light enough to mount to heaven like a vapor. Wood is heavy and motionless. Set fire to it, and a part of its very self will rise to the clouds. I am one of these souls, O Lord. I must not shed tears to quench my pile, but I will shed floods of tears for those who suffer and ought not to suffer; above all for him who is now a prey to the greatest vexations, yet who did so much good, that he might seem to have already a superfluity of merit without need of more. I will weep for him and for those who have injured him, and me likewise in the recoil of the blow. When Jesus Christ shed the inestimable virtue of his blood for his murderers, the least that men can do is to shed their tears for their enemies.

“I will consecrate these tears and the treasury of recollections I have brought from the happy roof of La Chenaie, which sheltered my life for a year, hidden in the bosom of a priest whom men reckon among their glories on earth, and saints claim as one of theirs in heaven. Bitter as is my grief, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the stream, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord’s song, and

the song of the Lord’s servant, in a strange land.

“And see how merciful is Providence to me. Lest the sudden transition from the mild and tempered air of this religious life to the torrid zone of the world should be too trying to my soul, it has led me, on leaving the holy asylum, to a house raised upon the confines of two regions, where, without being in solitude, it is not yet the world; a house whose windows open on the one side to the plain where the tumult of men is moving restlessly; on the other on the desert where the servants of God are singing. I shall set down here the history of my stay, for the days beneath this roof are full of happiness, and I know that in after time I shall often turn back to read again my past enjoyment. A man religious and poetical—a wife whose soul is so completely in accordance with his that it is like one doubled—a child named Marie like her mother, and the first beams of whose love and intelligence are starlike shining through the white cloud of childhood—a simple life in an old house—Ocean bringing us his chime morning and evening—and lastly, a traveller coming down from Carmel to enter Babylon, who has laid his staff and sandals at the door to seat himself at their hospitable board. Here are the materials for a biblical poem if I could describe things as I feel them.

“8th.—Yesterday, the west wind blew furiously. I saw the ocean enraged; but its violence, sublime as it is, is to my mind by no means equal to the spectacle of a calm blue sea. But why declare one not equal to the other? Who could measure these two sublimities, and say that ‘the second surpasses the first’? Let us only say, ‘My soul is better pleased with the calm than the storm.’ Yesterday there was an immense battle in the watery plains. Watching the bounding of the waves, they were as the numberless squadrons of Tartars that gallop unceasingly in the plains of Asia. The entrance of the bay is in a manner barred by a chain of granite islets, and it was a grand sight to watch the breakers hurry to the assault, and dash themselves madly against these masses with a fearful clamor; to see them take their rush, and vie with one another in overleaping the black head of the rocks. The boldest or the lightest sprang to the other side with a loud shout; the others, heavier or less alert, broke themselves against the rock, casting up foam of dazzling whiteness, then drew back with a dull, deep growl, like mastiffs repulsed by the traveller’s club. We watched these strange contests from a cliff, where we could hardly stand against the wind. The mighty tumult of the sea, the deafening race of the waves, the no less

rapid but silent race, of the clouds, the sea-birds floating in the sky, poising their slender form between two arched wings of huge span—this assembly of wild, re-echoing harmonies all centring together in the souls of two beings five feet high, perched on the crest of a cliff, shaken like a couple of leaves by the violence of the wind, and in this immensity not more visible than a pair of birds upon a clod of earth—oh, it was strange and admirable! one of the moments of sublime agitation and deep reverie, both together, when nature and the soul both erect themselves to their full height, fronting one another.

“From the height, we descended to a gorge opening to a sea-side retreat, such as the ancients loved to describe, where a few peaceable waves come in murmuring to their slumber, while their frantic brethren buffet the rocks, and strive with one another. Enormous masses of gray granite, variegated with white moss, are irregularly scattered on the slope of the hill which has hollowed itself into the creek. So strangely are they placed, and so much do they bend to a fall, that they look as if a giant had amused himself with rolling them from the top of the ridge, and as if they had stopped short wherever they met an obstacle, some close to the starting-point, others half-way; but they still seem rather delayed than stopped, or, rather, as if they were still in motion. The sound of the winds and waves confined within this sonorous hollow forms the finest harmony. There we halted for a long time, leaning on our sticks, full of wonder.”

“9th.—. . . The sound of the sea was as calm and dreamy as in the finest days, only there was something more plaintive. Our ear followed the sound, which extended itself all along the coast, and we did not draw breath till the wave which had produced it had receded to make room for another. It is, I think, between the grave, deep voice rolled out by the unfurling wave, and the shrill, stony noise of the wave that is departing lightly rustling over the sand and shells, that the extraordinary ring of the chant of the sea is produced. But why decompose such music? I shall never say anything worth having on it, for I do not understand analysis. Let us return to sentiment.”

—P. 60.

We have given these extracts at length, partly for their descriptive power, and partly for the display here made of the manner in which the tenet of individual meritorious sacrifice was acting on a mind like Guérin's. Even tranquil enjoyment had a strange enervating effect upon him, for, on the 24th of January, he speaks of a “strange sensibility

that had seized his whole being, and brought tears into his eyes for a trifle, as is the case with children and aged persons.”

In the same month he returned to Paris, and became a teacher at the Stanislas College, where he had been educated, also giving private lessons and contributing to periodicals. The design of a clerical life had passed away; his sympathy with Laménais had been such as to destroy all inclination to bind himself to the system that had repelled his master. An idol in a transition state has often proved the most dangerous object of adoration, and as Laménais drifted further and further from the Church, Maurice was more and more loosened from his bearings; and though no longer a direct follower of his beloved “M. Feli,” he lost his hold upon faith, relinquished the dogmas of his youth, and wandered into a line of his own—a sort of pantheistic worship of a God of nature, in which his mournful spirit failed to find any sustenance or hope. In society, we are told, he was elegant and fashionable, and full of brilliancy in conversation. In his diary he writes:—

“Am I not a laughing-stock—a toy—something pursued with laughter by little children—a being against whom the weakest rise up—crushed by the foot of a boy of ten years old, without even turning like a tortured worm. All the children I meet have a sort of instinct of the feebleness of my nature, and use me as a master does a slave; their first motion on seeing me is to make a plaything of me, to quiz me with all the cutting simplicity of their age. I am not angry with them; it is their nature to make sport of all that is weaker than their weak hands.”

—Maurice, May 13th, 1834, p. 85.

Or again:—

“Now all my converse with Nature, the other consoler of the afflicted, passes in a little garden of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, near the Rue de la Pessinière. In the evening of the day before yesterday, I had my arm round the trunk of a lilac, and I sung in a low voice, ‘*Que le jour me dure*,’ by J. J. This touching and melancholy air, my attitude, the evening calm, and, above all, my soul's habit of resuming all its sorrows at night, and surrounding itself with pale clouds towards the close of the day, threw me into a deep, inward, intense feeling of my wretchedness, my inward poverty. I saw myself poor—very poor—pitiable, and entirely incapable of a future. At the same time I seemed to hear, far away above my head, the rustle of

that world of thought and poetry towards which I dart so often without success in reaching it. I thought of those of my age whose wings can bear them thither, but without jealousy, as from here below we look at the elect and their bliss; yet my soul burnt, panted, struggled at its want of power.

The stem of the lilac I embraced shook in my arms. I fancied I felt it move spontaneously, and all its trembling leaves gave a soft sound, that seemed to me like a language, a murmur of lips stammering words of solace. O my lilac! I pressed thee at that moment in my arms as the sole being in the world against which I could support my reeling nature—the only one capable of enduring an embrace of mine, and pitiful enough to become the support of my wretchedness. How did I requite thee? With a few tears that fell on thy root.”—*Ibid.* May 7th, 1834, p. 80.

The death of the charming Madame de Morvonnais early in the ensuing year, and the absorbing grief of her husband, deprived him of one of the most cheerful and wholesome influences of his life; and M. de Marzan considers it as marking the epoch when the most stormy and unhappy period of his inward life began. Then he had entirely ceased to ‘feel the rock beneath his feet,’ and was left, not merely to the depression of naturally low spirits, but to the dreary misery of doubt. Few men were ever more sensible of the exquisite charms of Nature—few ever held more communings with her spirit; but none was ever a more signal example of her insufficiency to supply the place of a personal God, Father, Redeemer, and Comforter.

One wholesome influence never failed Maurice; namely, that of his home, which he fondly calls by our English name, as if that alone would express its full charm. As has been beautifully said of Eugénie—

“Her strong effort to keep in sympathy with him had no doubt a tendency to brighten up her own faculties, that she might understand him and make him feel that she did so. She did not struggle to obtain the same species of knowledge; she probably soon saw that she would be distanced in that race. The sympathy was in the graceful, true, yet poetical manner of viewing every object; a habit of looking at everything so as that she should never be dull or despicable in any way before him; above all, a clear-sighted view of the paramount obligations of principle such as he could lean upon, such as might be a silent rebuke to fickleness, while yet he

should not be teased with unnecessary meddling.”

Living at home in solitary Le Cayla, Eugénie seems to have begun a journal for Maurice’s pleasure about the same time as his own was commenced, but the first sheets are missing, and the earliest date is the 15th of November, 1834. Though she had the same ardent love of nature as her brother, nature was not to her an idol, but a constant emblem of the invisible world; and thus to her

“Earth’s common paths seem strewn all o’er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man
forgiven.”

So pensive was the hope, that many regard her journal as mournful; but to us the effect of turning from her brother’s pages to hers is like passing from a gloomy wood, beautiful but oppressive, to an open sunny heath, flat, indeed, and to some eyes dull, but covered with an exquisite embroidery of smiling eye-bright, fragrant thyme, and verdant grass. Here is one of her earliest entries, perhaps one of the most complete pictures of her inner and outer life:—

“November 20th.—I love snow. The white view has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I only see the pathways and footsteps of the little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little tracks, making a thousand patterns in the snow. It is pretty to see the little red feet, like coral pencils, designing them. Winter has its beauties and charms; they may be found everywhere by one who knows how to seek them. God scatters grace and beauty everywhere. I must go and see what charms there are by the kitchen fire—sparks, if I please. This is only a little ‘good-morning’ to you and to the snow as I jump out of bed.

“I had to set another dish for Sauveur Roquier, who came to see us. It was sugared ham, and the poor fellow licked his fingers. Good things do not often fall in his way, so I wished to give him a treat. It is to the forsaken that I think we ought to show most attentions; humanity and charity tell us so; the fortunate can do without them, yet they have them all to themselves, so crosswise are we made!

“No reading to-day. I made a cap for the little one, which took up all my moments. But provided one works, either with head or hands, it is the same in the sight of God, who reckons every work done in his name. I hope my cap may stand for an alms. I made

a gift of my time, of a little skin pricked away by my needle, and of a thousand interesting lines that I might have read. The day before yesterday, papa brought me from Clairac 'Ivanhoe' and 'Le Siècle de Louis XIV.,' a provision for some of these long winter evenings. I am the reader, but with many interruptions. Sometimes they want a key, often myself, and the book is closed for a moment. O Mimin (her sister Marie)! when will you come home to help the poor housewife who misses you every moment? Did I tell you that I heard of her yesterday at C—— fair, whither I went? How many yawns I left on that poor balcony! At last Mimi's letter came on purpose to be a counter-weariness (*contre ennui*), and that was the only pleasant thing I saw at C——.

"I wrote nothing yesterday. A blank is better than nothings, which were all I could tell you. I was tired and sleepy. To-day it is much better. I have seen the snow come and go. While I was at dinner, a fine sun came forth, and there was an end of the snow. Now it is dark and ugly. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows?—the face of the world changes so fast.

"I am returning much pleased from the kitchen, where I spent more time than usual to induce Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession this Christmas. He promised me. He is a good lad and will do so. God be praised! my evening is not lost. How delightful, if every day I could win a soul for the Lord! Good Scott has been neglected to-night, but what reading would be worth what Paul has promised me?"—*Eugénie*, pp. 8-10.

Here we have Eugénie in her playful enjoyment of common things, in her love of reading, and her religious aspect. See her again:—

"November 29th.—Cloaks, clogs, umbrella—all the paraphernalia of winter followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening, sometimes at the parsonage, sometimes at the church. I like this Sunday life—so active, so busy, so varied. People see one another on the way, there are curtseys from all the women one meets, and gossip on the road about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great delight is to coax them, and see them hide themselves, all rosy, in their mother's skirts. They are afraid of *las doumaisélos*, as well as of everything else that is strange. One of the little ones said to his grandmother, who was talking of coming here, 'Minino, don't go to that *castel*; there is a black prison there.' Whence is it that castles have always

been dreaded? Is it from the horrors once committed there? I think so.

"Oh, how pleasant it is when the rain is dropping from the sky with a slight sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks. That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fireplace. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish; sometimes, angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me. Never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Listen especially to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. There, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest."—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

Lovely, too, is her account of the walk to the midnight mass at Christmas, on a frosty night, "the paths bordered with little bushes as white as if they were in blossom. Hoarfrost makes beautiful flowers. We saw such a pretty spray, that we wanted to present it as a bouquet to the Holy Sacrament, but it melted in our hands."—(P. 29.)

To her the most ordinary affairs of life bore a sort of halo, half of poetry, half of eternity. She records the putting down a new hearthstone as an event—"almost like the raising a new altar in a church. Every one goes to look at it, and reckons on spending pleasant hours and a quiet life before this household hearth (for all share it, masters and servants); but who knows? Perhaps I shall be the first to leave it. My mother went soon, and I am said to be like her."—(P. 36.) When she hems her sheets, she thinks, "I may be sewing my shroud," and works not less cheerfully, but with deeper feeling; and even in a foot-bath her recoil from over-heated water sets her thinking of the martyrs, and wondering what she should have done in Blandina's place: "Like her, without doubt, for faith renders us superhuman; and I be-

lieve that I do believe well (*et je crois bien croire*).”—(P. 159.) Washing—not our laundry and wash-tub, but the poetical laving in the stream—is a special treat to her fancy—“so pretty to spread white linen on the grass, or see it floating upon ropes. One is, if one pleases, Homer’s Nausicaa, or one of those scriptural princesses who washed their brothers’ tunics. We have a pool (*lavoir*) at Moulinasse which you have not seen, which embellishes the hollow and attracts birds to sing there in the freshness.”—(P. 127.) And again, writing with a cool hand fresh from the stream, she tells of the pleasure of watching its current—“the bath of birds, the mirror of the sky, the image of life, a flowing pathway, the reservoir of Baptism.”

She truly says of herself, that she has a soul that takes infinite delight in the homeliest ways, and when finding her contemplations carry her beyond her depth, is relieved by her needle, her distaff, or talking to her dogs. “I take my distaff, and instead of the lady of the seventeenth century, I am the simple rustic girl.” But it was on one side intellect, on the other religion, that gave this exquisite charm to the daily tasks of life, and made dull, lonely Le Cayla a paradise. It would be endless to give the extracts where her love for all living things shines out, her thanksgiving of the beauty and gentleness of lambs, her love of her dogs, her doves, her linnet; even her converse with a tiny little black midge that ran across her paper, and set her thinking of her own littleness in the eyes of God. The nightingale and the grasshopper are her musicians, and their first notes of the season are always set down as great events; and one of her poems is on her childish prayer that the nests of little birds might be guarded, and the young ones saved from suffering.

For Eugénie, though her best poetry is unconscious and in prose, was also led into versification, and much enjoyed it. She sent a most sweet poem on her pleasures to the wife of Hippolyte de Morvonnais, who had begged to know what she liked; and she had a vision of a book of poetry for children, for which she had written a poem on the Angel of Playthings—very pretty, but to our ideas hardly reverent; though to her simple mind it was an emanation of that love which brought her heaven so near her earth. Other poems seem to have been written on the spur of the moment, and sent to the friend who had

begged for them as a consolation, but she always had scruples as to whether they were a waste of time; and finally, just as the nuns of Port Royal decided that this talent would not be required of Jacqueline Pascal, she made a renunciation of poetry. A dateless fragment records the resolution, saying that the sacrifice was the more difficult, as, though she forsook poetry, poetry had not forsaken her; she never had so many inspirations as when she was forced to stifle them. “My life is for God and my neighbor,” she goes on, “and one word of the catechism taught to little children is better for my salvation than a volume of poetry.” Quaintly enough she added later, “This last is true, but up above there are some little poetical falsehoods.” Both the resolution and its comment were, however, probably made later in life than the period we are at present engaged with. Eugénie’s cultivation of mind was remarkable, if we may be allowed the expression, rather for quality than quantity. She knew no language but her own and the *patois*,—the real Languedoc, be it remembered,—but in writing she was a perfect mistress of the one, and the other was evidently loved for its rural associations. She had no accomplishment except singing her native *patois* melodies; and her reading was the more thorough, intent, and meditative, because her books were few, and new ones far between. She gives a list of her own library, chiefly of devotional books, with the lives of the Saints, which she read regularly every day, and often commented upon. Out of her twenty-two secular books, besides translations of the “Æneid,” the “Georgics,” and *I Promessi Sposi*, there are six English books—“Ossian,” a selection from Shakspeare, “The Vicar of Wakefield,” Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey,” “Old Mortality,” and “Redgauntlet.” “Scott,” she says, “is the only novelist I relish. His style sets him apart from others and far above them. He is a man of genius—perhaps, the most complete, and always pure. He may be opened at haphazard, and no corrupting word will shock the eye” (*Lamartine*). With him love is a thread of white silk, by which to tie his dramas together.” Of Madame de Stael’s “Delphine,” she says, in contrast, “The little I have seen of it bodes ill, and there is something traitorous in it. It is talking virtue; it is leading her out on the field of battle in a captain’s epaulettes, to

shoot at her with all Cupid's arrows." (P. 441.)

But though little gems of criticism are inwrought in the journal and letters, Eugénie's life was not literary, and the interest of her remains lies chiefly in the alchemy that extracted gold from the most common objects, and brought out poetical stores from the peasants with whom she held intercourse. A legend which she gives is so strange in its wild, superstitious sadness that we cannot resist extracting it:—

"You will like to hear that I have just passed a nice quarter of an hour on the terrace-steps, sitting by a poor old woman who was singing me a lamentable ballad on an incident that once happened at Cahuzac. It was *à propos* to a gold cross that has been stolen off the Holy Virgin's neck. The old woman recollects her grandmother's telling her she had heard that there had been a still more sacrilegious robbery in the same church; namely, of the host itself, one day when it was left alone in the church. It was a girl who, while everybody was at harvest, went to the altar, and, climbing upon it, put the monstrance into her apron, and placed it under a wild rose in the wood. The shepherds who found it accused her, and nine priests came in procession to adore the Holy Sacrament of the rosebush and carry it back to the wood; but the poor shepherdess was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned. Just before her death she asked to confess, and owned her theft to the priest, saying that she was not a thief, but she wanted to have the Holy Sacrament in the forest. 'I thought that "*le bon Dieu*" would be as well pleased under a rosebush as on the altar.' At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon and console the guilty saint, who nevertheless was burned on a pile, of which the wild rose formed the first fagot! There is the story of the beggar, to whom I listened as to a nightingale. I thanked her heartily, and offered her something as a recompense for her ditty, but she would only take flowers. 'Give me a bough of that beautiful lilac.' I gave her four, as large as plumes, and the poor old creature went off, her stick in one hand and her nosegay in the other, and left me her ballad."—P. 60.

This poetical old woman was found by Eugénie in the autumn lying ill in the most abject poverty and desolation, her house a pool of water and dirt, her bed of hemp laid upon her store of potatoes, without fire, bread, or water to drink—"a hundred times worse than a pigsty. I could find no place to put

down my shawl without soiling it, and as it was in my way I hung it on a willow outside the door" (p. 110). She called in help, gave a hand herself, made the poor woman more clean and comfortable, and then sat on a fagot, talking to her of the hope of heaven, and finding that she was perfectly happy.

An undefined wish to enter a convent, become a sister of charity, or to join the missionary sisterhood of St. Joseph in Algiers, was always floating in Eugénie's mind; but she was far too good a daughter to entertain the thought, feeling herself necessary to her father as mistress of his house, though some of the details of management were taken off her hands by Marie, the less gifted, but thoroughly companion sister, who was so entirely one with herself, that when separated for a few days she cannot sleep happily for missing "Mimi's" breathing. Mimi, as she affectionately says, delighted to take Martha's part, and leave her, as much as possible, to the enjoyment of meditation, reading, and writing in her *chambrette*, as she calls her fondly loved little room. The eldest brother, Erembert, or, as she calls him, Eran, lived at home, and assisted his father in the farm, making journeys to the fairs and markets, and being likewise in great request at the country gayeties at Gaillac, etc.—gayeties that by no means reached his sisters; for Eugénie—wonderful as it may sound for one of her nation, only danced once in her life. Erembert does not seem to have been a very congenial person to his brother and sister; he was not intellectual enough for the one, and the other was uneasy about his religious observances. She calls him a complete worldling, and was always anxiously watching for signs of serious thought.

Eugénie's own religious feeling was wrapped into her whole life. Prayer was like breath to her. "To pray is the only way of celebrating everything in the world," she says, on her father's birthday. Is she weary? "I remember Fenelon's advice, 'If you are weary, go and tell God that you are weary.'" Is she joyful? "I went to mass early; that is my bouquet—prayers are divine flowers." Here is her Good Friday of 1835, to contrast with Maurice's of the previous year:—

"I am come home all embalmed from the moss-chapel at the church where the holy pyx reposes. It is a fair day when it is God's will to rest amid the flowers and perfumes of spring.

We took great pains—Mimi, Rose, the sexton-ess, and myself—in making this Easter sepulchre, aided, as we were, by M. le Curé. I thought, as I made it, of the Last Supper—of the garnished room where Jesus chose to keep the Passover with his disciples, giving himself for the lamb. Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist? I cannot tell. One adores, one possesses, one lives, one loves; the speechless soul loses itself in an excess of bliss! I thought of you amid these ecstasies, and would fain have had you beside me at the holy table, as you were three years ago.”—P. 61.

These words strongly recall those of Mr. Isaac Williams:—

“Thy cup with love o’erflows;
My spirit finds repose;
I kneel, I bow, and I adore;
I thank thee, and can do no more.

“I thank thee, dying Lord;
I thank thee, living Word;
I thank thee—words cannot reveal—
Love would herself in thee conceal.”

Eugénie is, in her simple picture of herself, one of the most favorable representations of the practical working of her Church. Accepting all its tenets without doubt or question, her pure spirit receives and dwells upon the gold, and, as it were, ignores the dross. As in the writings of St. François de Sales, it is remarkable how the true devotional life was spent upon the true objects, and how, with all her love and veneration for the saints, and her duteous fulfilment of observances enjoined in their honor, they never seem to intrude between the true inmost heart and the Mediator. Even her “month of Mary” is kept in this wise:—

“We keep our month of Mary in our room before a beautiful image of the Virgin that Françoise gave to Mimi. Above there is a framed Christ, that came to us from our grandmother. Higher up, St. Theresa; and, higher still, the little picture of the Annunciation that you know; so that the eye follows a whole celestial line as soon as it is lifted up; it is a ladder leading to heaven.”—P. 125.

Again:—

“I like these popular devotions, because they are attractive in form, and thus offer easy methods of instruction. One drapes the outside of good truths which appear smiling, and gain the heart in the name of the Virgin and of her mild virtues. I love the month of Mary, and other little amiable observances which the Church permits and blesses, and

which spring up at the feet of faith, like flowers at the foot of the oak.”—P. 264.

She is looking beyond her Madonna all the time, though she does not know it. That imaginative mind is never for one moment resting in the outward form, but passing beyond to what it was intended to convey. In confession, she says, that “we call the priest our father, because faith makes him truly God and father to us. Woe to me if, when I am at his feet, I should see aught but Jesus Christ listening to Magdalen, and forgiving her much, because she loved much. Confession is an expansion of repentance in love” (p. 108). When obliged to confess to a strange priest, of whom she did not think highly, she says, “In this act of religion the man must be always separated from the priest, and sometimes annihilated” (p. 259). It is the most noticeable contrast between this and diaries left by equally religious persons of other communions, that there is almost no self-reproach or accusation. This may partly be because the record was primarily meant as a sort of continuous supplement to her letters to her brother, but likewise, no doubt, because, in the cases we refer to, the diary served one minor purpose of the confessional, and relieved the mind of its outpourings and criticisms of its own doings. No doubt the entire Roman system has a tendency to take people off their own minds—judging for them of the amount and value of their penitence, and taking periodical stock of their progress; so that even with the most humble, sincere, and contrite, there must necessarily be a more entire sense that the repentance has been weighed, and that the past may be left behind. We do not say this is safe or wholesome; but there can be no question that it produces more present ease, and destroys scrupulous self-consciousness and self-tormenting. And with a heart like Eugénie’s, always in the depths of its love straining for holiness, there was no fear of the system leading to its most serious practical peril, “the continuing in sin that grace may abound.” Her great characteristic is that she is an ideal Roman Catholic, taking all the observances of her Church as they are meant, according to their best theory. She has so much light beyond that they are but painted windows to her.

And it is curious that English Roman Catholics have so little perceived the real

tendency of examples, that Eugénie, this speaking example of the real vitality of religion and truth in their Church, was first brought forward merely in her literary character, from an entirely different quarter, whilst her contemporary, M. Vianney, the Curé d'Ars, whose life is more painfully encumbered with absolute superstitions than that of any equally good man we ever met with has been translated, and sent forth with a preface bearing the well-known initials "H. E. M." Good and devoted, sacrificing everything to almsgiving, living a most ascetic life, and revered as a saint by the multitudes who thronged to his confessional, the simple old peasant-priest is like a mediæval monastic saint brought into the glare of the nineteenth century; and when we read of his direct and familiar invocations of saints, his imagination that a relic hidden in his granary made the bins overflow with meal, his strange notions of demoniacal visitations, we feel how utterly Romish his Church has become, and how little we have in common with him; while we can scarcely turn a page of Eugénie's writings without feeling how catholic is her Church, and how much we have still in common.

Eugénie has her superstitions; but they are only on the upper surface of her mind—some, indeed, of her childhood, and remembered playfully; such as her entreaty to the sacred picture over her father's bed, to help her take the stains out of her frock, and to give her doll a soul—the one petition, she observes, that was not granted. She sometimes tells of a supposed miracle, with the comment that "*J'y crois fortement*;" but the adverb proves that it was but a comparative belief at best.

It does not seem as if Maurice's scepticism made itself fully known to his family till he came home in the June of 1837 to recover from an attack on the lungs, the first commencement of the hereditary complaint that no doubt had already contributed to his constant depression. He was engaged to Caroline de Gervain, a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a family settled in the East Indies, pretty and of good fortune, which the fame and high blood of the young poet were supposed to counterbalance. Letters from India were needed before the marriage could take place; but in the mean time he had a kindly welcome and affectionate care from the

Gervain family when in Paris; but they could give him neither health nor happiness, and he came home in search at least of the first. On his arrival, however, he fell ill of an intermitting fever that lasted three months; and though he was afterwards well enough to enjoy a visit at Le Cayla from Caroline, he went away in the winter with a bad cough, that, Eugénie says, she felt in her own chest, just as Madame de Sevigné felt her daughter's east wind. Anxiety for both the soul and body of her beloved brother had set in. Maurice had lost his openness with her, and though she tried to think his reserve manliness, she felt it sorely (p. 457); and the journal, resumed on his departure, has no longer merely the occasional sadness of the vague yearnings of a young heart towards a better world, but becomes full of forebodings and positive anxieties; the clouds of morning are gathering into the showers of noonday. She loved her brother more than ever, but now with an exceeding pity: "On parting with you I went to the church, where one can weep and pray in comfort. What can you do—you who do not pray when you are sad, when your heart is wounded?"—(P. 147.

None of her letters to him have been preserved, but they were probably in the same tone as the journal, neither arguing nor persuading: "I am not holy enough to convert, nor strong enough to lead you," she said; "God alone can do that. I pray him earnestly to do so, for my happiness is bound up in you." So she wrote on as usual, though now and then a cry would break from the loving heart: "O brothers, brothers, we love you so! If you only knew—if you only could understand what your happiness costs us—by what sacrifices we would purchase it! O my God! let them perceive it—let them not thus easily risk their dear health and their dear soul!"—(P. 163.)

And no doubt her prayers were doing their work, and the effect of her full, undissembled faith and love was telling on him. Still, sadness is far from being her prevailing tone. All the preparations for the marriage put her in high spirits for her brother's sake, and her playfulness is never more apparent than in some of the entries during this period. One day she breaks short off for want of ink, and when she resumes it is after she has received from her brother and his intended a box con-

taining equipments for her proposed visit to Paris for the wedding :—

“*August 17th.*—Ink at last ! I can write ! Ink ! Joy and life ! I was dead for the three days when the circulation of that blood failed me—dead to my writing-book, to you, to confidence ! My dear, my heart is full of you—of care—of your happiness—of this parcel—of these dresses—of these flowered mantles, white gloves, little shoes, open-work stockings, and embroidered upper robe—oh, all of it ! I see it ! I touch it ! I wear it ! I dress my heart in it a hundred times over ever since it arrived an hour ago ! O kind, kind, charming sister ! What a rich treasure India had in her for God to give you ! What a kind heart ! What pleasure in giving pleasure ! Never was wedding-present more gladly given, nor more gratefully received ! My gratitude runs over, and I cannot speak it ! There are things that God only sees and knows. I ask him, the Author of all good things, for every blessing, and for eternal happiness for her. I shall be very happy in my dresses, though my happiness does not consist in dress ; but in these there is something sweeter and fairer than appears—something more than vanity ; they are the gift of your betrothed—a sister’s gift to me. I wrote to her without delay as soon as I had seen them. My heart is yearning to her. I want her to know at once the pleasure she has given to me, and to us all, with her flowers for the altar, her damask cloth, her Virgin, her dresses, and so many pretty and gracious things. How I love her ! God bless her !—God, who leaves not the gift of a drop of water without its reward.”—P. 233.

This outfit came a few weeks before Eugénie left home for her first visit to Paris, where she spent five months. There is no journal of this period, though not by Maurice’s fault, for he presented her with a book, in which he ordered her to record her impressions ; but no researches of M. Trebutien have availed to discover it—a great pity, for her clear, simple mind must have had much to work on in such new scenes as were opened to her. We learn, however, from her reminiscences written on the anniversaries, that an exceeding joy awaited her. Maurice did indeed look very ill, and coughed ominously ; but the brother she had lost for a year was restored—doubt had cleared from his mind, and he owned again the faith of his boyhood. He went to mass at St. Sulpice with her immediately after their meeting, and the true communion between their spirits was restored, enabling her to bear up through all

that was to follow. Again she recurs, many months after, to her gladness when she went with her brother to the Abbé Legrand to arrange for the marriage, and when, “on approaching the religious matter that brought us, the abbé touched with perfect tact on the Christian preparations, Maurice answered as a man who understands and believes. I was touched, and so was the abbé, perhaps with surprise. I could make a picture of the young priest and the Christian bridegroom at this moment. Maurice was perfect. Beloved brother !”—(P. 393.)

The 16th of November was the wedding-day—a day of which Eugénie only notes down her memories a year after, seen through a mist of tears. All come before her—

“He and his beautiful bride kneeling before the altar ; Père Buquet blessing them, and speaking to them of the future ; the crowd looking on ; the organ ; the collection for the poor, that embarrassed me ; the signature in the vestry ; so many witnesses to that brilliant contract with death ; the meeting a hearse outside ; the breakfast, when I sat next you, and you said, ‘How handsome your brother is !’ when he talked so much of his life ; the evening ; the ball, when I danced for the first and last time—I owe to Maurice things that stand alone ; the pleasure of seeing him look happy—of being at his festival and beneath all the joy-wrings of the heart ; and that horrible vision of coffins round the drawing-room, placed on those long stools, and their coverings fringed with silver. How frozen I was when, on leaving their room dressed with flowers for the ball, that sight came before me ! I shut my eyes.”—P. 307.

The person she here addresses is M. d’Aurevilly, a Parisian friend of her brother, who, like Hippolyte de Morvonnais and all his other intimates, had found there was no friendship for the brother without also including the sister. Her letters seem to have made her already known among his circle, and a welcome was ready for her. She considered herself to be shy, and to find it difficult to talk to strangers ; but this could have been only an inward feeling, for every one testifies that her perfect, simplicity and refined dignity made her much admired at Paris : if it were not almost profane to say so, she was a decided success. “She had no beauty,” as a female friend said of her ; “there was enough to love in her without.” Her features were absolutely plain, and she

was extremely thin and delicate-looking, but she had speaking dark eyes and an intelligent smile; the hands that washed and spun were fair, slender, and aristocratic; and she had a high-bred look and manner that stamped her as one of the old nobility. She was taken to the grand Parisian dressmakers and equipped there for a career in the Faubourg St. Germain, but it made very little difference in her; she was grateful for kindness from Maurice's friends, or from fellow-Christians; and for the rest, she moved about in a *salon* as much at home as at Le Cayla or Gaillac, and talked to the choicest company in France as easily and calmly as to the curés who dined at her father's castle.

She made many friends; and in the April of 1839 quitted Paris on a course of visits in the country, resuming her journal again, and filling it with her anxieties for her brother's health:—

"How I desire, entreat, and pray for that dear health both of soul and body. I do not know if those are right prayers that one makes with so much human affection, so much wishing what God's will may be! I wish my brother to recover—that is my foundation; but I think it is a foundation of trust, faith, and resignation. Prayer is a submissive wish—Give us our daily bread; deliver us from evil; Thy will be done. Our Saviour in the Garden of Olives did only this—to desire otherwise and to accept."—P. 249.

At least she must have had the comfort of knowing that her brother had found the peace that his perturbed spirit had so long sought in vain. His last extant letter to her, though short and simple, breathed a far more satisfactory spirit than in the days of his health. He is speaking of a visit from Erembert, who had just returned home:—

"Poor Eran! he left me with emotion that touched me greatly. This journey to Paris and all that has occurred has, in a few months, brought together and mingled our lives (Eran's and mine) more than twenty years could have done. We have always lived at a great distance from one another, and our own individual characters did not greatly compensate for the distance. At last, circumstances have hastened what, at the age we have attained, must happen sooner or later, and we have parted, each with an additional feeling in our heart. In truth, good comes out everywhere; it is like a subtle gold-dust, and there is nothing that does not contain some fragment of it.

"I live very quietly under my curtains; and thanks to Caro, to books, and dreams, patiently await the recovery that the sun is to bring me. I enjoy myself in this nearly complete sequestration from the rest of the world; for I am not such an enemy to solitude as you might suppose; and there are in me, very strong in me, tastes and even needs that would not be disowned by the greatest lovers of a country life. I hope God will ripen at the same time both these thoughts and the means of realizing them."—*Maurice*, p. 372.

Maurice had found the gold-dust that had been wanting in the budding trees and bounding waves of Brittany, and thus his letters cheered his sister's heart; though the accounts of him from his wife and friends left her sad, and she could not look at a green leaf without thinking of the saying that when the leaves fall the consumptive die. Yet the heart that found solace everywhere did not fail to gather food of comfort from the very shadows on the wall:—

"The beauteous vision, the admirable figure of Christ that I see upon the wall opposite to my bed, it is fit for a painter's eye. Never did I see a more sublime, more divinely mournful head, with the features that are ascribed to the Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire what is done by my candle behind the handle of a jug of water, the shadow of which frames three flowers on the paper of the room which forms the picture. So the least things form grand ones. Children discovered the telescope—a glass by chance brought the stars near; a bad light and a little shadow on a paper form for me a picture worthy of Rubens or Raphael. *The beautiful is not what we seek, but what comes in our way.* It is really beautiful—more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen in the Exhibition. What angel has exhibited to me in my solitary room this picture of Jesus, 'for Jesus is precious to the soul, and with him we can want nothing, and nothing can seem difficult?' Well, then, let this picture be useful to me, and aid me in the thought that occupies me."—*Eugénie*, p. 259.

This thought was her already-mentioned reluctance to confess to an unsatisfactory priest, a necessary preparation for a *neuvaine* that was to be made for Maurice's cure. All was in vain. The malady pursued its course, and the summer brought no real improvement. The mild air of his native home was prescribed, and Eugénie accompanied him

and his wife on their way to Le Cayla, the home that he longed for, with ardor that gave him strength for the tedious twenty days' journey, and even to ride for the last few miles, when the roads became too bad for carriages. His appearance shocked the father, brother, and sister who came out to receive him, but he was in a trance of joy at the sight of them and of the steep-roofed Le Cayla, greeted them fondly, and held out his hands to the servants and the reapers who were cutting down the harvest. The pleasure of his return brightened him for a little while, and one day he attempted a little feeble gardening upon the terrace, and said he should do more every day; but it was the last time he ever went into the air. After that he seldom moved from his easy-chair, where he lay back with his eyes closed, while his young wife sung, played, and made every effort to rouse him, but in vain. Sometimes he brightened a little; once he played an air on the piano; he read one volume of "Old Mortality." He was much amused by a newspaper article by M. d'Aureville, and desired Eugénie to write to his friend that he had not laughed so heartily for a long time; and he showed warm gratitude to all, especially to his father, who had been to Gaillac for some medicines in the heat of the day. But he was sinking fast, and on the night of the 18th of July all saw that the end was near. He was fully sensible, and the few words he spoke left lasting comfort with the survivors. The curé came and received his confession, and Eugénie gave him his last earthly food. "I will feed you like a *néné*," she said, using the patois word for a babe; and he replied with a smile. That preparation for his last communion Eugénie calls her compensation for her long months of passive love. After the last rites of the Church, he lay still, pressed the priest's hand, kissed a cross which his wife held to him, and then, amid the kisses of his family, breathed his last, in his twenty-fifth year, on the 19th of July, 1839, eleven days after his return home, eight months after his marriage.

Two days after, Eugénie re-opened her journal, and thus inscribed it:—

"Still to him. To Maurice dead—to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. Oh, how sweet and how full of love is the name of brother!

"July 21st.—No, my dear, death shall

not part us—shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it, I trust; one loves better in heaven, where all becomes divine."

And thus she goes on talking to him, telling him of the kisses and caresses lavished on his corpse; of the funeral; of the letters that came too late for him; of the weary turmoil of visits of condolence; of his old peasant nurse bringing the cakes and figs he would have enjoyed; of the clear sky, the grasshopper-chirp, the beat of the flail; of her bitter tears, and of the prayers that relieved her grief. Some have said that her sorrow was excessive; but surely that grief is not unchristian which is "regretting, not repining;" which resigns itself perfectly, and is far from being without hope. These conditions fulfilled, the amount of suffering becomes a matter of individual nature, dependent both on the degree of personal loss and the inherent elasticity of the character, just as some constitutions are far more susceptible of physical pain than others.

She wrote on that very first day that her heart was widowed; and so it was for life, but there was thankfulness in all her sorrow. On the 17th of August she writes:—

"I was less a sister than a mother. Do you remember that I compared myself to Monica weeping for her Augustine when we spoke of my afflictions for your soul—that dear soul that was astray? How I entreated for its salvation—prayed, supplicated! A holy priest told me, 'Your brother will return.' Oh, he did return, and then left me for heaven—for heaven, I trust. There were evident signs of grace and mercy in that death. My God, I have more to bless thee for than to complain of."—P. 282.

Some days later:—

"I desire the salvation of all, that all should profit by the redemption that was for all mankind; but the heart has its elect, and for these one has a hundred times more wishes and fears. It is not forbidden. Jesus, hadst not thou thy beloved John, of whom the apostles said that for love's sake thou wouldst not let him die? Let them live always, those whom I love—let them live the everlasting life. Oh, it is for that, not for this place, that I love them! Alas! scarcely do we see one another here. I did but glimpse them, but the soul rests in the soul."—P. 286.

"Should I not love thee, my God, the sole, true, everlasting love? I think I love thee, as the timid Peter said, but not like John, who rested on thy bosom—divine repose, that is wanting to me! What can I seek among created things? Shall I make a pillow of a human breast? Alas! I have seen how death snatches it away. Let me rather lean, O Jesus, upon thy Crown of Thorns."—P. 287.

She who could thus feel surely sorrowed with a blessed sorrow.

"The lurid mist,
That deems the faithful suffering still
Upon the eternal shore,"

seldom came between her and her comfortable thoughts of Maurice. Her last impression when she saw his embrace of the cross was, that he was gone to Paradise; and that belief was almost constantly with her. There is only one entry in her diary of the grievous idea of Maurice calling for aid in his sufferings; and then she hurries to prayer, saying "Prayer is the dew of purgatory."

After the first two months, the journal begins to be addressed to M. d'Aurevilly, who had begged to be regarded as an adopted brother, and to receive her effusions in the same way as Maurice had done. But it was a thing impossible to write to any new-made friend as to the brother whose first baby steps she had guided, and the peculiar simple fragrance of the diary is lost from that time. There are no more fond bits of patois; no more of the poetry of washing, cooking, or spinning; no more such merry records as "nothing passed to-day but two crows." Eran and Mimi lose their pet names; and if anything about the homely neighbors is set down, it is as being curious in itself, not because an eye from the home circle will be gratified by it. We respect Eugénie the more for it, but care less for the journal, though there are still choice passages in it. There she records the account of those last ten days of Maurice's illness; there she describes skies and flowers, and tells of her books,—“few came to Le Cayla, but if they please, they please very much.” And sometimes the habit of writing all that is in her heart carries her away, and she pours out her feelings as if forgetting that she is not writing to Maurice: “This morning, in my prayers, I felt myself borne towards the other life, where he is, where he expects me as he did at Paris. Ah! there we shall see far

other wonders than in these towns in the mud” (p. 302).

She had made many friends; she had “colonies of cousins” whom she dearly loved, and many more of later date loved for Maurice's sake and their own. There is a very pretty passage about her early and more recent friendships:—

“I always stood in need of friendships, and rare *introuvable* ones have come to me, as it were, from heaven, and all first through my brother, the dear Maurice, whom I have lost. Louise dated previously. She is for me of a different flavor, fruit of another season. I met her at seventeen. Her charm is a thing apart, like the age at which we linked ourselves together. Though sadness has come since, we see one another through flowers.”—P. 329.

These friendships, their duties and their correspondence, were a great solace to her; and there is a recovery of cheerfulness visible in the tone of her diary, though no doubt not half so much as there was in her outward life, since she herself regarded it as the vent of those feelings with which she would not oppress her family. One pleasure which she had was the erection of a plain pyramid, with a white marble cross, put up by her brother's widow, in the cemetery of Gaillac; but, alas! it had to be guarded for several nights,—it gave umbrage to the peasantry as contrary to the equality of death. “Once,” says Eugénie, “they would have adored the cross.” A more real happiness came at Easter, at the sight of Erembert, a communicant. “One must be a Christian sister to feel what that means, and the sort of happiness that springs from the hope of heaven for a soul one loves.”

This summer—1840—Maurice's friends made his literary remains known to the world. They were not numerous, the chief being “*Le Centaure*,” a poem in prose, supposed to be the autobiography of a centaur, and embodying the longings for the ecstasies of a free wild life in the bosom of nature, of which Maurice had been full in his three unhappy Parisian years. To us it is difficult to enter into the merit of the “*Centaure*,” but when it came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June, 1840, it was spoken of in the highest terms by Georges Sand, and it was accompanied by some of Maurice's descriptive letters, which placed his poetical powers beyond a doubt, and excited strong enthusiasm. But one section of the literary world, and at

the head of them Georges Sand,—the first to proclaim his genius,—claimed him as among the free-thinkers of the age; and “the stain they placed on his brow,” was in Eugénie’s eyes ill compensated by the honors ascribed to him. Henceforth her chief care was that the world should not admire him without knowing that his belief, if obscured for a time, had returned in full brightness; and to win this recognition of his Christianity was the task of her later life. She wrote letters to his friends, she drew up a short memoir of him to be affixed to an edition of his works, and she remained through all these latter days holding her shield of faith over the remains that the other party would fain have won to themselves. But of herself we know nothing. Her journal was less and less resorted to, and breaks off finally on the last day of 1840, with the characteristic entry, “How sad time is, whether it goes or comes; and how right was the saint who said, ‘Let us throw our hearts into eternity!’”

She lived nine years after her brother, for the last two of which she was sinking under the same complaint; but apparently it laid a gentle hand upon her, for she kept up her usual habits almost to the last—attended to her father, to household cares, and to the neighboring poor; observed her hours for reading and prayer, and in the evening taught the Catechism in the kitchen to any ignorant person who had come to help in the vintage. Of her end we know almost nothing, except that after she had received the last rites of the Church she said to her sister, “Take this key: you will find papers in that drawer, and you will burn them. They are nothing but vanity.”

Eugénie de Guérin died on the 31st of May, 1848, and her father only survived her for six months. Erembert followed two years after; and the sole survivors of this honored house are Mademoiselle Marie de Guérin and a young daughter of Erembert. Caroline, the widow of Maurice, returned to India, married again, and died while still young.

The oft-repeated words of David come before us as we think of Maurice and Eugénie—“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” Still, there was no knowing or loving Maurice without carrying on the feeling to Eugénie; and the revelations of herself that she had almost unwittingly made, in the endeavor to show her brother as he really

was, excited a curiosity and interest about her which was partly gratified, after the deaths of her father and brother, by M. d’Aureville, who printed for private circulation a selection of her papers. M. de Sainte Beuve made her the subject of one of his *Causeries de Lundi*, and finally, at the end of fourteen years, Marie de Guérin placed in the hands of M. Trebutien all the papers and journals in her possession. This is the work that the Académie pronounces “*couronnée*,” for its style and for its beneficial tendency. Eugénie, utterly heedless of distinction for herself, has, while seeking it for her brother, received it in double measure.

Maurice, as M. Trebutien truly says, will be far longer remembered as the brother of Eugénie than as the author of the “*Centaure*,” and perhaps he would be content with this subordination, for no brother ever loved sister with a more true and generous love than he bore to

“Ma sœur Eugénie
Au front pale et doux,”

as he says in a little poem written in Brittany, one stanza of which we cannot forbear quoting, it is so perfect a symbol of the two lives:—

“Elle aimait mes rêves,
Et j’aimais les siens,
Divins,
Et nos heures brèves
Passaient sans témoin,
Au soin
De faire l’échange
De biens entre nous,
Si doux;
Mille rêves d’ange
Allaient de son sein
Au mien,
Quand la feuille grise
Sous le vent follet
Roulait.
‘Vois comme la bise
Fait de ces débris
Des bruits,’
Disait Eugénie,
Et toutes les fois
Qu’au bois
La feuille flétrie
Au vent qui passait
Tombait.
Elle, sans parole,
Mais levant tout droit
Son doigt,
Montrait ce symbole
Qui dans l’air muet
Tournait.”

M. de Sainte Beuve has called the remains of Eugénie the book of brothers and sisters. It well deserves the title; but to us it seems that its great lesson is the never-ceasing freshness and charm of “doing all to the glory of God.”

From The Independent.

MR. BRYANT'S NEW POEMS. *

THERE lies before us, as we write, a small, thin volume, which bears the imprint of "Boston; printed for the author by E. G. House, No. 5 Court street, 1809." It was the second edition, "corrected and enlarged," of a work whose complete title-page ran in this wise: "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times, a satire, together with the Spanish Revolution and other poems, by William Cullen Bryant." The year 1808 was just fifty-six years ago, six years more than half a century—and nearly two generations of men, as they are commonly reckoned. The writer of that volume had been born on the 3d of November, in the year 1794, and was consequently but thirteen years of age when his first volume was published. It might well have been said of him, as Pope said of himself, that "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and so marked was the merit, so mature the thought, so polished the style, the conception and execution of the various pieces so extraordinary, that when the second edition was called for, the friends of the writer were compelled to prefix the following advertisement to the second edition, to remove the doubts of authenticity which the first volume had raised:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"A doubt having been intimated in *The Monthly Anthology* of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony—they would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favor or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it—after which they leave him a candidate for favor in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is ena-

* "Thirty Poems." By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

bled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"February, 1809."

We are not at all surprised that such an assurance was found necessary to dispel the incredulity of the public in regard to the youth of the author. The political views of the volume are naturally those which a lad of quick and fervid sensibilities would catch from the prevailing prejudices and convictions of New Englanders, whose commerce had been deeply injured by the measures of restraint which the Government had seen fit to impose upon trade, and the tone of the poetry recalls those great English satirists who were then in the ascendant in our literature: but there are few other indications in it of immaturity, and many of a rare facility of versification and a ready mastery of language. At this day there is something amusingly *naïve* in the audacity of the little boy of the Hampshire hills sending forth his indignant lines in the hope of arresting the turbulence of faction, and no less in the honest self-confidence in which he invites the criticism of his poetry, with a promise to improve under the lessons of any fair and candid disclosure of his faults. "The first sketch of the following poem," he says in the preface, "was written when the *terapin policy* of our administration, in imposing the embargo, exhibited undeniable evidence of its hostility to commerce, and proof positive that its political character was deeply tinctured with an unwarrantable partiality for *France*. Since that time our political prospects are daily growing more and more alarming,—the thunders of approaching ruin sound longer and louder,—and *faction* and *falsehood* exert themselves with increasing efforts to accelerate the downfall of our country. The author has, therefore, thought proper to revise, enlarge, and lay this second edition of the *Embargo* before the American public." That was probably the first political leader ever written by the hand which has since written so many—the first butt of the hornless head against public wrongs and abuses, which was destined to toss them high in the air in after-years! In the same preface the writer speaks of his literary pretensions in this wise: "Should the candid reader find anything in the course of the work sufficiently interesting to arrest his attention, it is presumed he will not grudge the trouble of laboring through a few 'in-

equalities,' a few 'flat and prosaic passages.' . . . The writer of these poems is far from thinking that all his errors are expunged, or all his faults corrected. Indeed, were that the case, he is suspicious that the 'composition' would cease to be his own. *Fair criticism* he does not deprecate. He will consider the ingenious and good-natured critic as a kind of schoolmaster, and will endeavor to profit by his lesson."

Modest for a boy of thirteen, shall we say? Yes; but with a very decided undercurrent of conscious genius.

In addition to the vigorous satire on the Embargo, this volume contained a no less vigorous appeal, in heroic couplets, in behalf of the Spanish revolution, or the efforts of the Spanish patriots in resistance to the despotism of Bonaparte; a graceful ode to the Connecticut River; the "Reward of Literary Merit," a story which recounts the glory and disappointment of the literary life; several enigmas, of which we select one as both proper to these times and a specimen of the young author's skill:—

"The son of war, in brazen armor bound,
Black is my throat as midnight, and profound;
From my dark entrails forced, with startling
 roar,
Wide-rolling clouds and swift-winged death I
 pour."

Then follow "The Contented Ploughman," a song; "The Drought," a poem descriptive of the scorching heats of summer, in which we note several peculiarities of the writer's more matured style; and finally, a "Translation from Horace." As the original is well known to all scholars,—it is the 22d *carmen* of the 1st book addressed to *Aristius Fuscus*,—we append this easy and graceful rendering, as perhaps, the best evidence of the precocious powers of the author that we could select:—

"The man whose life, devoid of guile,
Is pure from crimes and passions vile,
Needs not the aid of Moorish art,
The bow, the shaft, the venom'd dart.

"Whether he tempt the scorching blast,
Through Lybian sands, a trackless waste;
Rude frosty Caucasus explores
Or treads Hydaspes' golden shores.

"For late through Sabine woods I roved,
Remote, and sung the girl I loved,
Careless, unarmed,—with nimble tread,
A hideous wolf before me fled.

"In warlike Daunia's spacious wood,
Ne'er monster prowled of fiercer brood;
Such Mauritania never bore,
Where hungry lions bark and roar.

"Place me where never genial breeze
Awakes the flowers, revives the trees;
Where lowering clouds the skies deform,
And angry Jove impels the storm;—

"Place me where Sol with scorching rays
Reflects intolerable blaze,—
There shall the *fair* reward my toils,
Who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles."

When most boys have as yet scarcely opened their Latin *Accidence*, this youth was turning Horace's pretty prattle about his *Lalage* into such sweet lines as these!

We have dwelt upon this first volume of Mr. Bryant as a fitting prelude to another volume before us, the title of which is before quoted. He is now in his seventieth year, and after a life of almost incessant intellectual labor, in one of the most exacting and laborious of professions, he comes before us—the patriarch of our literature—in an aspect quite as extraordinary as that in which he originally presented himself to the world. With eye undimmed—with faculties unworn—with heart still eager and hopeful—at a period of life when, to most men, if the golden bowl be not yet broken at the fountain, or the silver chord be loosed, the grasshopper at least has become a burden; he flings into our laps "Thirty Poems," mostly new and all excellent. The long interval which has elapsed between his earliest and his latest publication has been filled with the evidences of an unflagging poetic activity. Not a year has passed in which we have not been delighted, and made better by some product of his genius, always fresh and always riper and richer. No great poem—using the word "great" in the sense of size—has illustrated his career—no mighty epic flight, no grand dramatic masterpiece, no long narrative of heroic deeds, or of crime and sorrow and woe—and yet that career is wreathed and festooned along its entire path by poems which are great in the sense of surpassing loveliness and perfection. It has been the singular felicity of Mr. Bryant that he has done whatever he has done with consummate finish and completeness. If he has not, as the critics often tell us, the comprehensiveness or philosophic insight of Wordsworth, the weird fancy of Coleridge, the gorgeous diction of Keats, the exquisite subtlety of

Tennyson, he is, nevertheless, the one among all our contemporaries who has written the fewest things carelessly, and the most things well. His wastes of arid sand do not threaten to swallow up his oases of verdure and bloom. He is all parterre or meadow, where there are few weeds and innumerable flowers. Other poets have written thousands of lines which, when Bacon's "few years be past by," no one will read. Bryant has written few or none. Recall any of his pieces—"Thanatopsis," "The Forest Hymn," "The Past," "The Evening Wind," "Monument Mountain," "Green River," "The Death of the Flowers," etc.—and you will note that each one is perfect in its kind, and that each one of itself would have made a reputation for a poet. Let us suppose that there had come down to us, from the English literature of former centuries, some verses like those "To the Waterfowl":—

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

and that the author had written no other, would not his name shine like a star in the night? Would not that single piece, like the one or two fragments of Sappho, or the "Burial of Sir John Moore" by Wolfe, have given him of itself some claim to immortality? Yet, the true measure of Bryant's greatness is that he has written twoscore at least of pieces of which any one would have wreathed a deathless halo around his head. In all of them we are impressed by the same absolute truth of tone and manner—the same chastity of thought and word—the same easy and pliant grace of movement—the same deep and grave and yet tender and almost plaintive spirit of humanity.

It is admitted, we believe universally, that as a poet of Nature Mr. Bryant stands without a rival. No one has celebrated her as he has in all her changeful aspects of beauty and grandeur. Her skies, her seas, her woods, her winds, her rains, her rivers, her snows, her flowers, have been his perpetual inspiration. Every mood of her face, solemn or smiling, is known to him, and known to him lovingly, to his inmost heart as well as to his external sensibilities. He has made this fine dwelling-place of ours infinitely lovelier to all of us by the charms with which he has in-

vested its forms and by the gentle lessons which he has taught us to read in all its fair vicissitudes. For he is the poet of Nature, not the mere painter; he does not only depict her colors and shapes, giving us the landscape; he hears her mysterious voices, and he imparts to us some faint echo of those supernatural melodies. Could any but a poet who had looked into the deepest heart both of nature and of man, have so interpreted "The Voice of Autumn" as in that poem which has these stanzas?

"There comes from yonder height
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright
And fall, like flashes of light,
To the ground.

"It is the autumn breeze
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

"He moans, by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look
From out their sunny nook
At the sky.

* * * * *

"Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
O soft repining wind?
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

"Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the east and west;—
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

"By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave."

Now, if there be in the wide range of our English literature anything more delicate and sweet than this, more complete as a work of art, every line swaying with the breeze it describes, and at the same time more infinitely tender, we cannot tell where to look for it unless it be in the pages of the same author.

This new volume, let us say, gives us not only the old touches of the master, but reveals him to us in a somewhat new light. In the "Life that Is" we have a most beautiful *pendent* to "The Future Life," which has

long since taken its place as among his finest works; in the "Constellations" and "The Night Journey of a River" we recognize the stately and solemn mood of the writer of "Thanatopsis;" and in various iambs we note the same chaste and graceful art that has delighted us for so many years; but it will be new to most readers of his Translation of the Fifth Book of Homer's Odyssey that he has provoked a most favorable comparison with Cowper, by rendering Homer with equal fidelity at least, and far greater simplicity and attractiveness; and it will also be new to most readers to find two exquisite idyls, if they may be so called, "Sella" and the "Little People of the Snow,"—the longest and most elaborate poems that he has ever written. In these, with a delicacy of fancy which is like the tracery of frost-crystal, and with a fineness of feeling that Tennyson has never surpassed, he leads us into wholly new realms of faëry. We wish we could tell our readers his strangely wild and romantic legend of the maiden who, aided by the magic slippers,—

"—— entered the great deep, and passed below
His billows, into boundless spaces, lit
With a green sunshine;"

What strange growths she saw in the
mighty groves of the ocean valleys:—

"—— the pretty coralline,
The dulse with crimson leaves, and, streaming
far,
Sea-thong and sea-lace;"

and what wonderful adventures befell her; but we must not spoil the interest of the whole by any meagre outline. Neither shall we disclose the interviews of the lovely little Eva with the sprites of the snow in their glittering palaces, beneath the gleaming northern lights, further than to say that it is one of the prettiest and tenderest of inventions, as charmingly told as it is delicately conceived. Perhaps, however, the shorter piece, entitled "A Day-Dream," which is a vision of the sea-nymphs of the Italian coasts, will find most numerous admirers, because of the magnificent pictures contained in the earlier stanza and the quiet pathos of the close. We must stop here at once, or we shall go on to name nearly every piece in the volume.

Yet we cannot close this rapid reference to the volume without adding, that it is a great consolation to us to know that he who is the first poet of his country is also to be regarded,

on many accounts, as its first citizen. Those who worship Genius are often obliged to qualify that worship by many a sad regret, and many a heavy sob; but in this case, the sentiment of admiration and love may go forth almost unstinted. The life and character of the artist are as pure and transparent as his writings, which is but saying, indeed, that his poems are but the honest expression of his inmost soul. The sweet, tender, thoughtful, and majestic spirit which breathes throughout his verse is the spirit which inspires the man. In all his personal relations—we are told—his friends revere always the same truthfulness, earnestness, hopefulness, and large, many-sided charity, chastened by a rigid sense of justice. If he does not always "sing, as the birds sing among the leafy branches," spontaneously and joyfully, he sings what the Lord of nature puts it into his heart to sing—what he feels and knows to be the inmost truth of every reflective and loving human existence. He is accused of coldness—and to a limited extent the accusation is well brought; yet, not to speak of the mild and genial human associations which he weaves into all the soft changes and successions of internal nature, who shall say that the writer of "The Future Life," "The Conqueror's Grave," "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Return of Youth," and "The Battle-field," is not warm and glowing with the deepest human sympathies? With the more violent human passions—with pride and ambition and even love—with the action of man in the turbulence and turmoil of our stormy, social battle—he exhibits no fellow-feeling; we almost deplore the want of it as we read his faultless periods, full of admiration; but we should remember that the function of the poet of Nature is not to describe her in her angry and desolating aspects, but to reveal her infinite loveliness and beneficence; to invoke the sweet influences by which she ministers to the healing of our perturbed and diseased minds, and to lift our souls, through the loving meditation of her outward splendors and beauties, to the perception of those inward splendors and beauties in which we shall see her, as the "visible garment of God," the glorious symbol of that spiritual realm, more effulgent, more lovely, more gentle, more majestic, where all the true and noble and just shall breathe

"An ampler ether, a diviner air."

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXV.

MR. WENTWORTH got up very early the next morning. He had his sermon to write, and it was Saturday, and all the events of the week had naturally enough unsettled his mind, and indisposed him for sermon-writing. When the events of life come fast upon a man, it is seldom that he finds much pleasure in abstract literary composition, and the style of the Curate of St. Roque's was not of that hortatory and impassioned character which sometimes gives as much relief to the speaker as excitement to the audience. So he got up in the early sweetness of the summer morning, when nobody but himself was astir in the house, with the sense of entering upon a task, and taking up work which was far from agreeable to him. When he came into the little room which he used as a study, and threw the window open, and breathed the delicious air of the morning, which was all thrilling and trembling with the songs of birds, Mr. Wentworth's thoughts were far from being concentrated upon any one subject. He sat down at his writing-table and arranged his pens and paper, and wrote down the text he had selected; and when he had done so much, and could feel that he had made a beginning, he leaned back in his chair, and poised the idle pen on his finger, and abandoned himself to his thoughts. He had so much to think about. There was Wodehouse under the same roof, with whom he had felt himself constrained to remonstrate very sharply on the previous night. There was Jack, so near, and certainly come to Carlingford on no good errand. There was Gerald, in his great perplexity and distress, and the household at home in their anxiety; and last, but worst of all, his fancy would go fluttering about the doors of the sick-chamber in Grange Lane, longing and wondering. He asked himself what it could be which had raised that impalpable wall between Lucy and himself—that barrier too strong to be overthrown, too ethereal to be complained of; and wondered over and over again what her thoughts were towards him—whether she thought of him at all—whether she was offended, or simply indifferent? a question which any one else who had observed Lucy as closely could have solved without any difficulty, but which, to the modest and true love of the Perpetual Curate, was at present the grand doubt of all the doubts in the uni-

verse. With this matter to settle, and with the consciousness that it was still only five o'clock, and that he was at least one hour beforehand with the world, it is easy to understand why Mr. Wentworth mused and loitered over his work, and how, when it was nearly six o'clock, and Sarah and the cook were beginning to stir from their sleep, there still remained only the text written upon the sermon-paper, which was so nicely arranged before him on the table. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways and doeth that which is lawful and right." This was the text; but sitting at the open window, looking out into the garden, where the birds, exempt, as they seemed to think, for once from the vulgar scrutiny of man, were singing at the pitch of all their voices as they prepared for breakfast; and where the sweet air of the morning breathed into his mind a freshness and hopefulness which youth can never resist, and seduced his thoughts away from all the harder problems of his life to dwell upon the sweeter trouble of that doubt about Lucy,—was not the best means of getting on with his work. He sat thus leaning back—sometimes dipping his pen in the ink, and hovering over the paper for two or three seconds at a time, sometimes reading over the words, and making a faint effort to recall his own attention to them; for, on the whole, perhaps, it is not of much use getting up very early in the morning when the chief consequence of it is, that a man feels he has an hour to spare, and a little time to play before he begins.

Mr. Wentworth was still lingering in this peaceful pause, when he heard, in the stillness, hasty steps coming down Grange Lane. No doubt it was some workmen going to their work, and he felt it must be nearly six o'clock, and dipped his pen once more in the ink; but, the next moment paused again to listen, feeling in his heart a strange conviction that the steps would stop at his door, and that something was going to happen. He was sure of it, and yet somehow the sound tingled upon his heart when he heard the bell ring, waking up echoes in the silent house. Cook and Sarah had not yet given any signs of coming down-stairs, and nobody stirred even at the sound of the bell. Mr. Wentworth put down his pen altogether, and listened with an anxiety which he could scarcely account for—knowing, as he said to himself, that it must

be the milk, or the baker, or somebody. But neither the milk nor the baker would have dared to knock and shake and kick the door as the new arrivals were doing. Mr. Wentworth sat still as long as he could, then he added to the din they were making outside by an indignant ring of his own bell; and, finally getting anxious, as was natural, and bethinking himself of his father's attack and Mr. Wodehouse's illness, the curate took the matter into his own hands, and hastened down-stairs to open the door. Mrs. Hadwin called to him as he passed her room, thinking it was Sarah, and begging, for goodness gracious' sake, to know directly what was the matter; and he felt himself growing agitated as he drew back the complicated bolts, and turned the key in the door, which was elaborately defended, as was natural. When he hurried out into the garden, the songs of the birds and the morning air seemed to have changed their character. He thought he was about to be summoned to the death-bed of one or other of the old men upon whom their sons had brought such misery. He was but little acquainted with the fastenings of the garden-door, and fumbled a little over them in his anxiety. "Wait a moment and you shall be admitted," he called out to those outside, who still continued to knock; and he fancied, even in the haste and confusion of the moment, that his voice caused some little commotion among them. Mr. Wentworth opened the door, looking anxiously out for some boy with a telegram, or other such mournful messenger; but to his utter amazement was nearly knocked down by the sudden plunge of Elsworthy, who entered with a spring like that of a wild animal, and whose face looked white and haggard as he rushed in. He came against the curate so roughly as to drive him a step or two farther into the garden, and naturally aroused somewhat sharply the temper of the young man, who had already begun to regard him with disagreeable sensations as a kind of spy against himself.

"What in the world do you want at such an early hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth—"and what do you mean by making such a noise? Is Mr. Wodehouse worse? or what has happened?" for to tell the truth, he was a little relieved to find that the two people outside both belonged to Car-

lingford, and that nowhere was there any visible apparition of a telegraph boy.

"Don't trifle with me, Mr. Wentworth," said Elsworthy. "I'm a poor man; but a worm-as is trodden upon turns. I want my child, sir! give me my child! I'll find her out if it was at the end of the world. I've only brought down my neighbor with me as I can trust," he continued, hoarsely—"to save both your characters. I don't want to make no talk; but if you do what is right by Rosa, neither me nor him will ever say a word. I want Rosa, Mr. Wentworth. Where's Rosa? If I had known as it was for this you wanted her home! But I'll take my oath not to make no talk," cried the clerk with passion and earnestness, which confounded Mr. Wentworth—"if you'll promise to do what's right by her, and let me take her home."

"Elsworthy, are you mad!" cried the curate—"is he out of his senses? Has anything happened to Rosa? For Heaven's sake, Hayles, don't stand there like a man of wood, but tell me if the man's crazy, or what he means!"

"I'll come in, sir, if you've no objection, and shut the door not to make a talk," said Elsworthy's companion, Peter Hayles the druggist. "If it can be managed without any gossip it'll be best for all parties," said this worthy, shutting the door softly after him. "The thing is, where's Rosa, Mr. Wentworth? I can't think as you've got her here."

"She's all the same as my own child!" cried Elsworthy, who was greatly excited. "I've had her and loved her since she was a baby. I don't mean to say as I'd put myself forward to hurt her prospects if she was married in a superior line o' life; but them as harms Rosa has me to reckon with," he said, with a kind of fury which sat strangely on the man. "Mr. Wentworth, where's the child? God forgive you both! you've given me a night o' weeping; but if you'll do what's right by Rosa, and send her home in the mean time—"

"Be silent, sir!" cried the curate. "I know nothing in the world about Rosa. How dare you venture to come on such an errand to me? I don't understand how it is," said the young man, growing red and angry, "that you try so persistently to connect this

child with me! I have never had anything to do with her, and I will not submit to any such impertinent suspicion. Leave my house, sir, immediately, and don't insult me by making such inquiries here!"

Mr. Wentworth was very angry in the first flush of his wrath. He did not think what misery was involved in the question which had been addressed to him, nor did he see for the moment the terrible calamity to Rosa which was suggested by this search for her. He thought only of himself, as was natural, at the first shock—of the injurious and insulting suspicion with which he seemed to be pursued, and of the annoyance which she and her friends were causing him. "What do you mean by rousing a whole household at this hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth, as he saw, with vexation, Sarah, very startled and sleepy, come stealing round by the kitchen-door.

"You don't look as if you had wanted any rousing," said Elsworthy, who was too much in earnest to own the curate's authority. "She was seen at your door the last thing last night, and you're in your clothes, as bright as day, and awaiting for us afore six o'clock in the morning. Do you think as I've shut my eyes because it's my clergyman?" cried the injured man, passionately. "I want my little girl—my little Rosa—as is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone! If Mr. Wentworth didn't know nothing about it, as he says," cried Elsworthy, with sudden insight, "he has a feelin' heart, and he'd be grieved about the child; but he aint grieved, nor concerned, nor nothing in the world but angry; and will you tell me there aint nothing to be drawn from that? But it's far from my intention to raise a talk," said the clerk, drawing closer and touching the arm of the Perpetual Curate; "let her come back, and if you're a man of your word, and behave honorable by her, there sha'n't be nothing said in Carlingford. I'll stand up for you, sir, against the world."

Mr. Wentworth shook off his assailant's hand with a mingled sense of exasperation and sympathy. "I tell you, upon my honor, I know nothing about her," he said. "But it is true enough I have been thinking only of myself," he continued, addressing the other. "How about the girl? When was she lost? and can't you think of any place she can have gone to? Elsworthy, hear rea-

son," cried the curate, anxiously. "I assure you, on my word, that I have never seen her since I closed this garden-gate upon her last night."

"And I would ask you, sir, what had Rosa to do at your garden-gate?" cried the clerk of St. Roque's. "He aint denying it, Hayles; you can see as he aint adenyin' of it. What was it as she came for but you? Mr. Wentworth, I've always had a great respect for you," said Elsworthy. "I've respected you as my clergyman, sir, as well as for other things; but you're a young man, and human nature is frail. I say again as you needn't have no fear for me. I aint one as likes to make a talk, and no more is Hayles. Give up the girl, and give me your promise, and there aint a man living as will be the wiser; Mr. Wentworth—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the curate, furious with indignation and resentment. "Leave this place instantly! If you don't want me to pitch you into the middle of the road, hold your tongue and go away! The man is mad," said Mr. Wentworth, turning towards the spectator, Hayles, and pausing to take breath. But it was evident that this third person was by no means on the curate's side.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Hayles, with a blank countenance. "It appears to me, sir, as it's an awkward business for all parties. Here's the girl gone, and no one knows where. When a girl don't come back to her own 'ome all night, things looks serious, sir; and it has been said as the last place she was seen was at your door."

"Who says so?" cried Mr. Wentworth.

"Well—it was—a party, sir—a highly respectable party—as I have good reason to believe," said Hayles, "being a constant customer—one as there's every confidence to be put in. It's better not to name no names, being at this period of the affair."

And at that moment, unluckily for Mr. Wentworth, there suddenly floated across his mind the clearest recollection of the Miss Hemmings, and the look they gave him in passing. He felt a hot flush rush over his face as he recalled it. They, then, were his accusers in the first place: and for the first time he began to realize how the tide of accusation would surge through Carlingford, and how circumstances would be patched together, and very plausible evidence concocted

out of the few facts which were capable of an inference totally opposed to the truth. The blood rushed to his face in an overpowering glow, and then he felt the warm tide going back upon his heart, and realized the position in which he stood for the first time in its true light.

"And if you'll let me say it, sir," said the judicious Hayles, "though a man may be in a bit of a passion, and speak more strong than is called for, it aint unnatural in the circumstances; things may be better than they appear," said the druggist, mildly; "I don't say nothing against that; it may be as you've took her away, sir (if so be as you have took her away), for to give her a bit of education, or such like, before making her your wife; but folks in general aint expected to know that; and when a young girl is kep' out of her 'ome for a whole night; it aint wonderful if her friends take fright. It's a sad thing for Rosa whoever's taken her away, and wherever she is."

Now Mr. Wentworth, notwithstanding the indignant state of mind which he was in, was emphatically of the tolerant temper which is so curiously characteristic of his generation. He could not be unreasonable even in his own cause; he was not partisan enough, even in his own behalf, to forget that there was another side to the question, and to see how hard and how sad was that other side. He was moved in spite of himself to grieve over Rosa Elsworthy's great misfortune.

"Poor little deluded child," he said, sadly; "I acknowledge it is very dreadful for her, and for her friends. I can excuse a man who is mad with grief and wretchedness and anxiety, and doesn't know what he is saying. As for any man in his senses imagining," said the curate again with a flush of sudden color, "that I could possibly be concerned in anything so base, that is simply absurd. When Elsworthy returns to reason, and acknowledges the folly of what he has said, I will do anything in the world to help him. It is unnecessary for you to wait," said Mr. Wentworth, turning to Sarah, who had stolen up behind, and caught some of the conversation, and who was staring with round eyes of wonder, partly guessing, partly inquiring, what had happened,—“these people want me; go indoors and never mind."

"La, sir! Missis is aringing all the bells

down to know what 'as 'appened," said Sarah, holding her ground.

This was how it was to be—the name of the Curate of St. Roque's was to be linked to that of Rosa Elsworthy, let the truth be what it might, in the mouths of every maid and every mistress in Carlingford. He was seized with a sudden apprehension of this aspect of the matter, and it was not wonderful if Mr. Wentworth drew his breath hard and set his teeth, as he ordered the woman away, in a tone which could not be disobeyed.

"I don't want to make no talk," said Elsworthy, who during this time had made many efforts to speak; "I've said it before, and I say it again—it's Mr. Wentworth's fault if there's any talk. She was seen here last night," he went on, rapidly, "and afore six o'clock this blessed morning, you, as are never known to be stirring early, meets us at the door, all shaved and dressed; and it aint very difficult to see, to them as watches the clergyman's countenance," said Elsworthy, turning from one to another, "as everything isn't as straight as it ought to be; but I aint going to make no talk, Mr. Wentworth," he went on, drawing closer, and speaking with conciliatory softness; "me and her aunt, sir, loves her dearly, but we're not the folks to stand in her way, if a gentleman was to take a fancy to Rosa. If you'll give me your word to make her your wife honorable, and tell me where she is, tortures wouldn't draw no complaints from me. One moment, sir; it aint only that she's pretty, but she's good as well—she wont do you no discredit, Mr. Wentworth. Put her to school, or what you please, sir," said Rosa's uncle; "me and my wife will never interfere, so be as you make her your wife honorable; but I aint a worm to be trampled on," cried Elsworthy, as the curate, finding him approach very closely, thrust him away with vehement indignation; "I aint a slave to be pushed about. Them as brings Rosa to shame shall come to shame by me; I'll ruin the man as ruins that child. You may turn me out," he cried, as the curate laid his powerful hand upon his shoulder, and forced him towards the door, "but I'll come back, and I'll bring all Carlingford. There sha'n't be a soul in the town as doesn't know. Oh, you young viper, as I thought was a pious clergyman! you may turn me out, but you aint got rid of me. My child—

where's my child?" cried the infuriated clerk, as he found himself ejected into the road outside, and the door suddenly closed upon him. He turned round to beat upon it in blind fury, and kept calling upon Rosa, and wasting his threats and arguments upon the calm air outside. Some of the maid-servants in the other houses came out, broom in hand, to the green doors, to see what was the matter, but they were not near enough to hear distinctly, and no early wayfarers had, as yet, invaded the morning quiet of Grange Lane.

Mr. Wentworth, white with excitement, and terribly calm and self-possessed, turned to the amazed and trembling druggist, who still stood inside. "Look here, Hayles," said the curate; "I have never seen Rosa Elsworthy since I closed this door upon her last night. What had brought her here I don't know,—at least, she came with no intention of seeing me,—and I reproved her sharply for being out so late. This is all I know about the affair, and all I intend to say to any one. If that idiot outside intends to make a disturbance, he must do it; I shall take no further trouble to clear myself of such an insane accusation. I think it right to say as much to you, because you seem to have your senses about you," said the curate, pausing, out of breath. He was perfectly calm, but it was impossible to ignore the effect of such a scene upon ordinary flesh and blood. His heart was beating loudly, and his breath came short and quick. He turned away and walked up to the house-door, and then came back again. "You understand me, I suppose?" he said; "and if Elsworthy is not mad, you had better suggest to him not to lose his only chance of recovering Rosa by this vain bluster to me, who know nothing about her. I sha'n't be idle in the mean time," said Mr. Wentworth. All this time Elsworthy was beating against the door, and shouting his threats into the quiet of the morning; and Mrs. Hadwin had thrown up her window, and stood there visibly in her nightcap, trying to find out what the noise was about, and trembling for the respectability of her house,—all which the curate apprehended with that extraordinary swiftness and breadth of perception which comes to men at the eventful moments of life.

"I'll do my best, sir," said Hayles, who felt that his honor was appealed to; "but it's an awkward business for all parties, that's

what it is;" and the druggist backed out in a great state of bewilderment, having a little struggle at the door with Elsworthy to prevent his re-entrance. "There aint nothing to be got out of *him*," said Mr. Hayles, as he succeeded at last in leading his friend away. Such was the conclusion of Mr. Wentworth's morning studies, and the sermon which was to have been half written before breakfast upon that eventful Saturday. He went back to the house, as was natural, with very different thoughts in his mind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE first thing Mr. Wentworth did was to hasten up-stairs to Wodehouse's room. Sarah had gone before him, and was by this time talking to her mistress, who had left the window, and stood, still in her nightcap, at the door of her own chamber. "It's something about Rosa Elsworthy, ma'am," said Sarah; "she's gone off with some one, which nothing else was to be expected; and her uncle's been araving and araging at Mr. Wentworth, which proves as a gentleman should never take no notice of them shop-girls. I always heard as she was a bad lot."

"O Mr. Wentworth,—if you will excuse my nightcap,"—said Mrs. Hadwin, "I am so shaken and all of a tremble with that noise; I couldn't help thinking it must be a murder at the least," said the little old lady; "but I never could believe that there was anything between you and— Sarah, you may go away; I should like to talk to Mr. Wentworth by myself," said Mrs. Hadwin, suddenly remembering that Mr. Wentworth's character must not be discussed, in the presence of even her favorite maid.

"Presently," said the unhappy curate, with mingled impatience and resignation; and, after a hasty knock at the door, he went into Wodehouse's room, which was opposite, so full of a furious anxiety to question him that he had burst into speech before he perceived that the room was empty. "Answer me this instant," he had cried, "where is Rosa Elsworthy?" and then he paused, utterly taken aback. It had never occurred to him that the culprit would be gone. He had parted with him late on the previous night, leaving him, according to appearances, in a state of sulky half-penitence; and now the first impulse of his consternation was to look in all the corners for the fugitive. The room

had evidently been occupied that night; part of the curate's own wardrobe, which he had bestowed upon his guest, lay about on the chairs, and on a little table were his tools and the bits of wood with which he did his carving. The window was open, letting in the fresh air, and altogether the apartment looked so exactly like what it might have done had the occupant gone out for a virtuous morning walk, that Mr. Wentworth stopped short in blank amazement. It was a relief to him to hear the curious Sarah still rustling in the passage outside. He came out upon her so hastily that Sarah was startled. Perhaps she had been so far excited out of her usual propriety as to think of the keyhole as a medium of information.

"Where is Wode—Mr. Smith?" cried the curate; "he is not in his room—he does not generally get up so early. Where is he? Did he go out last night?"

"Not as I knows of, sir," said Sarah, who grew a little pale, and gave a second glance at the open door. "Isn't the gentleman in his room? He do take a walk in the morning, now and again," and Sarah cast an alarmed look behind to see if her mistress was still within hearing; but Mrs. Hadwin, intent upon questioning Mr. Wentworth himself, had fortunately retired to put on her cap, and closed her door.

"Where is he?" said the curate, firmly.

"Oh, please, sir, I don't know," said Sarah, who was very near crying. "He's gone out for a walk, that's all. O Mr. Wentworth, don't look at me so dreadful, and I'll tell you hall," cried the frightened girl, "*hall*—as true as if I was on my oath. He 'as a taking way with him," said poor Sarah, to whom the sulky and shabby rascal was radiant still with the fascinating though faded glory of "a gentleman"—"and he aint one as has been used to regular hours; and seeing as he was a friend of yours, I knew as hall was safe, Mr. Wentworth; and, O sir, if you'll not tell missis, as might be angry. I didn't mean no harm; and knowing as he was a friend of yours, I let him have the key of the little door."

Here Sarah put her apron to her eyes; she did not cry much into it, or wet it with her tears—but under its cover she peeped at Mr. Wentworth, and, encouraged by his looks, which did not seem to promise any immedi-

ate catastrophe, went on with her explanation.

"He's been and took a walk often in the morning," said Sarah, with little gasps which interrupted her voice, "and come in as steady as steady, and nothing happened. He's gone for a walk now, poor gentleman. Them as goes out first thing in the morning, can't mean no harm, Mr. Wentworth. If it was at night it would be different," said the apologetic Sarah. "He'll be in afore we've done our breakfast in the kitchen; that's his hour, for I always brings him a cup of coffee. If you hadn't been up not till *your* hour, sir, you'd never have known nothing about it;" and here even Mrs. Hadwin's housemaid looked sharply in the curate's face. "I never knew you so early, sir, not since I've been here," said Sarah; and though she was a partisan of Mr. Wentworth, it occurred even to Sarah that perhaps, after all, Elsworthy might be right.

"If he comes in, let me know immediately," said the curate; and he went to his study and shut himself in, to think it all over with a sense of being baited and baffled on every side. As for Sarah, she went off in great excitement to discuss the whole business with the cook, tossing her head as she went. "Rosa Elsworthy, indeed!" said Sarah to herself, thinking her own claims to admiration quite as well worth considering—and Mr. Wentworth had already lost one humble follower in Grange Lane.

The curate sat down at his table as before and gazed with a kind of exasperation at the paper and the text out of which his sermon was to have come. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways"—he began to wonder bitterly whether that ever happened, or if it was any good trying to bring it about. If it were really the case that Wodehouse, whom he had been laboring to save from the consequences of one crime had, at the very crisis of his fate, perpetrated another of the basest kind, what was the good of wasting strength in behalf of a wretch abandoned? Why should such a man be permitted to live to bring shame and misery on everybody connected with him? and why when noxious vermin of every other description were hunted down and exterminated should the vile human creature be spared to suck the blood of his friends? Mr. Went-

worth grew sanguinary in his thoughts as he leaned back in his chair, and tried to return to the train of reflection which Elsworthy's arrival had banished. That was totally impossible; but another train of ideas came fast enough to fill up the vacant space. The curate saw himself hemmed in on every side, without any way of escape. If he could not extract any information from Wodehouse, or if Wodehouse denied any knowledge of Rosa, what could he do to clear himself from an imputation so terrible? and if, on the other hand, Wodehouse did not come back, and so pleaded guilty, how could he pursue and put the law upon the track of the man whom he had just been laboring to save from justice, and over whose head a criminal prosecution was impending? Mr. Wentworth saw nothing but misery, let him turn where he would—nothing but disgrace, misapprehension, unjust blame. He divined, with the instinct of a man in deadly peril, that Elsworthy, who was a mean enough man in common circumstances, had been inspired by the supposed injury he had sustained into a relentless demon; and he saw distinctly how strong the chain of evidence was against him, and how little he could do to clear himself. As his miseries grew upon him, he got up, as was natural, and began to walk about the room to walk down his impatience, if he could, and acquire sufficient composure to enable him to wait for the time when Wodehouse might be expected to arrive. Mr. Wentworth had forgotten at the moment that Mrs. Hadwin's room was next to his study, and that, as she stood putting on her cap his footsteps vibrated along the flooring, which thrilled under her feet almost as much as under his own. Mrs. Hadwin, as she stood before her glass smoothing her thin little braids of white hair, and putting on her cap, could not but wonder to herself what could make Mr. Wentworth walk about the room in such an agitated way. It was not by any means the custom of the Perpetual Curate, who, up to the time of his aunts' arrival in Carlingford, had known no special disturbances in his individual career. And then the old lady thought of that report about little Rosa Elsworthy, which she had never believed, and grew troubled, as old ladies are not unapt to do under such circumstances, with all that lively faith in the seductions of "an artful girl," and all that contemptuous pity for "a poor young man,"

which seems to come natural to a woman. All the old ladies in Carlingford, male and female, were but too likely to entertain the same sentiments, which, at least, if they did nothing else, showed a wonderful faith in the power of love and folly common to human nature. It did not occur to Mrs. Hadwin any more than it did to Miss Dora, that Mr. Wentworth's good sense and pride and superior cultivation, were sufficient defences against little Rosa's dimpled cheeks and bright eyes; and with some few exceptions, such was likely to be the opinion of the little world of Carlingford. Mrs. Hadwin grew more and more anxious about the business as she felt the boards thrill under her feet, and heard the impatient movements in the next room; and as soon as she had settled her cap to her satisfaction, she left her own chamber and went to knock, as was to be expected, at Mr. Wentworth's door.

It was just at this moment that Mr. Wentworth saw Wodehouse's shabby figure entering at the garden-gate; he turned round suddenly without hearing Mrs. Hadwin's knock, and all but ran over the old lady in his haste and eagerness. "Pardon me; I am in a great hurry!" cried the curate, darting past her. Just at the moment when she expected her curiosity to be satisfied, it was rather hard upon Mrs. Hadwin to be dismissed so summarily. She went down-stairs in a state of great dignity, with her lace mittens on, and her hands crossed before her. She felt she had more and more reason for doubting human nature in general, and for believing that the Curate of St. Roque's in particular could not bear any close examination into his conduct. Mrs. Hadwin sat down to her breakfast accordingly with a sense of pitying virtue which was sweet to her spirit, notwithstanding that she was, as she would have frankly acknowledged, very fond of Mr. Wentworth; she said "poor young man" to herself, and shook her head over him as she poured out her solitary cup of tea. She had never been a beauty herself, nor had she exercised any overwhelming influence that she could remember over any one in the days of her distant youth: but being a true woman, Mrs. Hadwin believed in Rosa Elsworthy, and pitied, not without a certain half-conscious female disdain, the weakness of the inevitable victim. He did not dare to stop to explain to *her* what it

meant. He rushed out of her way as soon as he saw she meant to question him. That designing girl had got him entirely under her sway, the poor young man!

Meanwhile the curate without a single thought for his landlady, made a rush to Wodehouse's room. He did not wait for any answer to his knock, but went in not as a matter of policy, but because his eagerness carried him on in spite of himself. To Mr. Wentworth's great amazement Wodehouse was undressing, intending, apparently to return to bed. The shabby fugitive, looking broad and brawny in his shirt sleeves, turned round when he heard the voice with an angry exclamation. His face grew black as he saw the curate at the door. "What the deuce have you to do in my room at this hour?" he growled into his beard. "Is a man never to have a little peace?" and with that threw down his coat, which he still had in his hand, and faced round towards the intruder with sullen looks. It was his nature to stand always on the defensive, and he had got so much accustomed to being regarded as a culprit, that he naturally took up the part, whether there might be just occasion or not.

"Where have you been?" exclaimed the curate; "answer me truly—I can't submit to any evasion: I know it all, Wodehouse: though I can't tell how you have planned it, nor what was your motive, I see the fact clear enough. Where is she? Where have you hid her? If you do not give her up I will give you up to justice. Do you hear me? Where is Rosa Elsworthy? This is a matter that touches my honor, and I must know the truth."

Mr. Wentworth was so full of the subject that it did not occur to him how much time he was giving his antagonist to prepare his answer. Wodehouse was not clever, but he had the instinct of a baited animal driven to bay. There was nothing for it but resistance, and to this he gradually collected his faculties, while the curate poured forth his questions. It was an injudicious proceeding on Mr. Wentworth's part; but he was too much excited and occupied with the matter in question to recollect at the moment which was the more prudent course.

"Rosa Elsworthy?" said the vagabond, "what have I to do with Rosa Elsworthy? A pretty man I should be to run away with a girl! All that I have in the world is a shil-

ling or two, and, by Jove, it's an expensive business, that is. You should ask your brother," he continued, giving a furtive glance at the curate—"it's more in his way, by Jove, than mine."

Mr. Wentworth was recalled to himself by this reply. "Where is she?" he said, sternly,—“no trifling! I did not ask if you had taken her away. I ask, where is she?” He had shut the door behind him, and stood in the middle of the room, facing Wodehouse, and overawing him by his superior stature, force, and virtue. Before the curate's look the eyes of the other fell,—he could not meet the keen gaze that was bent upon him. The rest of his sullen countenance did not alter much, but all kinds of shifting, sidelong looks came from his eyes. He tried to catch Mr. Wentworth unawares, and to read what his face meant, without meeting his look; and failing in that, his furtive eyes made perpetual retreats and escapes, looking everywhere but at his accuser.

"I don't know anything about her," he said at last; "how should I know anything about her? I aint a fool, by Jove, whatever I may be. A man may talk to a pretty girl without any harm. I mayn't be as good as a parson, but, by Jove, I aint a fool," he muttered through his beard. He had begun to speak with a kind of sulky self-confidence; but his voice sank lower as he proceeded. Jack Wentworth's elegant levity was a terrible failure in the hands of the coarser rascal. He fell back by degrees upon the only natural quality which enabled him to offer any resistance. "By Jove, I aint an idiot!" he repeated, with dull obstinacy, and upon that statement made a stand in his dogged, argumentative way.

"Would you like it better if I said you were a villain?" asked the exasperated curate: "where is the girl? I don't want to discuss your character with you. Where is Rosa Elsworthy? She is scarcely more than a child," said Mr. Wentworth, "and a fool, if you like. But where is she? I warn you that unless you tell me you shall have no more assistance from me."

"And I tell you that I don't know," said Wodehouse; and the two men stood facing each other, one glowing with youthful indignation, the other enveloped in a cloud of sullen resistance. Just then there came a soft knock at the door and Sarah peeped in with a

coquettish air, which at no other time in her existence had been visible in the sedate demeanor of Mrs. Hadwin's favorite handmaid. The stranger lodger was "a gentleman," notwithstanding his shabbiness, and he was a very civil-spoken gentleman, without a bit of pride; and Sarah was still a woman, though she was plain and a housemaid. "Please, sir, I've brought you your coffee," said Sarah, and she carried in her tray, which contained all the materials for a plentiful breakfast. When she saw Mr. Wentworth standing in the room and Wodehouse in his shirt-sleeves, Sarah said "La!" and set down her tray hastily and vanished; but the episode, short as it was, had not been without its use to the culprit who was standing on his defence.

"I'm not staying here on my own account," said Wodehouse,—"it's no pleasure to me to be here. I'm staying for your brother's sake and—other people's; it's no pleasure to me, by Jove. I'd go to-morrow if I had my way—but I aint a fool," continued the sulky defendant: "it's of no use asking me such questions, for I don't know. By Jove, I've other things to think of than girls; and you know pretty well how much money I've got," he continued, taking out an old purse and emptying out the few shillings it contained into his hand. When he had thrown them about, out and in, for nearly a minute, he turned once more upon the curate. "I'd like to have a little more pocket-money before I ran away with any one," said Wodehouse, and tossed the shillings back contemptuously. As for Mr. Wentworth, his reasonableness once more came greatly in his way. He began to ask himself whether this penniless vagabond who seemed to have no dash or daring in his character, could have been the man to carry little Rosa away; and, perplexed by this idea, Mr. Wentworth began to put himself into the position of his opponent, and in that character to make appeals to his imaginary generosity and truth.

"Wodehouse," he said, seriously, "look here. I am likely to be much annoyed about this, and perhaps injured. I entreat you to tell me, if you know, where the girl is. I've been at some little trouble for you, be frank with me for once," said the Curate of St. Roque's. Nothing in existence could have prevented himself from responding to such

an appeal, and he made it with a kind of noble absurd confidence that there must be some kindred depths even in the meaner nature with which he had to deal, which would have been to Jack Wentworth, had he seen it, a source of inextinguishable laughter. Even Wodehouse was taken by surprise. He did not understand Mr. Wentworth; but he had been a gentleman once, and a certain vague idea that the curate was addressing him as if he still were "a gentleman as he used to be"—though it did not alter his resolution in any way—brought a vague flush of shame to his unaccustomed cheek.

"I aint a fool," he repeated, rather hastily, and turned away not to meet the curate's eyes. "I've got no money—how should I know anything about her? If I had, do you think I should have been here?" he continued, with a side-long look of inquiry: then he paused and put on his coat, and in that garb felt himself more of a match for his opponent. "I'll tell you one thing you'll thank me for," he said,—“the old man is dying, they think. They'll be sending for you presently. That's more important than a talk about a girl. I've been talked to till I'm sick,” said Wodehouse, with a little burst of irrepressible nature, “but things may change before you all know where you are.” When he had said so much, the fear in his heart awoke again, and he cast another look of inquiry and anxiety at the curate's face. But Mr. Wentworth was disgusted, and had no more to say.

“Everything changes—except the heart of the churl which can never be made bountiful,” said the indignant young priest. It was not a fit sentiment, perhaps, for a preacher who had just written that text about the wicked man turning from the evil of his ways. Mr. Wentworth went away in a glow of passion and indignation and excitement, and left his guest to Sarah's bountiful provision of hot coffee and new-laid eggs, to which Wodehouse addressed himself with a perfectly good appetite, notwithstanding all the events of the morning, and all the mystery of the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. WENTWORTH retired to his own quarters with enough to think about for one morning. He could not make up his mind about Wodehouse—whether he was guilty

or not guilty. It seemed incredible that, penniless as he was, he could have succeeded in carrying off a girl so well known in Carlingford as Rosa Elsworthy; and, if he had taken her away, how did it happen that he himself had come back again? The curate saw clearly enough that his only chance for exculpating himself in the sight of the multitude was by bringing home the guilt to somebody else; and in proportion to the utter scorn with which he had treated Elsworthy's insinuations at first, was his serious apprehension now of the danger which surrounded him. He divined all that slander would make of it with the quickened intelligence of a man whose entire life, and reputation dearer than life, were at stake. If it could not be cleared up—if even any investigation which he might be able to demand was not perfectly successful—Mr. Wentworth was quite well aware that the character of a clergyman was almost as susceptible as that of a woman, and that the vague stigma might haunt and overshadow him all his life. The thought was overwhelming at this moment, when his first hopes of finding a speedy solution of the mystery had come to nothing. If he had but lived a century earlier, the chances are that no doubt of Wodehouse's guilt would have entered his mind; but Mr. Wentworth was a man of the present age—reasonable to a fault, and apt to consider other people as much as possible from their own point of view. He did not see, looking at all the circumstances, how Wodehouse *could* be guilty; and the curate would not permit the strong instinctive certainty that he *was* guilty, to move his own mind from what he imagined to be its better judgment. He was thinking it over very gloomily when his breakfast was brought to him and his letters, feeling that he could be sure of nobody in such an emergency, and dreading more the doubt of his friends than the clamor of the general world. He could bear (he imagined) to be hooted at in the streets, if it ever came to that; but to see the faces of those who loved him troubled with a torturing doubt of his truth was a terrible thought to the Perpetual Curate. And Lucy? But here the young man got up indignant, and threw off his fears. He doubted her regard with a doubt which threw darkness over the whole universe; but that she should be able

for a moment to doubt his entire devotion to her, seemed a blindness incredible. No; let who would believe ill of him in this respect, to Lucy such an accusation must look as monstrous as it was untrue. *She*, at least, knew otherwise; and, taking this false comfort to his heart, Mr. Wentworth took up his letters, and presently was deep in the anxieties of his Brother Gerald, who wrote to him as to a man at leisure, and without any overwhelming perplexities of his own. It requires a very high amount of unselfishness in the person thus addressed to prevent a degree of irritation which is much opposed to sympathy; and Mr. Wentworth, though he was very impartial and reasonable, was not, being still young and meaning to be happy, unselfish to any inhuman degree. He put down Gerald's letter, after he had read through half of it, with an exclamation of impatience which he could not restrain, and then poured out his coffee, which had got cold in the mean time, and gulped it down with a sense of half-comforting disgust—for there are moments when the mortification of the flesh is a relief to the spirit; and then it occurred to him to remember Wodehouse's tray, which was a kind of love-offering to the shabby vagabond, and the perfect good order in which *he* had his breakfast; and Mr. Wentworth laughed at himself with a whimsical perception of all that was absurd in his own position, which did him good, and broke the spell of his solitary musings. When he took up Gerald's letter again, he read it through. A man more sympathetic, open-hearted, and unselfish than Gerald Wentworth did not exist in the world, as his brother well knew; but nevertheless, Gerald's mind was so entirely pre-occupied that he passed over the curate's cares with the lightest reference imaginable. "I hope you found all right when you got back, and nothing seriously amiss with Jack," the elder brother wrote, and then went on to his own affairs. All right! Nothing seriously amiss! To a man who felt himself standing on the edge of possible ruin, such expressions seemed strange indeed.

The Rector of Wentworth, however, had enough in his mind to excuse him for a momentary forgetfulness of others. Things had taken a different turn with him since his brother left. He had been so busy with his change of faith and sentiment, that the practical possibilities of the step which he con-

templated had not disturbed Gerald. He had taken it calmly for granted that he *could* do what he wanted to do. But a new light had burst upon him in that respect, and changed the character of his thoughts. Notwithstanding the conviction into which he had reasoned himself, that peace was to be found in Rome and nowhere else, the Rector of Wentworth had not contemplated the idea of becoming simply a Catholic layman. He was nothing if not a priest, he had said, passionately. He could have made a martyr of himself—have suffered tortures and deaths with the steadiest endurance ; but he could not face the idea of taking all meaning and significance out of his life, by giving up the profession which he felt to be laid upon him by orders indelible, beyond the power of circumstances to revoke. Such was the new complication to which Gerald had come. He was terribly staggered in his previous resolution by this new doubt, and he wrote to pour his difficulties into the ear of his brother. It had been one of Louisa's relations, appealed to by her in the next access of terror after that in which she had summoned Frank, who, being a practical man, and not moved by much sentiment on the subject, had brought this aspect of the matter before the Rector of Wentworth. Gerald had been studying Canon law ; but his English intelligence did not make very much of it ; and the bare idea of a dispensation making that right which in itself was wrong, touched the high-minded gentleman to the quick, and brought him to a sudden standstill. He who was nothing if not a priest, stood sorrowfully looking at his contemplated martyrdom,—like Brother Domenico of St. Mark's sighing on the edge of the fiery ordeal into which the Church herself would not let him plunge. If it was so, he no longer knew what to do. He would have wrapped the vestment of the new priesthood about him, though it was a garment of fire ; but to stand aside in irksome leisure was a harder trial, at which he trembled. This was the new complication in which Gerald asked his brother's sympathy and counsel. It was a long letter, curiously introspective, and full of self-argument ; and it was hard work, with a mind so occupied as was that of the Perpetual Curate, to give it due attention. He put it away when he had done with his cold breakfast, and deferred the consideration of the subject, with a kind of vague hope that the family firmament

might possibly brighten in that quarter at least ; but the far-off and indistinct interest with which he viewed, across his own gloomy surroundings, this matter which had engrossed him so completely a few days before was wonderful to see.

And then he paused to think what he was to do. To go out and face the slander which already must have crept forth on its way—to see Elsworthy and ascertain whether he had come to his senses, and try if anything could be done for Rosa's discovery,—to exert himself somehow, in short, and get rid of the feverish activity which he felt consuming him—that was what he longed to do. But, on the other hand, it was Saturday, and Mr. Wentworth was conscious that it would be more dignified, and in better taste altogether, if he went on writing his sermon and took no notice of this occurrence, with which, in reality, he had nothing to do. It was difficult, but no doubt it was best ; and he tried it accordingly—putting down a great many sentences which had to be scratched out again, and spoiling altogether the appearance of his sermon-paper. When a message came from Mr. Wodehouse's about eleven o'clock, bringing the news that he was much worse and not expected to live, and begging Mr. Wentworth's immediate presence, the curate was as nearly glad as it was possible for a man to be under the circumstances. He had “a feeling heart,” as even Elsworthy allowed, but in such a moment of excitement any kind of great and terrible event seemed to come natural. He hastened out into the fresh morning sunshine, which still seemed thrilling with life and joy, and went up Grange Lane with a certain sense of curiosity, wondering whether everybody was already aware of what had happened. A long way off a figure which much resembled that of the rector was visible crossing over to Dr. Marjoribanks's door ; and it occurred to the curate that Mr. Morgan was crossing to avoid him, which brought a smile of anger and involuntary dislike to his face, and nerved him for any other encounter. The green door at Mr. Wodehouse's—a homely sign of the trouble in the house—had been left unlatched, and was swinging ajar with the wind when the curate came up ; and as he went in (closing it carefully after him, for that forlorn little touch of carelessness went to his heart), he encountered in the garden Dr. Marjoribanks and Dr. Rider, who

were coming out together with very grave looks. They did not stop for much conversation, only pausing to tell him that the case was hopeless, and that the patient could not possibly live beyond a day or two at most ; but even in the few words that were spoken Mr. Wentworth perceived, or thought he perceived, that something had occurred to lessen him in the esteem of the shrewd old Scotch doctor, who contemplated him and his prayer-book with critical eyes. "I confess, after all, that there are cases in which written prayers are a kind of security," Dr. Marjoribanks said in an irrelevant manner to Dr. Rider when Mr. Wentworth had passed them—an observation at which, in ordinary cases, the curate would have smiled ; but to-day the color rose to his face, and he understood that Dr. Marjoribanks did not think him qualified to carry comfort or instruction to a sick-bed. Perhaps the old doctor had no such idea in his mind,—perhaps it was simply a relic of his national Presbyterianism, to which the old Scotchman kept up a kind of visionary allegiance. But whether he meant it or not, Mr. Wentworth understood it as a reproach to himself, and went on with a bitter feeling of mortification to the sick-room. He had gone with his whole heart into his priestly office, and had been noted for his ministrations to the sick and poor ; but now his feelings were much too personal for the atmosphere into which he was just about to enter. He stopped at the door to tell John that he would take a stroll round the garden before he came in, as he had a headache, and went on through the walks which were sacred to Lucy, not thinking of her, but wondering bitterly whether anybody would stand by him, or whether an utterly baseless slander would outweigh all the five years of his life which he had spent among the people of Carlingford. Meanwhile John stood at the door and watched him, and of course thought it was very "queer." "It aint as he'd abeen sitting up all night, like our young ladies," said John to himself, and unconsciously noted the circumstance down in his memory against the curate.

When Mr. Wentworth entered the sick-room, he found all very silent and still in that darkened chamber. Lucy was seated by the bedside, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and looking as if she had not slept for several nights ; while Miss Wodehouse, who,

notwithstanding all her anxiety to be of use, was far more helpless than Lucy, stood on the side next the door, with her eyes fixed on her sister, watching with pathetic unserviceableness the moment when she could be of some use. As for the patient himself, he lay in a kind of stupor, from which he scarcely ever could be roused, and showed no tokens at the moment of hearing or seeing anybody. The scene was doubly sad, but it was without the excitement which so often breathes in the atmosphere of death. There was no eager listening for the last word, no last outbreaks of tenderness. The daughters were both hushed into utter silence ; and Lucy, who was more reasonable than her sister, had even given up those wistful, beseeching looks at the patient, with which Miss Wodehouse still regarded him, as if perhaps he might be thus persuaded to speak. The nurse whom Dr. Marjoribanks had sent to assist them was visible through an open door, sleeping very comfortably in the adjoining room. Mr. Wentworth came into the silent chamber with all his anxieties throbbing in his heart, bringing life at its very height of agitation and tumult into the presence of death. He went forward to the bed, and tried for an instant to call up any spark of intelligence that might yet exist within the mind of the dying man ; but Mr. Wodehouse was beyond the voice of any priest. The curate said the prayers for the dying at the bedside, suddenly filled with a great pity for the man who was thus taking leave unawares of all this mournful-splendid world. Though the young man knew many an ordinary sentiment about the vanity of life, and had given utterance to that effect freely in the way of his duty, he was still too fresh in his heart to conceive actually that any one could leave the world without poignant regrets ; and when his prayer was finished, he stood looking at the patient with inexpressible compassion. Mr. Wodehouse had scarcely reached old age ; he was well off, and only a week ago seemed to have so much to enjoy ; now, here he lay stupefied, on the edge of the grave unable to respond even by a look to the love that surrounded him. Once more there rose in the heart of the young priest a natural impulse of resentment and indignation ; and when he thought of the cause of this change he remembered Wodehouse's threat, and roused himself from his contemplation of the

dying to think of the probable fate of those who must live.

"Has he made his will?" said Mr Wentworth, suddenly. He forgot that it was Lucy who was standing by him; and it was only when he caught a glance of reproach and horror from her eyes that he recollected how abrupt his question was. "Pardon me," he said; "you think me heartless to speak of it at such a time; but tell me, if you know; Miss Wodehouse, has he made his will?"

"O Mr. Wentworth, I don't know anything about business," said the elder sister. "He said he would; but we have had other things to think of—more important things," said poor Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands, and looking at Mr. Wentworth with eyes full of warning and meaning, beseeching him not to betray her secret. She came nearer to the side of the bed on which Lucy and the curate were standing, and plucked at his sleeve in her anxiety. "We have had very different things to think of. O Mr. Wentworth, what does it matter?" said the poor lady, interposing her anxious looks, which suggested every kind of misfortune, between the two.

"It matters everything in the world," said Mr. Wentworth. "Pardon me if I wound you—I must speak; if it is possible to rouse him, an effort must be made. Send for Mr. Waters. He must not be allowed to go out of the world and leave your interests in the hands of—"

"Oh, hush, Mr. Wentworth, hush!—oh, hush, hush! Don't say any more!" cried Miss Wodehouse, grasping his arm in her terror.

Lucy rose from where she had been sitting at the bedside. She had grown paler than before, and looked almost stern in her youthful gravity. "I will not permit my father to be disturbed," she said. "I don't know what you mean, or what you are talking of; but he is not to be disturbed. Do you think I will let him be vexed in his last hours about money or anybody's interest?" she said, turning upon the curate a momentary glance of scorn. Then she sat down again, with a pang of disappointment added to her grief. She could not keep her heart so much apart from him, as not to expect a little comfort from his presence. And there had been comfort in his prayers and his looks; but to hear

him speak of wills and worldly affairs by her father's death-bed, as any other man might have done, went to Lucy's heart. She sat down again, putting her hand softly upon the edge of the pillow, to guard the peace of those last moments which were ebbing away so rapidly. What if all the comfort in the world hung upon it? Could she let her kind father be troubled in his end for anything so miserable. Lucy turned her indignant eyes upon the others with silent resolution. It was she who was *his* protector now.

"But it must be done," said Mr. Wentworth. "You will understand me hereafter. Miss Wodehouse, you must send for Mr. Waters, and in the mean time I will do what I can to rouse him. It is no such cruelty as you think," said the curate, with humility; "it is not for money or interest only—it concerns all the comfort of your life."

This he said to Lucy, who sat defending her father. She, for her part, looked up at him with eyes that broke his heart. At that moment of all others, the unfortunate curate perceived, by a sudden flash of insight, that nothing less than love could look at him with such force of disappointment and reproach and wounded feeling. He replied to the look by a gesture of mingled entreaty and despair.

"What can I do?" he cried—"you have no one else to care for you. I cannot even explain to you all that is at stake. I must act as I ought, even though you hate me for it. Let us send for Mr. Waters;—if there is a will—"

Mr. Wentworth had raised his voice a little in the excitement of the moment, and the word caught the dull ear of the dying man. The curate saw instantly that there was comprehension in the flicker of the eyelash and the tremulous movement of the hand upon the bed. It was a new and unaccustomed part which he had now to play; he went hurriedly to the other side and leaned over the pillow to make out the stammering words which began to be audible. Lucy had risen up also and stood looking at her father still with her look of defence. As the feeble lips babbled forth unintelligible words, Lucy's pale face grew sterner and sterner. As for Miss Wodehouse, she stood behind, crying and trembling. "O Mr. Wentworth, do you think it is returning life—do you think he is better?" she cried, looking wistfully at the

curate; and between the two young people, who were leaning with looks and feelings so different over his bed, the patient lay struggling with those terrible bonds of weakness, laboring to find expression for something which wrought him into a fever of excitement. While Mr. Wentworth bent his ear closer and closer, trying to make some sense of the inarticulate torrent of sound, Lucy, inspired by grief and horror and indignation, leaned over her father on the other side, doing everything possible to calm him. "O papa, don't say any more—don't say any more; we understand you," she cried, and put her soft hands upon his flushed forehead, and her cheek to his. "No more, no more," cried the girl in the dulled ear which could not hear. "We will do everything you wish—we understand all," said Lucy. Mr. Wentworth withdrew vanquished in that strange struggle—he stood looking on while she caressed and calmed and subdued into silence the dying passion which he would have given anything in the world to stimulate into clearer utterance. She had baffled his efforts, made him helpless to serve her, perhaps injured herself cruelly; but all the more the curate loved her for it, as she expanded over her dying father, with the white sleeves hanging loose about her arms like the white wings of an angel, as he thought. Gradually the agony of utterance got subdued, and then Lucy resumed her position by the bed. "He shall not be disturbed," she said again, through lips that were parched with emotion; and so sat watchful over him, a guardian immovable, ready to defy all the world in defence of his peace.

Mr. Wentworth turned away with his heart full. He would have liked to go and kiss her hand or her sleeve or anything belonging to

her; and yet he was impatient beyond expression, and felt that she had baffled and vanquished him. Miss Wodehouse stood behind, still looking on with a half perception of what had happened; but the mind of the elder sister was occupied with vain hopes and fears, such as inexperienced people are subject to in the presence of death.

"He heard what you said," said Miss Wodehouse; "don't you think that was a good sign! O Mr. Wentworth, sometimes I think he looks a little better," said the poor lady, looking wistfully into the curate's face. Mr. Wentworth could only shake his head as he hurried away.

"I must go and consult Mr. Waters," he said as he passed her. "I shall come back presently;" and then Miss Wodehouse followed him to the door, to beg him not to speak to Mr. Waters of *anything particular*—"For papa has no confidence in him," she said, anxiously. The curate was nearly driven to his wits' end as he hastened out. He forgot the clouds that surrounded him in his anxiety about this sad household; for it seemed but too evident that Mr. Wodehouse had made no special provision for his daughters; and to think of Lucy under the power of her unknown brother, made Mr. Wentworth's blood boil.

The shutters were all put up that afternoon in the prettiest house in Grange Lane. The event took Carlingford altogether by surprise; but other events just then were moving the town into the wildest excitement; for nothing could be heard, far or near, of poor little Rosa Elsworthy, and everybody was aware that the last time she was seen in Carlingford she was standing by herself in the dark, at Mr. Wentworth's garden-door.

A NEW VERSION OF THE POPULAR AIR, THE KIEL ROW.

As sung by L. N., the great basso profundo, in the Imperial Concerts at Compeigne, with unbounded applause.

WEEL in the Kiel row, the Kiel row, the Kiel row,
Weel in the Kiel row, I see my way to win;
I'll lay my life upon it, upon it, upon it,
I'll lay my life upon it, soon that pie my finger's in!

John Bull might trust to Johnny,
If words were current money;
But he's no match for Boney,
This letter-writer fine.

He snubbed my scheme so lightly,
And I felt angry slightly;
Now I retort, politely,

"Your Congress? What of mine!"

Chorus.—Then weel in the Kiel row, etc

Let Austria lean on Russell,
Let Prussia brag and bustle,
But Deutschland's flabby muscle

No terrors has for me;

No Spree they'll find the Eider;
When Denmark sees beside her
Armed France, and me to guide her,
Then whose will Rhineland be?

Chorus.—Then weel in the Kiel row, etc
—Punch.

From The Spectator.

THACKERAY'S PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE are told in the life of Miss Brontë, that her first words after standing for some time before Lawrence's likeness of Thackeray were, "And there came up a lion out of Judah." She meant that the face expressed first of all to her mind a deep "rage" at the treachery of human nature, in which a generous nobility and also a destructive fever of almost animal spite were blended in equal proportions. And she spoke with a true literary instinct. The peculiar power of Thackeray's genius lies in the strange effervescence of these widely different elements,—a profound tenderness of feeling, a pathos of more than feminine delicacy and more than masculine comprehensiveness, with a power of cynical fury which is always impelling him to spring upon the selfishness and duplicities of human nature and tear them to pieces before our eyes in that animal transport of retributive passion which the lion symbolizes to the imagination.

And these are the two striking characteristics of Thackeray's genius which will probably take the first place in determining his true position in English literature. He can never be placed among the pure satirists, like Dryden, or Swift, or Pope, or even Byron,—Byron scarcely ever shows real genius, except when the gleam of the cynical steel, or at the least his delight in the destructive forces of nature, bares itself to us in his poetry,—nor ever among the pure humorists, like Addison, or Lamb, or Sterne, or Dickens,—nor among the pure artists, like Miss Austen, or Sir Walter Scott, or George Eliot,—but he will always form a class by himself as a great satirical artist, blending almost equally the poignant and destructive venom of the satirist with the genial fertility of the creative imagination in which all sorts of lifelike images spring up like flowers, and spring from germs which seem quite independent of the peculiar bias of the artist's own character.

Now it requires but little penetration to see how unique a combination of intellectual powers this is. The pure satirist is filled with something between indignation and hate. We could as soon imagine Swift or Pope creating characters as lifelike as Thackeray, as we could imagine Goethe's *Mephis-*

tophes, who assumed for himself the title of a purely denying genius (*der Geist der stets verneint*), claiming to take part in the work of divine creation. All great satirists, even those to whom no malignity can be imputed, who, like Juvenal, may be supposed to write from utter scorn of their age's corruption, concentrate their fire on fixed centres of evil, and find their inspiration in the rage which particular forms either of evil, or what is to them personally unpleasant and painful, excites in their minds. When Dryden drew his dark picture of Abitophel, or Pope spit forth fire against Lord Hervey as

"This bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;" or Byron scoffed at women and critics, and the vision of judgment, the fire was obviously kindled in an impulse in some sense the very reverse of creative. A picture, whether false or true, yet intensely realized as representing an existing grievance, acted like a blister on their imaginations, and they rose in insurrection against the original of that picture, striving to revenge the injury from which they suffered. We do not mean, of course, that the satirist can dispense with a vivid imagination, but only that he usually *cannot* have a creative one, for exactly the same reason for which the breakers would be impossible if the reef were abolished. The imagination of the satirist is a *lashing* imagination, great in conceiving new forms of scourge, new poison for its arrows, new barbs to lacerate its victim, but yet essentially determined by the obstacles against which it frets and storms. The imagination of the genuine artist is a brooding imagination, which gives birth in the exaltation of solitude to all and any images which a true sympathy with nature and the seeds of experience generate and mature within it. The mere cataract of vindictive thought which is of the very essence of pure satire would not only seem to be, but be absolutely incompatible with the healthy travail of a great artistic imagination. You must conceive vividly (usually, also, either partially or falsely) in order to scourge effectually; but the first impulse to conceive must come from without, in a sense of personal irritation; and so soon as a focus of personal resentment is well established, there is little hope of any higher imaginative growth in the mind.

Yet Thackeray certainly blended these

widely different types of genius. There was a profound soreness at the bottom of his heart, —a rankling sense of the unveracities of all human life and the imbecilities of all human goodness which gives the key-note to all his works. Whatever he may write, as he himself says,

“He shows as he removes the mask
A face that’s anything but gay.”

And his moral is always the same:—

“The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

“Who bade the dust from Dives’ wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we’ll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.”

And yet this soreness is generally only just enough to give a specific determination, a constant bias, to the creative dreams of his imagination. It turns into imaginative rage and scorn when the right moment comes; but he has the power to suspend, as it were, the acetic fermentation till after the completest finish has been given to the conception within him. There is always somewhere an (apparently unconscious) provision for either the scorn or intellectual pity which is to be afterwards called forth by his creations; but he can lie in wait for the true moment to express this, and in the mean time make his “puppets,” as he loves to call them, live before our eyes. We see, indeed, from afar the weak spot, we feel the intended mark of the shaft still lying idle on the board, and we know that, almost without the satirist’s own knowledge, he is conceiving what shall yield him the opportunity of scoring away the proud flesh of human nature with that finely-pointed pencil of caustic with which he loves best to draw. But still his imagination is in no way fretted by the excitement before the fit moment comes; the living character springs forth as calmly from his mind as if creative power were his sole delight, and gives little hint that he is making a world, with the *arrière pensée* of laying bare its deformities, and feeding his scorn on its theatrical falsehoods. He is like a man who, while half-awake, gently impels his half-finished dream in a particular direction, and conceals from himself the thought which induces him to exercise an unacknowledged

control over the infinitely crossing network of his associations. In the same way Mr. Thackeray moulds his characters, especially his best characters, in a kind of pliant material, a moral india-rubber, so that the slightest lengthening of a line here, or the contraction of a curve there, will change a smile of dignity into a grin of despair, or the severity of strength into the hardness of savage recklessness.

And Thackeray was assisted in this wonderful shading off of good into evil and strength into weakness—for, after all, the intellectual focus of his inquisitive imagination was always in the evil or weakness which he saw lurking underneath the goodness and the strength,—by the extraordinary tenderness of his sympathies, which made even this fierce imaginative craving for destruction a task of some personal pain, that he performs almost in spite of himself, and with sighs and tears of pity as well as of rage. He can harden himself absolutely, indeed, against the iron wickedness of absolute and successful selfishness. In *Vanity Fair* he never relents for a moment towards the Marquis of Steyne, or even towards Jos Sedley; but he is always in his heart relenting towards Becky Sharpe, and cannot deny himself the satisfaction of making her voluntarily instrumental to his heroine’s happiness even at the lowest point of her degradation. It is this constant quivering of a note of tenderness amidst all the despicable and shameful things which he attributes to his worst characters, that really raises Thackeray’s satire so high above the level of all preceding satire. There is nothing but keen edge in the virulence of Pope, or the scorn of Swift, and the imagination soon loses the power to feel when the same class of wounds are constantly inflicted. But Thackeray is always trembling with sensitiveness as well as flashing with rage. He trains our nerves to a finer and more delicate sense of tune before he dashes his hand with a fierce jar over the strings. He teaches us to recognize every sweet note, even when it is all but lost in the discordant scream of passion. He relieves the mind by long intervals of genial insight before he rends it with his imaginative fury at the lurking baseness, or at the imbecility of innocence. Take, for instance, that wonderful portrait of Lady Castlewood in “Edmond,” which roused Miss Brontë to protest

argues his habitually unfair treatment of women, in describing a woman in many respects so noble-hearted, as listening at doors, as savagely jealous of her own daughter, and as feeling for a man almost in the position of a son the glittering passion of a feline tenderness. Yet how infinitely he increases the force of the satire by his intensity of sympathy with her love. A scene of more wonderful genius was scarcely ever conceived, even by Shakspeare, than that in which she welcomes Esmond back after their partial estrangement; it makes the reader's mind quiver with the emotion of a woman whom he cannot in his own heart endure.

" 'I know it, I know it,' she answered in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head.' She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face. 'Do you know what day it is?' she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!' As Esmond had sometimes felt gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder, at that endless brightness and beauty, in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devo-

tion (which was for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving."

And yet Thackeray never really liked this woman himself, and successfully blends with every thrill of sympathy with her an undertone of profound aversion.

But what made Thackeray so great a satirist was not, after all, his rage and despair at the selfishness and falsehood of human nature, for he was equally alive to every noble and generous sentiment, but a profound scepticism in any virtue springing from a deeper root than high and honorable feeling. Nobleness was to him only one of the forms of natural disposition, and he seems to have entertained permanent doubts of any deeper spring of principle. He felt that many men and women *could* not sully and stain their minds by any meanness or any selfishness, but his inquisitive genius, lifting up the outer garment of noble *feeling*, failed to detect any more solid groundwork beneath. As he unwraps the gorgeous clothing, waistcoat after waistcoat, from George IV., and looking behind them all, declares that he finds—simply nothing; so he could not help lifting, or trying to lift, even the closer garments of generous feeling and tender sensibility from human nature, and peering beneath, and despondently resigning the search after any deeper spring of righteousness. "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," he sings as the burden of his best wish for the young, and he almost expressly resigns the hope of anything deeper for man. He is a *homo desideriorum*, yearning after what he believes to be impossibilities, but sighing after them still, by which he is distinguished both from the pure satirists, who only destroy, and the purely creative imaginations which build on a foundation of faith. Had he only written those dreadful early works, in which every stroke is full of venom, "Barry Lyndon," the "Yellow Plush Papers," the "Fatal Boots," and so forth, he would never have taken that unique place in English literature which was reserved for the man who could fill us with a yearning love for the human nature which he was teaching us to distrust and sometimes to despise. But though it is his characteristic power as a writer to disappoint in some smiling way even the highest expectations which his more kindly art has first raised,—to make us feel, for instance, that

Dobbin is after all a "Spooney," and even Colonel Newcome more noble than strong,—it is always with a generous melancholy that he takes up the burden of "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" "Ah '*Vanitas vanitatum!*'" he said, in closing his greatest work, "which of us is happy in this world? which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out." And that is the

key-note of his genius,—the yearning to believe, the difficulty in believing, that there is anything deeper than human desires—anything which should limit our grief and mortification at their habitual disappointment. Perhaps the unquenchable thirst which made him so great a satirist, may be already slaked, and the fever of that inquisitive genius finally subdued.

OUR SUFFOCATED SEAMSTRESSES.—There are no slaves in England, oh, dear no, certainly not. It is true we make our milliners work fifteen hours a day, and twenty-four upon emergencies; but then of course you know their labor is quite voluntary. That is to say, the girls—we beg pardon, the "young ladies" who slave—we mean to say, who serve in these establishments, are obliged, that is, "expected," to do what is required of them, and this means, as we have said, to work for fifteen hours a day, and to work all day and night whenever press of business calls for it. This is the trade rule, which has but very few exceptions, and the slaves, that is, apprentices, are "expected" to conform to it. But then of course you know there's no compulsion in the matter. This is a free country, and the "ladies" who "assist" at our great millinery establishments of course are quite at liberty to leave off working when they like, only if they do so they must also leave their places. And as they most of them are orphans, and have no one to look after them, and see no likelihood elsewhere of getting easier employment, they seldom find the courage to resort to this alternative, and so—quite willingly, of course—they submit to being worked to death instead of being starved to it.

For, bless you, yes, our slaves—we *should* say, our young ladies—have the best of food provided them, and as far as mere good living goes there's no fear of their dying. Perhaps they don't get turtle soup and vension as a rule, but of wholesome beef and mutton they've as much as they can eat, in fact, a good deal more, for they have not much time for eating. The only food they are short of is the food that feeds the lungs, and for want of this it happens now and then, that they are suffocated. After working all day long in close and crowded rooms, they sleep two in a bed, with the beds jammed close together; and so they *should* get used to stifling, for they have certainly enough of it. But somehow now and then they are found dead in their beds, in spite of all the care that has been taken for their comfort. It is very ungrateful of them, to say the very least: because, when such mishaps occur, there is sure to be a fuss made at that stupid Coroner's Inquest. And then their dear

good kind employers, of whom they always speak so well (as do schoolboys of their masters, in the usual holiday letter)—these tender-hearted Christians, or Hebrews it may be, are called all sorts of horrid names, and almost accused of manslaughter! But poor dear injured men, how *can* they help such accidents? Why, M'm, they take the greatest care of their young people, and always have a doctor handy for emergencies. Yes; M'm, fresh air is the thing, but how are you to get it? Rents, you know, M'm, is hawful 'igh, and every hinch of 'ouseroom is uncommon precious. We do heverything, we can, M'm, we do assure you that we does, and as far as morals go, combined with every hother luxury, our young ladies is most comfortable, you may take our honest word for it. But you see, M'm, there's a deal of competition now in trade, and when one 'ires expensive 'ouses, one 'as to make the most of 'em. And so you see, M'm, our young ladies *must* sleep pretty thick; but for cleanliness and comfort, their rooms is quite a pictur!

So the tale is told, and so will it be repeated, and when another slave is stifled, good Mr. Mantalini will heave a sigh of sympathy, and say he's reely very sorry, but—but how *can* he help it? Of course by increasing the number of his work-women, which would lessen his profits, and hiring extra houses, he might give his slaves more sleeping room, and prevent their being stifled. But, dear, kind, thoughtless creature, he will never dream of this, unless an Act of Parliament obliges him to do so, and the spectres of his work-rooms have a Government Inspector.—*Punch.*

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—*Sorr*,—Misther Admiral Fitzroy, writing to the *Times* about the Storms and thim great nautical pests, the Timpests, and such like divarsions, says,—

"There is usually about a day's interval before Irish weather reaches England," etc.

And who's to blame for this? Sure 'tis the mismanagement of the Saxon. What's to prevent them letting the Irish weather start the day before, and then 'twill be here in time.

I am, sorr, yours contimptuously,

AN IRISH OWL.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

FRENCH STATESMEN ON THE REBELLION.

REPLY TO THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE OF
NEW YORK.

THE following is the reply of Count de Gasparin, M. Laboulaye, Professor Henri Martin, M. Cochin, and others, to the letter addressed to them some time since by the Loyal National League of this city:—

GENTLEMEN,—We would have thanked you much sooner but for the prolonged absence of one of our number. It would have been painful to us to have lost the collective character of this reply; for the blending of our four names is a proof of that great unity of sentiment upon all that concerns the cause of justice, which, by God's favor, manifests itself here below in spite of political and religious differences.

Yet we are careful not to overrate our personal importance. The League does not address us as individuals; it speaks to France, who cherishes, as a national tradition, the friendship of the United States. It speaks to European opinion, which will rise up and declare itself more clearly as it recognizes that the struggle is between slavery and liberty.

You have comprehended, gentlemen, that neither France nor Europe have been free from misapprehensions. Light did not at first dawn upon the nature of the salutary but painful crisis through which you are passing; it was not plain to all, at the outset, that the work inaugurated by the election of Mr. Lincoln yielded nothing in grandeur to that which your fathers accomplished with the aid of Lafayette and under the guidance of Washington.

Europe has had her errors, her hesitations, for which we are paying dearly to-day on both shores of the Atlantic. What blood would have been spared to you, what industrial suffering avoided by us, had European opinion declared itself with that force which you had the right to hope for! There is a protest of the universal conscience before which mankind necessarily recoils; moral forces are, after all, the great forces.

The revolted South, which needed our aid, which relied and perhaps still relies upon us, would not have long dared to affront the indignation of the civilized world.

I.

Why has this indignation been withheld? Why has a sort of favor been granted to the only insurrection which has had neither motive nor pretext—to the only one which has dared to unfurl the banner of slavery? What has been the merit of this insurrection? By

what charm has it conciliated the sympathy of more than one enlightened mind? This is a question humiliating to put, but useful to solve.

In the first place, Europe doubted whether slavery was the real cause of conflict. Strange doubt, in truth! For many years slavery had been the great, the only subject of strife in the United States. At the time of the election of Mr. Buchanan the only issue was slavery. The electoral platforms prove this fact; the manifestoes of the South were unanimous in this sense; her party leaders, her governors, her deliberative assemblies, her press, spoke but of slavery; the Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy had made haste to declare officially that the mission of the new State was to present to the admiration of mankind a society founded on the "cornerstone" of slavery. Lastly, it would seem that to all reflecting minds the acts of Mr. Buchanan and other presidents named by the South were proof enough of this truth. The South thinks only of slavery. In her eyes all means are right to secure to slavery its triumphs and boundless conquests.

But it is objected that Mr. Lincoln and his friends were not Abolitionists. That is certain. Their programme went no further than to stop the extension of slavery and shut it out from the Territories. Was this nothing? Was it not in fact everything? Who could have foreseen that, on the appearance of such a programme, of a progress so unexpected, of an attack so bold upon the policy which was lowering and ruining the United States, the friends of liberty would not all have hastened to applaud. Was not this the time to cheer and strengthen those who were thus entering on the good path? Was it not due to urge them on in their liberal tendencies, so that, the first step taken, they should take the second and go on to the end? Ought not that which terrified and dismayed the champions of slavery to rejoice the hearts of its adversaries?

Your letter, gentlemen, puts in bold relief the reasons which hindered Mr. Lincoln from adopting at the outset an abolition policy. The President could disregard neither his oath of office nor the Federal Constitution; he had also to keep in mind the opposition which a plan of emancipation would encounter in the loyal States. The head of a great government cannot act with the freedom of a philosopher in his study. In simple truth, Mr. Lincoln should be accused neither of timidity nor indifference. Your letter recalls the measures of his Presidency—abolition of slavery in the capital and in the District of Columbia, the proclaiming of freedom to fugitive slaves, the principle of compensated emancipation submitted to all the loyal States, the

death penalty actually inflicted on captains of slavers, the treaty with England admitting the right of search, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the black republics of Liberia and Hayti, the arming of free negroes, and at last, when the length and gravity of the war sanctioned an extreme exercise of the powers of commander-in-chief, the absolute and final suppression of slavery in all the revolted States.

We, gentlemen, are Abolitionists; and we declare that we have never hoped nor wished for a more steady, rapid, and resolute progress. We have understood the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Lincoln. We have honored his scruples of conscience with regard to the Constitution of his country which stopped his path. We have admired the courageous good sense with which he moved straight on, the instant he could so do without danger to his cause or violation of the law.

Wonder is expressed that slavery is abolished in the revolted States and yet preserved in the loyal States! In other words, there is wonder that he who has sworn to obey the Constitution should respect it. Let no one take alarm at this. There is no danger that the "domestic institution," crushed in the Carolinas and Louisiana, will long survive in Kentucky or Maryland. Already, as you have stated to us, a solemn proposition has been made to all the loyal States; already one of the most important, Missouri, has set the example of acceptance. To be thus uneasy about the maintenance of slavery in the North argues to our minds quite too much tenderness for the South. We look with suspicion upon this pretended abolitionism, whose unfriendly exactions were first put forth on the very day illumined in America by the dawn of abolition. We frankly say we could never have foreseen that the election of Mr. Lincoln and the several acts which we have just enumerated would be an endless cause of complaint and distrust and unworthy denunciation from so many men who plume themselves in Europe upon their hatred of slavery.

And since, to destroy the North in public opinion, it was not enough to accuse it of too much favor for slavery, another grievance has been found. The North oppressed the South! The struggle was of two nationalities! The South has risen for independence!

Its independence! there were then subject provinces in the heart of the Union? Doubtless these provinces had no part in the government of the country; the South had not the same rights as the North? Of course the South was held in this state of inferiority and subjection by numerous Federal garri-

sons? Not at all. All the States enjoyed the same rights, took like part in elections. If any section was favored it was the South, to which a further suffrage was granted in proportion to the number of its slaves. If any advantage had been enjoyed it was by the South, which had given the majority of presidents and chief officers. Yet in this free country, a country without an army, and whose material means as well as laws were a sufficient barrier against oppression—in such a country we are told of a province claiming independence!

We are of your opinion, gentlemen, that independence and nationality are words too noble to be abused. In their abuse, things are compromised, and the more noble and sacred these things the more careful should we be not to confound them with what is neither noble nor sacred—a revolt in the name of slavery, a fratricidal revolt, which would destroy a free constitution and tear asunder a common country for fear lest there might be interference with the internal slave traffic, the continued breeding in Virginia, the sale and separation of families, and lest perchance some Territories should be shut out from the conquests of slavery.

In vain we seek in the United States for a nationality striving to regain its independence. Not only has independence been nowhere assailed, but there is absolutely no trace of a separate nationality. Nowhere, perhaps, is there a more thorough national homogeneity. North and South the race is the same; faith, language, history, and, we boldly add, interests are all the same. All these States have struggled together, suffered together, triumphed together. Their glories, their defeats are common. Their Constitution sprang from the free consent of all; all pledged themselves alike to remain faithful to its obligations.

This pledge is no empty word with which caprice may idly sport. Among the inventions of our epoch there is none more extraordinary than the *right of secession*. Those who discovered it will no doubt teach us where it should stop. If each section has a right of secession from the country as a whole, why not each State a right of secession from such section? Why not each county a right of secession from the State? Why not each town a right of secession from the county? Why not each citizen a right of secession from the town?

The truth is that, but for slavery, the South would not talk of its suppressed independence, nor of the right of secession. Slavery has brought the two sections to strife. The extinction of slavery will restore unity. The North and the South will some day wonder that they could have failed

to appreciate the most complete and homogeneous of nationalities.

A last resort remains. That we here may not see the great struggle on the subject of slavery, an attempt is made to present the struggle as one for domination.

But this latter struggle is the very life of free countries. It is not surprising that the North and the South each strove actively, energetically, noisily for the triumph of their candidate and policy. But when one of them, losing the battle of the ballot, plunges without hesitation into another kind of battle; when it resists, arms in hand, the result of a regular election; when on the very day that it ceases to rule it tears into fragments the common country, it is guilty of a crime for which it is difficult to imagine an excuse.

II.

You will crush the revolt, gentlemen. You will succeed—such is our belief—in re-establishing the Union. It will emerge from the bloody trial stronger, more free, more worthy of the noble destiny to which God summons it.

It has been demonstrated to us, it is true, that the re-establishment of the Union was impossible; but was it not also demonstrated to us, and by irrefutable argument, that you would be always and of necessity defeated; that you would never know how to handle a musket; that recruiting would become impracticable; that your finances would be exhausted; that your loans would not be taken; that you would become bankrupt; that riots would ravage your cities; that your government would be overthrown. You have given to all these oracles the simplest and best answer. You will reply in the same manner to those who assert that the re-establishment of the Union is impossible.

What seems really impossible is *not* to restore the Union. Where draw the line between North and South? How maintain between them a state of peace, or even of truce? How shall slavery and liberty live side by side? How, moreover, restrain the South from European protectorates, and by what means arrest the frightful consequences of such protectorates? Geographically, morally, politically, separation would create an unnatural situation—a situation violent and hazardous, where each would live, arms in hand, waiting for the hour of conflict.

We have full faith, gentlemen, that such a trial will be spared to you. It is not that we overlook the difficulties which still remain for you to overcome; they are great, greater perhaps than we imagine. War has its vicissitudes, and you may perhaps be yet called upon to pass through periods of ill-fortune. Yet one fact always remains, and shows on which side

the final triumph will be found, supposing that there be no foreign intervention. The flag of the Union has now, for two years, never paused in its advance. It floats to-day over the soil of every revolted State without exception.

The South has had its victories; it has never gained an inch of ground. The North has had its defeats; it has never fallen back. Master to-day of the entire course of the Mississippi, master of the Border States and of Louisiana, all that remains is to stifle the revolt in the narrow territory where it first burst forth and back to which it has been driven. We believe that you will succeed in this; for Europe, the only hope of the South, seems now little disposed to give her aid.

In short, the rebellion is already reduced to such narrow proportions that should it ever become a distinct confederation, accepted as such from weariness of war, the confederacy thus created will not be born with the functions of life. Neither European recognition nor your own could give it a serious chance of duration. It would end in a return to you. But we delight to believe the re-establishment of the Union less distant. And, in the presence of that prospect which thrills our hearts with joy, permit us, as your friends, to offer you some sincere advice. The dangers of victory, you are aware, are not less than those of the combat. We give you, therefore, our loyal, frank opinion, sure that in the main it will agree with your own, and feeling, also, that these communications between us have an aim more serious than a simple exchange of words of sympathy.

We hold it to be of the first importance that the cause of the war shall not survive the war; that your real foe, slavery, shall not remain upon the field. We have often asked ourselves these last three years why God permitted the prolongation of this bloody struggle. Was it not that the real issue might present itself with perfect clearness? Conquering earlier, the Federal Government would, perhaps, have been led to make concessions, to enter anew upon the fatal path of compromise. To-day all eyes, not willingly blind, see clearly. The New York riot, breaking out at an appointed day to aid the invasion of Lee, and falling instantly upon the negro in a way to show to every witness of its cowardly ferocity what kind of spirit animated certain friends of the South—the New York riot was a supreme warning to your country. Your line of action is clearly traced. So long as anything of slavery remains, there will be a cause of antagonism in the bosom of the Union. There must be no longer any question of slavery. It must be so ordered and settled as never to return. An amendment to the Constitution to this end

must be proposed and adopted before the return of the States.

The condition of the free blacks must also be secured against the iniquities which they have so long endured. No more plans of colonization abroad, no more disabling laws, no more inequality. Those whom you have armed, who fought so bravely before the walls of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, can never be other than citizens. Leave the problem of the races to its own solution—the most natural solutions are always the best. Under the rule of the common law, the free blacks of the South and of the North will find their legitimate place in your society, of which they will become useful members, honorable and honored.

In thus ordering in a definitive manner all that relates to slavery and the colored race, you will have done more than is generally imagined for the lasting pacification of the South. What remains for you to do on this point may be stated in three words—moderation, generosity, liberty.

There can be no question, as you have often said, of an occupation of the South, of a conquest of the South, of reducing the Southern States to the condition of provinces, where the conqueror will maintain his garrison and the public life will be suspended. Save in the districts yet ravaged by guerillas, and in the heart of which the Federal troops must finish their work, victory will everywhere bring with the re-establishment of the Union the re-establishment as promptly as possible of constitutional rights. You hope, gentlemen, that those whom you conquer to-day will to-morrow meet you in debate, and you will accept in all their truth the struggle of the press, of the legislative hall, and of the ballot, which will replace the strife of the battle-field.

We all feel it is much better that you should have to encounter difficulties fruitful of liberty, than that you should seek for yourselves the deceitful advantages of a dictatorial *régime*. To apply to the South an exceptional rule would be, alas, quite easy. It would be easy also to pronounce the death penalty, to outlaw, to execute confiscation bills; but in treading this path of vulgar tyranny you would sacrifice two things—your high renown in the present, a lasting union with the South in the future.

But if, on the other hand, you show the world the novel spectacle of victory without reprisals, of liberty strong enough to survive civil war; if your Constitution remain, and slavery alone fall in such a conflict; if on the morrow of the struggle the law remain supreme; if elections for the Senate and House of Representatives be again open as in the old time; if the representatives of the South-

ern States re-appear at Washington; if, taking the oath to be faithful to the Union, and to support the modified Constitution, they find themselves on a footing of perfect equality with the representatives of the North; if it be permitted to them to attack and to embarrass the government, you will have won the most glorious of victories, and assured to your country the best chance of prosperity and greatness.

Accept, gentlemen, in the advice which we tender to you, a proof of our esteem. It is not of every government, it is not of every people that such things can be asked. Protracted civil wars tend to arbitrary customs, stir up passions and hates, and at last engender a development of military power and irresponsible authority which generally hinders a return to control, to free opinion, and to strict letter of the law. We honor the United States enough to believe that they will be capable of setting us this, too, after so many other examples.

The moderation which we hope for from you at home we look for also from you abroad. Assuredly on the morrow of the submission of the South there will not be wanting a class of persons eager to recall to you wrongs, real or fancied, suffered at the hands of this or that power. They will point to your armies and disposable fleets. They will prove to you that a foreign war is perhaps the surest way to draw together the two sections so lately hostile. They will tell you that a common enemy, common dangers, are the cement needed to strengthen your shattered edifice.

You will not believe them, gentlemen. You will feel that after these jars it is needful, before all else, to restore to America peace and liberty. You will not seek new adventures, and thus lengthen the temptation of dictatorships, the peril of exceptional rule.

You will fear a return to the aggressive policy which, with its invasions and turbulence, the influence of the South forced upon you, the day, when, to assure the extension of slavery, it awakened in your hearts a wicked covetousness and pushed you almost to the violation of the law of nations. Your glory will be to take the opposite of those violent declarations, of those filibustering expeditions, of those unscrupulous ambitions.

The temptations which a great army excites are of the class most difficult to repress. May you not hesitate to reduce your forces after peace! Not only your material prosperity but your very liberty is involved in disarming, in a reduction of your expenses, and a return to the old idea of small armies and small budgets.

But we do not deceive ourselves. Your small armies, do what you may, will be large compared with those of three years ago.

Your military education is completed; you have replied but too well to those who smiled at the recital of your battles of 1861. You have learned but too quickly to face death and to kill, and what you have learned you will not unlearn. You will not return to your former situation.

But while we do not expect again to see your effective force at ten thousand men, we do hope that effective forces which are now numbered by hundreds of thousands will not long be witnessed on American soil.

III.

Courage! You have before you one of the most noble works, the most sublime which can be accomplished here below—a work in the success of which we are as interested as yourselves—a work the success of which will be the honor and the consolation of our time.

This generation will have seen nothing more grand than the abolition of slavery (in destroying it with you, you destroy it everywhere), and the energetic uprising of a people which in the midst of its growing prosperity was visibly sinking under the weight of the tyranny of the South, the complicity of the North, odious laws and compromises.

Now, at the cost of immense sacrifices, you have stood up against the evil; you have chosen rather to pour out your blood and your dollars than to descend further the slope of degradation, where rich, united, powerful, you were sure to lose that which is far nobler than wealth, or union, or power.

Well, Europe begins to understand, willingly or unwillingly, what you have done. In France, in England, everywhere your cause gains ground, and be it said for the honor of the nineteenth century, the obstacle which our ill-will and our evil passions could not overcome—the obstacle which the intrigues of the South could not surmount, is an idea, a principle. Hatred of slavery has been your champion in the Old World. A poor champion seemingly. Laughed at, scorned, it seems weak and lonely. But what matters it? Ere the account be closed principles will stand for something, and conscience, in all human affairs, will have the last word.

This, gentlemen, is what we would say to you in the name of all who with us, and better than ourselves, defend your cause in Europe. Your words have cheered us; may ours in turn cheer you! You have yet to cross many a dark valley. More than once the impossibility of success will be demonstrated to you; more than once, in the face of some military check or political difficulty, the cry will be raised that all is lost. What matters it to you? Strengthen your cause daily by daily making it more just, and fear not; there is a God above.

We love to contemplate in hope the noble future which seems to stretch itself before you. The day you emerge at last from the anguish of civil war—and you will surely come out freed from the odious institution which corrupted your public manners, and degraded your domestic as well as your foreign policy—that day your whole country, South as well as North, and the South perhaps more fully than the North, will enter upon a wholly new prosperity. European emigration will hasten toward your ports, and will learn the road to those whom, until now, it has feared to approach. Cultivation, now abandoned, will renew its yield. Liberty—for these are her miracles—will revivify by her touch the soil which slavery had rendered barren.

Then there will be born unto you a greatness nobler and more stable than the old, for in this greatness there will be no sacrifice of justice.

AGENOR DE GASPARIN,

AUGUSTIN COCHIN,

EDOUARD LABOULAYE,

Member of the Institute of France.

HENRI MARTIN.

Paris, October 31, 1863.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

THE LATE STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

HIS MUSICAL CAREER—THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

ON the tomb of Donizetti, in the cathedral at Bergamo, is a modest inscription saying that the dead composer was "a finder of many melodies." The simple record—too unpretending for the merits of the Italian composer—will be peculiarly applicable to the late Stephen C. Foster, the song-writer, who died on the 18th instant in this city.

Mr. Foster was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and laid out on his property a town which he intended to call Foster-ville. "Soon afterwards," says Mr. Charles McKnight, of the Pittsburg *Evening Chronicle*, in his interesting biographical notice of the late song-writer, "the gallant Captain Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the *Chesapeake*, and Mr. Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrence-ville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

When seven years old young Stephen Foster showed enough musical precocity to learn, unaided, the flageolet; and later he played other instruments, though, like most composers, he was never eminent as a performer. Like Moore, he was fond of singing his own songs, and when he accompanied himself on the piano or guitar, there was a charming and plaintive sadness in his voice which touched the hearts of his listeners.

His melodies are so sweet, so simple, so unpretending, that few people supposed that he had studied music scientifically, and was familiar with the more classical works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He also was a man of considerable versatility in other branches. He understood French and German, painted in water-colors, was a good accountant, and wrote all the words as well as the music of his songs. These words were in style almost identical with his melodies,—sweet, simple, and no worse in rhyme or rhythm than the majority of popular lyrics.

George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, published his first song in 1842. It was called "Open thy lattice, Love," and was followed by "Old Uncle Ned," and "Oh! Susanna," which were issued by Peters of Cincinnati. Then appeared "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground," "Nelly Bly," "O Boys carry me 'long," "Old Folks at Home," and others. With these Foster established his reputation as a writer of negro minstrelsy, and at the same time made considerable money, his New York publishers, Firth, Pond, & Co., paying him over fifteen thousand dollars, on "Old Folks at Home" alone—the most profitable piece of music ever published in this city. E. P. Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of this song.

During the past ten years Foster's compositions were of a more sentimental and refined character. He dropped the burlesque negro words and wrote and composed such songs as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come where my Love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light brown hair," "Willie, my Brave," "Farewell, my Lillie dear," "O Comrades, fill no Glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer Breath," "Ah, may the Red Rose live away," "Come with thy sweet Voice again," "I see her still in my Dreams," "Suffer little Children to come unto me," "Ella is an Angel," "I will be true to thee," and over a hundred others. His last composition—a song said to include one of his most beautiful melodies—will soon be published by Horace Waters, of this city. His later works exhibit greater grace and tenderness than his earlier ones; and had he lived, and taken proper care of his health, he might have obtained the most enviable eminence as a musician. As it is, he had the blessed, heaven-sent gift of melody, and his compositions, if not his name, are known all over the world. Russians, Italians, Germans, French, and even Egyptians and Chinese, have heard and admired those sweet strains which made Stephen

C. Foster pre-eminently the ballad-writer of America. We hope his publishers will make a collection—if not of all—of his best songs and choruses, and publish them in some enduring form; for their popularity will not die with the man whose genial imagination gave them birth.

From The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

THE NATIONAL LABORATORY.—A GREAT GOVERNMENT MEDICINE FACTORY.

At Sixth and Oxford Streets is an establishment whose extent and importance are known to a very small proportion of our citizens. It is the United States Government Laboratory, at which are manufactured all the compounded preparations used in the entire armies of the United States. At Sixth and Master Streets is another large building, formerly a hospital, under the same management, where are made all the hospital materials, beds and bedding, used in the army-hospitals, and the clothing prepared for invalids' use.

The whole is under the charge of Dr. Andrew K. Smith, U. S. A. The work conducted there gives employment to about two hundred and twenty-five hands, male and female. Of the latter there are one hundred and eighty. The manufacturing facilities provided here are a decided curiosity. The drugs are purchased in a crude state, and every specimen is tested by chemical analysis. The chemical and manufacturing apparatus, stills, etc., are all of the first order of excellence and completeness. So perfect are the resources of the laboratory that the glass stoppers of the bottles are ground upon the premises, and the bandages for wounds are woven in the establishment upon spindles provided for the purpose.

The cellar is devoted to the storage and bottling of wines and liquors for medicinal purposes. These, to be accepted, pass an ordeal that would satisfy even Dr. Cox, of Ohio. In accuracy of testing their purity, Dr. Smith needs the assistance of the State Assayer. Whiskey, brandy, and wines are the liquors employed. None but the best are procured. The last purchase of whiskey was selected from twenty-three samples, of which the rest were rejected.

The first floor contains the analytical laboratory, the mill-rooms, and the packing-room. The former is an exceedingly beautiful apparatus. The microscopes are of the most valuable character, and the balances adjusted with unerring nicety. All were imported from Europe. The mill-room has six mills, with bolting cloths and appurtenances complete. In these, crude drugs are pulverized and prepared for administration. A long, one-story building behind the mill-room is devoted to the preparation of tinctures and extracts. Of these the production is enormous. The

contents of the largest drug house would compare very insignificantly with the weekly production.

The second floor is a vast pill manufactory, where huge masses of mixtures are divided into globules by the delicate manipulation of soldiers' wives, widows, and children. Plasters are also made here by the thousand, and about ten thousand bandages per day beside. The bandage-making apparatus is unique. There is nothing like it elsewhere in existence. The credit of its introduction is due to Dr. Smith, who, though cosmopolitan by education, inherits the ingenuity of the sons of New England. He is a native of Connecticut. This part of the establishment is exceedingly curious and interesting. It has saved the Government vast sums of money hitherto wasted, and gives to the physicians at all times remedial agents of reliable quality and standard.

The grinding of glass stoppers for bottles is here also performed. Nothing is wasted by leakage or evaporation, and corks are discarded in favor of ground glass. The third

floor is the filling department, where all the fluid medicines and powders are bottled. A dumb-waiter conveys them to the packing-room below. Each bottle is packed in a separate paper box, surrounded by sawdust. Breakage, therefore, is impossible. A fire-proof building in the yard, erected under the supervision of Dr. Smith, is appropriated solely to the distillation of ether and chloroform. Another long, one-story building, in five apartments, is used for the preparation of articles requiring direct heat. Everywhere else throughout the building steam is used. The motor is an engine of twenty-five horsepower. The whole concern is entirely complete and independent in itself, and is worthy of any nation in the world. A wash-house in the yard alone gives employment to eleven girls in washing bottles for daily use. Stables and wagons are upon the premises, and the whole place, during working hours, is a hive of industry. Citizens are welcome to visit the laboratory. Dr. Smith will be found willing to conduct visitors through this great national establishment.

THE NEW BABY.—“THAT’S DONE IT!” said *Mr. Punch*.

The fact is that he was breakfasting in his elegant and luxurious apartment in the shadow of the Church of Saint Bride, the handsomest spire, bar one, in London. And he does not read the papers until after breakfast, for he gets so indignant with bad English, brutal relieving officers, base husbands, and puffing advertisements, that it is not giving fair play to his cook to mix such things up with an artistic breakfast.

So he takes them with his subsequent cigar, and meantime reads Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The bells of St. Bride suddenly dashed out into a wild chorus of metallic jubilation.

“Hallo!” said *Mr. Punch*, recalling his fine mind from Burton’s celestial devils to terrestrial topics. “Have I been publishing another new volume, that the world is in ecstasies?”

His secretary entered.

This young nobleman, who is the heir-apparent to a dukedom, and is qualifying himself, under *Mr. Punch*’s training, to be Prime Minister when Pam resigns in 1884, had divined his chief’s puzzlement, and at once said, with the most highly bred composure, and as if continuing a conversation,—

“The Princess of Wales presented us with a Prince about nine o’clock last night.”

“The telegram must have been sent to my private residence,” said *Mr. Punch*. “How is the dear young lady going on?”

“Excellently.”

“Hooray! And a Prince?”

“A Prince,” said the young nobleman.

“THAT’S DONE IT!” said *Mr. Punch*.

“I see what you mean,” said the young nobleman.

“I should be sorry, my dear marquis, if you did not. Explain what I mean.”

“You would say that this most opportune event has clinched the nail. That we previously felt it a duty to prevent King Christian from being robbed by the Sausages, but that now it is also a pleasure to aid him. That the darling Princess having given the Queen a grandson, the Prince a son, and the nation a pet, we are not going to let Schleswig be taken from her father.”

“Very well said, marquis, but call it Slesvick for the future. That is the good old title, and we won’t have the duchy Germanized, even in name. Send beer to those ringers. I must write a nursery song for the new baby.”

The secretary withdrew, and in ten minutes had made a beautiful copy, on pink paper, of the following ditty, and was hurrying away with it to Frogmore:—

NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a Prince
Whom Mamma beheld skating not quite five
hours since.

And Grandpapa Christian is off to the fray
With Germans, who’d steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,
And they’ll help him for love of Mamma and of you.
And the Channel fleet’s coming with powder and
shot,

And the Germans must run, or they’ll catch it
all hot.

We have only to add that the infant Prince will be christened Edward Christian Punch Alexander John Bull Slesvick.—*Punch*, 16 Jan.

A PRAYER.

I ASK not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright ;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside ;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet ;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt ;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below—
That friends shall never be estranged ;
For the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

With wealth—Fate, I give thee these ;
Give me, and hope till life is passed ;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

For this I count, of all sweet things,
The sweetest out of heaven above ;
And loving others surely brings
The fullest recompense of love !
—*Chambers's Journal.*

WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunder of a sultry sky,
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare.
The hills blaze red with warnings ; foes draw
nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge and reply !
Behold the burden of the Prophet's vision—
The gathering hosts, the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles hovering o'er !
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light,
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar !
Even so, Father ! let thy will be done
In mercy or in judgment. As for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free,
Who find thy service perfect liberty.
I fain would thank thee that my mortal life

Has reached the hour (albeit through care and
pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain ;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the spirits of the Night !
Oh, for the faith to read the signs aright,
And from the angle of thy perfect sight
See Truth's white banner floating on before ;
And the good cause, despite of venal friends
And base expedients, move to noble ends ;
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends ;
And through its cloud of dust, thy threshing-
floor,
Flailed by thy thunders, heaped with chaffless
grain !

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

To Col. Robert G. Shaw and the 54th Massachusetts
Volunteers.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At last, at last, each flowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,
O perfect peace ! too long deferred,
At last, at last your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour
Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow,
For us the strife and toil shall be ;
But welcome toil, for now we know
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes !
Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning wipes
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America !
Sad Europe, listen to our call !
Up to your manhood, Africa !
That gracious flag floats over all.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see !
Bright as its red is now the sky !
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be
That nerves our hands to do or die !
May, 1863.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1029.—20 February, 1864.

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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessities of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

☞ THE last volume of 1863 is now bound and ready to be exchanged for the Nos., on receipt of Fifty Cents for the binding.

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"BEYOND."

FLECKING the western gray
That tops all the darker sea,
There's a tiny speck of a distant sail,
Which beckons and calls to me:

To me, on this wearisome shore,
Who stand 'twixt a fool and a knave:
And my heart swells big when I hear that call
Borne down by the breeze and the wave.

It is phrased in an elder tongue;
It is toned in a full deep tone;
And it speaks, as I think, of another world
Than the fool and the knave have known.

The world of the bright Beyond,
Which never mapped out can be;
But is whispered at times to ears that hear,
Divined by eyes that see—

In the dark of the rock-bound lakes,
In the mirth of the dancing seas,
On piled-up glories of sunset cloud,
Through arches of glimmering trees.

Thence, splendor of limner's dye,
Thence, meaning of sculptor's hand,
Faint shadows, at best, of types that abide
At home in that farther land.

Its echoes are quickening words,
Or words of poet were vain,
When he sings of a higher, a better life
In a strange but enchanting strain.

Of love, not bought by gold,
Of valor when none are by,
Of kind deeds done in return for ill,
Of honor, that will not lie.

Oh, that up from this wearisome shore,
I could climb the mysterious sea,
And learn if I read the message aright,
Which comes from that sail to me!

FREDERICK H. WHYMPER.

—*Fraser's Magazine*.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

COME down! those shadowed sands invite,
And that soft glory on the Deep;
We breathe an atmosphere of light
Subtle as dew, and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,
A sail is shining like a gem;
I think the boats are coming home;
We'll linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays
By this gray limit of our pier;
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait its will;
Oh, pleasant patience! they to make
(While we behold them and lie still)
A hundred pictures for our sake.

Oh, happy patience! Not a hue
Can flutter through the changing air,
Or mould the cloud, or touch the blue,
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand
That warms the film within the foam,
They know the certain wave at hand,—
The tender wave that lifts them home.

It comes—they pass—each turning sail
Is first a hope and then a bliss;
Come back, and dream a fairy tale
That hath a close as sweet as this!

S. M.

—*Temple Bar*.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

WREATHED on the wall at our white-haired Dean's
Evergreens glisten—bright evergreens!
Evergreens clustering side by side;
Evergreens welcoming Christmas-tide.

In the mellow warmth of the firelight glow
The silver gems of the mistletoe,
And the long dark leaves of the bay beneath,
Twine Glory's emblem with Love's own wreath.

The ivy—Queen of the evergreens all—
Her berries black, droopeth on the wall;
Ivy—type of the pure sweet light
True friendship sheds on the darkest night.

Shineth the poet's laurel fair,
Not least of the evergreens clustering there;
The holly noddeth his stately head,
Kindly old friend with his berries red.

The pendent yew hath her own snug place,
She fills with a diffident, shrinking grace;
Laurestinus mingles her pink-white bloom,
Shading the cornice in partial gloom.

The drawn red curtains, cosey and warm,
Shut out from our gaze the white snow-storm.
Let us give to the far less blessed to-night
A cheery word and a heart-smile bright.

Let us wreath in the lore of our hearts' warm
glow
Life's ivy, life's bay, and life's mistletoe;
Kind thoughts, kind hearts, kind words, kind
deeds—
For our brother man and his many needs.

Let us *all* join hands: for the rich and poor,
God's angels knock at every door.
In *your* home, in *mine*, as well as the Dean's—
May blossom Life's *real* glad Evergreens!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine*.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *English Traits.* By R. W. Emerson. London, 1856.
2. *The Conduct of Life.* By R. W. Emerson. 1860.
3. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* By O. W. Holmes. London, 1861.
4. *Our Old Home.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London, 1863.

At first sight it appears exceedingly strange that three races, like the English, Irish, and French, dwelling so near each other, with no vast difference of country or conditions of climate, yet divided so distinctly at the heart of their national character, with the unlikeness so sharply defined in the national features, should ever have had the same Eastern origin, the same childhood in one family, and slept unconsciously in the same cradle of the Aryan races. We find it difficult to quote the natural laws of such a change; it has a look of the miraculous. We fancy the unlikeness could not have been much greater if it had come straight from the hand of the Creator. Yet we have only to turn to America, and we shall see a change of race in progress such as is likely to result in a transformation quite as complete.

Mr. Emerson incidentally remarks that the American is only the continuation of the English genius under other conditions, more or less propitious. This difference of conditions, however, may make a world of difference in the outcome, as the French physiologist is said to have discovered when he shut up his tadpoles under water, where the usual influence of light could not operate on them, and found that they did not develop legs and arms and grow into frogs; *their* continuation lay in lengthening their tails and swelling into enormous tadpoles! The continuation theory is a favorite fallacy of the Yankee mind. By aid of it they have presumed to stand upon a platform of our past, and "talk tall" of their grander future, assuring themselves that America contained all England *plus* the New World, and that they started yonder just where the national life left off here! Alas! the English genius and character did not emigrate intact; and when the branch race was torn from the ancient tree, it was certain to lose much of its best life-sap. Then it had to be replanted in a soil not enriched and humanized, through ages of time, with the ripe shavings of a fruitful national life, and had to grow as best it could in an

atmosphere that lacked the nourishment and vital breath of English air. The American poet Holmes sets the old tree and the old soil in a compact picture for his countrymen:—

"Hugged in the clinging billows' clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak with rooted grasp
Her slender handful holds together;
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between,
Our little Mother Isle, God bless her!

"Beneath each swinging forest bough
Some arm as stout in death reposes—
From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow
Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;
Nay, let our brothers of the West
Write smiling in their florid pages,
One-half her soil has walked the rest
In Poets, Heroes, Martyrs, Sages."

For two thousand years has the English race been taking root, and, by innumerable fibres, clutching hold of the land as with living fingers. During a great part of that time Nature has worked invisibly at the bases of the national character, toiling on in her quiet, patient way, through storm or silence, to produce the visible result at last.

The English is a race, with an internal nature, so to speak, large as is the external nature of the American continent. How could they possibly continue the genius there which had here its birthplace and home? In literature, for example, they were not in the least likely to make their starting-point the place where Milton and Bacon and Shakespeare had ended. What literature they have has certainly sprung mainly from the old soil that still clung to the roots of the national life when it was taken up for transplanting, and to this day it breathes more of the English earth than of the Yankee soil, but it shows no continuation of the English genius. Their new conditions have developed a new character; any likeness to us that they may have once had has paled and faded away.

In one sense alone could there be any approach to a continuation; this was in the prodigious advantages they possessed in all material means at the beginning. To a great extent they were able to build their immediate success on foundations which we had laid for them. Our experience of ages *did* supply them with tools to their hand, and they stepped into all our command of the physical forces of nature easily as into ready-made clothing. In this respect they found the

royal road to empire, and almost started with steam in their race of a national life. They have had a splendid run. Prosperity has been sudden as some spontaneous growth of the land, enriching human labor at a miraculous rate of interest. But the success has not the sweetness of ours; they have *come into* their good fortune; ours was earned hardly by long centuries of toil and painful victory. Our institutions have grown like the shell and shield of the nation's inner life, shaped by it and colored with it; theirs have been cast, and the national character has had to conform as best it might. The largeness of their territory has passed into their language, but it has not passed into the human nature. This idea of material size has completely tyrannized over the Yankee mind, and dwarfed some of its better qualities. We have no hesitation in asserting, that to the New Englander the greatest thing done by the English—the high-water mark of all our achievements—is London! No act of national heroism, no lofty nobleness of character, no work in our literature, no moral sublimity in our history, affects and overpowers the Yankee mind as does the enormous size, the omnipresent magnitude of London. It is the only English thing in the presence of which their assertive nature is lost in astonishment, and cannot even make a disparaging comparison—these miles on miles of human habitations, and this roaring Niagara of multitudinous human life. But they are now in a court of trial for nations, where size of country, length of land, breadth of waters, and height of mountains will not count for much, if greatness of soul be wanting. One human spirit dilating to its full stature may be of far more avail. Shakspeare knew that by the greatness of soul, rather than by the size of country, are nations great and precious, when he sang of England as—

“This land of such *dear souls*, this dear, dear land.”

Again, the American national life has been spent chiefly on the surface, in a fury of material activity or the loud raging of political strife, which stuns and kills in the egg that more delicate spirit of thought waiting for birth, and dimly dreaming of a life to come. They have never produced any considerable class of men who dwell apart high on the mountains, breathe a pure air and send down an influence as of healing waters to run

through the valleys and plains, sweetening and enriching the lower life of the nation, and making it green and fruitful. These are the men who in England constitute the party of humanity, and hold the high places and the towers of defence against any encroachment of tyranny, whether of Individuals or Mobs. Whatever fights take place, or party is overthrown in the political arena, the life and liberty of the nation are safe so long as these high places are held by such as hold them with us.

Perhaps it is natural for youth to boast when it first puts on the armor for the battle of life, individual or national. The sense of power, and the will to perform, are so strong within it. The sword glitters so pleasantly to the young eyes—feels so satisfying to the grasp—so sharp to the touch. Then we have a tendency to vaunt. We are stiller when we return from victory at the close of some day of Marathon or Waterloo, with dints on the armor, scars on the limbs, and a great work done. We are quieter now. We have left our sting behind. Possibly we might fairly boast a little as we think of one good stroke in the thick of the fight—one rallying effort that helped to turn the tide of battle; but we do not boast now; we have wrung the strength and pride out of great obstacles: we let our deeds speak for us. They may take the armor and hang it up to brighten other eyes. They may tell the story to tingle in other ears. Our boasting days are done.

The New Englanders, on the other hand, flushed with prosperity, and fond of approbation, are boastful and at the same time nervously sensitive to criticism. We are aware of instances in which an honest English criticism—not harsh, but not sufficiently flattering—has proved fatal to the friendly feeling of American authors, who cannot stand that which English writers put up with and live down every day. One cause of poor Edgar Poe's Ishmaelitish life amongst his fellow-authors was his love of playing upon this national weakness. He found they could not swallow criticism when spoken ever so kindly, and so he gave it to them bitterly. And, as they had been long accustomed to nothing stronger than a gentle tickling of each other's thin-skinnedness, they yelled when his lash fell on them with its hearty smack, and they turned on him instinctively.

Most people have noticed how Nature, at certain whimsical moments, will mould human faces, features, expressions, so queerly comical and quaintly absurd that all the attempts of caricature fail to match them. Leech, Doyle, and Cruikshank are outdone any day in the streets of London. In a similar manner we find there is nothing like Nature for doing justice to our American friends, and only American nature can give them adequate representation. When Mr. Dickens drew the sketches of Yankee character in his "Martin Chuzzlewit," they were assailed in America as gross caricatures, and enjoyed in England as pictures very pleasant to laugh at, if not exactly to be believed in. Since then we have learned that the Americans *do* produce such characters, and perform such things as cannot be caricatured. The work of the novelist does not come near enough to that of Nature in quite another direction. We have heard a whole nation telling the wide world that they "must be cracked up," in just such an attitude as though Hannibal Chollop had been their model. The two reporters of the *Water-toast Gazette*, who described Martin Chuzzlewit, and took him, the one below the waistcoat, the other above, were eclipsed by the reporters that attended the Prince of Wales on his American tour. The Young Columbians who harangued the Water-toast Sympathizers; General Choke, La Fayette, Kettle, and Jefferson Brick, have reached their summit of the vulgar sublime in the *New York Herald*. It does not appear probable at first sight that any human being should use the greeting of General Fladdock to his friends, the Norrises—"And do I then once again behold the choicest spirits of my country?" Yet we have it on reliable authority that when a certain American was introduced to the poet Longfellow, he struck an attitude, exclaiming, "And is it possible that I stand in the presence of the illustrious Mr. Longfellow?" In Walt Whitman, a "Rough," a "Kosmos," as he delights to call himself, America has given a living embodiment to that description of Elijah Pogrom's:—

"A model man, quite fresh from Nature's mould. A true-born child of this free hemisphere! verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral Licks; unspiled by withering conventionalisms as air our broad and boundless Preaters!

Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Baffalers. But he is a child of Natur' and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is that his bright home is in the settin' sun."

The New Englanders have many excellences and many faults, both wholly unlike our own. Of course there is a small minority amongst them who see how the American institutions give the greatest chance for all that is big and blatant to usurp attention; but it is difficult to catch the quiet voice of their protest. They feel sad to know that the worst American characteristics should so often be accepted as sole representatives to the world. They trust that somehow or other the power may yet be evolved which shall work up and refine the raw material in which America abounds. We take Mr. Emerson to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of this minority. We fancy that but comparatively few of his countrymen will follow him up into his serenier range of vision. Still, he is very popular as a lecturer in the New England States, especially with the thinking portion of their women, which affords one of the pleasantest specimens of the Yankee character.

Carlyle praises Mr. Emerson because, in such a never-resting locomotive country, he is one of those rare men who have the invaluable talent of sitting still. But he has not sat still with his eyes shut, nor merely looked on things with that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Whether he turns his eyes abroad or fixes them on what passes around him at home, he can now and again send a glance right to the heart of the matter. Looking across the dreary flats of the American multitude, we see him as a man in their midst of pronounced individuality, with force to resist the tyranny of the majority—with moral courage and mental vigor enough to withstand the pressure of the crowd. Although sitting, he seems to us a head and shoulders above the rest, and we think that what he says of his countrymen, as of us, is worth listening to. He bears strong testimony that the populations of the large cities of America are godless and materialized. Observing the habit of expense, the riot of the senses, the absence of bonds, clanship, fellow-feeling of all kinds, in the hotel life of the large Atlantic cities, he fears that

when man or woman is driven to the wall the chances of integrity and virtue are frightfully diminished; they are becoming a luxury which few can afford. Pretension, he tells us, is the special foible of American youth, and there is a restlessness in them which argues want of character. They run away to other countries because they are not good in their own, and then hurry back because they pass for nothing in the new places. An eminent teacher of girls said, "The idea of a girl's education with us is, whatever qualifies them for going to Europe;" and for the consolation of those who are unable to travel, Holmes wittily promises that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

Mr. Emerson tells us emphatically that the education is universal, but the "culture is superficial." He perceives that the value of education must be tested by its power of fostering and bringing forth the elements of individuality; that the strength of the national character and the reserve force of Race depend on the hidden amount of individuality there may be hoarded in the land. To this wealth secreted by nature, often in strange ways and unexpected places, we have to look when our resources are most drawn upon and there is a run on the national strength. When all our methods of culture may fail, this will give us the right man, the hero, who steps forth and does his work, and seems a gift direct from God. Mr. Emerson admits that one Alfred, one Shakspeare, one Milton, one Sidney, one Raleigh, one Wellington, is preferable to a million foolish democrats, and reminds his readers that our communications with the Infinite must be personal; Heaven does not deal with humanity, or save souls "in bundles."

It is our present purpose, however, more particularly to examine what the New Englanders have to say of the Old Home. Mr. Emerson goes deepest into the biography of our national character, as written in the history of our great Englishmen, and shows a closer acquaintance with the spirit of the race, as it lives in our literature. Mr. Hawthorne is a much shallower observer of appearances, and seldom goes beneath the surface of things except in the expression of his own ill-feeling. Mr. Emerson is fair in his judgments and frank in his statements. He looks at the old land with clear, honest eyes, and is ungrudging in his praise as fearless in

his blame. His spirit is large and magnanimous, but it has not got into the style of his writing. The sentences in "English Traits" are crisp to crackling; yet the book is the best that has been written on its subject. Mr. Emerson says it would take a hundred years to see England well. He has evidently found that, to know the English character well, you must study it for at least a thousand years back. He tells us that he was given to understand in his childhood that the British Island, from which his forefathers came, was "no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music, and merriment all the year round, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fibre and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled; they did not strike twelve the first time: good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand."

Mr. Emerson's observations of England and the English lead him to the conclusion that England is the best of actual nations. He finds the country anchored at the side of Europe—the very heart of the modern world. For a shop-keeping nation it has the finest position, the best stand on the planet. Resembling a ship in shape, the most patriotic of admirals could not have worked it into a more fortuitous place, or anchored it more judiciously for commanding the watery highways and the markets of the world. The sea, which Virgil thought encircled and shut up the poor remote Britons from the rest of the human family, has proved to be their ring of marriage with all nations, and the largeness of its horizon has somehow entered into the life of this little island. England is a model world on a convenient scale, containing a miniature of Europe and a pocket Switzerland, a soil of singular perfection, land and waters abounding with plenty. The place is small, especially to the Yankee mind, fearful of traversing it at full stride, lest it should overstep the white chalk cliffs; but there is no bit of earth so closely packed with every kind of wealth. Below the surface it is so crammed with the life of the past—every step

of it holding you to read its pages in the history of art or humanity—and above it is crowded with the works of the past and the life of the present. To Mr. Emerson's eyes the island presents a little bit of Nature's most felicitous work in conception, left as a sketch, which has been finished like a perfect picture by the hand of man. Originally the place was a prize for the strongest—a fit home of hardy workers and heroic fighters, for the best men to win: an island, whose chief enchantments were barren shingle, rough weather, and cloudy skies. Yet many races came to contend for it, and beat all the weakness out of each other, and leave to it at last the legacy of their welded strength. Here the widest extremes have met, and the fiercest antagonisms have clenched hands. The mixture of a wide range of nationalities has produced a race that is nobler than any one of those which have gone to the making of it. The Briton in the blood still hugs the homestead; the Scandinavian listens to the murmurs of the mighty mother, the ocean. The one spirit yearns wistfully across the blue waters, with eyes that sparkle for adventure, whilst it is shut up on shore; the other, when abroad, still turns with eyes of longing and heart that aches with home-sickness to the little island lying far away. Mr. Emerson thinks great advantages, in the matter of race, have been given to the English, as well as in their geographical stand-point. But they have toiled honestly to win their present position as the most successful people for the last millennium. Their passion for utility and their practical common sense have given them the throne of the modern world. The Russian in his snows is aiming to be English; the Turk and the Chinese are also making awkward efforts in the same direction. Those who resist this influence neither feel it nor obey it any the less. The English, Mr. Emerson says, are free, forcible men, in a country where life is safe and has reached its greatest value. They give the bias to the current age, not by chance, or by mass, but by their character and by the number of individuals among them of personal ability. They have supreme endurance in labor and in war. Their success is not sudden or fortunate, but they have maintained constancy for ages. Their sense of superiority is founded on their habit of victory.

The nation, he says, has yet a tough, acrid animal nature, which centuries of civilizing

have not been able to sweeten. The smoothness of following ages has not quite effaced the stamp of Odin. Dear to the English heart is a fair, stand-up fight, and a set-to in the streets will always delight the passers-by. They love fair play, open fighting, a clear deck, and want no favor. The English game, he avers, is main force to main force—the planting of foot to foot, a rough tug and no dodging. They hate all craft and subtlety; and when they have pounded each other to a poultice, they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives. They have extreme difficulty to run away, and will die game: all fight well, from the costermongers, who learn to “work their fists” in the streets, up to the young “puppies,” who “fought well” at Waterloo. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, on any desperate service that has daylight and honor in it. But, with all this rough force and supreme “pluck,” the race, unlike the Roman, is tender as well as stout of heart—“as mild as it is game, and game as it is mild:”—

“The English,” Mr. Emerson says, “do not wear their heart on their sleeve for daws to peck at. They hide virtues under vices, or the semblance of them. It is the misshapen, hairy Scandinavian Troll again, who lifts the cart out of the mire, or ‘threshes the corn that ten day-laborers could not end,’ but it is done in the dark, and with a muttered malediction. He is a churl with a soft place in his heart, whose speech is a brash of bitter waters, but who loves to help you at a pinch. He says no, and serves you, and your thanks disgust him. There was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch with the laugh left out; rich by his own industry, sulking in a lonely house, who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained all courtesies, yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and color as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countryman creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English Art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of summer cities and skies; making an era in painting; and when he saw that the splendor of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own.”

No people, Mr. Emerson thinks, have so much thoroughness: they clinch every nail they drive. They have no running for luck—

no immoderate speed. Conscious that no better race of men exists, they rely most on the simplest means in war, business, and mechanics. They do not put too fine a point on matters, but concentrate the expense and the labor in the right place. They are bound to see their measure carried, and will stick to it through ages of defeat. Private persons will exhibit in scientific and antiquarian researches the very same pertinacity as the nation showed in the coalitions in which it yoked Europe together against the empire of Buonaparte, and fought on through failure after failure until it conquered at last.

Mr. Emerson finds the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves, he says, what they value in their horses—mettle and bottom. Their practical power rests on their national sincerity, and their sincerity and veracity appear to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it. They dare to displease, and require you to be of your own opinion! They will not have to do with a man in a mask; let them know the whole truth. Say what you mean. Be what you are. Draw the line straight, hit whom and where you may. The Englishman's eye looks full into the face of things, and he grips his weapon or tool by the handle. He has a supreme eye to facts, a bias toward utility, and a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nail, oar to boat; the logic of cooks, carpenters, and chemists, following the sequence of nature, and one on which words make no impression. Mr. Emerson considers the unconditional surrender of the English mind to facts, and the choice of means to reach their ends, are as admirable as with ants and bees. Yet with this one-eyed logic of a Cyclopiian kind of character he admits that the English have a spirit of singular fairness, a belief in the existence of two sides, and a resolution to see fair play. There is an appeal from the assertion of the parties to the proof of what is asserted. The whole universe of Englishmen will suspend their judgment until a trial can be had. He also says there is an English hero superior to the French, the German, the Italian, or the Greek:—

“The national temper in the civil history is not flashy or whiffling. The slow deep English mass smoulders with fire, which at last sets all its borders in flame. The wrath

of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and in its hottest heat a register and a rule. Half of their strength they put not forth. They never let out all the length of their reins. But they are capable of a sublime resolution; and if, hereafter, the war of races, often predicted and making itself a war of opinion also (a question of despotism and liberty coming from Eastern Europe), should menace the English civilization, these sea-kings may take once again to their floating castles, and find a new home and a second millennium of power in their colonies. Whoever would see the uncoiling of that tremendous spring, the explosion of their well-husbanded forces, must follow the swarms which, pouring now for two hundred years from the British Islands, have sailed and traded and fought and colonized through all climates round the globe.”

One great secret of the English power Mr. Emerson perceives lies in the mutual good understanding of the race. Difference of rank does not divide the national heart. An electric touch by any of our national ideas will melt us all into one family. This we have proved on many a hard-fought field, where peer and peasant have stood shoulder to shoulder, and fallen side by side. “English believes in English. They have trust in each other. The very felons have pride in one another's English stanchness. The people are more bound in character than differenced in ability and rank.”

Mr. Emerson delights in the English plainness of speech and dress. An Englishman, he remarks, understates and avoids the superlative, “checks himself in compliment, alleging that in the French language one cannot speak without lying.” Pretension and vapor are always distasteful. “They keep to the other extreme of low tone in voice, dress, and manners. They hate pretence and nonsense and sentimentalism. Plain, rich clothes and equipage, with plain, rich finish, mark the English truth. Where ornaments are worn, they must be gems. They dislike everything theatrical in public life, and anything showy in private. They have no French taste for a badge. The Lord dresses a little worse than the Commoner; but the best dress with them is that which is the most difficult to remember or describe.”

The upper classes have only birth, say the people across the water. Mr. Emerson replies, Yes, but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into man-

ners; power of any kind readily appears in the manners, and beneficent power gives a majesty which cannot be concealed or resisted. The superior education of the nobles recommends them to the country. They are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company; have seen every secret of art and Nature. They have the sense of superiority, with the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes; a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings. Besides, these are they who make England that strong-box and museum it is; who gather and protect works of art, dragged from amidst burning cities and revolutionary countries, and brought hither out of all the world. These lords, says Mr. Emerson, are the treasurers and librarians of mankind, engaged by their pride and wealth to this function; and he pardoned high park-fences, when he found that besides does and pheasants, these have preserved Arundel marbles, Townley galleries, Howard and Spenserian libraries, Warwick and Portland vases, Saxon manuscripts, monastic architecture, millennial trees, and breeds of cattle elsewhere extinct. Mr. Emerson holds that some men are born to own, and can animate their possessions. Others cannot; their owning is not graceful. They seem to steal their own dividends. Those should own, who can administer; not they who hoard and conceal. And he is the rich man in whom the people are rich; whilst he is the poor man in whom the people are poor. He also perceives, rightly enough, that the English aristocracy strengthen their hold on the national heart by making the private life their place of honor. Domesticity is the tap-root which enables the nation to branch wide and high; and this the nobility, the county-families, carefully cultivate. They do not give up their country tastes to a town life, nor are their rural predilections absorbed even by a life spent in the service of the State. They like to live on their own lands, amongst their people, and they wisely and frequently exchange the crowds that are not company, and the talk that is but a tinkling cymbal, for intercourse with out-of-door nature, the bursting of blossoms, the singing of birds, the wav-

ing of wheat, the breath of the heather, and the smell of the turnips. They seek to renew life at the springs of health, which gives a fresh bloom to the fireside humanities. The love and labor of generations are spent on the building, planting, and decorating their homesteads, and the world has been ransacked to enrich them.

Surveying the England of to-day, Mr. Emerson is ready, like the rest of us, to undervalue the Present. This has always been a common failing, or an uncommon virtue, of human nature. The greatest periods of our history, which to us seem filled with divine heat and a plenitude of power, have been spoken lightly of by some that lived in them. Mr. Emerson thinks no "sublime augury" cheers the student of our current literature—no greatness, unless perhaps in our criticism, which often bespeaks the "presence of the invisible gods." Meanwhile, he knows there is always a retrieving power in the English race. He can see but little life in the Church of England (he wrote some eight or nine years ago); but he admits it "has many certificates to show of humble, effective service in humanizing the people, in cheering and refining men—feeding, healing, educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors; the noblest books; a sublime architecture; a ritual marked by the same secular merits, nothing cheap or purchasable." And he holds that, "if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, — *souffrir de tout le monde et faire souffrir personne*,—that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame."

Mr. Emerson is wrong in supposing that the English husband has a right to lead the wife to market for sale. He likewise dwells too strongly perhaps on the fleshly side of the national character—our love of good feeding and drinking; dips us rather too deep in beer and flesh-pots, and lays too much stress on the coarseness of our logic, and the materiality of our success. "No people have true common sense but those who are born in England," said Montesquieu. But the English common sense is not limited merely to what we call doing well in the world. It is not confined to drudgery or going to market. It has no dread of singularity, and is not nonplussed by finding itself in novel positions.

In short, the total of English common sense contains something that is lacking in the common sense of other nations. It is that sort of common sense which is compatible with the greatest imagination; so that the work of the one looks like the result of the other inspired and transfigured. Mr. Emerson has a lurking misgiving that the English are not equally good at making the fine up-stroke with their firm down-stroke, and are wanting in the lively spirit and sparkle of fancy. But we would remind him that fancy is a much lower mental faculty, with all its brilliant quickness, than that imagination which, in its simple sublimity, is apt to look like common sense, and a homely force for every-day work. Fancy catches the light with its spectrum, and breaks it into colors. Imagination sees things in the plain, pure, unbroken light. Fancy plays with illusions, and dallies with likenesses. Imagination does not care to tell us what things are like; it announces facts as they are, or uses its metaphor by Identification and not as a Comparison. The greatest Imagination is the greatest Realist in the high ranges, just as Common Sense is in the lowest. Indeed, if rightly considered, the loftiest "Ideal" (we use this word with reluctance) is to the great Imagination only the utmost Real.

Again, Mr. Emerson sees the value of English Individuality, but does not point out that, whilst we produce the most robust specimens of individuality under the sun, and the largest number of men who dare to be in a minority of one, think just as they like, and say what they think, even as their forefathers have been doing for hundreds of years, yet this force, so independent in the individual, is kept well in hand by an essentially law-abiding, law-loving spirit. It seldom breaks out at the wrong time, or in the wrong way. The strong feeling of Nationality gathers it up, and guides it for the good and glory of the country. It can all be repressed within the necessary bounds when England needs, as a man will draw back a step to strike a fuller blow. And it is this repression of so much individuality within the bounds of law that puts so much reserved power into the national character, and gives to its motions the perfect harmony of restrained strength. It is perfectly true that we have put more of this individuality into literature than any other people has done;

we possess more of it in common life than any other nation; and more of it goes to the making of the English than any other race. But our pre-eminence amongst races and nations lies chiefly in the fact that these bristling and startling individualities, which keep strangers at a distance, can be all turned in one direction when the foe is in front; and the nation of oddities will march into battle as evenly, and with the oneness of the Macedonian Phalanx; and though the rear-rank man could step into a leader's place at a pinch, yet we can keep each man his position, ruled by a stronger power than ever held the Greek or Roman shields together.

Mr. Emerson can see that the English are a people of a myriad personalities, and cannot be represented by the popular figures of John Bull and John's bull-dog. He admits that, after all, what is said about a nation is a superficial dealing with symptoms. "We cannot go deep enough into the biography of the spirit who never throws himself entire into one hero, but delegates his energy in parts. The wealth of the source is seen in the plenitude of English nature. What variety of power and talent; what facility and plenteousness of knighthood, lordship, ladyship, royalty, loyalty; what a proud chivalry is indicated in Collins's Peerage, through eight hundred years! What dignity resting on what reality and stoutness! What courage in war, with sinew in labor, what cunning workmen, what inventors, engineers, seamen, pilots, clerks, and scholars! No one man, and no few men, can represent them." Mr. Hawthorne, on the other hand, only believes in one John Bull—the popular embodiment of beef and beer; the bluff, hearty yeoman, with no possible refinement whatever; the Falstaff-like mountain of a man, who puts all his weight into his tread—especially if a Yankee's tender toes happen to be in the way; with his stomach full of meat, and pockets full of money; his face in a ruddy glow, like a round, red harvest-moon, except when mottled, double-chinned, and treble-chinned. This is his image of the genuine Englishman; and he is sadly oppressed by the weight and size of it. That which does not come up, or swell out, to these proportions is not English in his estimation. It is too "refined," and more properly belongs to the American nation. Thus he finds that the sailor-darling of the English people, Nelson, was no repre-

representative of ours, because he had none of the ponderous respectability, the gross physique, which are to Mr. Hawthorne the sole sign and symbol of English nationality. Nelson was delicately organized as a woman, and as painfully sensitive as a poet; moreover, he had genius which no Englishman it seems ever possessed, unless he was morbid and maimed, "as we may satisfy ourselves by running over the list of their poets, for example, and observing how many of them have been sickly or deformed, and how often their lives have been darkened by insanity." The reader will be sure to see how great is the truth of observation here, and how apposite the illustration. It is well known that genius never did break out in our race, except as the result of disease! Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, George Chapman and Walter Scott were remarkably morbid men. Whilst Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and many other of our great poets, were undoubtedly insane. Nelson, Mr. Hawthorne says, won the love and admiration of his country through the efficacy of qualities that are not English. Precisely so. It never was an English quality to bring your ship close alongside that of the enemy, and there live or there die—one must go down before we part! Nor did Nelson understand the national nature in the least when he made his famous appeal to the sentiment of duty. He did not belong to us; and he was so successful because so eminently un-English! Let us see what Mr. Emerson says on this head:—

"The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. Nelson, dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord Collingwood, and, like an innocent schoolboy that goes to bed, says, 'Kiss me, Hardy,' and turns to sleep. Lord Collingwood, his comrade, was of a nature the most affectionate and domestic. And, Sir James Parry said, the other day, of Sir John Franklin, that, if he found Wellington Sound open, he explored it; for he was a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito."

But Mr. Hawthorne cannot see the relationship of Nelson to our race because he was not a big John Bull kind of man, with a robust personal vigor, and unpolishably rugged. Nor does he appear to know that this island has produced many of the most delicate, yet perfectly healthy, natures that ever breathed

an aroma of womanly sweetness into literature—such as Philip Sidney, George Herbert, and Spenser, whom we take at random, as diverse illustrations of a far different sort of Englishmen.

Mr. Hawthorne is blind to the fact that John Bull's stoutness lies in the spirit as well as in corporal substance, and that Nelson, with his small stature and slender form, is as much an Englishman in spirit as though he had weighed twenty stone; whilst the slender body of Shelley contained as much English "pluck" as did the large bulk of Dr. Johnson. The truth is that no greater fallacy obtains than this respecting the typical Englishman. Not that we wish for a moment to repudiate John Bull, or deny that Mr. Punch's portraits have the stamp of authenticity. We admit the groundwork of the character: let others build as they may upon it! We rejoice in John, with his sturdy spirit magnificently lodged in plenty of flesh. We like to see his face across the dinner-table, purple with port, it may be; or meet him in the farmyard, when the increase of the year has gently swelled his sense of self-importance, and his genial smile is an illumination of contentedness. We like the humor of the thing, and are not concerned to point out that the sum-total of the English character is not included in the one picture. The type represents certain elements of the national strength, and it answers to the requirements of the popular imagination, which expects and demands that all greatness shall have large physical embodiment. But few of our great Englishmen have really been formed in this mould. Ben Jonson and Henry VIII. would almost stand alone. On the other hand, what a number we might name of Englishmen, true as ever breathed, who were neither of massive form nor heroic height of stature, and whose greatness could not be measured by their girth,—from Francis Drake to Nelson, from Milton and Newton to William Pitt! Let us not be misunderstood. We are not growing ashamed of our own flesh and blood because Mr. Hawthorne has fallen into an error. We do not see that souls fatten with our American cousins from the body's leanness, and we trust that John Bull may flourish long and his shadow never grow less. It is what Oxford men term the "beefiness of the fellow" which has turned the scale of victory in his favor; enabled

him to give the winning stroke with oar or sword in many a close tug of contest; and when he has thrown his enemy in some last deadly wrestle, he has fallen on him with double weight. Those observers, however, who persist in seeing only the coarse, earthy outside of John Bull are not likely to do justice to that inner sanctuary of the English nature, where the gentler virtues nestle in dim, shy nooks, and the tender undergrowths of home feelings and kindly affections are nurtured and protected by the surrounding strength, or they might possibly see how many springs of secret sweetness tend to humanize and spiritualize the ponderous nature of the massive man.

We are charged with being dumb and sombre, gross and taciturn; each man a living image of our geographical isolation. But this uninviting exterior shields and shelters much delicate inner life, and gives it privacy. This kind of character affords quiet for the mind to brood in, and sufficient depth of soil to grow the choicest fruits. English nature likes to dwell inside of good thick walls, that are not easily overlooked, and cannot bear such as are transparent to the public gaze. It loves a privacy shady and sacred, and rather prefers to grow prickly externally, for protection. We are generally shy and shut-up with one another, and particularly so with strangers. Those, therefore, who judge the Englishman and the English race from the outside will do about as much justice as we should to Shakspeare if we could ignore his works, with all their imagery of his inner life, and remember only the fact that he made all the money he could in London, and then went back to Stratford to try and make more. What a genuine John Bull he would have been! The race which has produced Shakspeare—and he is our sole adequate representative man—may at least fairly claim to possess as great a range and variety of character as can be found in his works. But Mr. Hawthorne is not favorably endowed or fitted to enter the English nature; he acknowledges only one type, and that, to him, a repulsive one.

He also thinks us a one-eyed people, and the secret of our success is to be found in our way of shutting the other, so as to get the most distinct and decided view. In this manner, we achieve magnificent triumphs without seeing half the obstacles and difficulties

which lie in the way—if we would only keep both eyes open. He says if General M'Clellan could but have shut his left eye, the right one would long ago have guided his army into Richmond. But it appears the Yankee mind cannot thus stultify itself, it is so very wide-awake; nor could it condescend to stumble into victory; it must see the way clear, with both eyes open, before it would take advantage of fortune.

It is interesting to know the kind of man that he did like, not to say fell in love with. Poor Leigh Hunt, with his southern weakness of fibre and his amiable simplicities of character, he found quite delightful. He was a beautiful and venerable old man—more soft and agreeable in manners than any other Englishman whom Mr. Hawthorne met. Exceedingly appreciative of American praise, which he received with face quietly alive, and gentle murmurs of satisfaction and continual folding of hands! But “there was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically. Beef, ale, or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his composition. His person and manners were thoroughly American, and of the best type.” We are glad Mr. Hawthorne perceived that this was not the sort of stuff out of which Englishmen are usually made, nor the pattern according to which they are cut. This was a man whom the Yankee could patronize. Now, John Bull cannot stand patronage, either greasy or grim; he will not have it. Mr. Hawthorne would patronize us if he could; if we would only allow it. “An American,” he says “is not very apt to love the English people as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy they would value our regard and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs.” But the national character is not so easily got over as was Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Hawthorne is almost as much oppressed in mind with what he elegantly terms the “female Bull” as he is with the male. The only figure, he tells us, that comes fairly forth to his mind’s eye out of his life at Leamington is “that of a dowager, one of hundreds whom I used to marvel at in England, who had an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the loose development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though strug-

gling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins!" We confess never to have thought of this when we have looked on those rubicund old English ladies, so light-of heart that they can carry their external weight with jovial impunity and occupy their proper share of space, like an overflow of satisfaction; with their eminently delightful old faces, and cheeks like the summer jenneting and more than its sweetness in their smile. On seeing such women, and the young-eyed spirit yet looking out in spite of age, we have thought of motherhood in its mellowest aspect: we may have marvelled where the violet nature of the slender girl had gone, but we never contemplated the jolliest, most solid old dame from the cannibal point of view! But Mr. Hawthorne, in his ineffable coarseness, cannot even look on the budding beauty of English girlhood, or the full flower of English womanhood, without speculating upon the quantity of "clay" that makes up the human form. He cannot get rid of the idea that Bull is made of beef, and accordingly "beef" enters into all his calculations, although he sometimes calls it "clay." He admits being driven to acknowledge that English ladies, "looked at from a lower point of view, were perhaps a little finer animals" than the American women; but "it would be a pitiful bargain to give up the ethereal charm of American beauty in exchange for half a hundred-weight of human clay."

If nature refuses to go beyond a pallid brier-rose kind of beauty, a lily-like delicacy of grace, and cannot produce the fuller bosom and riper tint, by all means let our friends set up their lily ideal of womanhood for home admiration, and stick the faint wild-rose symbol in the national button-hole. Tastes differ, and we are not so "refined" in ours. We like to see how victorious a thing is the force of beauty in the full glory of physical health. We do not despise the roses that bloom all the winter through, even though an American taste be apt to deem the deep healthy bloom "fitter for a milkmaid than a lady." A Yankee may think that his "national paleness and lean habit of flesh" may give an advantage in an æsthetic point of view. We like to feel the radiating health, and to hear the ring of it in the voice.

Our English women, however, are not all of the ponderous size that—like America to

the Americans—they have to be embraced at twice. Nor are our types of feminine loveliness all of the buxom and blooming kind. We, too, have our white lilies of womanhood, with slim, tall figures, flowing shapes, and faces that have the Greek fineness of feature. If Mr. Hawthorne had noticed their delicacy of form and complexion, he might have completed his family picture by calling these the "veal of the female Bull." Moreover, the Yankees may pride themselves on their "refinement" and spareness of flesh, and they may produce a race of men who shall lack the English sap, hue, and plumpness—men who shall be lean in look, lanky in limb, and lantern-jawed, without its following necessarily that these shall be flashing heroic little Nelsons; workers wiry and tenacious as Pitt; poets with the delicate nature of Keats, the champagne-sparkle of Præd, the pathetic wit of Hood, or the beauty of holiness that shines through the verse of Vaughan. The thinness worn by a soul too keen for its physical sheath, or the fire of genius making its lamp of the body diaphanous, may be a different sort of thing from the thinness produced by a desiccating climate.

We said that Mr. Hawthorne was a shallow observer. Here are one or two striking illustrations of our meaning. At Uttoxeter he asked a boy of some twelve years of age if he had ever heard of Dr. Johnson's penance in the Market-place, where he stood bareheaded in the rain. The boy had never heard of it. Whereupon Mr. Hawthorne remarks, "Just think of the absurd little town knowing nothing of the only memorable incident which ever happened within its boundaries since the old Britons built it!" And this because one little boy had not heard of the circumstance!

Again, in Greenwich Park, Mr. Hawthorne saw some of the London "unwashed" disporting themselves, and he infers a mighty difference betwixt the working-classes of England and America. He remarks, "Every man and woman on our side of the water has a working-day suit and a holiday suit, and is occasionally fresh as a rose; whereas in the good old country the grimness of his labor or squalid habits clings forever to the individual, and gets to be a part of his personal substance." These, he says, are broad (very broad of the mark) "facts, involving great corollaries and dependencies." An inference

this about on a par with that of the old gentleman who wrote a tract on the "Falling Sickness amongst the London Rooks!" At the Twelve Brethren of Leicester's Hospital, Mr. Hawthorne finds that a countryman of his had framed a bit of poor Amy Robsart's needlework in a carved piece of oak from Kenilworth Castle; and he says, "certainly, no Englishman would be capable of this little bit of enthusiasm." As if Englishmen had never done not only tenderly graceful acts, but the most seriously absurd things in their enthusiasm!

Nothing short of the most cheery nature could have had heart to smile into Mr. Hawthorne's bitter wintry face long enough to win a smile of approval in return. Once or twice, however, we catch a watery sunbeam there for a moment, even in the presence of English people. He was delighted to find there were women amongst us who by their dress acknowledged that they were poor, and thus had the grace of fitness which is not ashamed of being, like the daisy, one of the commonplaces of Nature. A kind of beauty this, he says, that will certainly never be found in America, where every girl tries to dress herself into somebody else. Also he remarks that in England people can grow old without the weary necessity of seeming younger than they are. "In old English towns Old Age comes forth more cheerfully and genially into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle, and irreverent energy of Youth are so preponderant that the poor forlorn grandsires begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silvery heads in solitude."

Mr. Hawthorne seems to have shared somewhat in the feeling common to New Englanders, of the higher culture and quieter nature, who tell us of their longings for the "Old Home," and their love of its special English features. We are acquainted with New Englanders in whom the Old Home feeling is at times inexpressibly strong. When their life has been more than usually moved down to the roots of it under the influence of a great sorrow, it has seemed as though they touched England at that depth, and they have experienced a "blind, pathetic tendency" to wander back to the old place once more. Having no wish to disparage their own country, they yet feel there is something

in English air and the tender sweetness of the green grass; the lark, singing in the blue sky overhead; our wild flowers, which seem as the affectionate diminutives used by Nature in her fondest speech; our field foot-paths that wander and shady lanes that loiter along their lines of beauty; the homesteads that nestle in the heart of rural life, and thatched cottages that peep on the wayfarer through their wreaths of honeysuckle and roses; our grand Gothic cathedrals, gray old Norman towers, and village church-spires; the long, rich grass that fattens round the old abbeys, which they cannot find in their own country. We have heard them say that the only real quiet life seems to be in England, and the only stillness sacred for the dead to rest in seems to lie under the mossy stone or daisied mound of an English country churchyard. Home is not easily extemporized on so vast a scale as is mapped out in America; and England alone, with her nestling nooks and old associations and brooding peace, satisfies the finer sense.*

Mr. Hawthorne confesses that "However one's Yankee patriotism may struggle against the admission, it must be owned that the trees and other objects of an English landscape take hold of the observer by numberless minute tendrils, as it were, which, look as closely as we choose, we never find in an American scene. Visiting these famous localities, I hope that I do not compromise my American patriotism by acknowledging that I was often conscious of a fervent hereditary attachment to the native soil of our forefathers, and felt it to be our own 'Old Home.'" He thinks it a charming country on a very small scale, wherein Nature works with a pre-Raphaelite minuteness, much patient affection, and many tender sympathies, her handiwork being inimitable about the trunks of our trees, a square foot of old wall, and a yard or two of dense green hedge; a sprig of ivy embroidering an old boundary-fence, or the mosses taking shape in the cut letters of a name on a tombstone and keeping some forgotten memory green. On the whole, we have no doubt that Mr. Hawthorne found England much too good for the English. For his part, he says, he used to wish they could

* This feeling for the "Old Home" finds a frank and genuine expression in Mr. Elihu Burritt's forthcoming "Walk from Land's End to John O'Groats," if we may judge from a glance at the early sheets.

annex the island, "transferring the thirty millions of inhabitants to some convenient wilderness in the great West, and putting half or a quarter as many of ourselves into their places. The change would be beneficial to both parties. We, in our dry atmosphere, are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw"—unless, we presume, such an intermixture and amalgamation with our American cousins should take place. But our little island refuses all such patronage steadily as does the national character. Besides which, what does Mr. Hawthorne say of our picturesque foot-paths that go winding from stile to stile, and village to village, by green hedgerows and park-palings and gurgling brooks and lonely farmhouses; keeping from age to age their sacred right of way? "An American farmer would plough across such a path, and obliterate it with his hills of potatoes and Indian corn; but here it is protected by law, and still more by the sacredness that inevitably springs up in the soil along the well-defined footprints of centuries. Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we pull them up as weeds." So that on the whole, perhaps, it were as well that we should not be ferried across the Atlantic just yet. We should like to love the island a little longer, and keep in sanctity many of its immemorial characteristics.

We find nothing whatever in Mr. Hawthorne's English experience to account for his acrimony. He has recorded no proof that either the country or the national character deserved the bitterness which he appears to have felt before he came hither, and with which he has gone grumbling home. He lets out that he seldom came into personal relations with an Englishman without beginning to like him, and feeling the favorable impression wax stronger with the progress of the acquaintance. Again, he confesses that an American in an English house will "soon adopt the opinion that the English are the very kindest people on the earth, and will retain the idea as long, at least, as he remains on the inner side of the threshold."

Once outside, Mr. Hawthorne opines that the magnetism which attracts within the magic line, becomes repellent to all beyond. It is very unfair, however, that because the Yankee contracts into the chilling consciousness of his national self when he gets outside the circle of genial warmth, welling humanity, and hearty hospitality, and begins remembering his prejudices, the English character should be held at fault, and charged with the blame. The "acid quality" which Mr. Hawthorne speaks of as being in the moral atmosphere of England, will, we fear, be found in his own nature. He met with friends most cordially kind, "dear friends, genial, outspoken, open-hearted Englishmen," who represented the national nature at its best, from the one who made his visit to Oxford so sunny in memory, to the young friend, who "used to come and sit or stand by my fireside, talking vivaciously and eloquently with me about literature and life, his own national characteristics and mine, with such kindly endurance of the many rough republicanisms wherewith I assailed him, and such frank and amiable assertion of all sorts of English prejudices and mistakes, that I understood his countrymen infinitely the better for him, and was almost prepared to love the intensest Englishman of them all for his sake. Bright was the illumination of my dusky little apartment as often as he made his appearance there." Strengthened and encouraged by the potent spirit of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Hawthorne felt it in his heart to say that "the climate of England has been shamefully maligned. Its sulkiness and asperities are not nearly so offensive as Englishmen tell us (their climate being the only attribute of their country which they never overvalue); and the really good summer weather is the very kindest and sweetest that the world knows." And, before he left England, he confesses that his taste had begun to deteriorate by acquaintance with the plumper modelling of female loveliness than it had been his "happiness to know at home," although he is firmly resolved to uphold as angels those American ladies who may be a trifle lacking as women. Whilst regarding the grace which it appears does at times veil our coarser "clay," he admits that "an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blos-

som, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shaded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment." So that in his experience of English character and climate and home and its men and women, we find no warrant, we repeat, for the bitterness of Mr. Hawthorne's book. Yet, from one end to the other, it is steeped in vinegar and gall. Something of this may come from the great national calamity; the "Star, Wormwood" has fallen into the stream of American life, and turned it into blood for them, and bitterness for us. And our Yankee friends have exhibited on a national scale the same kind of character as that which flies at others, bent on distributing the misfortune that has befallen itself; such as is shown by the husband who thrashes his wife when his temper may have been crossed; or, to take it in a more comical aspect, that of the boy, who, having deservedly received a slap on the head, flings a stone at the first inoffending dog he meets. But there is a root of bitterness in Mr. Hawthorne that goes deeper than this; it was planted long before the flag of Secession. This broad fact, palpable throughout the book, could not be brought to a finer point than in the passage we are about to quote.

A friend had given Mr. Hawthorne his suburban residence, with all its conveniences, elegancies, and snuggeries; its drawing-rooms and library; "still warm and bright with the recollections of the genial presences that we had known there;" its closets, chambers, kitchen, and wine-cellar; its lawn and cosey garden-nooks, and whatever else makes up the comprehensive idea of an English home—"he had transferred it all to us, pilgrims and dusty wayfarers, that we might rest and take our ease during his summer's absence on the Continent." And Mr. Hawthorne enjoyed it all, and felt the feeling of home there as he had felt it nowhere else in this world. The weather, he says, was that of Paradise itself. He wandered up and down the walks of the delightful garden, felt the delicious charm of our summer gray skies, the richness of our verdure; felt that the hunger and thirst for natural beauty might be satisfied with our grass and green leaves alone; and, "*conscious of the triumph of England in this respect, and loyally anxious for the credit of my own country, it*

gratified me to observe what trouble and pains the English gardeners are fain to throw away in producing a few sour plums and abortive pears and apples; as, for example, in this very garden where a row of unhappy trees were spread out perfectly flat against a brick wall, looking as if impaled alive, or crucified, with a cruel and unattainable purpose of compelling them to produce rich fruit by torture. For my part I never ate an English fruit, raised in the open air, that could compare in flavor with a Yankee turnip."

Mr. Hawthorne is hardly quite right in saying that not an Englishman of us all ever spared them for the sake of courtesy or kindness. Yet it would not be of any advantage if we were to besmear one another all over with butter and honey. He is right in saying that Americans cannot judge of our susceptibility by their own. Thick-headed we may be, and it dulle many a blow; but we are not quite so thin-skinned as they are. None of them all ever said harder things of us than we continually say of ourselves and of each other. Let them abuse us bitterly as they please (and we shall still find reasonable cause for self-blame besides any blots that they can hit*), we do not see how that will help them out of their difficulty, or hasten the decline and fall of England, which they seem to fancy is coming, and must come. Mr. Emerson even appears to think we have seen our best days. He writes:—

"If we will visit London, the present time is the best time, as some signs portend that it has reached its highest point. It is observed that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining."

Mr. Emerson should have known that, if England had been declining, the interest of his countrymen could not have been lessened on that account. What says Mr. Hawthorne on this subject? "At some unexpected moment there must come a terrible crash. The *sole reason* why I should desire it to happen in my days is, that I might be there to see." It appears to us exceedingly lucky that England could not be set on fire easily, as a single building, or the author of the above atrocious avowal might, when here, have been

* See for an enumeration of frightful evils, some of which society might do much to cure, a striking little book, called "Another Blow for Life," by G. Godwin, F.R.S. London, 1864.

tempted to emulate the youth who fired the Ephesian temple. We have no wish to see the ruin of Mr. Hawthorne's country, and trust that it may yet be averted.

Wordsworth told Mr. Emerson, thirty years ago, that the Americans needed a civil war to teach the necessity of knitting the social ties stronger; and, whatsoever the result may be, that war has come. Their character, as well as institutions, is on its trial. The only real test that has probed it to the heart is now presented to it. Its qualities, good and bad, are gathered together as on the threshing-floor of fate, where the flails are beating fiercely, to separate the wheat from the straw; and the storm-winds are blowing mightily, to winnow the chaff from the grain. We wish them well through the purifying process, and hope they may emerge a better nation, of nobler men, with simpler manners, greater reverence, higher aims, a loftier tone of honor, and a lower tone of talk—as will inevitably follow the living of a more unselfish life, and the doing of more earnest work. And when they shall have passed through their *crucial* experiment they will undoubtedly know the English character somewhat better.

We have not the least consolation for those who would not mind marching to ruin with their own country, if upheld by the proud thought that England also was doomed to a speedy fall. There is not the least sign of such a consummation, devoutly as it may be wished. We never knew John Bull in better health and spirits. Our patriotic sense has been wonderfully quickened of late years; suffering has drawn our bonds of union closer. We were never more near being English, that is, Conservatives to a man. Those who are so cosmopolitan as to admire and love every country except their own have had a throw which has taken the breath out of them. The spirit of our people, the sap of

the national life, has of late dwelt less in the branches, and more in the roots of the tree. There has been little flutter in the leaves above, but more concentrated vitality in the fibres clinging to the earth below. This is the meaning of our unanimity and unity. We are able and happy to assure our American friends that the following words, written years since by Mr. Emerson, yet apply to us with an added force:—

“I happened to arrive in England at the moment of a commercial crisis. But it was evident that, let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up, or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbors; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character, as they ever had.”

“The wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailor which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm. And so I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour. So be it! so let it be!”

Our British men of letters may like to know the following, which we take from a recent number of the *American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular*, where it appears as a quotation from a Boston newspaper: “Dr. O. W. Holmes strongly presented the case against the literary and public men of Great Britain last evening. He arraigned Lord Brougham, Dickens, Tennyson, the English Church, the London *Times*, and *Punch*, for their silence during the

present contest, or expressions of open hostility to this country. His comments upon the falsity to former professed principles, frivolity, and mental complicity with slavery, of some of the distinguished Englishmen whose names are household words on both sides of the Atlantic, exposed, in a masterly manner, the remarkable effect of national selfishness and ingratitude upon men of culture and refinement.”—*Reader*.

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AIR—"Push about the jorum."

In ancient days, tradition says,
 When knowledge much was stinted—
 When few could teach and fewer preach,
 And books were not yet printed—
 What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
 They pithily expounded;
 And proverbs sage, from age to age,
 In every mouth abounded.
 Oh, blessings on the men of yore,
 Who wisdom thus augmented,
 And left a store of easy lore
 For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
 Do very ill agree, sir;
 A beggar hates at rich men's gates
 A beggar's face to see, sir.
 Yet trades there are, though rather rare,
 Where men are not so jealous;
 Two lawyers know the coal to blow,
 Just like a pair of bellows.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

Birds of a feather flock together;
 Like fain with like would dwell, sir;
 Yet things unlike the fancy strike,
 And answer pretty well, sir.
 You know Jack Sprat: he eats no fat,
 His wife can eat no lean, sir;
 So 'twixt the two, with small ado,
 They lick the platter clean, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

The man who would Charybdis shun
 Must make a cautious movement,
 Or else he'll into Scylla run—
 Which would be no improvement.
 The fish that left the frying-pan,
 On feeling that desire, sir,
 Took little by their change of plan,
 When floundering in the fire, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

A man of nous from a glass house
 Will not be throwing stones, sir;
 A mountain may bring forth a mouse,
 With many throes and groans, sir.
 A friend in need's a friend indeed,
 And prized as such should be, sir;
 But summer friends, when summer ends,
 Are off and o'er the sea, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,
 Which gives our pride relief, sir;
 Between two stools the bones of fools
 Are apt to come to grief, sir.
 Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,
 Though why I ne'er could see, sir;
 But some opine 'tis found in wine,
 Which better pleases me, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

Your toil and pain will all be vain,
 To try to milk the bull, sir;
 If forth you jog to sheer the hog,
 You'll get more cry than wool, sir.

'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,
 Or shave a chin that's bare, sir;
 You cannot strip a Highland hip
 Of what it does not wear, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

Of proverbs in the common style
 If now you're growing weary,
 I'll try again to raise a smile
 With two by Lord Dundreary.
 You cannot brew good Burgundy
 Out of an old sow's ear, sir;
 Nor can you make a silken purse
 From very sour small beer, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

Now he who listens to my song,
 And heeds what I indite, sir,
 Will seldom very far go wrong,
 And often will go right, sir.
 But whoso hears with idle ears,
 And is no wiser made, sir,
 A fool is he, and still would be,
 Though in a mortar brayed, sir.
 Oh, blessings, etc.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell!
 It is an irksome work and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes his mask,
 A face that's anything but gay. . . .

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to Heaven, that willed it so;
 That darkly rules the fate of all;
 That sends the respite or the blow;
 That's free to give or to recall. . . .

So such shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen! whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize?
 Go, lose or conquer as you can:
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

WONDERS come natural at fifteen; the farmer's son of Ramore, though a little dazzled at the moment, was by no means thrown off his balance by the flattering attentions of Lady Frankland, who said everything that was agreeable and forgot that she had said it, and went over the same ground again half a dozen times, somewhat to the contempt of Colin, who knew nothing about fine ladies, but had all a boy's disdain for a silly woman. Thanks to his faculty of silence, and his intense pride, Colin conducted himself with great external propriety when he dined with his new friends. Nobody knew the fright he was in, nor the strain of determination not to commit himself, which was worthy of something more important than a dinner. But after all, though it shed a reflected glory over his path for a short time, Sir Thomas Frankland's dinner and all its bewildering accessories was but an affair of a day, and the only real result it left behind was a conviction in the mind of Lauderdale that his young *protégé* was born to better fortune. From that day the tall student hovered, benignly reflective, like a tall genie over Colin's boyish career. He was the boy's tutor so far as that was possible where the teacher was himself but one step in advance of the pupil; and as to matters speculative and philosophical, Lauderdale's monologue, delivered high up in the air over his head, became the accompaniment and perpetual stimulation of all Colin's thoughts. The training was strange, but by no means unnatural, nor out of harmony with the habits of the boy's previous life, for much homely philosophy was current at Ramore, and Colin had been used to receive all kinds of comments upon human affairs with his daily bread. Naturally enough, however, the sentiments of thirty and those of fifteen were not always harmonious, and the impartial and tolerant thoughtfulness of his tall friend much exasperated Colin in the absolutism of his youth.

"I'm a man of the age," Lauderdale would say, as they traversed the crowded streets together; "by which I am claiming no superiority over you, callant, but far the contrary, if you were but wise enough to ken. I've fallen into the groove like the rest of mankind, and think in limits as belongs to my century—which is but a poor half-and-half kind of century, to say the best of it—

but you are of all the ages, and know nothing about limits or possibilities. Don't interrupt me," said the placid giant; "you are far too talkative for a laddie, as I have said before. I tell you I'm a man of the age: I've no very particular faith in anything. In a kind of a way, everything's true; but you needna tell me that a man that believes like *that* will never make much mark in this world or any other world I ever heard tell of. I know that a great deal better than you do. The best thing you can do is to contradict me; it's good for you, and it does me no harm."

Colin acted upon this permission to the full extent of all his youthful prowess and prejudices, and went on learning his Latin and Greek, and discussing all manner of questions in heaven and earth, with the fervor of a boy and a Scotsman. They kept together, this strange pair, for the greater part of the short winter days, taking long walks, when they left the university, through the noisy, dirty streets, upon which Lauderdale moralized; and sometimes through the duller squares and crescents of respectability which formed the frame of the picture. Sometimes their peregrinations concluded in Colin's little room, when they renewed their arguments over the oat-cakes and cheese which came in periodical hampers from Ramore; and sometimes Lauderdale gave his *protégé* a cheap and homely dinner at the tavern where they had first broken bread together. But not even Colin, much less any of his less familiar acquaintances, knew where the tall mentor lived, or how he managed to maintain himself at college. He said he had his lodging provided for him, when any inquiry was made, and added, with an odd, humorous look, that his was an honorable occupation; but Lauderdale afforded no further clue to his own means or dwelling-place. He smiled, but he was secret and gave no sign. As for his studies, he made but such moderate progress in them as was natural to his age and his character. No particular spur of ambition seemed to stimulate the man whose habits were formed by this time, and who found enjoyment enough, it appeared, in universal speculation. When he failed, his reflections as to the effect of failure upon the mind of man, and the secondary importance after all of mere material success, "which always turns out more disappointing to a reflective spirit than an actual

break-down," the philosopher would say, "being aye another evidence how far reality falls short of the idea," became more piquant than usual; and when he succeeded, the same sentiments moderated his satisfaction. "Oh ay, I've got the prize," he said, holding it on a level with Colin's head, and regarding its resplendent binding with a smile; "which is to say, I've found out that it's only a book with the college arms stamped upon it, and no a palpable satisfaction to the soul as I might have imagined it to be, had it been yours, boy, instead of mine."

But with all this composure of feeling as respected his own success, Lauderdale was as eager as a boy about the progress of his pupil. When the prize lay in Colin's way, his friend spared no pains to stimulate and encourage and help him on; and as years passed, and the personal pride of the elder became involved in the success of the younger, Lauderdale's anxieties awoke a certain impatience in the bosom of his *protégé*. Colin was ambitious enough in his own person; but he turned naturally with sensitive boyish pride against the arguments and inducements which had so little influence upon the speaker himself.

"You urge *me* on," said the country lad; "but you think it does not matter for yourself." And though it was Colin's third session, and he reckoned himself a man, he was jealous to think that Lauderdale urged upon him what he did not think it worth his while to practise in his own person.

"When a thing's spoilt in the making, it matters less what use ye put it to," said the philosopher. It was a bright day in March, and they were seated on the grass together in a corner of the green, looking at the pretty groups about, of women and children—children and women, perhaps not over-tidy, if you looked closely into the matter, but picturesque to look at—some watching the patches of white linen bleaching on the grass, some busily engaged over their needlework, and all of them occupied:—it was comfortable to think they could escape from the dingy "closes" and unsavory "lands" of the neighborhood. The tall student stretched his long limbs on the grass, and watched the people about with reflective eyes. "There's nothing in this world so important to a man as a right beginning," he went on. "As for me, I'm all astray, and

can never win to any certain end—no that I'm complaining, or taking a gloomy view of things in general; I'm just as happy in my way as other folk are in theirs—but that's no the question under discussion. When a man reaches my years without coming to anything, he'll never come to much all his days; but you're only a callant, and have all the world before you," said Lauderdale. He did not look at Colin as he spoke, but went on in his usual monotone, looking into the blue air, in which he saw much that was not visible to the eager young eyes which kept gazing at him. "When I was like you," he continued, with a half-pathetic, half-humorous smile, "it looked like misery and despair to feel that I was not to get my own way in this world. I'm terribly indifferent now-a-days—one kind of life is just as good as another as long as a man has something to do that he can think to be his duty; but such feelings are no for you," said Colin's tutor, waking up suddenly. "For you, laddie, there's nothing grand in the world that should not be possible. The lot that's accomplished is aye more or less a failure; but there's always something splendid in the life that is to come."

"You talk to me as if I were a child!" said Colin, with a little indignation; "you see things in their true light yourself; but you treat me like a baby. What can there be that is splendid in my life?—a farmer's son, with perhaps the chance of a country church for my highest hope—after all kinds of signings and confessions and calls and presbyteries. It would be splendid, indeed," said the lad, with boyish contempt, "to be plucked by a country presbytery that don't know six words of Greek, or objected to by a congregation of ploughmen. That's all a man has to look for in the Church of Scotland, and you know it, Lauderdale, as well as I do."

Colin broke off suddenly, with a great deal of heat and impatience. He was eighteen, and he was of the advanced party, the Young Scotland of his time. The dogmatic Old Scotland, which loved to bind and limit, and make confessions and sign the same, belonged to the past centuries. As for Colin's set, they were "viewy" as the young men at Oxford used to be in the days of Froude and Newman. Colin's own "views" were of a vague description enough, but of the most revolutionary tendency. He did not

believe in Presbytery, nor in that rule of Church government which in Scotland is known as Lord Aberdeen's Act; and his ideas respecting extempore worship and common prayers were much unsettled. But as neither Colin nor his set had any distinct model to fall back upon, nor any clear perception of what they wanted, the present result of their enlightenment was simply the unpleasant one of general discontent with existing things, and a restless contempt for the necessary accessories of their lot.

"'Plucked' is no a word in use in Scotland," said Lauderdale; "it smacks of the English universities, which are altogether a different matter. As for the Westminster Confession, I'm no clear that I could put my name to that myself as my act and deed—but you are but a callant, and don't know your own mind as yet. Meaning no offence to you," he continued, waving his hand to Colin, who showed signs of impatience, "I was once a laddie myself. Between eighteen and eight-and-twenty you'll change your ways of thinking, and neither you nor me can prophesy what they'll end in. As for the congregation of ploughmen, I would be very easy about you if that was the worst danger. Men that are about day and night in the fields when all's still, cannot but have thoughts in their minds now and then. But it's no what you are going to be, I'm thinking of," said Colin's counsellor, raising himself from the grass with a spark of unusual light in his eyes, "but what you *might* be, laddie. It's no a great preacher, far less what they call a popular minister, that would please me. What I'm thinking of is, the Man that is aye to be looked for, but never comes. I'm speaking like a woman, and thinking like a woman," he said, with a smile; "they have a kind of privilege to keep their ideal. For my part, I ought to have more sense, if experience counted for anything; but I've no faith in experience. And, speaking of that," said the philosopher, dropping back again softly on the greensward, "what a grand outlet for what I'm calling the ideal was that old promise of the Messiah who was to come! It may still be so for anything I can tell, though I cannot say that I put much trust in the Jews. But aye to be able to hope that the next new soul might be the one that was above failure must have been a wonderful solace to those that had

failed and lost heart. To be sure, they missed him when he came," continued Lauderdale; "that was natural. Human nature is aye defective in action; but a grand idea like that makes all the difference between us and the beasts, and would do, if there were a hundred theories of development, which I would not have you put faith in, laddie," continued the volunteer tutor. "Steam and iron make awful progress, but no man—"

"That is one of your favorite theories," said Colin, who was ready for any amount of argument; "though iron and steam are dead and stationary, but for the Mind which is always developing. What you say is a kind of paradox; but you like paradoxes, Lauderdale."

"Everything's a paradox," said the reflective giant, getting up slowly from the turf. "The grass is damp, and the wind's cold, and I don't mean to sit here and haver nonsense any longer. Come along, and I'll see you home. What I like women for is, that they're seldom subject to the real, or convinced by what you callants call reason. Reason and reality are terrible fictions at the bottom. I more believe in facts, for my part. The worst of it is, that a woman's ideal is apt to look a terrible idiot when she sets it up before the world," continued Lauderdale, his face brightening gradually with one of his slow smiles. "The ladies' novels are instructive on that point. But there's few things in this world so pleasant as to have a woman at hand that believes in you," he said, suddenly breaking off in his discourse at an utterly unexpected moment. Colin was startled by the unlooked-for silence, and by the sound of something like a sigh which disturbed the air over his head, and being still but a boy, and not superior to mischief, looked up, with a little laughter.

"You must have once had a woman who believed in you, or you would not speak so feelingly," said the lad, in his youthful amusement; and then Colin, too, stopped short, having encountered quite an unaccustomed look in his companion's face.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a pause. "If it were not that life is aye a failure, there would be some cases harder than could be borne," he continued, after a moment; "no that I'm complaining; but if I were you, laddie, I would set my

face dead against fortune, and make up my mind to win. And speaking of winning, when did you hear of your grand English friends, and the callant you picked out of the loch? Have they ever been here in Glasgow again?"

At which question Colin drew himself to his full height, as he always did at Harry Frankland's name; he was ashamed now to express his natural antagonism to the English lad in frank speech as he had been used to do, but he insensibly elevated his head, which, when he did not stoop, as he had a habit of doing, began to approach much more nearly than of old to the altitude of his friend's.

"I know nothing about their movements," he said, shortly. "As for winning, I don't see what connection there can be between the Franklands and any victory of mine. You don't suppose Miss Matilda believes in me, do you?" said Colin, with an uneasy laugh; "for that would be a mistake," he continued, a moment after. "She believes in her cousin."

"Maybe," said Lauderdale, in his oracular way, "it's an uncanny kind of relationship upon the whole; but I would not be the one to answer for it, especially if it's him she's expected to believe in. But there were no Miss Matildas in my mind," he added, with a smile. "I'll no ask what she had to do in yours, for you're but a callant, as I have to remind you twenty times in a day. But such lodgers are no to be encouraged," said Colin's adviser, with seriousness; "when they get into a young head it's hard to get them out again; and the worst of them is, that they take more room than their fair share. Have you got your essay well in hand for the principal? That's more to the purpose than Miss Matilda; and now the end of the session's drawing near, and I'm a thought anxious about the philosophy class. Yon Highland colt with the red hair will run you close, if you don't take heed. It's no prizes I'm thinking upon," said Lauderdale; "it's the whole plan of the campaign. I'll come up and talk it all over again, if you want advice; but I've great confidence in your own genius." As he said this, he laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and looked down into his eyes. "Summer's the time to dream," said the tall student, with a smile and a sigh. Perhaps he had given undue importance to the name of Miss Matilda. He looked into the fresh

young face with that mixture of affection and pathos—ambition for the lad, mingled with a generous, tender envy of him—which all along had moved the elder man in his intercourse with Colin. The look for once penetrated through the mists of custom and touched the boy's heart.

"You are very good to me, Lauderdale," he said, with a little effusion; at the sound of which words his friend grasped his shoulder affectionately and went off, without saying anything more, into the dingy Glasgow streets. Colin himself paused a minute to watch the tall, retreating figure before he climbed his own tedious stair. "Summer's the time to dream," he repeated to himself, with a certain brightness in his face, and went up the darkling staircase three steps at a time, stimulated most probably by some thoughts more exciting than anything connected with college prizes or essays. It was the end of March, and already now and then a chance breeze whispered to Colin that the primroses had begun to peep out about the roots of the trees in all the soft glens of the Holy Loch. It had only been in the previous spring that primroses became anything more to Colin than they were to Peter Bell; but now the youth's eyes were anointed, he had begun to write poetry, and to taste the delights of life. Though he had already learned to turn his verses with the conscious deception of a Moore, it did not occur to Colin as possible that the life which was so sweet one year might not be equally delightful the next, or that anything could occur to deprive him of the companionship he was looking forward to. He had never received any shock yet in his youthful certainty of pleasure, and did not stop to think that the chance which brought Sir Thomas Frankland's nursery, and with it his pretty miss, to the Castle, for all the long spring and summer, might never recur again. So he went up-stairs three steps at a time, in the dingy twilight, and sat down to his essay, raising now and then triumphant, youthful eyes, which surveyed the mean walls and poor little room without seeing anything of the poverty, and making all his young, arrogant, absolute philosophy sweet with thoughts of the primroses, and the awaking waters, and the other human creature, the child Eve of the boy's Paradise. This was how Colin managed to compose the essay, which drew tears of mingled laughter

and emotion from Lauderdale's eyes, and dazzled the professor himself with its promise of eloquence, and secured the prize in the philosophy class. The Highland colt with the red hair, who was Colin's rival, was very much sounder in his views, and had twenty times more logic in his composition; but the professor was dazzled, and the class itself could scarcely forbear its applause. Colin went home accordingly covered with glory. He was nearly nineteen; he was one of the most promising students of the year; he had already distinguished himself sufficiently to attract the attention of people interested in college successes; and he had all the long summer before him, and no one could tell how many rambles about the glens, how many voyages across the loch, how many researches into the wonders of the hills. He bade farewell to Lauderdale with a momentary seriousness, but forgot before the smoke of Glasgow was out of sight that he had ever parted from anybody, or that all his friends were not awaiting him in this summer of delight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Come away into the fire; it's bonnie weather, but it's sharp on the hillside," said the mistress of Ramore. "I never wearied for you, Colin, so much as I've done this year. No that there was ony particular occasion, for we've a' been real weel, and a good season, and baith bairns and beasts keeping their health; but the heart's awfu' capricious, and canna hear reason. Come in bye to the fire."

"There's been three days of east wind," said the farmer, who had gone across the loch to meet his son, and bring him home in triumph, "which accounts for your mother's anxiety, Colin. When there's plenty of blue sky, and the sun shining, there's naething she hasna courage for. What's doing in Glasgow? or rather what's doing at the college? or, maybe, if you insist upon it, what are *you* doing? for that's the most important to us."

To which Colin, who was almost as shy of talking of his own achievements as of old, gave for answer some bald account of the winding up of the session and of his own honors. "I told you all about it in my last letter," he said, hurrying over the narrative; "there was nothing out of the common. Tell me rather all the news of the parish—

who is at home and who is away, and if any of the visitors have come yet?" said the lad, with a conscious tremor in his voice. Most likely his mother understood what he meant.

"It's ower early for visitors yet," she said, "though I think for my part there's nothing like the spring, with the days lengthening, and the light aye eking and eking itself out. To be sure, there's the east winds, which is a sore drawback, but it has nae great effect on the west coast. The castle woods are wonderful bonnie, Colin: near as bonnie as they were last year, when a' those bright English bairnies made the place look cheerful. I wonder the earl bides there so seldom himself. He's no rich, to be sure, but it's a moderate kind of a place. If I had enough money I would rather live there than in the queen's parlor, and so the minister says. You'll have to go down to the manse the morn, and tell them a' about your prizes, Colin," said his proud mother, looking at him with beaming eyes. She put her head upon her boy's shoulder, and patted him softly as he stood beside her. "He takes a great interest in what you're doing at the college," she continued; "he says you're a credit to the parish, and so I hope you'll aye be," said Mrs. Campbell. She had not any doubt on the subject so far as her own convictions went.

"He does not know me," said the impatient Colin; "but I'll go to the manse to-morrow if you like. It's half-way to the castle," he said, under his breath, and then felt himself color, much to his annoyance, under his mother's eyes.

"There's plenty folk to visit," said the farmer. "As for the castle, it's out of our way, no to say it looked awfu' doleful the last time I was by. The pastor would get it but for the name of the thing. We've had a wonderful year, take it a' thegither, and the weather is promising for this season. If you're no over-grand with all your honors, I would be glad of your advice, as soon as you've rested, about the Easter fields. I'm thinking of some changes, and there's nae time to lose."

"If you would but let the laddie take breath!" said the farmer's wife. "New out of all his toils and his troubles, and you canna refrain from the Easter fields. It's my belief," said the mistress, with a little solemnity, "that prosperity is awfu' trying to

the soul. I dinna think you ever cared for siller, Colin, till now; but instead of rejoicing in your heart over the Almighty's blessing, I hear nothing, from morning to night, but about mair profit. It's no what I've been used to," said Colin's mother, "and there's mony a thing mair important that I want to hear about. Eh! Colin, it's my hope you'll no get to be over-fond of this world!"

"If this world meant no more than a fifty pound or so in the bank," said big Colin, with a smile; "but there's no denying it's a wonderful comfort to have a bit margin, and no be aye from hand to mouth. As soon as your mother's satisfied with looking at you, you can come out to me, Colin, and have a look at the beasts. It's a pleasure to see them. Apart from profit, Jeanie," said the farmer, with his humorous look, "if you object to that, it's grand to see such an improvement in a breed of living creatures that you and me spend so much of our time among. Next to bonnie bairns, bonnie cattle's a reasonable pride for a farmer, no to say but that making siller in any honest way is as laudable an occupation as I ken of for a man with a family like me."

"If it doesna take up your heart," said the mistress. "But it's awfu' to hear folk how they crave siller for siller's sake; especially in a place like this, where there's aye strangers coming and going, and a' body's aye trying how much is to be got for everything. I promised the laddies a holiday the morn to hear a' Colin's fiews, and you're no to take him off to byres and ploughed land the very first day, though I dinna say but I would like him to see Gowan's calf," said the farmer's wife, yielding a little in her superior virtue. As for Colin, he sat very impatiently through this conversation, vainly attempting to bring in the question which he longed, yet did not like, to ask.

"I suppose the visitors will come early, as the weather is so fine?" he ventured to say as soon as there was a pause.

"Oh, ay, the Glasgow folks," said Mrs. Campbell; and she gave a curious, inquiring glance at her son, who was looking out of the window with every appearance of abstraction. "Do you know anybody that's coming, Colin?" said the anxious mother; "some of your new friends?" And Colin was so sensible of her look, though his eyes were turned in exactly the opposite direction,

that his face grew crimson up to the great waves of brown hair which were always tumbling about his forehead. He thrust his heavy lovelocks off his temples with an impatient hand, and got up and went to the window that his confusion might not be visible. Big Colin of Ramore was at the window too, darkening the apartment with his great bulk, and the farmer laid his hand on his son's shoulder with a homely roughness, partly assumed to conceal his real feeling.

"How tall are you, laddie? no much short of me now," he said. "Look here, Jeanie, at your son." The mistress put down her work, and came up to them, defeating all Colin's attempts to escape her look; but in the mean time she, too, forgot the blushes of her boy in the pleasant sight before her. She was but a little woman herself, considered in the countryside rather too soft and delicate for a farmer's wife; and with all the delicious confidence of love and weakness, the tender woman looked up at her husband and her son.

"Young Mr. Frankland's No half so tall as Colin," said the proud mother; "no that height is anything to brag about unless a' things else is conformable. He's weel enough, and a strong-built callant, but there's a great difference, though, to be sure; his mother is just as proud," said the mistress, bearing her conscious superiority with meekness; "it's a grand thing that we're a' best pleased with our ain."

"When did you see young Frankland?" said Colin, hastily. The two boys had scarcely met since the encounter which had made a link between the families without awaking very friendly sentiments in the bosoms of the two persons principally concerned.

"That's a thing to be discussed hereafter," said the farmer of Ramore. "I didna mean to say onything about it till I saw what your inclinations were; but women-folk are aye hasty. Sir Thomas has made me a proposition, Colin. He would like to send you to Oxford with his own son if you and me were to consent. We're to gie him an answer when we've made up our minds. Nae doubt he has heard that you were like enough to be a creditable protejee," said big Colin, with natural complacency. "A lad of genius gie distinction to his patron, if ye can put up with a patron, Colin."

"Can you?" cried his son. The lad was greatly agitated by the question. Ambitious Scotch youths of Colin's type, in the state of discontent which was common to the race, had come to look upon the English universities as the goal of all possible hopes. Not that Colin would have confessed as much had his fate depended on it, but such was the fact notwithstanding. Oxford, to his mind, meant any or every possibility under heaven, without any limit to the splendor of the hopes involved. A different kind of flush, the glow of eagerness and ambition, came to his face. But joined with this came a tumult of vague but burning offence and contradiction. While he recognized the glorious chance thus opened to him, pride started up to bolt and bar those gates of hope. He turned upon his father with something like anger in his voice, with a tantalizing sense of all the advantages thus flourished wantonly, as he thought, before his eyes. "Could you put up with a patron?" he repeated, looking almost fiercely in the farmer's face; "and if not, why do you ask me such a question?" Colin felt injured by the suggestion. To be offered the thing of all others he most desired in the world by means which made it impossible to accept the offer would have been galling enough under any circumstances; but just now, at this crisis of his youthful ambition and excitement, such a tantalizing glimpse of the possible and the impossible was beyond bearing. "Are we his dependants that he makes such an offer to me?" said the exasperated youth; and big Colin himself looked on with a little surprise at his son's excitement, comprehending only partially what it meant.

"I'll no say I'm fond of patronage," said the farmer, slowly; "neither in the kirk nor out of the kirk. It's my opinion a man does aye best that fights his own way; but there's aye exceptions, Colin. I wouldna have you make up your mind in any arbitrary way. As for Sir Thomas, he has aye been real civil and friendly—no one of your condescending fine gentlemen—and the son—"

"What right have I to any favor from Sir Thomas?" said the impatient Colin. "He is nothing to me. I did no more for young Frankland than I would have done for any fog on the hillside," he continued, with a contemptuous tone; and then his conscience reproved him. "I don't mean to say anything against him. He behaved like a man,

and saved himself," said Colin, with haughty candor. "As for all this pretence of rewarding me, it feels like an insult. I want nothing at their hands."

"There's no occasion to be violent," said the farmer. "I dinna expect that he'll use force to make you accept his offer, which is weel meant and kind, whatever else it may be. I canna say I understand a' this fury on your part; and there's no good that I can see in deciding this very moment and no other. I would like you to sleep upon it and turn it over in your mind. Such an offer doesna come every day to the Holy Loch. I'm no the man to seek help," said big Colin, "but there's times when it's more generous to receive than to give."

The mistress had followed her son wistfully with her eyes through all his changes of countenance and gesture. She was not simply surprised like her husband, but looked at him with unconscious insight, discovering by intuition what was in his breast—something, at least, of what was in his heart—for the anxious mother was mistaken, and rushed at conclusions which Colin himself was far from having reached.

"There's plenty of time to decide," said the farmer's wife; "and I've that confidence in my laddie that I ken he'll do nothing from a poor motive, nor out of a jealous heart. There never were ony sulky ways, that ever I saw, in ony bairn of mine," said Mrs. Campbell; "and if there was one in the world that was mair fortunate than me, I wouldna show a poor spirit towards him, because he had won, whiles it's mair generous to receive than to give, as the maister says; and whiles it's mair noble to lose than to win," said the mistress, with a momentary faltering of emotion in her voice. She thought the bitterness of hopeless love was in her boy's heart, and that he was tempted to turn fiercely from the friendship of his successful rival. And she lifted her soft eyes, which were beaming with all the magnanimous impulses of nature, to Colin's face, who did not comprehend the tenderness of pity with which his mother regarded him. But, at least, he perceived that something much higher and profounder than anything he was thinking of was in the mistress's thoughts; and he turned away somewhat abashed from her anxious look.

"I am not jealous that I am aware of," said Colin; "but I have never done anything

to deserve this, and I should prefer not to accept any favors from—any man," he concluded, abruptly. That was how they left the discussion for that time at least. When the farmer went out to look after his necessary business, his wife remained with Colin, looking at him often, as she glanced up from her knitting, with eyes of wistful wonder. Had she been right in her guess, or was it merely a vague sentiment of repulsion which kept him apart from young Frankland? But all the mother's anxiety could not break through the veil which separates one mysterious individuality from another. She read his looks with eager attention, half right and half wrong, as people make out an unfamiliar language. He had drifted off somehow from the plain vernacular of his boyish thoughts, and she had not the key to the new complications. So it was with a mixed and doubtful joy that the mistress of Ramore, on the first night of his return, regarded her son.

"And I suppose," said Colin, with a smile dancing about his lips, "that I am to answer this proposal when they come to the castle? And they are coming soon as they expected last year? or perhaps they are there now?" he said, getting up from his chair again and walking away towards the door that his mother might not see the gleams of expectation in his face.

"But, Colin, my man," said the mistress, who did not perceive the blow she was about to administer, "they're no coming to the castle this year. The young lady that was delicate has got well, and they're a' in London and in an awfu' whirl o' gayety like the rest of their kind; and Lady Mary, the earl's sister, is to have the castle with her bairns; and that's the way Sir Thomas wants our answer in a letter, for there's none of the family to be here this year."

It did not strike the mistress as strange that Colin made no answer. He was standing at the door looking out, and she could not see his face. And when he went out of doors presently, she was not surprised; it was natural he should want to see everything about the familiar place; and she called after him to say that, if he would wait a moment, she would go herself and show him Gowan's calf. But he either did not hear her, or, at least, did not wait the necessary moment; and when she had glanced out in her turn, and had perceived with delight that the wind

had changed, and that the sun was going down in glorious crimson and gold behind the hills, the mistress returned with a relieved heart to prepare the family tea. "It'll be a fine day to-morrow," she said to herself, rejoicing over it for Colin's sake; and so went in to her domestic duties with a lightened heart.

At that moment Colin had just pushed forth into the loch, flinging himself into the boat anyhow, disgusted with the world and himself and everything that surrounded him. In a moment, in the drawing of a breath, an utter blank and darkness had replaced all the lovely summer landscape that was glowing by anticipation in his heart. In the sudden pang of disappointment, the lad's first impulse was to fling himself forth into the solitude, and escape the voices and looks which were hateful to him at that moment. Nor was it simple disappointment that moved him; his feelings were complicated by many additional shades of aggravation. It had seemed so natural that everything should happen this year as last year, and now it seemed such blind folly to imagine that it could have been possible. Not only were his dreams all frustrated and turned to nothing, but he fell ever so many degrees in his own esteem and felt so foolish and vain and unkind, as he turned upon himself with the acute mortification and sudden disgust of youth. What an idiot he had been! To think she would again leave all the brilliant world for the loch and the primroses, and those other childish delights on which he had been dwelling like a fool!

Very bitter were Colin's thoughts, as he dashed out into the middle of the loch, and there laid up his oars and abandoned himself to the buffetings of excited fancy. What right had he to imagine that she had ever thought of him again, or to hope that such a thread of gold could be woven into his rustic and homely web of fate? He scoffed at himself, as he remembered, with acute pangs of self-contempt, the joyous, rose-colored dreams that had occupied him only a few hours ago. What a fool he was to entertain such vain, complacent fancies! He, a farmer's son, whose highest hope must be, after countless aggravations and exasperations, to get "placed" in a country church in some rural corner of Scotland. And then Colin recalled Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal, and took

to his oars again in a kind of fury, feeling it impossible to keep still. The baronet's kind offer looked like an intentional insult to the excited lad. He thought to himself that they wanted to reward him somehow by rude, tangible means, as if he were a servant, for what Colin proudly and indignantly declared to himself was no service—certainly no intentional service. On the whole, he had never been so wretched, so downcast, so fierce and angry and miserable in all his life. If he could but, by any means, by any toil, or self-denial, or sacrifice, get to Oxford, on his own account, and show the rich man and his son how little the Campbells of Ramore stood in need of patronage! All the glory had faded off the hills before Colin bethought himself of the necessity of returning to the homely house which he had greeted with so much natural pleasure a few hours before. His mother was standing at the door looking out for him as he drew towards the beach, looking at him with eyes full of startled and anxious half-comprehension. She knew he was disturbed somehow, and made guesses, right in the main, but all wrong in the particulars, which were, though he tried hard to repress all signs of it, another exasperation to Colin. This was how the first evening of his return closed upon the student of Ramore. He could not take any pleasure just then in the fact of being at home, nor in the homely love and respect and admiration that surrounded him. Like all the rest of the world, he neglected the true gold lying close at hand for the longing he had after the false diamonds that glittered at a distance. It was hard work for him to preserve an ordinary appearance of affection and interest in all that was going on, as he sat, absent and pre-occupied, at his father's table. "Colin's no like you idle laddies; he has ower much to think of to laugh and make a noise, like you," the mistress said with dignity, as she consoled the younger brothers, who were disappointed in Colin. And she half believed what she said, though she spoke with the base intention of deluding "the laddies," who knew no better. The house, on the whole, was rather disturbed than brightened by the return of the first-born, who had thus become a foreign element in the household life. Such was the inauspicious beginning of the holidays, which had been to Colin, for months back, the subject of so many dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

It was some time before Colin recovered his composure, or found it possible to console himself for the failure of his hopes. He wrote a great deal of poetry in the mean time—or rather of verses which looked wonderfully like poetry, such as young men of genius are apt to produce under such circumstances. The chances are, that if he had confided them to any critic of a sympathetic mind, attempts would have been made to persuade Colin that he was a poet. But luckily Lauderdale was not at hand, and there was no one else to whom the shy young dreamer would have disclosed himself. He sent some of his musings to the magazines, and so added a little excitement and anxiety to his life. But nobody knew Colin in that little world where, as in other worlds, most things go by favor, and impartial appreciation is comparatively unknown. The editors most probably would have treated their unknown correspondent in exactly the same manner had he been a young Tennyson. As it was, Colin did not quite know what to think about his repeated failures in this respect. When he was despondent he became disgusted with his own productions, and said to himself that of course such maudlin verse could be procured by the bushel, and was not worthy of paper and print. But in other moods the lad imagined he must have some enemy who prejudiced the editorial world, and shut against him the gates of literary fame. In books all the heroes, who could do nothing else, found so ready a subsistence by means of magazines, that the poor boy was naturally puzzled to find that all his efforts could not gain him a hearing. And it began to be rather important to him to find something to do. During the previous summers Colin had not disdained the farm and its labors, but had worked with his father and brothers without any sense of incongruity. But now matters were changed. Miss Matilda, with her curls and her smiles, had bewitched the boy out of his simple innocent life. It did not seem natural that the hand which she consented to touch with her delicate fingers should hold the plough or the reaping-hook, or that her companion in so many celestial rambles should plod through the furrows at other times, or go into the rough drolleries of the harvest field. Colin began to think that the life of a farmer's son at Ramore was inconsistent with his future

hopes, and there was nothing else for it but teaching, since so little was to be made of the magazines. When he had come to himself and began to see the surrounding circumstances with clearer eyes, Colin, who had no mind to be dependent, but meant to make his own way as was natural to a Scotch lad of his class, bethought himself of the most natural expedient. He had distinguished himself at college, and it was not difficult to find the occupation he wanted. Perhaps he was glad to escape from the primitive home, from the mother's penetrating looks, and all the homely ways of which the ambitious boy began to be a little impatient. He had come to the age of discontent. He had begun to look forward no longer to the vague splendors of boyish imagination, but to elevation in the social scale, and what he heard people call success in life. A year or two before it had not occurred to Colin to consider the circumstances of his own lot—his ambition pointed only to ideal grandeur, unembarrassed by particulars—and it was very possible for the boy to be happy, thinking of some incoherent greatness to come, while engaged in the humblest work, and living in the homeliest fashion. But the time had arrived when the pure ideal had to take to itself some human garments, and when the farmer's son became aware that a scholar and a gentleman required a greater degree of external refinement in his surroundings. His young heart was wounded by this new sense, and his visionary pride offended by the thought that these external matters could count for anything in the dignity of a man. But Colin had to yield like every other. He loved his family no less, but he was less at home among them. The inevitable disruption was commencing, and already, with the quick insight of her susceptible nature, the mistress of Ramore had discovered that the new current was setting in, that the individual stream of Colin's life was about to disengage itself, and that her proud hopes for her boy were to be sealed by his separation from her. The tender-hearted woman said nothing of it, except by an occasional pathetic reflection upon things in general, which went to Colin's heart, and which he understood perfectly; but perhaps, though no one would have confessed as much, it was a relief to all when the scholar-son, of whom everybody at Ramore was so proud, went off across the loch, rowed by two of his

brothers, with his portmanteau and the first evening coat he had ever possessed, to Ard-martin, the fine house on the opposite bank, where he was to be tutor to Mr. Jordan's boys, and eat among strangers the bread of his own toil.

The mistress stood at her door shading her eyes with her hand, and looking after the boat as it shot across the bright water. Never at its height of beauty had the Holy Loch looked more fair. The sun was expanding and exulting over all the hills, searching into every hollow, throwing up unthought-of tints, heaps of moss, and masses of rock, that no one knew of till that moment; and with the sunshine went flying shadows that rose and fell like the lifting of an eyelid. The gleam of the sun before she put up her hand to shade her face fell upon the tear in the mistress's eye, and hung a rainbow upon the long lash, which was wet with that tender dew. She looked at her boys gliding over the loch through this veil of fairy colors, all made out of a tear, and the heart in her tender bosom beat with a corresponding conjunction of pain and happiness. "He'll never more come back to bide at home like his father's son," she said to herself, softly, with a pang of natural mortification; "but, eh, I'm a thankless woman to complain, and him so weel and so good, and naething in faut but nature," added the mother, with all the compunction of true love; and so stood gazing till the boat had gone out of hearing, and was just touching upon that sweet shadow of the opposite bank, projected far into the loch, which plunged the whole landscape into a dazzling uncertainty, and made it a doubtful matter which was land and which was water. Colin himself, touched by the loveliness of the scene, had paused just then to look down the shining line to where this beatified paradise of water opened out into the heaven of Clyde. And to his mother's eyes gazing after him, the boat seemed to hang suspended among the sweet spring foliage of the Lady's Glen, which lay reflected, every leaf and twig, in the sweeter loch. When somebody called her indoors she went away with a sigh. Was it earth, or a vision of paradise, or "some unsubstantial fairy place"? The sense of all this loveliness struck intense, with almost a feeling of pain, upon the gentle woman's poetic heart.

And it was in such a scene that Colin wrote the verses which borrowed from the sun and the rain prismatic colors like those of his mother's tears, and were as near poetry as they could possibly be to miss that glory. Luckily for him, he had no favorite confidant now to persuade him that he was a poet, so the verse-making did him nothing but good, providing a safety-valve for that somewhat stormy period of his existence.

Mr. Jordan was very rich and very liberal, and, indeed, lavish of the money which had elevated him above all his early friends and associations. He had travelled; he bought pictures; he prided himself upon his library; and he was very good to his young tutor, who, he told everybody, was "a lad of genius;" but naturally, with all this, Colin's existence was not one of unmingled bliss. As soon as he had left Ramore he began to look back to it with longing, as was natural to his years. The sense that he had that home behind him, with everybody ready to stand by him whatever trouble he might fall into, and every heart open to hear and sympathize in all the particulars of his life, restored the young man all at once to content and satisfaction with the homely household that loved him. When he was there life looked gray and sombre in all its sober-colored garments; but when he looked across the loch at the white house on the hillside, that little habitation had regained its ideal character. He had some things to endure, as was natural, that galled his high spirit, but, on the whole, he was happier than if he had still been at Ramore.

And so the summer passed on. He had sent his answer to Sir Thomas without any delay,—an answer in which, on the whole, his father concurred,—written in a strain of lofty politeness which would not have misbecome a young prince. "He was destined for the Church of Scotland," Colin wrote, "and such being the case, it was best that he should content himself with the training of a Scotch university." "Less perfect, no doubt," the boy had said, with a kind of haughty humility; "but, perhaps, better adapted to the future occupations of a Scotch clergyman." And then he went on to offer thanks in a magnificent way, calculated to overwhelm utterly the good-natured baronet, who had never once imagined that the pride of the farmer's son would be wounded by his

proposal. The answer had been sent, and no notice had been taken of it. It was months since then, and not a word of Sir Thomas Frankland or his family had been heard about the Holy Loch. They seemed to have disappeared altogether back again into their native firmament, never more to dazzle the eyes of beholders in the west country. It was hard upon Colin thus to lose, at a stroke, not only the hope on which he had built so securely, but at the same time a great part of the general stimulation of his life. Not only the visionary budding love which had filled him with so many sweet thoughts, but even the secret rivalry and opposition which no one knew of, had given strength and animation to his life, and both seemed to have departed together. He mused over it often with wonder, asking himself if Lauderdale was right; if it was true that most things come to nothing; and whether meetings and partings, which looked as if they must tell upon life for ever and ever, were, after all, of not half so much account as the steady routine of existence? The youth perplexed himself daily with such questions, and wrote to Lauderdale many a long, mysterious epistle which puzzled still more his anxious friend, who could not make out what had set Colin's brains astray out of all the confident philosophies of his years. When the young man, in his hours of leisure, climbed up the woody ravine close by, to where the burn took long leaps over the rocks, flinging itself down in diamonds and showers of spray into the heart of the deep summer foliage in the Lady's Glen, and from that height looked down upon the castle on the other side, seated among its leaves and trees on the soft promontory which narrowed the entrance of the loch, Colin could not but feel this unexpected void which was suddenly made in his life. The Frankland family had been prominent objects on his horizon for a number of years. In disliking or liking, they had been always before him; and even at his most belligerent period, there was something not disagreeable to the lad's fancy, at least, in this link of connection with a world so different from his own—a world in which, however commonplace might be the majority of the actors, such great persons as were to be had in the age might still be found. And now they had gone altogether away out of Colin's reach or ken; and he was left in his natural

position nowise affected by his connection with them. It was a strange feeling, and, notwithstanding the scorn with which he rejected the baronet's kindness and declined his patronage, much disappointment and mortification mingled with the sense of surprise in Colin's mind. "It was all as it ought to be," he said to himself many times as he pondered over it; but, perhaps, if it had been quite as he expected, he would not have needed to impress that sentiment on his mind by so many repetitions. These reflections still recurred to him all the summer through whenever he had any time to himself. But Colin's time was not much at his own disposal.

Nature had given to the country lad a countenance which propitiated the world. Not that it was handsome in the abstract, or could bear examination feature by feature, but there were few people who could resist the mingled shyness and frankness of the eyes with which Colin looked out upon the miraculous universe, perceiving perpetual wonders. The surprise of existence was still in his face, indignant though he would have been had anybody told him so; and tired people of the world, who knew better than they practised, took comfort in talking to the youth, who, whatever he might choose to say, was still looking as might be seen, with fresh eyes at the dewy earth, and saw everything through the atmosphere of the morning. This unconscious charm of his told greatly upon women, and most of all upon women who were older than himself. The young ladies were not so sure of him, for his fancy was pre-occupied; but he gained many friends among the matrons whom he encountered, and such friendships are apt to make large inroads upon a young man's time. And their hospitality reigns paramount on those sweet shores of the Holy Loch. Mr. Jordan filled his handsome house with a continual succession of guests from all quarters; and as neither the host nor hostess was in the least degree amusing, Colin's services were in constant requisition. Sometimes the company was good, often indifferent; but at all events, it occupied the youth, and kept him from too much inquisition into the early troubles of his own career.

His life went on in this fashion until September brought sportsmen in flocks to the heathery braes of the loch. Colin, whose engagement was but a temporary one, was

beginning to look forward once again to his old life in Glasgow—to the close little room in Donaldson's Land, and the long walks and longer talks with Lauderdale, which were almost his only recreation. Perhaps the idea was not so agreeable to him as in former years. Somehow, he was going back with a duller prospect of existence, with his radiance of variable light upon his horizon; and in the absence of this fairy illumination the natural circumstances became more palpable, and struck him with a sense of their poverty and meanness such as he had never felt before. He had to gulp down a little disgust as he thought of his attic, and even, in the involuntary fickleness of his years, was not quite so sure of enjoying Lauderdale's philosophy as he had once been.

He was in this state of mind when he heard of a new party of visitors who were to arrive the day after at Ardmartin—a distinguished party of visitors, fine people, whom Mr. Jordan had met somewhere in the world, and who had deigned to forget his lack of rank, and even of interest, in his wealth and his grouse and the convenient situation of his house; for Colin's employer was not moderately rich,—a condition which does a man no good in society,—but had heaps upon heaps of money, or was supposed to have such, which comes to about the same, and was respected accordingly. Colin listened but languidly to the scraps of talk he heard about these fine people. There was a dowager countess among them whose name abstracted the lady of the house from all her important considerations. As for Colin, he was still too young to care for dowagers; he heard without hearing of all the preparations that were to be made, and the exertions that were thought necessary in order to make Ardmartin agreeable to so illustrious a party, and paid very little attention to anything that was going on, hoping within himself to make his escape from the fuss of the reception, and have a little time to himself. On the afternoon on which they were expected he betook himself to the hills, as soon as his work with his pupils was over. It had been raining as usual, and everything shone and glistened in the sun, which blazed all over the braes with a brightness which did not neutralize the chill of the wind. The air was so still that Colin heard the crack of the sportsman's gun from different points around him, miles apart

from each other, and could, even on the height where he stood, discriminate the throb of the little steamer which was progressing through the loch at his feet, reflecting to the minutest touch, from its pennon of white steam at the funnel to the patches of color among its passengers on the deck, in the clear water on which it glided. The young man pursued his walk till the shadows began to gather, and the big bell of Ardmartin pealed out its summons to dress into all the echoes as he reached the gate. The house looked crowded to the very door, where it had overflowed in a margin of servants, some of whom were still importing the last carriage as Colin entered. He pursued his way to his own room languidly enough, for he was tired, and he was not interested either. As he went up the grand staircase, however, he passed a door which was ajar, and from which came the sound of an animated conversation. Colin started as if he had received a blow, as one of these voices fell on his ear. He came to a dead pause in the gallery upon which this room opened, and stood listening, unconscious of the surprised looks of somebody's maid, who passed him with her lady's dress in her arms, and looked very curiously at the tutor. Colin stopped short and listened, suddenly roused up into a degree of interest which brought the color to his cheek and the light to his eye. He thought all the ladies of the party must be there, so varied was the pleasant din and so many the voices; but he had been standing breathless, in the most eager pose of listening, for nearly half the time allowed for dressing, before he heard again the voice which had arrested him. Then, when he began to imagine that it must have been a dream, the sound struck his ear once more—a few brief syllables, a sweet, sudden laugh, and again silence. Was it *her* voice, or was it only a mock of fancy? While he stood lingering, wondering, straining his ear for a repetition of the sound, the door opened softly, and various white figures in dressing-gowns flitted off up-stairs and down-stairs, some of them uttering little exclamations of fright at sight of the alarming apparition of a man. It was pretty to see them dispersing, like so many white doves, from that momentary confabulation; but *she* was not among them. Colin went up to his room and dressed

with lightning speed, chafing within himself at the humble place which he was expected to take at the table. When he went into the dining-room, as usual, all the rest of the party were taking their places. The only womankind distinctly within Colin's sight was one of fifty, large enough to make six Matildas. He could not see *her*, though he strained his eyes up and down through the long alley of fruits and flowers. Though he was not twenty, and had walked about ten miles that afternoon over the wholesome heather, the poor young fellow could not eat any dinner. He had been placed beside a hoary old man to amuse him, whom his employer thought might be useful to the young student; but Colin had not half a dozen words to spend upon any one. Was *she* here, or was it mere imagination which brought down to him now and then, through the pauses of the conversation, a momentary tone that was like hers? When the ladies left the room the young man rushed, though it was not his office, to open the door for them. Another moment and Colin was in paradise—the paradise of fools. How was it possible that he could have been deceived? The little start with which she recognized him, the moment of surprise which made her drop her handkerchief and brought the color to her cheek, rapt the lad into a feeling more exquisite than any he had known all his life. She smiled; she gave him a rapid, sweet look of recognition, which was made complete by that start of surprise. Matilda was here, under the same roof—she whom he had never hoped to see again. Colin fell headlong into the unintended swoon. He sat pondering over her look and her startled movements all the tedious time, while the other men drank their wine, without being at all aware what divine elixir was in *his* cup. Her look of sweet wonder kept shining ever brighter and brighter before his imagination. Was it wonder only, or some dawning of another sentiment? If she had spoken, the spell might have been less powerful. A crowd of fairy voices kept whispering all manner of delicious follies in Colin's ear, as he sat waiting for the moment when he could follow her. Imagination did everything for him in that moment of expectation and unlooked-for delight.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

SENSATION !

A SATIRE.

[*The Satirist mourneth over the good old Tory times.*]

AH ! once the stream of English life would flow
So humdrum, solemn, decent, and so slow !
Such were the days of all our moral sires,
The ancient race of heavy, honest squires.
Top boots, nankeens, the uniform they wore ;
They slept the sermon through, and sometimes
swore.

Their manners simple, and their speech so coarse
(To them how strange *Rules nisi* and Divorce) !
Now for this ancient type we look in vain,
The sound old ale is turned to thin champagne.
See how bursts forth the smoke, the flame, the
crash !

SENSATION comes ! the spasm and the flash !

[*He contrasteth the slow-paced old Romances with the
Novels of his own day.*]

Who can endure the mild, decorous flow
Of old romance, so moral, and so slow,
Where model youth his model maiden weds,
And the *Pere Noble* blesses both their heads !
Poor virtue, trailed through many a sickly leaf—
The first a dose, the last a sweet relief.
Serve us not Gaskell, M'Intosh, or Ferrier,
Such as may make us wise, but scarcely merrier.
Inspid Burney—Edgeworth's placid tales—
So stored with dowdy prudes and moral males ;
Such charming men, who blend both love and
prayer,

[*With Miss Yonge's labors.*]

Who sigh and die like Redclyffe's languid Heir.
This diet *fade* can't suit the general wish ;
Sensation finds Cayenne to spice the dish,
Sprinkles some lunacy, fierce oaths, mistrust,
And peppers high, with murder or with lust,

[*With Lady Audley.*]

A stately woman, with a cold, clear air,
In staring mauve, and waves of yellow hair ;
Sweet fallen bigamists in lonely rooms,
Who murder poachers, and who marry grooms—

[*The Satirist is facetious on the Plot of "Lady Audley's Secret."*]

Lest idle tongues the frightful secret tell,
They hide their husbands in convenient well ;
Are tracked by lawyers, who so skilful grow,
They "lead their circuits" in a year or so !
Lay on the flaming tints so thick and broadly,
Paint in, with clumsy brush, a Lady Audley.
Soon will the book through ten editions fly ;—
Great Mudie smiles, and eager thousands buy.
Melting such fierce ingredients in the pot—
How feeble "Makepeace," Bulwer, Dickens,
Scott !

If we must mix these horrors, or must feast
On nightmare dishes, mixed with goblin yeast,

[*He raveth of Dumas the Elder.*]

Turn we to Dumas, that romancer brave ;
He has the art to blend the rope—the glaive.
Magician skilful, who with happy knack,
Compounds the shriek, the ambush, and the
sack ;

The hot pursuit, the fall from beetling rock,
Duel a mort, the torture, and the block.

[*Of William Harrison Ainsworth.*]

E'en welcome Ainsworth, with his poisoned bowls,
His well-daubed horrors, and his plagues and
Ghouls,

Whose gristly spectres from the churchyard stalk,
Whose gallant thieves ride all the way to York ;
O'erdrawn and rude, too hot and strong and
coarse,

Yet worked with skilful hand and nervous force.
Ah, clumsy workmen ! and most awkward Fry !
Not ev'n with skill your stupid craft you ply !
These stale ingredients known to all the street,
Were mixed before in many a penny sheet ;
"Heralds" and "Journals," "Guides," that
are no guide,

This stale device *ad nauseam* have tried ;
And the grim tale of Ada, the Betrayed,
Has scared the heart of many a servant-maid.

[*He describeth a theatrical "run" with a bitterness
that is suspicious.*]

Down at the gaping Arch, along the Strand,
See how the huddled crowds all sweltering stand !
Flanked by a stalwart wife, the burly cit
Pants through the press, and struggles for the
pit.

What female shrieks, what cries, and rended
clothes !

What British hustling, and what British oaths !
A chilling notice scatters general gloom,
The strugglers read there's only "Standing
Room."

Adelphi revels in a glorious run—

They tremble lest the piece have just begun :

O'erflowing boxes, pit, and galleries—

Heads upon heads in human Alps arise !

Ah, yes ! some garland fresh the lieges twine,
New homage for their "Williams, the Divine."

[*He breaks into a sarcastic rapture over the "Bard of
Avon."*]

Our Avon Swan—the poet of all time !

Dear to each British heart his tuneful chime :

They battle fiercely with the Frenchman lean
Who dares to whisper Corneille or Racine.

The nation's darling and its choice delight—

Do they not rush to see him every night ?

Alas ! he draws nor crowds, nor copious pelf,
Immortal Williams pines upon his shelf !

His solemn strains evoke the weary yawn,

[*He girdeth at the "Colleen Bawn."*]

All London rushes to the Colleen Bawn.

No marvel that a tale so true and old,

Which gentle Griffin once so sweetly told,

Should charm the crowd when dressed with scenic
arts,

And touch a chord in even Cockney hearts.

Still though they hearken as the red-cloaked Eily
Bewails her fate and pretty woes so shyly,

And though they grin while Miles the Irish rogue
Scatters his bulls, his blunders, and his brogue,

Still, 'tis not wit or nature draws the town,

They wait to see the luckless maiden drown !

Ah, longed-for moment ! mark, the Water Cave !

See on the brink NaCoppaleen the brave.

[*Also at the "Peep-o'-Day."*]

How poorly seem the feats our sires have done—

Once—thirty nights was talked of as a run ;
But now three hundred nights they rush to see
A lonely quarry and a bending tree !
The bridge cut down, the heroine distraught,
The villain near—escape is vainly sought !
For heavenly help she prays—past human aid—
Ah, die she must ! avert, avert, the spade !
When, see ! the hero—light the darkness tinges—
Descends the tree which bends by real hinges.

[*The Satirist deals sourly with the "Corsican Brothers."*]

Now to the "Princess" and its gaudy scene !
Hush ! harken to the nasal chaunt of Kean :
Glide o'er the stage, twin brothers in their shirts,
With gory dabs—stage token of their hurts.
But soon we weary of the shirted spectre,

[*Is severe upon the Hamlet of M. Fechter.*]

So welcome the Shakspearean Frenchman, Fechter ;

We yawn for years at Hamlet, crazy fellow ;
Ah, happy thought ! just dye his wig bright yellow !

Fetch that new reading from the Frenchman's larder,

Bid him say "dis" and "dat" and "my poor Fader."

Then shall a hundred nights reward his pain,
The boxes fill, and Shakspeare rules again !

[*He playeth Histriomastix with Spurgeon and his Tabernacle.*]

Now when the week is gone, with all its toys,
Still has the sabbath left some comic joys,
When the frail saints and sinners of the age
Devoutly hurry to their Sunday stage ;
And, trembling lest the comic show they lose,
Crowd to the holy stalls and cram the pews.
The greasy man of God bewails their sins,
Fits on his pious collar and then grins !
Fills all the sacred place with laughter loud,
Lays down his rug, and tumbles for the crowd.
Ah, sad, degrading show ! a white-tied clown—
Joe Miller Priest—Paul Bedford in a gown ;
Profanest jester that the world e'er saw—
Engage him, Buckstone—he will surely draw.

[*The last extravaganza—Pepper's Ghost.*]

Now does the London world—the Cockney host—

Run to the show to gape at Pepper's Ghost !
What stupid wonder as the spectres pass—
A feeble trick—an image on a glass !
Such Christmas toys have boyish hearts beguiled,
A Magic Lantern must delight the child !
Nor must the Muse forget what sports allure—
Their low and witless slang, their "Perfect Cure."
Two dancing clowns, now panting o'er and o'er,
And as they pant, the Britons louder roar !

[*The Blondin mania.*]

Yet is there found a feast, more piquant still—
Ten thousand Cockneys rush to Gipsy Hill ;
Ten thousand join in one excited stare ;
Ten thousand mouths are gaping at the air.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 1143

Filled with delicious fear and fluttering hope,
They watch a Frenchman capering on a rope !
A hungry gaze pursues his timid track,
He fries an egg, or stumbles in a sack !
Some jaded soul, all *blase* with the town,
Quite longs to see the Juggler spinning down—
Dashed to the earth, in spite of boasted craft ;
Sensation ne'er supplied so spiced a draught.

[*The Leotard phrenzy.*]

So at the sham Alhambra, where he sees
The skilful gymnast spring from his trapéze,
Fly through the air, along the fearful track,
At every swoop he risks his lithesome back.
But soon it thins ; the trick begins to pall ;
'Tis known that skill has made the danger small.
So in the circus, Roman mobs were brought,
Who howled applause when gladiators fought ;
And thus our English crowds look cold and shy,
Unless their mountebanks prepare to die !
Welcome this pleasing flutter and alarm,
Who shall deny—'tis blood that gives the charm.

[*The "Anonyma" curiosity.*]

See in the park the flock of damsels fair,
With monstrous skirts o'erflowing many a chair,
Belles, who through ball-rooms sweep, in glittering cars—

A throng of matrons, dandies, and mammas.
Most charming fusion ! See the Fool, the Wit,
The Cad, the Peer, the Countess, and the Cit.
Hark ! from the walk a fluttering murmur steals,
Quick tramp of hoof, the sound of whirling wheels ;

See how the virgins fair and eager males
Fly from their chairs, and boldly line the rails.
"Sweet ponies ! darlings !" gentle voices cry—
A flash—and see—Anonyma flits by !
Oh, prim forefathers ! humdrum, and so staid,
Most happy change ! we call a spade, a spade !
Our fearless dames now touch the cheek with paint,

Talk of all sins, and still forbear to faint ;
Sing us their strange songs, and boldly preach
Of "doves all soiled"—or name "a damaged Peach."

[*The Traviata mania.*]

Sweet innocents who fear no grim Avatar,
Who mourn the sorrows of a Traviata,
Restrain the cold reproof, the sneer, the scoff,
Redeemed by such a voice and such a cough.
The Basso Doctor comes in haste to see,
First fetches a deep note, then takes his fee.
A sweet republic, where 'tis all the same—
Virtue and vice, or good, or doubtful fame.
The frail one finds in shops a curious mate,
And simpers slyly at the mitred Tait.
Coarse "Skittles" hangs beside a Spurgeon
"carte,"

With stare, unblushing, makes the decent start.

These are thy freaks, SENSATION ! where they tend
No modest eye can see, nor mark the end !

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.*

THE famous Duke of Brunswick, he surely must
be blest,

With the richest hoard of diamonds that ever man
possest :

So rich and rare, so bright and fair, were never
known before—

I almost feel it wealth enough to tell of such a
store.

There's one of curious history traced back to a
Turkish sabre,

Another, supposed invaluable, belonged to the
Emperor Baber ;

And a *solitaire* of twelve rich gems, whose chron-
icles reveal

That they buttoned the vest of Pedro, the Empe-
ror of Brazil.

There's one of surpassing lustre, but of a black-
ish dye,

That served for many centuries as an Indian
idol's eye.

There's one that blazed on a German throne, and
one of the purest sheen

That upon the lily finger shone of Mary, the
Scottish queen.

Diamonds bright as the starry spheres, and dia-
monds dark as the jet,

And two that have dangled at the ears of Marie
Antoinette.

In short, the rarest collection of ancient or mod-
ern time ;

But to give the merest catalogue is beyond the
province of rhyme.

You must see the duke's own volume for their
histories, lustre, and rate,

Which he gives in octavo pages two hundred and
sixty-eight.

Now surely, the duke is the happiest man that
lives this side o' the grave.

Alas ! he is chained by his diamonds ; he is body
and soul their slave !

In a Bastile house at Paris he lives, shut up
from the sun and the breeze,

By a great dead wall surrounded, and a warlike
chevaux de frise.

*The duke's confidential servant, who had been
entrusted with the secret of the lock, lately stole
these diamonds, but was overtaken, and the gems
recovered.

So that when the sceler touches a prong he
touches a secret spring,

And raises the larum loud and long as the bells
of the Bastile ring.

Deep sunk in these dark defences lies the bed-
room of the duke,

Into which the honest light of heaven is scarcely
permitted to look—

A room with one chink for a window, and a door
with wonderful guards,

Which opens to one alone who knows the secret
of the wards ;

And into the strong, thick wall of his room, in a
double-ribbed iron chest,

Like cats' eyes gleaming in the gloom, the living
diamonds rest.

Before them lies the happy duke, with a dozen
loaded pistols,

That he, without leaving his bed, may enjoy and
defend the precious crystals.

But grant that a burglar scales the wall, vaults
over the *chevaux de frise*,

Breaks open the door and slays the duke. What
then ? Is the treasure his ?

Not yet ; for the duke had closed the safe ere
the thief to his chamber got ;—

If he force the locks, four guns go off and batter
him from the spot !

Now is not the duke the happiest man that lives
this side o' the grave ?

Alas ! he is chained by his diamonds ; he is body
and soul their slave !

He dares not leave his diamonds ; he dares not
go from home ;

O'er the cloud-capt heights, through the lowly
vales, he has no heart to roam.

Beside the diamond's costly light all other light
is dim ;

Winter and summer, day and night, can take no
hold on him.

Methinks he would be a richer man were he as
poor as I,

Who have no gems but yon twinkling stars, the
diamonds of the sky.

Could he the dewy daisies love, those diamonds
of the sod,

Methinks he were a happier man, and a little
nearer God.

I also think, could he sell all and give it to the
poor,

The famous Duke of Brunswick's name would
gloriously endure.

—Good Words.

From Good Words.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

I.—THE CORNISH COAST SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

WHEN inland people hear of a shipwreck, if they picture the scene, they think of a hurricane, and of billows running mountains high, and of canvas torn to ribbons and streaming in the wind, and of other proper accompaniments of such a catastrophe. But those who have lived long upon a seaboard, especially if they have spent winters upon a dangerous coast, well know, not only that many a good ship goes to the bottom in still water, but that the breaking up of the stoutest build may take place apart from a tornado; nay, at a time when the heavens are dappled with the bright clouds that indicate settled fine weather. In truth, if one would rightly estimate the inherent powers of this mighty Atlantic which washes our shores, one should see the mantling waves thereof doing their work of destruction, in their own manner, upon man's work, at a time when the torn sails of a wreck, instead of streaming out from the splintered masts to leeward, hang motionless from the yards. No doubt there must have been a hurricane some while ago—*somewhere*—otherwise a ship of large size would not have come to lodge itself high upon the rocks, where now we find it; but this cyclone raged away upon the ocean, perhaps five degrees, or more, of west longitude, and ourselves on shore, at the Land's End, may have had no other notice of it than has been given us by the awful swell that has lately shaken the North coast as high up as Lundy Island. And this notice also we have had—that sea-weed enough to manure the duchy has skirted Mount's Bay, all along shore from St. Buryan to Cuddan Point.

More sublime and more impressive than a riotous hurricane, is such a spectacle of the proper heaving and battering force of the waves, when a mighty swell from the mid-ocean comes mantling up channel to do its

work of ruin upon a ship of one thousand tons, that has wedged itself somewhere in the jaws of an iron coast. Such jaws there are at the foot of several promontories, between the Longships and Hartland Point; and these ("Cape Death," each of them might well be called) are marked by the huge fractured timbers that sprout up in the caves and recesses of the adjoining coast, where the relics of wrecks have found depth enough of sand to root themselves firmly, and where they kept their position through a winter or two;—or perhaps even for many winters.

A shipwreck, if we are thinking of the demolition of a large vessel *near in-shore*, has indeed been *occasioned* by the winds; but it is actually *effected* by the waves. It may be that jagged rocks, or firmly compacted sands, hold the victim fast, and forbid its escape. Then comes in to do its office the hydraulic force of the sea, which shows itself to be a power of *lifting*, and a power of *battering*, and a power of *rending* and *tearing* and *ripping*, and splitting to shreds, and, as one might say, of *chewing*, such hard aliment as iron-bolts, copper-sheeting, oak-planking, and teakwood timbers. Not unfitly might the final process of a shipwreck of this sort be likened to the manner of the tiger, or the cat, with its victim, if it be a prey of the larger sort; for the ravenous brute takes up the quivering creature by the shoulders, gives it a bang on the ground, and a violent shake, and again another bang, until it has knocked the life out of it, and then rends open the entrails. Thus may one see this smooth-faced Atlantic, that purrs so gently upon the lap of Mother Britannia at some times, at another time doing vengeance upon one of her helpless craft, held fast in a corner.

It may need the poet's eye to put a metaphoric sense upon the face of Nature—inland; and it may need the poet's tongue duly to speak of mountains, hills, woods, rivers, plains, as if these material objects were en-

dowed with soul and sentiment; but I think one must be quite of an unpoetic temperament not to be prompted to impute a soul of its own to the ocean—especially at those times when, some time after the tempest is stilled, the great deep is seen to be travelling on in-shore in its might, as if moving at its own proper impulse, and as if it were bent upon the achievement of a purpose which it has meditated in some far-off longitude, and is resolved now to accomplish. At such a time the meditative spectator is apt to imagine that this awful force—this world of waters—is endued with a mind and a will, and is mustering its host of waves, banners spread, to meet an enemy. On a fine morning—let it be in November, when barely a breeze is stirring—you take your position aloft, upon the abutment of rocks opposite the Longships, and let it be at the height of the spring tides, when not merely is the tide on the flow up channel, but when a mountain of water is in progress to choke the channel on both sides, and to flood all the harbors of the Devon coast, and of South Wales. Then it is, and at such a time and place, that you may see the Atlantic quite itself; and then it is that you may hear *its own voice*, not mingled with the roar of a storm. In a storm there is a deafening racket of outrageous winds, and nothing far and wide is to be seen but millions of rags of froth streaming high in air, and gone inland to scour the moors. At such a time it may seem that ocean is the party that suffers, and that Auster or Boreas is the wrong-doer; but a deep ocean-well, at flow of the tide, in quiet weather, offers to view a spectacle which touches upon the sublime in this way, that a greater volume of *movement* and a greater amount of *action* than is seen in any other instance in Nature, is going on under the eye at the impulse of *one law* in dynamics; and this one law is now taking effect without disturbance or abatement, and without noise.

There is, moreover, one *form* or model of the wave that governs this movement, and there is one hue or color, far and near, that pervades the scene. No distant gay horizon attracts the eye, no rainbow-streaks adorn the mid-distance. Seldom does there appear in the offing so much as a feathery breaker. All that you look at is sheer force, which shows itself as the symbol of a power that is unmeasured and irresistible. Nevertheless,

these aspects of sublimity in the material world, if the sublimity be *material*, and nothing else, may quickly be overmatched in its effect upon the imagination by a very small admixture of an element of another and a higher order. Let only one drop of emotion touch our human sympathies, and suddenly mingle itself with this material sublimity, and in a moment I feel that human life and human souls and human affections outweigh the wide Atlantic and all its waves. Let it be that just now, where I stand, looking down upon this magnific heaving of the bosom of the ocean, there enters—somewhere in the mid-distance—upon the field of vision an object which is not by itself at all conspicuous, and which yet is not to be mistaken: it is a dismantled vessel lifting itself painfully over the billows. The ship is disabled, but it is not deserted, for a signal of distress has just now been hoisted at the stern. Thus it is that the sublime in the things of earth or of ocean is found to be of little account comparatively: for what are hurricanes, or earthquakes, or volcanic eruptions? or what, if we could witness it, what would be even the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll, if, at the heart of this upthrow of the elements, human life and human weal and woe were seen to be trembling in the crisis of its fate! There is now in view this ship; two of her masts are shivered, but she carries sail, and she is seen to obey the helm—she holds her head to the sea, and it is possible that she may weather the rocks, for she has yet two hours of daylight, and an hour of the flow of the tide up channel. Are there any hands on board able to stand to their duty? Only let the ship work herself fairly out of Whitesand Bay, and she may be able to get into St. Ives, or perhaps Padstow. Within a very little—it is not more than a cable's length—and she may do it! How hard does she labor, foreship and abaft, as if bravely intent to save her dozen hands on board! Shall they be saved? Saved or lost they must be before the next morning's light. A group of the people of the next nearest fishing village has gathered on to the spot whence this doubtful run for life or death may best be witnessed. Every heart, or surely every *human* heart, beats with hope and fear; and there are women, too, in the crowd—mothers with their babies; these mothers, at least, will feel as woman does.

But is it so in fact? If I ask so strange a question as this, in a tone as if it could be asked in doubt, I must go back to the recollections of many years—fifty years or sixty—when things were seen and done on the Cornish coast which, as I suppose, have long ago ceased to be seen or done there. And it must now be seventy or eighty years, or more, since such things were done, as would at this time seem to be quite incredible if they were narrated.

I ask leave, then, to travel up the stream of time a full half-century, or thereabouts; and when we are there—that is to say, the reader and the writer—we will lodge ourselves snugly in a tidy house, in the cleanest street of a small fishing town, where droves of pack-horses laden with copper ore may be seen at any time, and where the hubbub of the pilchard fishery may be witnessed in August and September.

With what sort of preparation is it that the fit of fury comes on, when a gale indeed is, as they say, a-brewing? The prognostics are of the sort that are seldom, if ever, falsified; for it is to be understood that those great meteorologic evolutions of which hurricanes are a part only, or of which they are the *closing act*, are wrought out upon a vast scale—a scale much too large to be liable to the caprices of our every-day alternations of sunshine and shower. The tornado may have come down to the surface in a northern latitude from an upper region of the equatorial atmosphere, and it may actually impinge upon only a hundred or two hundred miles of the earth's surface in a northern latitude; but this surface of impact, as it may be called, is the segment of a circle the diameter of which may measure five hundred or a thousand miles. The atmospheric mass, thrown off from the tropics with equatorial speed, comes down charged with a great part of its tropical velocity; and therefore, although there may have been a dead calm fore and aft of the storm, the storm itself, where it does touch the surface, lashes the ocean to a rage, scatters ships, and, inland, it uproots the oaks out of which future ships should have been constructed. This great telluric uproar will not fail, therefore, to show signs of its coming a day or two beforehand. The sky and the clouds give evidence that a change has had place in the electric condition of the atmosphere; and it is a change which will

not disappoint either the fears of sailors, or the hopes of Cornish wreckers!

The south-western extremity of England—that is to say, the counties of Cornwall and Devon—stretch out as an exception, geographically, to the *lay* of the land wherever it runs far out to sea; for everywhere almost, in such instances, the *trend* is north and south, rather than east and west. Look to the map, and you will find fifty outstretching lands pointing toward the poles, for one which resembles the south-western outstretch of England. Then this projection, almost due west as it is, although it is on a small scale as compared with the contour of continents, yet it so presents itself toward the Atlantic that it brunts the great tidal flow in its way to skirt the island in three masses or volumes—the Atlantic Ocean parting off at the Scilly Islands, in one volume for the English Channel, in another for the Bristol Channel, and in another for St. George's Channel.

Tides and winds act and react upon each other, as contiguous bodies in motion must do; and in proportion as each element is in commotion, this correspondence must be increased; an equatorial hurricane and a spring tide coming together, bring clouds and waves to a tumultuous meeting, and the muster of these forces may be witnessed nowhere better, perhaps, than from one of those spurs of the granite range which runs on, as a spine from the Tors of Dartmoor to the Land's End. Find a niche into which you may, at the worst, run for shelter at moments of the most furious onslaught of wind and rain.

This December's day the wind has been steadily on the increase from the early morning, and huge masses of cloud have continued to tumble on toward shore, as if, having borne a heavy load all the way across from the Mexican Gulf, these clouds were in haste to lay down their burden on the nearest land they could find. Here and there, ragged rents in the cloud-mass give a glimpse of the blue sky. Blue it is not, or it is no such blue as that which gives its charm to an August afternoon; but, instead of this, the sky has shown a raw, fierce-looking, and ill-tempered slate color, and it is bordered by edgings of cloud that bespeak the violence that had caused them.

Day is now declining, and the heavens

scowl upon us darker and darker every minute: the rounded hills of the moorland, with their granite peaks, are all of one hue—it is a blackened heather; but the higher ridges are at this time more often hidden by the clouds than exposed. At such a time the Tors of Dartmoor are wrapped in heavily dragging clouds, for they are of greater height than those of Cornwall, which yet are mostly hidden. Much rain had not at present fallen; but a sullen bluster, with its violent gusts, once and again through the day, had threatened what should come at sunset, or an hour after it. There could be no motive for staying out upon the moors until after dark, for there will be nothing now to be seen until to-morrow's daybreak. In leaving the high land and turning coastward to descend a rugged way, one descries several vessels just on the sea line—there may be perhaps a dozen—laboring up channel, if by any means they might reach harbor while the day lasts. They carry the least possible canvas. But now how many of these vessels shall be able to get inside a harbor before morning? Some brave fellows, perhaps many, at this very moment as we turn homeward, are taking their last look of daylight!—and they know it is so; for they know it must be a miracle almost that should avert their fate!

This next morning is a Sunday morning. The scene, as I have said, is a snug lodging in a decently furnished house, the look-out being into the narrow street of a town—*somewhere* on the Cornish coast,—whether on the north or south coast does not concern anybody just now,—and it was at a *time*, a little way on in the nineteenth century, or let us say it was a fifty years back from this current year, 1863. The dull morning is only just breaking, yet we are astir; and there is already a good fire in the kitchen, and a clean cloth is laid for the lodgers' breakfast in the tidy parlor. But now let me say in regard to all that follows—and I say it in candor—that if, in a *dramatic sense*, I report conversations uttered much longer ago than the Battle of Waterloo, it is *the dramatic import only* of such conversations that I vouch for, not the *ipsissima verba*; and, likewise, as to the descriptions I may give of what I remember to have seen, I must be understood to describe things in an *artistic sense*, not as if I were giving evidence in a court of justice. There is,

I say, a stir in the kitchen: there are six or seven speakers—men's voices, which are half-suppressed; but the tones are high pitched, in that manner which is characteristic of the people of the duchy, running up from the first syllable of a sentence to the last, which goes as high as the human voice is capable of. Some while before the earliest dawn "My Uncle Jemmy Polgreen" had come in as if to warm his fingers at his neighbor's fire. The town, too, was all alive; and, as "My Uncle Polgreen"* was known to be the best-informed man in the place, several neighbors had followed him into the kitchen, and had ranged themselves around the fire, while the good woman, our hostess, gives a poke to the fire to make the kettle boil for our breakfast.

"There is a five come ashore in the Bay, that's certain," says my Uncle Polgreen; "and they tell me there is a brig on the sands off Hayle Copper House; and if she's *there*, sure enough she'll never get off."

"Five ashore in the Bay! what are they, and whereabouts?"

"There's three sloops, there's a brig, and something from Normandy—they don't know what; but we shall hear after breakfast."

"Where do ye say they are?"

"There's a sloop—which be nothing of consequence to us—on shore here, close under Gulwal Longrock; they say she's in ballast, and was coming in to load ore from Huel Abram for Swansea."

"What next?"

"Next is a sloop, in stannary tin; she could not clear the Longships, and so was forced to put back; to no good to them nor to anybody."

"Some of our people were over from Mousehole last night, and they say that off Tol Pedn Penwith there was a brig, laboring all day to wear round the point; but nobody believed she could possibly do it. They say she is the *Fanny*, of Bristol, with fruit from Smyrna: that is—fruit and coffee, and silks, perhaps."

"Fruit and coffee and silks?"

"Yes, just so."

Another speaker: "I shall be off and see what's to be the luck out of all this."

"But there's one more to be spoken of."

"Yes; and it might be the best of the bunch—only—it's a ship gone ashore under

* Elderly men in Cornwall are called "My Uncle"—elderly women, "My Aunt."

Perran; what the cargo may be we don't quite know."

"What's the matter, then?"

"The cutter's people have got the inkling of her; and are close in on the look-out."

"Is that certain? How do you know it?"

"Because, before day, I saw Ben Nash and his men carrying their boat on their shoulders down to town, to put her off from the rocks as near as they could; and this was to go on board, to take possession for the underwriters. You may be sure they were thinking to go on board, for, as they carried torches, I saw that Nash's face, poor fellow! was as white as his shirt. The cutter's mate had sent him notice of the wreck, and so he couldn't be off going on board. My mind is, there will be very little of consequence to be done this Sunday: so you may take my opinion or not, as you choose; I, for one, sha'n't budge—I shall attend chapel as usual." Thus far "my uncle."

The purport or upshot of this broken talk may be gathered without the aid of an interpreter: it is,—plain English.

It was, as I have said, Sunday; and notwithstanding my Uncle Jem's judicious advice, there was a very scant attendance at any of the services through the day. But, now, if I utter what may sound like an inuendo, disadvantageous to some supposed religious community, I shall not allow the insinuation to go unexplained longer than just over-leaf, where I shall clear up its meaning. In fact, preachers in chapels, that gloomy day, had the mortification of looking upon many empty benches; for the temptation was of overpowering force to men trained from their boyhood in the regular business of "wrecking;" and who—the elders among them, no doubt—had often had a hand in doings to which the wreckings of these later times (fifty years ago) would seem child's play and innocence itself. The worthy folk in whose kitchen this conversation took place, were themselves no savages; they were respectable and well-conducted people—serious in mood, and constant chapel-goers; but they had been used to think wrecking *fair play*. As to the then obsolete practices of decoying ships on to the rocks by false lights, or by hanging a lanthorn to a mare's tail to imitate the motion of a ship's light at the stern; or as to the downright murder of the master and his mate, and his boy—this, these wor-

thy people would scorn to do, or anything of the sort; in truth, practices of this kind had at this time come to be condemned by Cornish public opinion; and it is unquestionable that the spread and the powerful influence of Wesleyan Methodism, had been one of the chief, perhaps it was the *main* means of bringing the ancient horrors of the Cornish coast to an end. Witness now, as a proof of this, what took place the very next Sunday after this that I have named. The superintendent from the nearest Wesleyan metropolis arrived at the town in angry mood: he made strict inquiry as to the attendance at chapel the preceding Sunday; he summoned the absentees, and he deprived of their tickets all those—men and women—who failed to give a satisfactory account of themselves as to their whereabouts on the preceding Sunday!

"We think it no sin to cheat the revenue." Such used to be the doctrine professed all along "in-shore" as to smuggling; and so it was that kegs of spirits, along with French gloves and silk stockings, and other valuable contrabands, were openly offered for sale throughout the southern and western counties, in town and country. "What's the harm?" This was the question asked across the table in well-reputed families. But if it was allowable to defraud the revenue, there could be no very intelligible distinction made between this sort of venial offence and the other offence of plundering a wrecked vessel. This was nothing worse than robbing the underwriters; and as to these gentlemen "in London," everybody knows that they make enormous profits in the way of their business; and as to wrecks and "wreckings," too, they *calculate* upon all these chances, and they square their rates of insurance accordingly. Besides all this—it is as well to save at once, while it may be had, what the waves would swallow if we did not take it."

Casuistry of this order took the more effect upon Cornish folks, because it fell in with a complicated system of gambling, which at that time (I have known very little of the duchy of late years) affected each of those great lines of business that are the distinction of the county. Large fortunes were won and lost in these speculations: yet this was not the worst of the case; for *small* fortunes, and *very small* fortunes, were every day (or used to be) won and lost in a manner that could

not much differ from gambling; nor did this gambling differ much, in its issues, from robbery. People who were not above the condition of laborers, and small shopkeepers, artisans also, and needlewomen, might be wealthy this week, and paupers next week. It is this *commutation* of what may be called the luck of the county which disturbs and distorts the stated industry of any people; and, in doing so, it debauches their morality. Thus, then, it came about, that whereas the fate of a vessel, now near in-shore, and driving before a gale,—the people on board known to be likely to perish,—ought to touch every human heart in one way only, it does in fact put the Cornish coast people upon barbarous calculations, actually making them hopeful of so sad a catastrophe; and then, if hopeful of it, not unlikely to use means for bringing it about.

Hops are a speculative yield to the people of Kent; so are herrings to the people of Yarmouth; nor are mackerel much more to be relied upon; nor can better be said of sprats, certainly not of pilchards. Each of these great staples of trade opens a field, not merely for fair trade, but for speculation also, and so for gambling; yet not all of them in an equal degree, for some of these “yields” are not of a kind that can be stored, or that can be held long in hand. Pilchards for the Leghorn market can be stored only to a certain extent. If you would know how precarious the yield is, follow the men that take their glasses to the bill-tops in the early days of August:—see how eagerly they peruse the sea line, from the Lizard or Cuddan Point, to St. Buryan, and you will not doubt that when the approach of the pilchard shoal is indicated by the sparkling tinge on the farthest horizon, the haste of the men which you see to put the boats out is animated not simply by the prospect of an average harvest of fish, but by the *chance* of a catch of luck that shall justify a doubtful speculation in “a boat and a net.” A fleet of pilchard boats, and the net thereto belonging, is likely to be in the hands of a large holder of sheds and barrels also; but as it is with copper ore, so with fish, that very small people split shares among themselves to an extreme subdivision; and so it is that a sixteenth of a share in Huel Cudder, or some other mine, or a twentieth share in a boat and a net, may be the entire personal estate of the occupant

of a hovel. These subdivisions, and these buyings and sellings and transfers in the copper and the fish share-market, while they impart life and intelligence to the laboring and the small trading classes in Cornwall, do also diffuse among them the restlessness and the lawlessness that are known to be everywhere the characteristics of gambling, especially of gambling when it is broken so small as to come within the means of those who do not own two coats.

Truly there was needed the strong arm of a powerful sacerdotal body—such as that is which makes known its will in the decrees of the Wesleyan “Conference”—to subdue and govern a population that for centuries had yielded itself to the influences of mines, fisheries, smuggling, and wrecking. Methodism, which has failed to take any appreciable hold of Devonshire, with its agricultural clotted-cream simpletons, has done indeed a great work of reformation in Cornwall. Like a “strong man armed,”—armed with the main truths of Christianity, has it thus broken into the house of a giant, and has (in good measure) “spoiled his goods.”

I do not know that the business of “wrecking” has so far been brought under the conditions of ownership in *shares*, as that the luck which may reward bold speculations therein could be dealt in “on ‘Change.” Probably not, and hence it is that these fruits of rough weather, these harvests of the hurricane, have always been left to be gathered by lawless hands, and are reaped by the axe and hatchet of the spoliator. Often in remote times has a miserable crew been first seduced to its fate upon the rocks in thick weather, and then not seldom has the master, the mate, and the crew, too few and too feeble to fight for their lives, in escaping from among the breakers, been hurried to their end by the bludgeons of savage coastmen. Such have been the murky traditions of a time that is now, we may believe, long gone by.

But just now, putting away gloomy tales of robbery and murder in times gone by, we are intending to think only of what might be called the sublime in hydraulics. It is a spectacle (to which I made allusion in the first column of this paper)—it is the breaking up of a ship under the sheer force of the waves, effected, for the most part, in calm weather.

It was at another time that the people of a small fishing town on the Cornish coast had been listening, from half-hour to half-hour through a stormy night, to the melancholy echoes of a gun, fired from a ship known to be somewhere outside the granite reef that hedges in the cove at the bottom of which the town stands. Nothing of deeper draught than the fishing boats of the place ever came willingly so near inland as this ship must be which is firing its signals of distress. Yet the call could be of no avail; for even with the best intention, or even with the worst, no boat's company could attempt to go out at that time;—the night dark, and the sea running so high that the boats which had been hauled upon the shingle out of the reach of harm, as it was thought, had been thrown against each other, and half filled with water. Everybody knew what sort of spectacle would await the revelation of the approaching daylight. The people of the village, one and all, men and women and children, the women hugging their infants in their gray cloaks, were down on the beach some time before any object could be distinguished to seaward. A raging sea, now at ebb, a blustering gale, rattling tiles from the roofs, flapping canvas and cordage:—the candles, even in lanterns, could not be kept alight. The flash of the gun from time to time gave evidence as to the whereabouts of the stranded ship, whatever it might be, and the men had no doubt on this head—"She is right on the ridge, that's certain."

It was likely that the *inquilini* of this place—not used perhaps to confront the very worst weather before day—would wait indoors until after dawn at such a time. A very peculiar feeling—a something of dread and wonder, and a something of dismay, and a something, too, it must be confessed, of pleasurable excitement—attends the moment when, in turning the corner of a range of houses, or of a jutting rock, one catches the first sight of a huge mass, standing or lying prostrate where it could not have come at all otherwise than by means of a terrific mischance. Think, now, how you would feel if, on stepping out of doors in your quiet town, you saw the body of the church which yesterday occupied its site on the adjoining hill, lying flat on its side, and smashing the sheep-pens and the stalls in the market-place! Such was the spectacle of that December morning when the

sea mist blew off. There before us, and quite near, was an Indiaman of 1,400 tons, pitched in upon the rocks! The ship was not indeed flat upon its side, but it was marvellously high up on shore: so far in, and so high, that the drooping cordage of the bowsprit had swept away a flag-staff reared at the extreme edge of the shingle!

At this time, which might be about eight o'clock in the morning, the fog was clearing off from the sea; and the sea had run out far, for this was the fifth of the spring tides; and it was a tide extraordinary too. An unusual breadth of rocks showed their bare ruggedness, saving the many pools which marked the cavities. A deep drift also of sea-weed (*Fucus vesiculosus*) edged the cove, and upon this oily bedding there lay, thickly strewed, a deposit of green coffee, which had floated on shore from where the bags and chests of the ship's lading had been thrown overboard.

But now all eyes are fixed upon this Indiaman!—a big ship indeed it was; and its sombre hull—visible as it lay from the very keel to the rails of the gunwale and quarter-deck—made all objects around it, or I should say all human works, appear small. A sea unusually high had fairly lifted the huge vessel over the flat where, otherwise, she must have struck the ground; and this wave had carried her on to the pitch of a reef near in-shore. Yet the ship had not quite cleared this ridge, and when this one wave retired, the stern, with the weight of the chains—the anchors—the masts—the shrouds—the cross-trees, had swayed over, and had come to its rest in a hollow, while the bows and foreships tilted up high in the air. The ship also, in settling down, had got a lurch on the star-board side. So it was that the loftiness of the structure, seen from the keel to the gunwale, so presented itself to the eye—as a prodigious mass—in length and height.

The ship as yet had sustained no very material injury, beyond the loss of the fore-mast and yards, with the cross-trees and shrouds: there was also a leak somewhere amidships; but there could be no immediate fear of its going to pieces; and although it might be a hopeless attempt to float her off, much might yet be done for the benefit of the underwriters. This was, in fact, an instance which saved the people of this coast all damage to their tender consciences, for the victim was too big to come within the range of their line of busi-

ness; the ship's company also were too many for them; and besides this, it was known that an agent of the underwriters had already arrived; and, moreover, a revenue cutter was understood to be not far away. As to the mighty Atlantic, there was no probability *now*, as the spring tides were already on the turn, that the next tide should reach this reef at all, or should cause alarm to the crew or passengers, if they chose to remain on board for a while.

What and who were the crew and the people on board? This is the next inquiry. Crew and passengers together were numerous enough to present themselves as a crowd, peering over the larboard rails. The motley assemblage exhibited a great variety of costume. The captain and his first lieutenant had already come on shore, having slung themselves from the tackle at the bow; and they were at this time seen to be in earnest conference with an official person who had arrived, and they were taking measures, first, for getting the passengers on shore, and then for securing the interests of the owners and underwriters. Holding fast to the taffrail and gunwale, so as to retain their position on the tilt of the quarter-deck, might be seen four or five passengers, and among these was a lady and her children—their dishevelled locks and shawls were streaming in the wind. The terrors of the night had now passed away, and they had accepted the assurance that, for *this day* at least, all would be safe on board; the ship was said to be tight and right, and she lay high up out of the reach of the next tide—so it was thought. Midships, and all the way on to the larboard bow, were gathered the crew,—in part European, and in part also Hindoo; for the ship, which was country-built, from Bombay, had taken a complement of its hands from the native maritime class. These were huddled in a group at the bows and about the fore-castle.

Little had been reported as to how the ship had come to this disaster; but it was affirmed that the gale, which had been blowing now almost a fortnight, had overtaken this Indiaman in or about the Bay of Biscay; and that, after it had blown hard for three or four days, the Hindoos had abandoned themselves in murky mood to despair, and had stubbornly refused to do their part of the duty: they had huddled themselves together upon the cables about the capstan, and there

they squatted, awaiting, as they thought, their inevitable fate. This had thrown so much labor upon the Europeans of the ship's company—officers and men—that they had become utterly exhausted, and were at length incapable of working the ship at all. Nothing could be done, therefore, but leave her to run before the storm until she should pitch somewhere upon the English coast. Fortunately, indeed, did those on board think themselves that they had thus made land in a cove where the lives of all might be saved.

During the morning there had been anxious deliberations on board. Very little peril seemed to be incurred in awaiting at least the approach of the next tide; and as to the passengers, *they* might think there would be less risk in doing so than in attempting to descend upon the rocks from the lofty side of the ship. Besides this, although the people of this Cornish coast *at this time* knew that they should do the wrecked people no bodily harm, it was likely that the passengers, who were returning from India after perhaps a twenty years' absence, might entertain a traditional ill opinion of the "natives" of this Cornish coast.

The captain had already started for London, leaving his officers in charge of the crew, who were to be kept on board to the last,—especially the Hindoos, who by all means were to be held to their berths. The more valuable part of the cargo—such as the bales of silk, the shawls, some chests of tea, and spices—might, it was believed, be brought on shore at leisure without material damage.

The tide was now again on the flow, and about noon the sea once and twice made a leap upon the poop, and actually dashed into the cabins through the broken casements. Yet this tide ebbed as it came; but toward sunset the gale showed signs of renewing its violence, and so the passengers took fright. No doubt the lady on board would look forward in terror to the hours of a long night, throughout which she would be listening to the waves breaking heavily upon the stern bulwarks and deluging the cabins. It is not unlikely, too, that some of the male passengers, gladly listening to the alarms of the lady, would give their votes for getting on shore, if this could be done, by daylight. Daylight was, in fact, now going fast, and not a moment more should be spent in debate. To take to the boat from the gunwale or the

ladder of a lofty ship, when the sea is running high, must at all times be a nice matter. It is so even out at sea, where all the conditions are in a sort under the command of men who feel themselves at home among the waves; but it is far more difficult to effect this operation when great waves, breaking heavily upon a rocky shore, are to be contended with; and to do this, moreover, when a lady and several children are to be duly taken care of. It might have been wise to risk another night on board, rather than to attempt coming on shore at the time when this was done.

Quickly the ship's long-boat was manned, and swung from the chains in preparation for a landing. At this moment each wave in its turn ran up the side of the ship—up and down, not less than twenty feet. The exact instant must be caught when the boat, now afloat, was lifted to its pitch—or let me say—its culmination: two seconds only could be granted!—and in that brief instant a lady—with due observance on the part of rough arms—must be handed down from the gap in the gunwale to the boat: yet the thing was done, and the lady took her seat; but another and another wave must be waited for; the children had not come off with their mother: minutes of suspense in such a case are hours; but after about ten such minutes, the mother and her three children were seated side by side. Yet now there was the landing to be effected; but in effecting this the expert fishermen of the place (not cannibals) did their best: they were already in the water, and they well knew how to bring the boat under the lee of a jutting rock, where a landing would be nothing worse than a wetting. No doubt the lady and her children, as well as two or three passengers who left the ship at this time, would receive every needful hospitality from a somebody on shore. The next day the luggage of these passengers was brought on shore for them, and they, in glad-some mood, left for London.

That next following night was passed in anxiety by the crew and officers on board, who believed themselves again to be in peril. The gale had returned with its utmost fury; the tide rose much higher than is usual so long after the full of the moon. By this time, moreover, the ship, which at the first had taken the ground at the stern, in a rocky cavity filled with sand and drift, had forged

itself down to a lower level, so that now, in fact, the waves beat into the saloon and the chief cabins; nor could shelter have been found anywhere in the aft part of the ship. Again from time to time, through this rude night, those on shore heard the dismal report of the gun, which spoke the alarm of the people on board. But the night cometh, and also the morning—and how welcome is the morning to those who have waited for it as this ship's company had waited for it! The morning showed a sea far enough away; and now there was time for all to come ashore at their leisure. This they did: a motley crew, indeed, with which, and their oriental costumes, and their manners and superstitions, we shall not just now concern ourselves. All lives were saved! and a valuable cargo also in good part was brought ashore. What was abandoned to its fate was only a huge ruin! But why was it thus abandoned? Why not taken to pieces? The answer is this. To take down an old mansion, and to find customers for the materials, for the tiles, the bricks, the windows, the timbers, the floorings, may well pay the cost of the operation. But it is another sort of affair to take a ship to pieces, and then to dispose of its timbers and boards with advantage; and those have not made the experiment who would think it a good speculation to purchase a wrecked Indiaman, country-built, and built of teak wood! The billows must do their wonted office in clearing the shore of this unmanageable compage. That which man has framed, the waves in their might must unmake.

If you would understand the construction and the movements of a clock or a watch, you should stand at the elbow of the artisan who cleans it while he is taking it to pieces for that purpose. For a like purpose you may take a similar course when, as the phrase is, a ship is to be "broken up" in dock. Or if not so, then you may avail yourself of such opportunities as are likely to occur in spending winters at some of those points on the coast where vessels are wont to be wrecked. Sad occasions of this sort are frequent with the coalers, and other small craft of the coasting trade of England and Scotland and Ireland; but the wreck and destruction of ships of large size, happening so near in-shore as to bring the catastrophe, from first to last, under the eye of the people that may there

be the spectators, is an event of infrequent occurrence. If in this instance we describe with particularity such an event, the narrative must not be interpreted in the most rigidly historical sense; but rather as true *characteristically* as to the details. It is enough if the writer describes *veraciously*, in its pictorial aspects, what he has seen actually in the course of bygone years. He is not, as he has already said, giving his evidence on oath concerning the wreck of the "Bombay Castle," or the "Lord Cornwallis," fifty years ago.

The canoe of the Polynesian savage is a tree hollowed out; but the ship of civilization, either ancient or modern, is a vast jointed compage of timbers and of boards, bolted and bound together, in the several modes of scarfing and rebating, and mortising and scoring, as well as of caulking, stuffing, pitching, and lining. And so, you may say, is a house; but here the grounds of contrast, or *unlikeness*, are more than the grounds of analogy. In the first place, as to the *relative position* of almost everything in the house and in the ship. Let us now think of a country house or family mansion complete by itself; and then imagine that you could loosen it from its foundations—turn it upside down—the down side up; and then you will have—as to the general position of the parts—a ship of two thousand tons burden. Let the pavement of the wine-cellars answer for the quarter-deck of the ship, the basement apartments for the midships; the drawing-room and dining-room—only the ceiling where the floors should be—will be almost in their proper places, answering for the corresponding apartments in a ship; and the attics of the mansion will serve to represent her hold and the storeroom.

This is not all; for not only is the ship a house *topsy-turvy*; beside this, the *statical law* of the one structure is almost the reverse of the law which rules in the other structure. Or, to speak more correctly, the difference is this: the house, in every part of it, obeys a *statical law*; while the ship, in every part of it, obeys a *dynamical law*: the one adapts itself to gravitation, acting always *in one direction*; and it regards also the strain of the materials, *when at rest*. The other adapts itself to *forces acting in different directions* with variable intensities, and liable to all those combinations which result from the incessant

movements of the waves, and from the power of the wind acting upon the sails, the masts, the cordage. A house, or a church tower, will continue to stand (earthquakes not included) if only the centre of gravity be always somewhere within the point of support. But a ship must be able to keep itself right—that is to say, decks uppermost—at moments when the centre of gravity of the mass has come to lean far over and beyond the line of support,—supposing the ship to be in dock,—resting on its stays. The line of support shifts when the centre of gravity in the entire mass is thrown off from the perpendicular. This shifting, or alteration of centres, takes place from moment to moment whenever the ship rolls from side to side, or when it pitches the bows and poop alternately uppermost. Therefore it is that this vast framework must be knit and bolted together;—it must be tied, banded, trussed, and cross-lashed by transverse stays, in a manner for which there is no room or occasion in the building of a house. Keep this in mind—that the architect has to consider, and to calculate upon, *gravitation*, and *also* the strength of materials *at rest*. The shipbuilder also considers these same laws; and he has to think *also* of the principles of dynamics, and the laws of Force acting upon a body *in motion*.

So it will be, that whereas an old building will at length fall into ruins, part by part, in a perpendicular direction only; a ship, when thrown on the rocks, and when left to contend there, *first*, with gravitation, for a contest with which it was not intended; and *next*, with the force of the waves, for contending with which it should not be brought to rest *on a solid*—a ship *first* breaks in two—breaks its back, from the want of an evenly distributed support; and then it is rent with violence, bit from bit, because its holdings are strained beyond their power or their inherent tenacity.

We return, then, to the Indiaman, resting where we left her, on a tilt of rocks very near in-shore. But what now is her condition? At this time we may get ourselves on board without risk, and there look about us. All that was thought to be worth the labor of removing it, has already been removed. The sea is now as far away as it ever is on this precipitous coast. The prospect from the up-tilted deck aforeships is somewhat dismal: pools of water, edged with sea-weed, show

their dull reflections of a wintry sky. To seaward the horizon is fringed with breakers, and beyond these one may descry a half-dozen vessels, brigs and sloops, that are tacking up channel. Turning coastward, one admires the gloomy, sepulchral picturesqueness of this granite coast-wall; nor is there much risk in believing that thirty centuries ago, Carthaginian and Tyrian mariners, the contemporaries of Hyram, King of Tyre, and of King Solomon, looked on the very same rugged shapes, when, year by year, they came for their lading of tin and copper.

On board the wreck, the prospect is also dismal enough; desolation reigns there; all things are dismantled; one sees shreds and scraps of things, carvings and gildings and panels, berths and saloons—all now awaiting their destiny to strew the rocks far and near with unsightly fragments. The ship has a little changed her position, as we have said, for she has slid down upon the reef several feet—inasmuch as the drift and sand that had filled the cavity upon the surface of which at first the hull and stern had rested, have now given way, allowing the great weight of the mass to find a more solid support on the bare rock below. Thus it is that lower tides than at first have now reached the wreck: and each tide, as it comes, brings with it a deposit of sand, which enters by the cabin windows and by the leak: this now weighs down the sternmost part of the hull, from about midships to the sternpost. This condition of the wreck, held fast as it is by the weight of this foreign material, gives the sea a great advantage over it, and thus hastens the work of demolition. Although the contrary might seem likely, it is an advantage in regard to the lifting power of the waves, and also as to their power of breaking and rending all things. For seeing how this is, as well as for our own safety, this process of breaking up will best be looked at from a snug position on shore. To understand well what is henceforward going on, we must recollect that this vast framework of bolted timbers—joints, floorings, bulkheads, boardings, linings—is cradled in its place on a tilt or slope of about twenty degrees from the horizontal: the lower portion of this structure, the part from midships to the stern and taffrail, being heavily weighted down with drift sand, seaweed, and bilge water, it is held fast; while the upper part, the foreships, from the bows

to the mizzen-mast—itself empty, and yet of enormous weight, with its machinery, its capstans, its hawsers, its bowsprit yards, the foremast, its shrouds, cross-trees, the copper sheathing, and cap of the hull, and as many of the yards of the mizzen-mast as have not gone over with the canvas. I will not now venture a guess as to what may be the absolute weight of this framework and its attachments and its belongings: it must be very many tons; but this is certain, that when the sea retires the whole of it hangs on a strain—by its bolts and scarfings and mortises, upon the afterpart, just as a timber-framed house would hang, one-half of it upon the other half, if you were to scoop away the whole of the cellars and the sleepers and the underpinning, from that one-half of it. It is true that the ship is so framed as to sustain in part this great strain, but not so as to bear it wholly, or as a dead weight for a length of time. At this time we are thinking of the sea at the ebb—is run out—and therefore is not taking upon itself a portion of this load.

What now may we imagine is happening within the wrecked vessel? The enormous bolts of the keel-pieces and of the futtocks are slowly giving way; the nuts and the heads of these bolts are being drawn; all the joints are gaping; all the timbers above the bilge are parted more or less in their turn. The original sweep of the decks has got a fatal curve, and if the ship has not already broken her back with this strain, she can only be waiting the moment of the next heavy shake, and two or three blows, when she ships a sea; then she will inevitably undergo this mortal injury, and must soon afterwards break up. I have said that the *fixity* of the hull towards the stern gives the sea its advantage in demolishing the forepart, or so much of it as is empty and unfixed. Now we may omit what will have occurred in the interval between the one spring tide and the next; or the next which might happen along with a heavy gale from the west, or soon after such a gale. The sea is again coming on with the full power of its billows—each wave is a mile in length—wave upon wave, resolute, and all like lines of veterans, shoulder to shoulder, determined and intent to reach their places on the field at the destined moment. There may perhaps always be a controversy between mathematicians and or-

dinary lookers-on as to the actual height of waves in a heavy sea—that is to say, a question as to what the perpendicular height is from the lowest part of the trough to the crest of the wave. I freely grant this height is not so great as one may fancy it to be, yet I think it is something more than one finds it set down in treatises upon “undulation.” Be it more or less, here comes the seventh wave, or the eleventh: it comes in its silent pomp of power; and if there were any living men now on board this wreck, they would be expecting their fate at the very next moment. Yet the wave comes, and it runs by, and it breaks with noise upon the shingle ashore.

Nevertheless, it has not passed to no purpose, as to the break-up of the ship. At its height, if you had been in the proper position to observe it, you might have seen an ominous *lift* of the entire foreships, as if it were now released from its dying grasp of the aft part of the hull. And as there has been a *lift*, so also a reel—a shake to and fro—a stagger, resembling that of a wounded or of a drunken man if he be struck on the back. This wave also recedes! and now what a broad deluge is it that sheets itself over the deck amidships, and over the quarter-deck! and how does the torrent rush through the doorways in the stern bulkhead! and what copious fountains do now roar from out of the chief-cabin windows, as if in rage and disappointment—finding nothing there for their pains! This big wave has not only shaken and loosened the foreships, it has given a sort of twist to the hinder part also, which has shifted a little the position of the mass on the rocks. The settling down of the shattered body anew has parted the planking, and in consequence, it has torn the copper sheathing here and there from the bottom, which now bulges and hangs loose. The sharp ridges of the granite reef are grating the timbers of the frame below; of which you may have this evidence—that as the mizzenmast has kicked itself out of its keel, it leans over to starboard, ready for its fall overboard: a fall which is soon to come! Now keep your eye fixed upon the doomed and dying ruin! Life, the life, if we may so call it, of the structure is still in the ship; but the next great wave is slowly coming on; and now it is at its height! The shattered victim is

everywhere enveloped; it is embraced; it is shrouded while it dies; there is a trembling, as if the ship, conscious that her minutes are numbered, shuddered as she feels that she has received her death-blow, and that in the next minute nothing will remain of her noble contour, nothing of her graceful sweep, nothing of her princess pride; nothing but the pitiful fragments that shall strew the shore, or be carried far out to sea!

Yet this wave also spends its fury, and roars and dies upon the shingle. It has done its worst: it is gone, and the shattered foreship, the forward half of the hull, has been rent into frightful framings, which float off to seaward, showing only here and there an elbow above water. Some of these still-bolted timbers anchor themselves in the looser shingle, and there they stick as ghastly monuments, until they are gathered by the coastward people, as a fair gleanings of the ruin, and an acceptable contribution to the stock of winter fuel.

As to the aft part of the hull, the stern, and its solid attachments, they still remain. The shattered mass has settled further down on the reef, the sharp edges of which have cut or splintered the cross-timbers; the knee-pieces have loosened off from the keel and the sternpost; the floor timbers are all torn away; the top timbers are disjointed, and stick out from the ribs; the futtocks are parting from the ribs; the ribs are broken in two; the taffrail has come away; the splintered mainmast went overboard at the first.

Such, now, is this unsightly ruin, in the state in which these last spring tides have left it! The next springs may find it nearly what it is now. We wait a month, and then again watch the work of demolition in its next stage. The quarter-deck is still almost entire, but the sheathing hangs—droops from the bottom; almost all the planks have started. The waves now take an idle run over a fallen foe, and spread, as a broad cataract, down the sides, and rush out through the ports, and froth away from out of every rift. The good ship has been dead for weeks, and yet the skeleton holds together for a time, and it may so hold until the storms of another winter shall have come on to make clearance thoroughly of the dismal ruins which this winter has left.

THE ALLEGED FAILURE OF THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

THE English people, although the most staid and sedate in the world, are singularly given to panics, and about once a year treat themselves to a fright with all the regularity of custom and necessity. The latest cause of national tribulation is the "alleged failure of the Armstrong gun," which, to judge from the language of the British journals, is an epitome of the ignorance, imbecility, incapacity, and jobbery (these being the characteristics during the panic period) of the English War Department. Our own people (the wish evidently being father to the thought) take up the cry of the British panic-makers and without troubling themselves to look into the subject at all pronounce the Armstrong gun defunct with exceeding amiability.

As, notwithstanding its periodical killing off, the gun seems to persist in having an existence, it might be well to examine into its history, present condition, and prospects, and see if possible, how far the charges against it can be sustained. The intention of the British Government is to displace the present cumbrous and dangerous cast-iron gun by supplying a gun of larger calibre and less weight, capable of withstanding safely the explosion of heavy charges of powder—the points to be gained being accuracy, range, velocity, safety, and practical indefinite power of increasing the calibre.

Sir William Armstrong, the *alleged* inventor of the Armstrong gun, asserts that he has met successfully all these requirements, and his assertion is endorsed by the Parliamentary Select Committee. The opponents of the system assert its failure on the score of complexity, liability to injury, excessive recoil, excessive cost, cost of repair, failure in comparison with the 68-pounder cast gun, and inability to bear the rough treatment of real service. The Armstrong gun is made by welding together endwise a number of wrought iron coils or rings, forming a cylinder open at both ends; this cylinder is rifled, and at the breech an oblong hole or slot is cut to receive the plug or vent-piece, which is fitted very accurately and furnished with handles for removing and replacing. At the termination of the breech, and in a line with the bore, a powerful screw is fitted and provided with a lever by which it can be turned with great force against the vent-piece, which in its turn

is crowded against the orifice of the bore; preventing the escape of gas or smoke while firing. To load the gun, unloose the screw, lift out the vent-piece which discloses the bore, slip in the ball or bolt, place the cartridge behind it, replace the vent-piece, secure it with a turn of the screw, and the gun is ready to fire.

What has the Armstrong gun done? It has thrown a rifled bolt from the 12-pounder field-gun 29,000 feet, or nearly five miles and a half, with an elevation of about thirty-five degrees. It can throw a bolt with very nearly the accuracy of the target-rifle. It is pronounced (the 12-pounder field-gun) by the Parliamentary Select Committee "the best gun in the service for rapidity of firing, accuracy, range, ease of transportation, and general effectiveness." It does not risk the lives of the gunners. The 150-pounder *muzzle-loader* has been fired with a charge of seventy pounds of powder without injury to the gun—a feat probably without parallel. The 300-pounder muzzle-loader, fitted for 300-lb. elongated projectile, or 150-lb. round shot, was loaded with a 150-lb. round-shot and fifty pounds of powder, and fired at an iron target, with the following result, quoting from the report of the Shoeburyness trial:—

"The effect of this was instant and tremendous. With a terrific crash it smashed through the thickest (5 1-2 inch) plate of the target,—through cells and backing and inner skin,—shivering into matchwood one after the other two of the massive beams which shored up the target from behind, and, ploughing into the earth beyond, glanced and went up into the hot, still air with a roar that was audible for many seconds. Beams, bolts, and plate had all alike been scattered into fragments far and wide before the passage of this tremendous missile, and one could only look with wonder upon the wreck it had made, and think with something like terror on the effect such a shot would have upon the ship it struck, and above all upon the crew that happened to be inside it when such a thunderbolt of war came in. It was the general opinion; judging from the smashing the shot had inflicted after its passage through the target, and the prolonged flight its sound showed it had made through the air afterwards, that, had a second target of the same kind been behind the first, it would, in all probability, have gone through both. In other words, had a ship been constructed on the principle of this target, it would have gone in at one side and out at the other, making the same ruin of both."

Of five hundred and seventy 12-pounders in service, thirteen have been returned for repairs, of which only three have been pronounced unserviceable and the remainder repairable at an inconsiderable expense. The 12-pounders are field-guns and have been used in the China and New Zealand campaigns with great success. The heavy cast-iron guns in the British navy have in a great measure been laid aside and their places supplied with Armstrong 110-pounders breech loaders, which are the largest guns yet in service—the 150, 300, and 600 muzzle-loaders being as yet experimental. Sir William Armstrong reports that of all the guns made by him, or at the Government workshops on his plan, *not one has burst*, nor has one been destroyed except by the gradual process.* To meet the charge that the guns are too delicate to bear shipment, it is reported by the Master of Ordnance that at the Peiho Forts in China, in New Zealand and Bengal, the guns came out of the ships' holds in perfect order and ready for use.

The disadvantages or weaknesses of the Armstrong gun are: the vent-pieces are troublesome and cumbrous; the lifting out and replacing to load occupy time, and there is liability to leakage of gas at the breech. As the gun increases in size, the vent-piece has to be increased proportionally till, with the 300-pounder gun, a separate machinery for lifting will have to be introduced (if this gun is made breech loading), as the vent-piece will weigh nearly a thousand pounds. With the large guns and very heavy charges of powder the vent-piece is not unfrequently broken, and a spare one accompanies each gun. The machinery for forcing up the vent-piece is complex and in action liable to disarrangement by the accident of an enemy's shot, or violent recoil. In point of fact it is quite

* The "gradual process," mentioned by Sir William Armstrong, is probably what is known to practical gunners as the *lodgment* or indentation of the ball. This first shows itself at the point immediately under the ball where it rests at the moment of the discharge. It is best observed in a soft bronze or wrought iron gun, and from the first instant of its appearance, as a slight impression of the under surface of the ball, it goes on increasing at every discharge until it becomes so deep as to deflect the ball upwards at the instant of its flight to strike the upper surface of the bore, where a second indentation takes place, considerably in advance of the first, and from this a third still more advanced upon the under side. These indentations go on increasing in size and number, and at length bulges appear upon the outside of the gun, which becomes oval near the muzzle and at last is destroyed.

likely that the breech-loading apparatus will be dispensed with altogether in future, as Sir William Armstrong in his large guns has adopted what he calls the "shunt-loading" or muzzle-loading principle, thus returning to the identical gun from which he took all his successful ideas—the Treadwell patent.

The gun is not so strong as the cast-iron gun in its transverse axis. A 6-pounder bronze gun was brought up against a 12 pounder Armstrong at right angles to its length. Three shots were fired; the first struck about eighteen inches back from the muzzle, and perceptibly deflected it from the right line; the second struck half-way between the muzzle and trunnions, and deflected over thirty degrees; the third struck behind the trunnions, and completed the destruction. The distance between the guns in this trial was thirty yards.

The 110-pounder is not so effective a gun for heavy pounding at short range as the 68 pounder cast-iron gun. The 68-pounder with a charge of sixteen pounds of powder gives an initial velocity to the ball of about two thousand feet a second; the 110-pounder Armstrong thirteen hundred feet a second but then the range of the Armstrong is vastly superior to the cast-iron, and while the former appears capable of almost indefinite expansion as to size of bore and weight of projectile, the 68-pounder seems to be the limit of the power of the cast-iron.

The recoil of the Armstrong gun is great but not excessive as stated.

The matter of the excessive cost of the gun may be set at rest by the acknowledged fact that the gun which will do the most work is cheapest, whatever it may cost. The cost of repair, as before mentioned, is slight.

To sum up, therefore, it would appear that, aside from the breech-loading apparatus (which will doubtless be abandoned altogether), the Armstrong gun is very much more of a success than is generally supposed. When the present series of experiments is concluded, England will be able to take the field with 300, 600, and 1000-pounder muzzle-loading guns, which can be safely fired with heavy charges of powder, and *can we say as much?* It is certainly little creditable to us to laugh so loudly at our neighbors supposed mishaps, considering the lamentable failure of our Rodman 15-inch guns and Parrott 300-pounders.* While we continue to arm our monitors with cast-iron abortions that even the Turks (whose ideas our Ordnance Board seem to have borrowed) would be ashamed of, it is not becoming in us to laugh at others.

W.
* Nearly all the 300-pounder Parrott guns used at the siege of Charleston are said to have burst at the first discharge.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1030.—27 February, 1864.

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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF BINDING.—The Covers for *The Living Age* are made up of Cotton Cloth and Pasteboard; and the manufacturers advanced their prices—nearly doubled them—some time ago. We ought then to have increased our charge for binding, but neglected to do so. But for all Volumes bound by us after the 15th of March, the price will be sixty-five cents.

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"FAR AWAY."

"The land that is very far off."—*Isaiah 33: 17.*

Upon the shore
Of Evermore

We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we, too, may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

MISTS.

WHEN, o'er the smiling landscape spread,
The misty vapors rise,
And Nature's lovely face is veiled
Reluctant from our eyes:

E'en as we mourn the picture fled,
Uprising in his might,
The glowing sun the fog repels,
And, bathed in floods of light,

Again to our enraptured gaze,
Each varying charm unfolds;
Whilst heaven-sent melody of birds
Entranced our senses holds.

Thus, when, to steadfast eye of Faith,
The mists of doubt and fear
Enshroud in dark obscurity
The prospect bright and clear,

The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
With his all-powerful ray—
Will banish hence the shadowy gloom,
Till perfect reigns the day!
F. DRIVER.

—*National Magazine.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1863.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,"
Think of Him who was once a child,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians! See ye let each door
Stand wider than ever it stood before,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and open wide the door;
Christians, rise! the world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise and spread your Christmas fare;
'Tis merrier still the more that share,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and bake your Christmas bread.
Christians, rise! the world is bare,
And bleak and dark with want and care,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise and light your Christmas fire;
And see that ye pile the logs still higher,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
Christians, rise! the world is old,
And Time is weary and worn and cold,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise and spice your wassail-bowl
With warmth for body and heart and soul,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Spice it warm, and spice it strong.
Christians, rise! the world is gray,
And rough is the road, and short is the day,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians! think on Him who died;
Think of your Lord, the Crucified,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

DORA GREENWELL

—*Good Words.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion; being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the Season of 1862.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. London: 1863.
2. *On the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.* By J. P. Joule, LL.D., F.R.S. "Philosophical Transactions," 1850, Part I. p. 61. London.
3. *On Celestial Dynamics.* By Dr. J. R. Mayer, of Heilbronn. "Philosophical Magazine," 4th Series, Vol. XXV. p. 241. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

MR. SMILES relates, in his Lives of the Engineers, that George Stephenson one day said to Dr. Buckland, as a train passed in front of Tapton House, "Now, Buckland, I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked the doctor. "It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes. This observation, made by the father of the railroad system, strange though it may at first sight appear, is literally accurate: it is an ingenious deduction from a grand expression of Nature's truth lately perceived by scientific men, and now known under the name of the "Mechanical or Dynamical Theory of Heat." This theory is not merely valuable as giving us correct views of the nature of this all-pervading and life-sustaining principle of heat, it likewise leads to the discovery of a far wider and more important set of truths, all tending to the conclusion that the great agencies Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism—which uphold life and produce such colossal changes on our globe—are but the expressions in different languages of one great power; that these various forms of energy are mutually convertible; that we can express any one of them in the terms of any other; and, therefore, that a certain quantity of the one form

is equivalent to or may be made to produce a given quantity of another form. The mechanical theory of heat declares that heat has no existence independently of matter—that what we call heat is only a peculiar condition of matter, viz., "a vibration of its ultimate particles:" so that, as heat is nothing but motion, we can measure heat, as we measure common mechanical energy, by a weight falling through a given space. Nor is this all that this "New Philosophy," as Professor Tyndall rightly calls it, teaches us; for it further shows by virtue of the convertibility of these "imponderables," as they have been termed, and owing to the possibility of expressing each of these in terms of common mechanics, that the destruction or creation of energy in the world is just as impossible as the creation or destruction of matter itself.

In the history of physical science, as in the history of nations, sudden revolutions mark great events which stand out conspicuous above the ordinary quiet progress of the day. Such a revolution was effected in the world of science by Lavoisier's introduction of the balance into chemistry, for it thereby became evident that man can neither create nor destroy matter; so that, for instance when a candle burns, the substance of the candle is not lost or destroyed, but has simply become insensible to our powers of vision. A second and equally important revolution in science has recently been effected by the adoption of the New Philosophy of the Mechanical Theory of Heat, experimentally founded, as we shall see, by Dr. Joule of Manchester, on the leading principle of the "Conservation and Indestructibility of Energy."

In order that we may understand the full meaning and appreciate the wide scope of this grand principle, we must proceed to consider some of the fundamental experiments upon which this most recent of the brilliant results of modern science is based; remembering that it is only from "questions thus put to Nature" that we can hope to gain any knowledge of her secrets.

The first branch of science in which the principle of the conservation of energy became apparent is mechanics; and it has long been well known that labor cannot be effected without a corresponding expenditure of mechanical energy. The "mechanical powers," as they are termed, are simply means for transferring labor into any wished-

for channel. No *augmentation* of labor can be effected by them; for, although by means of a small weight at the long end of a lever we can raise a heavier weight, say a weight ten times as large, placed at the other end, the space through which the small weight must pass is at least ten times as great as that through which the heavy weight is raised; and hence there is clearly no augmentation of power. The true expression of the power exerted is invariably the weight multiplied into the distance through which it falls. This is called the "laboring force"—the force which produces results, which overcomes resistance; and the great principle in mechanics is expressed in the maintenance of this law—that by means of any machine no effects can be produced which exceed the laboring force of the motive power. This, then, is the true measure for mechanical work. To raise ten pounds through the space of one foot requires a given expenditure of power; twice that amount of power must be expended in raising it through two feet, and the same amount of power will be required to raise ten pounds through one foot as will be needed to raise one pound through ten feet. Every kind of mechanical work, whether done by machine or animal power, can be represented and measured by weights raised through given spaces; and the unit of measurement and mechanical work is taken to be the weight of one pound raised through the space of one foot. The quantity of mechanical power necessary to effect this work is termed a "foot-pound."* The principle of the conservation of energy as regards ordinary mechanics was completely and mathematically stated by Newton, and a proof was thus given of the absurdity of the long-sought-for *perpetuum mobile* at least in mechanical contrivances.

However apparent it may be that action and reaction are equal and opposite in the domain of strictly mechanical forces, the wider application of the same law to the manifestation of the other powers of nature seems by no means so clear. Could we not, it may be asked, by help of heat, electricity, or some such occult force, construct a ma-

chine which will produce mechanical effect without any corresponding or equivalent expenditure of labor, and thus attain the greatly desired end of making something out of nothing? In fact, have we not such a machine in the steam-engine? Where are we to find in this machine the expenditure of labor equivalent to the work done? In the water-wheel we have, in the descending water, an evident mechanical equivalent for the work done; but in the steam-engine, if the condensation were perfect, we may imagine that the position of all parts of the machine, and of the water used for the production of steam, is precisely the same at the end as it was at the beginning of the stroke of the piston.

To question such as these the new philosophy gives a definite and satisfactory answer, proving, as clearly as Newton did in mechanics, that by the employment of *none* of the powers of nature can work be done without a corresponding supply of energy of some kind. Thus in the steam-engine we find the source of necessary power in the heat which disappears in the cylinder; the amount of heat which the waste steam conveys into the condenser not being nearly as much as that which enters the cylinder, the difference between the two amounts is converted into mechanical action. So that at last we come to the conclusion that, with whatsoever forces of nature we operate, a *perpetuum mobile* cannot be constructed—that we cannot by any means whatever produce an effect without a consumption of some kind of power. What follows from this important conclusion? What do we mean when we say that a *perpetuum mobile* is impossible? We mean that there is no such thing in nature as a creation of force; that all the changes which we see going on around us are produced solely by the transference of force; and hence force cannot be destroyed any more than matter. We may sum up these results in the words of Mr. Grove, an early and able expounder of these views: "In all phenomena, the more closely they are investigated, the more we are convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and that an essential cause is unattainable. Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

* In almost all scientific works the French standards of weight and length are now employed; and as these units will probably before long come into general use in England, it may be well to remember that the French standard of a kilogramme-metre—viz., the weight of a kilogramme raised through the space of one metre—is equal to 7.23 foot-pounds.

Although the idea that heat is nothing more than motion has frequently been expressed by various writers even in remote

times, opinions to the contrary have been upheld by some men of science within a recent period, and it is only during the last few years that the dynamical theory of heat, in opposition to the material or emission theory, has received the universal assent of the scientific world. Aristotle seems to have held the belief that heat was motion, and Locke expressed the same view concisely as follows: "Heat is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produce in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so that what in our sensation is heat in the object is nothing but motion." Bacon, too, held similar views, and in the 2nd Book of the "Novum Organum" he writes, "heat itself, its essence and quiddity, is motion and nothing else." Lavoisier and Laplace, in their memoir on heat published in 1780, express the modern doctrine most exactly: "D'autres physiciens," say they, "pensent que la chaleur n'est que le résultat des vibrations insensibles de la matière. . . .

Dans le système que nous examinons, la chaleur est la force vive qui résulte des mouvements insensibles des molécules d'un corps; elle est la somme des produits de la masse de chaque molécule par le carré de sa vitesse."

The expression of these views, however near the truth they may have been subsequently found to be, exerted but little influence on the progress of science, because they were totally unsupported by experimental evidence, without which such views must remain all but valueless speculations. Building upon a more secure foundation than the older philosophers, the modern man of science carefully collects and employs even the smallest fact regarding the subject which he is investigating; and, not content with the mere observation of the phenomena under the conditions in which they occur in nature, he endeavors to attain a more intimate knowledge of his subject by examining what takes place under other conditions over which he has control—he has, in short, recourse to experiment.

Let us, then, follow Dr. Tyndall in the description of the experimental evidence which he brought forward at the Royal Institution two years ago, to impress upon the minds of his hearers the truth of the mechanical theory of heat; the result will enable us to judge of the success of his attempt "to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach

of a person of ordinary intelligence and culture." The first part of the work consists in a lucid exposition of the facts upon which the mechanical theory of heat is founded; in describing these, and the consequences derived from them, Dr. Tyndall claims simply to be heard as an expounder of the results obtained by other philosophers; in the later portion of the work he describes the results of his own researches as an original investigator in the regions of physical science. The readers of the book will see that in both these capacities the author shows his power, and we regret that our space does not permit us to enter more fully upon the discussion of those portions of the lectures in which he brings forward his own discoveries.

"My desire," says Dr. Tyndall, in his first lecture, "now is to connect heat with the more familiar forms of force; and I will therefore, in the first place, try to furnish you with a store of facts illustrative of the generation of heat by mechanical processes. I have placed some pieces of wood in the next room, which my assistant will now hand to me. Why have I placed them there? Simply that I may perform my experiments with that sincerity of mind and act which science demands from her cultivators. I know that the temperature of that room is slightly lower than the temperature of this one, and that hence the wood which is now before me must be slightly colder than the face of the pile* with which I intend to test the temperature of the wood. Let us prove this. I place the face of the pile against this piece of wood; the red end of the needle moves from you towards me; thus showing that the contact has chilled the pile. I now carefully rub the face of the pile along the surface of the wood: mark what occurs. The prompt and energetic motion of the needle towards you declares that the face of the pile has been heated by this small amount of friction. These experiments, which illustrate the development of heat by mechanical means, must be to us what a boy's school exercises are to him. In order to fix them in our minds, and obtain due mastery over them, we must repeat and vary them in many ways. In this task I must ask you to accompany me. Here is a flat piece of brass with a stem attached to it; I take the stem in my fingers, preserving the brass from all contact with my warm hand by enveloping the stem in cold flannel. I place

*An instrument called a thermo-electric pile or battery, which serves as a very delicate indicator and measure of change of temperature, and was used by Dr. Tyndall to render the results of the experiment apparent to a large audience.

the brass in contact with the face of my pile; the needle moves, showing that the brass is cold. I now rub the brass against the surface of this cold piece of wood, and lay it once more against my pile. I withdraw it instantly, for it is so hot that, if I allowed it to remain in contact with the instrument, the current generated would dash my needle violently against its stops, and probably derange its magnetism. You see the strong deflection which even an instant's contact can produce. Here also is a razor, cooled by contact with ice; and here is a hone without oil, along which I rub my cool razor as if to sharpen it. I now place the razor against the face of the pile, and you see that the steel which a minute ago was cold is now hot. . . . These are the simplest and most commonplace examples of the generation of heat by friction, and I choose them for this reason. Mean as they appear, they will lead us by degrees into the secret recesses of nature, and lay open to our view the polity of the material universe." —Tyndall, pp. 5. 6.

Dr. Tyndall then illustrates the production of heat by compression and percussion; he shows that a piece of wood squeezed forcibly in an hydraulic press becomes hot, and that a leaden bullet is heated when flattened by a cold sledge-hammer.

"The sledge," he continues, "descends with a certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and anvil. But let us examine the lead; you see it is heated, and could we gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able by means of it to lift this hammer to the height from which it fell. When a hammer strikes a bell the motion of the hammer is arrested, but its force is not destroyed; it has thrown the bell into vibrations which affect the auditory nerve as sound. So, also, when our sledge-hammer descended upon our lead bullet, the descending motion of the sledge is arrested; but it was not destroyed. *Its motion was transferred to the atoms of the lead*, and announced itself to the proper nerves as heat." —Tyndall, p. 7.

Heat is not merely produced by the friction of solid bodies; the friction or motion of liquids likewise generates heat; whenever, in fact, the motion of matter is retarded or stopped, heat is developed. Thus, if water be agitated it becomes warmer; every drop of rain having fallen is warmer than it was before; and the water at the bottom of a cataract is of a higher temperature than the

water above the fall: so that, as Dr. Tyndall remarks, the sailor's tradition is theoretically correct, that the sea is rendered warmer through the agitation produced by a storm, the mechanical dash of the billows being ultimately converted into heat. The increase of temperature thus effected is but very slight, and requires delicate thermometer for its recognition; nevertheless, the amount is perfectly definite, and can be exactly foretold, if we know the weight of falling water and the distance through which it falls. The fact that heat is developed by falling liquids may be rendered evident by pouring mercury several times backwards and forwards from two cups; at the end of the operation the temperature of the mercury is seen to be higher than it was before.

"Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form, and if we wish to avoid this conversion we must abolish the heat. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone, we grease a saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first; we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another; he wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace which gives tension to his steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, for for every degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it all mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Thus, every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of nature. In so doing he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it cannot still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of

heat developed, a strict and proportional equivalent of the locomotive force of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest. How? Simply by converting the entire moving force which it possessed at the moment the brake was applied into heat."—*Pp. 8-10.*

The first person who made definite experiments upon the conversion of mechanical energy, or motion of the masses, into heat, or motion of the particles, was Count Rumford,* a very remarkable man, more generally known as the inventor of cheap, wholesome food for soldiers than as an investigator of natural science—for thus it often happens that the chief labors of a man's life remain long or forever unknown, his fame resting upon an achievement which he himself considered trivial, and to which he at the time gave no concern.

Rumford, being engaged at Munich in boring cannon, was so forcibly struck with the great amount of heat generated by the process, that he constructed an apparatus for the special purpose of examining the development of heat by friction, and, in a most interesting paper, he presented the results of his experiments to the Royal Society in the year 1798. In this paper he proposes to himself to answer the following questions: Whence comes the heat actually produced in the mechanical operation above alluded to? Is it furnished by the metallic chips which are separated from the metal? The production of heat by friction or percussion was always a difficulty with the upholders of the material theory of heat. They got over it, however, by saying that the "capacity for heat" of the hammered bullet, or metallic chip, is less than that of the metal before it was submitted to these mechanical actions, and therefore, as it was unable to contain so much heat, its temperature was raised. This difference between bodies as regards their "capacities for heat" has indeed a real existence; thus, for example, if we take the two liquids, wa-

ter and mercury, and warm a pound of each of these, from fifty degrees to sixty degrees Fahrenheit, by pouring in boiling water, we shall find that the quantity of hot water which we have to add to the pound of cold water is fully thirty times as great as that which must be added to the pound of cold mercury, in order to effect a change of ten degrees in the temperature of each of these liquids. Hence the water is said to have a greater "capacity" for heat than mercury: a given quantity of heat does not go so far in heating the water as the mercury. Rumford, however, showed that the chips cut from his cannon did not change their capacity for heat, and further asks if it is conceivable that all the heat he obtained by his boring could be squeezed out of so inconsiderable a quantity of metallic dust. The description which this philosopher gives of his experiment is an agreeable change for the reader of the usually heavy science of the "Philosophical Transactions." Having stated that he placed 18 3-4 pounds of water having the temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit round his gun, into which he bored a hole by means of horse-power, he informs us that after the boring had continued for two hours and twenty minutes the water attained the temperature of two hundred degrees, and in ten minutes afterwards "it actually boiled!" He then goes on to say—

"It would be difficult to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed by the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire. Though there was nothing that could be considered very surprising in this matter, yet I acknowledge fairly that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure which, were I ambitious of the reputation of a grave philosopher, I ought most certainly rather to hide than to discover."

And here we would most heartily endorse Dr. Tyndall's remark, that the application of any philosophy which should stifle such emotion as Rumford avowed may indeed well be dispensed with; for surely, one of the highest of intellectual gratifications is that which the man of science enjoys when, as the result of laborious experiment, a new unperceived truth flashes across his mind, rendering the path through which he has been perhaps long and darkly wandering as clear as noonday.

An interesting experiment made by Sir

* Rumford was by birth an Anglo-American, his family name being Benjamin Thompson; he served in the war of independence on the British side; he then became minister of war to the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was ennobled, and afterwards settled as a man of science in Paris, having married the widow of the great Lavoisier.

Humphrey Davy in the year 1799 may now be cited, as it has frequently been regarded as the first proof of the immateriality of heat. Davy took two pieces of ice, and placing them in a room the temperature of which was below the freezing point (thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit), he rubbed one piece of ice upon the other, arranging his apparatus so that no external heat could reach the ice. He found that by the friction of the two pieces on each other the ice was melted, the temperature of the melted water rising to thirty-five degrees. Now ice is simply solid water, and, as it possesses only half the capacity for heat of liquid water, the quantity of heat which raises one pound of liquid water one degree, will raise the temperature of a pound of ice two degrees. Besides, water in passing from the solid to the liquid state takes up a vast quantity of heat, which becomes so hidden or latent as to be imperceptible to the thermometer: so that, as liquid water at thirty-two degrees contains much more heat than solid water (ice) at the same temperature, it is clear that, when the ice was melted by friction, a generation and not a transference of heat must have occurred, for it cannot be said that the heat hidden in the ice is merely rendered sensible, inasmuch as the quantity is only a small fraction of the heat contained in the water. Hence Davy concludes that "the immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat is motion, and the laws of its communication are precisely the same as the laws of the communication of motion." If, as it would appear, heat be nothing more than motion; either of the ultimate particles of matter, or of the so-called "luminiferous ether" (and it matters not for our present purpose which of these proves to be the case), it must be possible to produce the effect of cold by bringing together two rays of heat, just as the vibrations of the ether producing light may be made to interfere and neutralize each other and two rays of light thus produce darkness, or as two balls of clay, when moving with equal velocity in opposite directions, on meeting remain at rest. The experimental proof of this deduction was given by two French philosophers, MM. Fizeau and Foucault, and thus the chain of evidence of the immateriality of heat was riveted more firmly than ever.

Having convinced ourselves of the truth of the mutual convertibility of mechanical en-

ergy and heat, we now pass to quantitative considerations, and ask what relation exists between a given quantity of heat and the mechanical energy which will produce it? How much labor can we get out of a certain quantity of heat, or *vice versâ*? It is obvious that this must be a fixed quantity. We cannot make a given amount of friction produce more than a certain amount of heat, otherwise we should admit the possibility of a *perpetuum mobile*; and the invariable character of the great laws of nature would lead us to predict that this amount is always constant, and that a given quantity of heat, neither more nor less, is always produced by a certain amount of mechanical energy, from what source soever that energy may be derived. The first person who clearly saw that the only mode of proving the truth of this great principle must be by a direct appeal to exact and extended experiments, and had at the same time the power successfully to grapple with so intricate and laborious a subject, was Dr. Joule, of Manchester. It is to Joule that science will ever remain indebted for the numerical determination of the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and although other philosophers have, as we shall see, done much to extend and develop the subject, yet without Joule's practical labors the theory would have been destitute of any firm experimental basis, and therefore unworthy of our acceptance as a sound addition to science. The magnitude and importance of his investigations cannot, therefore, be over-estimated; nor can we refrain from expressing our admiration for the man who could unaided, for seven years, devote his whole energies to the establishment of this important principle, in spite of difficulties and discouragements of no ordinary kind. Dr. Joule determined experimentally the quantity of heat which was evolved by the friction of various substances produced by measurable forces, such as given weights falling through a given space. He measured the heat evolved in water by stirring it with paddles, by the expenditure of a known amount of labor; he did the same with sperm-oil and mercury: he then measured the heat produced when two discs of iron were rubbed against one another, and he likewise determined the heat evolved in the passage of liquids through capillary tubes by friction against the walls of the tubes. These experiments, repeated and controlled in a variety of ways, proved

that in every case the *absolute quantity of heat* generated by a given quantity of mechanical energy is definite and invariable, whether that energy be used to stir water, to rub iron, or to do any other kind of work. The numerical results of Joule's most refined experiments showed that, if the weight of one pound fall through a space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, exactly sufficient heat is generated to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and that if, conversely, we change heat into mechanical power, the quantity of heat capable of raising the temperature of one pound of water one degree is exactly able to produce mechanical energy sufficient to raise a weight of one pound through the space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet. This number then is called the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and it constitutes the foundation-stone of the science of thermo-dynamics. Previously to these discoveries, Joule had ascertained that this same quantity of heat was evolved by the expenditure of the above amount of mechanical energy applied to work a magneto-electric engine, in which the electricity was changed to heat, and also when the same labor is employed in compressing air; thus proving that the same equivalent holds good for the most diverse forms of mechanical action.

A knowledge of the mechanical equivalent of heat enables us to calculate the temperature which a cannon-ball will attain if, when moving with a given velocity, its course is suddenly stopped by a target, as well as the heat which would be liberated by the arrest of the earth in her orbit. This latter calculation has been made, and we learn from it that the quantity of heat liberated by the shock of the stoppage would not only be sufficient to melt the whole earth, but to reduce the greater portion to the state of vapor; and that to develop the same amount of heat by combustion, it would be necessary to burn fourteen globes of coal each as large as the earth; whilst, if the earth were then to fall into the sun, the heat generated by the gigantic blow would be equal to that given off by the burning of 5,600 worlds of pure carbon! So enormous indeed is the amount of heat generated by the stoppage of rapidly falling bodies, that it has caused many scientific men, as originally proposed by Dr. Joule, of Manchester, to speculate upon the "grand

secret," as Sir W. Herschel calls it, of the power supporting the vivifying radiation of light and heat which the sun continually pours out upon the universe. The amount of this heat and light which emanates from the sun is so enormous that the mind fails altogether to grasp the idea. It has, however, been calculated that out of 2,300 millions of parts of light and heat emitted by the sun, the earth only receives one part; whilst the whole heat radiated from the sun in one minute has been found by Sir John Herschel to be sufficient to boil twelve thousand million cubic miles of ice-cold water! How, we may ask with Dr. Tyndall, is this enormous loss made good? Whence is the sun's heat derived and by what means is it maintained? It cannot be kept up by ordinary combustion, for if the sun were a solid lump of coal it would be burned out in 4,600 years; whereas, geology teaches us in every page that the sun shone on our earth hundreds of thousands of years ago as it does at the present day. The philosophers who have speculated upon this great question show, that if a meteorite or asteroid were to fall into the sun with the greatest velocity which it is capable of acquiring, it would, on falling, engender a quantity of heat nearly ten thousand times as great as that which would be developed by the combustion of an equal weight of coal. These meteorites are known to fall upon the earth in certain seasons in large numbers, but the heat developed by them is small, owing to the comparatively slight velocity which they attain before reaching so small an attracting mass as that of the earth. Now astronomers seem to think it probable that the lens-shaped mass, termed by us the zodiacal light, which surrounds the sun, consists of a vast collection of such asteroids; these moving, like the planets, in a resisting medium must approach the sun, and on showering down upon the sun's surface transfer their motion into heat; thus maintaining the temperature of the sun, and therefore sustaining life on our planet. The quantity of matter which would thus have to be added to the sun's body, in order to replace the heat lost by radiation, is so insignificant in comparison to its bulk that it would not have altered the apparent size of the sun during the historical period. If our moon fell into the sun, it would only develop heat enough to make good

one or two years' loss; and were the earth to fall into the sun, the necessary heat would be supplied for nearly a century.

It is a question, however, if the augmentation in the sun's attraction which this theory presupposes would not have been observed by astronomers even after the lapse of some few years. Whether this will turn out to be the true explanation of the maintenance of solar heat, we know not; but, at any rate, a sun might thus be formed, and the theory serves as an illustration of the application of thermodynamics to cosmical phenomena.

That the general progress of scientific discovery is to a great extent independent of the labors of particular individuals, is rapidly becoming an accepted axiom. At any given period of the world's history, many of the foremost minds become independently imbued with the same or similar ideas, and these find expression through one or more of these gifted persons, who, owing to some special qualifications, are adapted to be the mouth-piece of the time, and clearly put forward views more or less imperfectly shadowed forth by others. This aspect of scientific progress by no means lowers the dignity or value of individual effort. We do not prize the results of Newton's genius less because we feel that, even if he had never lived, science, through the labors of others, would probably in course of time have attained its present position; nor shall we undervalue the great additions to knowledge granted to us by the investigations of Dr. Joule, because other philosophers have expressed views similar to those the correctness of which he has so successfully proved by a direct appeal to experiment. Almost every great discovery has been independently arrived at by several persons. One investigator works out his subject more fully and carefully than another; but the idea generally starts into several minds at once. In illustration of this fact, we need only mention the simultaneous discovery of the differential calculus by Newton and Leibnitz, or the great controversy respecting the discovery of the composition of water by Cavendish, Watt, and Lavoisier; or, again, that concerning the discovery of the safety-lamp by Davy and George Stephenson. Hence arises a difficulty which the historian of science will always have to contend with; the difficulty, namely, of rightly adjudging the questions of scientific priority. An interesting, though unnecessarily acrimonious, dis-

cussion of this kind has lately taken place in the pages of the *Philosophical Magazine* between Dr. Tyndall and Professors William Thomson and Tait of Glasgow and Edinburgh respecting the merit to be ascribed to the several founders of the mechanical theory of heat. The first incentive to this discussion was given in a lecture "On Force," delivered by Dr. Tyndall before the audience of the Royal Institution, on June 6th, 1862, an abstract of which is found in the work whose title is placed at the head of this article. In this lecture Dr. Tyndall briefly, but clearly places before his audience some of the grandest conclusions to which the mechanical theory of heat gives rise. He first explains how mechanical energy is measured—how heat is thereby always generated; he defines the mechanical equivalent of heat, and shows the evolution of heat by the impact of bodies. He tells his hearers that whenever work is done by heat, heat disappears; and, in confirmation of this, he quotes an observation of Rumford, that a gun when firing ball becomes less heated than when blank cartridge only is fired. He then dilates upon the enormous store of energy contained in our coal fields. A pound of coal produces by its combustion an amount of heat such as would raise, if all were applied to do mechanical work, the weight of one hundred pounds to a height of twenty miles above the earth's surface; the quantity of coal annually raised in Great Britain amounts, according to Professor Smyth, to eighty-four millions of tons, the mechanical labor which this amount of coal is capable of producing is perfectly fabulous. If one hundred and eight millions of horses were working day and night with unimpaired strength for one year, they would only accomplish as much work as we could effect by the conversion of the heat of combustion of the above quantity of coal into mechanical energy; or, in other words, we in England can do as much work by means of our coal as we could effect if each inhabitant of our islands had a gang of one hundred slaves ready to do his behests!

Dr. Tyndall then passes on to the consideration of cosmical phenomena as explained by the principles of the dynamical theory of heat, such as the maintenance of the sun's heat by the collision of asteroids, the retardation of the velocity of the earth's rotation by the friction caused by the tides, and the

heat which would be developed by the stoppage of the earth's orbital motion. He then proceeds to consider the important influence exerted by the solar radiations on the phenomena of life. Each drop of rain or flake of snow, each mountain streamlet or brimming river, owes its existence to the sun's heat. It is by the power of the sun's rays that the waters of the ocean are lifted in the form of vapor into the air, and it is by the condensation of this atmospheric moisture that every drop of running water on the earth's surface is formed. The balmy summer breeze and the devastating tornado are alike the products of change of atmospheric temperature caused by the solar heat; whilst the gradual crumbling of the "everlasting hills," and the consequent formation of stratified rocks, are sublime records of the might of the actions which, during geological ages, the sun has poured out upon the earth. Nor is this influence of solar radiation confined to the inorganic world; no plant can grow, and therefore no animal can exist, without the vivifying action of the sunbeam. The animal derives the store of energy necessary for the maintenance of life from the force locked up in the vegetable or animal organism upon which it feeds; the food of the animal undergoes combustion or oxidation in the body, and the heat thereby evolved is converted into mechanical energy; so that the labor of the animal is subject to the same laws which regulate the work done by a steam-engine supplied with vegetable fuel. We see that the animal draws its store of energy from the plant: where does the plant obtain the supply of energy necessary for its growth? The animal world cannot continually gain power from the vegetable unless the latter has as continual a supply. The source of power in the plant is found in the sun's rays; it is the sun's rays alone which enable the plant to grow, for the growth of a plant consists chemically of a decomposition or splitting up of the carbonic acid gas which exists in the air into its simple constituents—the carbon assimilated for building up the vegetable tissues, and the oxygen being sent back into the atmosphere for the subsequent use of animals. To effect this separation of the particles of carbon and oxygen a very large expenditure of energy is necessary, and this energy is supplied by the sun. The rapidly vibrating solar rays are absorbed by the plant, and their energy used

up in doing the work of tearing the particles of carbon and oxygen asunder. When the vegetable tissue burns, the carbon again unites with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, and the heat which was originally needed to effect the separation of the elements is liberated; so that the motion of the railway train is in reality due to the energy of the same rays which shone ages ago during the growth of the coal plants. It is true, as Professor Helmholtz remarks, not only in a poetical but in a purely mechanical sense, that we are children of the sun; and the warmth of our bodies, and every mechanical energy which we exert, trace their lineage directly to the sun. Without food we should soon oxidize our bodies. A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds has sixty-four pounds of muscles; but these are reduced when dried to fifteen pounds. Doing an ordinary day's work for eighty days, this mass of muscle would be wholly oxidized. Special organs which do more work would be more quickly oxidized; the heart, for example, if entirely unsustained, would be oxidized in about a week. Dr. Tyndall having explained these and other conclusions drawn from thermodynamic principles, into which our space will not permit us to enter, concludes his picture with the following words:—

"To whom, then, are we indebted for the striking generalizations in this evening's discourse? All that I have laid before you is the work of a man of whom you have scarcely ever heard. All that I have brought before you has been taken from the labors of a German physician named Mayer. Without external stimulus, and pursuing his profession as town physician in Heilbronn, this man was the first to raise the conception of the interaction of natural forces to clearness in his own mind. And yet he is scarcely ever heard of in scientific lectures; and even to scientific men his merits are but partially known. Led by his own beautiful researches, and quite independent of Mayer, Mr. Joule published his first paper on 'the Mechanical Value of Heat,' in 1843: but in 1842 Mayer had actually calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from data which a man of rare originality alone could turn to account. From the velocity of sound in air Mayer determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. In 1845 he published his memoir on 'organized motion,' and applied the mechanical theory of heat in the most fearless and precise manner to vital processes. He also embraced the other natural agents in his chain of conservation. In

1853 Mr. Waterston proposed, independently, the meteoric theory of the sun's heat, and in 1854 Professor William Thomson applied his admirable mathematical powers to the development of the theory: but six years previously the subject had been handled in a masterly manner by Mayer, and all that I have said on this subject has been derived from him."

These bold assertions concerning Mayer's claims to the first position amongst the founders of the mechanical theory of heat naturally called forth some remarks on the history of the subject from Dr. Joule. This philosopher states that, according to his views, Mayer's merit, and this no small one, consists in having announced, apparently without knowledge of what had been done before, the true theory of heat; but to give to Mayer, or any other single individual, the undivided praise of having propounded the dynamical theory of heat is manifestly unjust to the numerous contributors to that great step in physical science. Dr. Joule recalls the statements and experiments made by Locke and Davy upon this subject, and quotes a remarkable passage from a work published in 1839 by M. Séguin, called "*De l'Influence des Chemins de Fer.*" This French writer shows that the theory of heat generally adopted would lead to the absurd conclusion that a finite quantity of heat can produce an indefinite quantity of mechanical action; and he remarks, "*Il me paraît plus naturel de supposer qu'une certaine quantité de calorique disparaît dans l'acte même de la production de la force ou puissance mécanique et réciproquement;*" and further, "*La force mécanique qui apparaît pendant l'abaissement de température d'un gaz, comme de tout autre corps qui se dilate, est la mesure et la représentation de cette diminution de chaleur.*" Séguin likewise calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from the mechanical effect produced by a loss of temperature in steam when expanding, and he thus obtained a number with which the equivalent afterwards calculated by Mayer most closely agrees. "Hence," says Dr. Joule, "it will be seen that a great advance had been made before Mayer wrote his first paper, in 1842. Mayer discourses to the same effect as Séguin, but at greater length, with greater perspicuity, and with more copiousness of illustration. He adopts the same hypothesis as the latter philosopher, that the heat evolved on compressing an elastic fluid

is exactly the equivalent of the compressing force, and they thus both arrive at the same equivalent." Dr. Joule then goes on to state that, in his opinion, there were no facts to warrant the hypothesis thus adopted, that the heat evolved by compressing air was the equivalent of the compressing force, or even anything approaching to it; that the dynamical theory of heat certainly was not established by Séguin and Mayer; that to do this required experiment; and he fearlessly asserts his own right to the position, which has been generally accorded to him by his fellow-physicists, as having been the first to give a decisive proof of the correctness of this theory. In answer to this letter, Dr. Tyndall replies that, in his previous course of morning lectures on heat (which were, however, delivered, according to his own showing, at a time when he was unacquainted with the extent of Mayer's labors), he had done full justice to Joule's investigations, and that, still adhering to the views he there expressed, he gives Joule the honor of being the experimental demonstrator of the equivalence of work and heat. At the same time, he says that he believes that the method of calculation adopted by Mayer for the determination of the mechanical equivalent is correct, and does not need any experimental verification; but he makes no remark whatever respecting Séguin's discovery. He likewise states that his object in the lecture in question was not to give a history of the dynamical theory, "but simply to place a man of genius, to whom the fate had been singularly unkind, in a position in some measure worthy of him." From the above extracts it is, however, clear that the merit of having first employed this method, whether it be right or wrong, is to be given to Séguin, and not to Mayer. This important point does not seem to be admitted by Dr. Tyndall, as in a subsequent letter to Professor Thomson he gives an extract from an interesting lecture on the mechanical equivalent of heat, delivered by M. Verdet of Paris, in which the labors of Séguin are but slightly acknowledged; and Dr. Tyndall then adds, "I should deem it probable that M. Verdet knows as much about the labors of Séguin as you (Thomson) do. He certainly knows more about those of Mayer. But he does not see in the former the annihilation of the latter."

These remarks are certainly beside the

question raised by Professors Thomson and Tait, who simply stated the fact "that even on this point (that of the calculation of the mechanical equivalent) Mayer had been anticipated by Séguin, who, three years before the appearance of Mayer's paper, had obtained and published the same numerical result from the same hypothesis." Dr. Tyndall does, however, in a subsequent communication, come directly to this point by stating that he did not know, nor is he yet aware, that Séguin, had anticipated Mayer's discovery.

Professors Thomson and Tait go still further, and, whilst admitting that "Mayer's later papers are extremely remarkable and excessively interesting and certainly deserve high credit, and though they are greatly superior to the earliest cosmical speculations of Joule, are certainly subsequent to them in point of publication," give it as their opinion that "Mayer's first paper has no claims to novelty or correctness at all, saving this, that by a lucky chance he got an approximation to a true result from an utterly false analogy."

In order to enable us to judge how far this sweeping assertion is correct, we must investigate somewhat more closely than we have yet done the effects produced by the compression or percussion of bodies. If we examine a rifle bullet immediately after it has hit the target, we not only observe that it is hot, but likewise that it is flattened; in this case, supposing that none of the heat produced by the blow were communicated to the target, we should find that the bullet would not be heated as much as it should be if all the mechanical energy were changed into heat. A portion of the energy has been used up in flattening the bullet, in altering the molecular arrangement of the lead, and this is therefore lost as heat; so that if, from an experiment of this kind, we were to calculate the mechanical equivalent of the heat, we should necessarily obtain a wrong result. The heat which thus disappears is said to be used in doing *internal* work, whilst that which is set free serves to effect *external* work; and whenever we wish to get the real mechanical equivalent for the total heat produced, we must be sure that none of it is swallowed up in thus changing the molecular condition of the body; for, as M. Verdet says, in the lecture above referred to, "C'est donc commettre la plus grave des erreurs que d'établir,

comme on l'a fait quelquefois, la relation d'équivalence entre la quantité de chaleur absorbée par un corps et le travail extérieur." Now, in almost every case of the compression of bodies, the amount of internal work which is effected is very considerable; and "Mayer's statements imply the indiscriminate application of the equivalence of heat and external work to all bodies, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, and show no reason for choosing air for the application of the proposed principle to calculation but that, at the time he wrote, air was the only body for which the requisite numerical data were known with any approximation to accuracy." The foregoing remark of Professors Thomson and Tait may be undoubtedly true, and the method adopted by Séguin and Mayer may, therefore, not be scientifically accurate; but still we must admit that Mayer's first paper certainly constitutes a very remarkable addition to our previous knowledge of the equivalence of the physical forces. Thus, for instance, he distinctly enunciates the mode of experimentation adopted by Joule, by which the mechanical equivalent can be exactly determined. "We must find out," says Mayer, in his paper published in 1842, "how high a certain weight must be raised above the earth's surface, in order that the force developed by its fall shall be equivalent to the heating of an equal weight of water from no degree to one degree centigrade." If, therefore, Dr. Tyndall has not fairly estimated the true claims of Joule, Séguin, and Mayer, as regards the establishment of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we cannot help feeling that Professors Thomson and Tait have not done justice to Mayer, as regards his wonderfully clear insight into the dependence of cosmical phenomena upon the mechanical theory of heat.

The paper published by these gentlemen, with "a view of correcting the erroneous information on this subject stealing in through the medium of the popular journals," appeared in a periodical termed *Good Words*; and in this paper the authors, having laid down the principles of the theory, proceed to ask, Whence comes the supply of energy which drives our water-wheels and forms our coal? What produces the power which is locked up in a beefsteak or in a loaf? These grand questions, as Dr. Tyndall remarks, were all answered by Mayer (and, we may

add, by Stephenson, Herschel, and others) seventeen years before the appearance of this paper, and yet the authors scarcely mention his name. M. Verdet, on the other hand, acknowledges a portion of Mayer's labors in the following words: "Ces idées, introduites pour la première fois par Jules Robert Mayer, font faire à la physiologie générale un progrès assurément égal au progrès qui est résulté, vers la fin du siècle dernier, des découvertes de Lavoisier et de Senebier sur la respiration."

It is, however, well to remember that long before Mayer published his papers on the subject, the dependence of terrestrial energy upon the sun's rays was clearly stated by Sir John Herschel in 1833. The words of this model of a thoroughly educated man of science are so striking that we cannot forbear quoting the passage in the "Outlines of Astronomy" referring to this subject:—

"The sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By their heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. By their vivifying action vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapor through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature which, by a series of compositions and decompositions, give rise to new products, and originate a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, are entirely due to the abrasion of the wind, rain, and tides, which latter, however, are only in part the effect of solar influence and the alternate action of the seasons."

In thus considering the main points of this discussion, it appears that when Dr. Tyndall delivered his lecture "On Force," in June, 1862, he was unacquainted with Séguin's calculation of the mechanical equivalent, and that he then brought Mayer's claims more exclusively forward than he was justified in doing: it seems also probable that when Professors Thomson and Tait wrote their article

in *Good Words*, they had not seen Mayer's later papers (which being published separately as pamphlets had only become known to Dr. Tyndall a few months previously), and therefore, did not then give him the credit to which, as they afterwards confess, his labors entitle him.

It is a difficult and somewhat delicate though a necessary, task to endeavor justly to mark out to each laborer in the field of science the exact position which he can fairly claim; and in impartially summing up the evidence in the case before us, and remembering that "la science n'a pas de patrie," we find that we must agree with a recent French writer who terms the paper by Dr. Joule, published in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1850," "the manifesto of the new philosophy of thermo-dynamics;" but we must not, at the same time, forget that the labors of Mayer, Helmholtz, Clausius, Rankine, Hirn, and others, and especially the accurate investigations of William Thomson, have greatly helped to extend and complete our knowledge of the subject.

It is not only the changes of heat into mechanical action, which the theory of thermo-dynamics explains; this theory also furnishes a solution to many of the most complex phenomena in nature. Thus the questions of latent heat, and the heat of chemical combination, are rendered intelligible. If we warm a pound of ice having a temperature of 32 degs. Fahrenheit, we find that when all the ice is melted the water exhibits no augmentation of temperature, the thermometer still standing at 32 degs., although heat enough has been added to have heated one pound of water at 32 degs. to 143 degs. Fahrenheit. If, again, we continue to heat the melted ice, the temperature rises until the thermometer stands at 212 degs., when the water begins to boil. The thermometer now remains stationary, and the water gives off steam of the same temperature until it is all boiled away; and to convert this pound of water at 212 degs. into a pound of steam at the same temperature, nine hundred and sixty-seven times as much heat is required as is needed to raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Hence the *latent* heat of water is said to be 143 degs., that of steam 967 degs. Fahrenheit; so named by those who first observed these phenomena, because the heat thus employed to melt the ice or

evaporate the water was hidden, and not sensible to the thermometer. The mechanical theory of heat, however, explains what has become of this hidden heat. It declares that the heat thus expanded is consumed in doing internal work; it separates the particles of the ice to form water, or of the water to form steam, and it is again given off whenever the water is frozen or the steam condensed. The quantity of heat which is evolved in these changes of state is but very small compared to that set free when the constituent chemical elements of the water undergo combination. Chemists have shown that one pound of hydrogen combines with eight pounds of oxygen to form nine pounds of water, and that in this act of combination heat enough is evolved to raise the temperature of 61,200 pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit. Now, as 772 foot-pounds is the mechanical equivalent for the heat which will raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, we see that the chemical union of oxygen and hydrogen to form nine pounds of water evolves heat enough to raise a weight of more than 47,000,000 pounds one foot high. In passing from the state of steam to that of water, the heat evolved by this same weight of water represents a mechanical force of 6,718,716 foot-pounds, whilst in passing from the liquid to the solid state a mechanical effect is produced equal to 993,564 foot-pounds.

"Thus," says Dr. Tyndall, "our nine pounds of water, in its origin and progress, falls down three great precipices: the first fall is equivalent to the descent of a ton urged by gravity down a precipice 22,230 feet high; the second fall is equal to that of a ton down a precipice 2,900 feet high; and the third is equal to the descent of a ton down a precipice 433 feet high. . . . I think I did not overrate matters when I said that the force of gravity, as exerted near the earth, was almost a vanishing quantity, in comparison with these molecular forces: and bear in mind the distances which separate the atoms before combination—distances so small as to be utterly immeasurable: still it is in passing over these distances that the atoms acquire a velocity sufficient to cause them to clash with the tremendous energy indicated in the above numbers."

Passing over Dr. Tyndall's descriptions of his own interesting researches upon radiant heat, together with much important matter concerning the results of investigations of

other experimentalists on kindred subjects, forming a store of interest for the perusal of which we must refer the reader to the book itself, we proceed to notice a few of the wider cosmical relations interpreted by the mechanical theory of heat, and treated of by Dr. Tyndall in his last lecture. We have already remarked that the heat of gravitation of the earth (that produced by the earth falling into the sun) would supply the sun with heat for nearly a century; we now learn from the researches of Professor William Thomson that the heat of gravitation of all the planets is equal to that radiated by the sun in 45,589 years, whilst the heat which would be developed by stopping the rotation of all the planets on their axes is equal to that emitted by the sun in one hundred and thirty-four years. Helmholtz, in a valuable memoir on the conservation of force, has shown, that, if the solar system has ever been a nebulous mass of extreme tenuity, the mechanical force equivalent to the mutual gravitation of the particles of such a mass would be four hundred and fifty-four times the quantity of mechanical force which we now possess in our system; 453-454ths of the gravitating tendency has been already satisfied and wasted as heat. The 1-454th that remains to us would, however, if converted into heat, raise the temperature of a mass of water equal to the sun and planets in weight 28,000,000 degs. centigrade. The heat of the lime light, Dr. Tyndall remarks, is estimated at 2,000 degs. C.: of a temperature of 28,000,000 degs. C. we can, therefore, form no conception. If our entire system were pure coal, by the combustion of the whole of it only 1-3500ths of the above enormous amount of heat would be generated.

"But," to quote the eloquent words of Helmholtz, "though the store of our planetary system is so immense as not to be sensibly diminished by the incessant emission which has gone on during the period of man's history, and though the time which must elapse before a sensible change in the condition of our planetary system can occur is totally incapable of measurement, the inexorable laws of mechanics show that this store, which can only suffer loss and not gain, must finally be exhausted. Shall we terrify ourselves by this thought? Men are apt to measure the greatness of the universe, and the wisdom displayed in it, by the duration and profit which it promises to their

own race; but the past history of the earth shows the insignificance of the interval during which man has had his dwelling here. What the museums of Europe show us of the remains of Egypt and Assyria we gaze upon with silent wonder, and despair of being able to carry back our thoughts to a period so remote. Still the human race must have existed and multiplied for ages before the pyramids could have been erected. We estimate the duration of human history at six thousand years; but, vast as this time may appear to us, what is it in comparison with the periods during which the earth bore successive series of rank plants and mighty animals, but no men?—periods, during which, in our own neighborhood (Königsberg), the amber tree bloomed, and dropped its costly gum on the earth and in the sea; when in Europe and North America groves of tropical palms flourished, in which gigantic lizards, and after them elephants, whose mighty remains are still buried in the earth, found a home? Different geologists, proceeding from different premises, have sought to estimate the length of the above period, and they set it down from one to nine millions of years. The time during which the earth has generated organic beings is again small, compared with the ages during which the world was a mass of molten rocks. The experiments of Bischof upon Basalt show, that for our globe to cool down from 2,000 degs. to 200 degs. C. would require three hundred and fifty millions of years. And with regard to the period during which the first nebulous masses condensed, so as to form our planetary system, conjecture must entirely cease. The history of man, therefore, is but a minute ripple in the infinite ocean of time. For a much longer period than that during which he has already occupied this world the existence of a state of inorganic nature favorable to man's continuance seems to be secured, so that for ourselves, and for long generations after us, we have nothing to fear. But the same forces of air and water, and of the volcanic interior, which produced former geologic convulsions, and buried one series of living forms after another, still act upon the earth's crust. They, rather than those distant cosmical changes of which we have spoken, will end the human race, and perhaps compel us to make way for new and more complete forms of life, as the lizard and the mammoth have given way to us and our contemporaries."—P. 428.

In speaking of the universal character of the sun's actions upon the earth, Dr. Tyndall tells us that, leaving out of account the eruption of volcanoes and the ebb and flow

of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun's rays. He then proceeds:—

"His (the sun's) warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains and thus the cataract and the avalanche show with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are, also, his transmuted strength. . . . He rears, as we have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle; he urges the blood; he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther; he soars in the eagle; he glides in the snake. . . . His energy is poured free into space, but our world is a halting space where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multifarious power of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured, in passing from its source through infinitude. Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton."—P. 432.

Grand as are the truths which this peroration is intended to set forth, we cannot regret that these somewhat inflated expressions should have been put forward as a complete statement of the facts of the case. If that were Dr. Tyndall's intention, we should object to the very partial view of nature which he would appear to present before his audience. On hearing words such as those we have quoted, the half-educated scientific enthusiast would be inclined, at least so far as these words go entitled, to believe that this influence of the sun's rays explains all terrestrial actions—all life, all nature; that henceforward a complete knowledge of nature would be gained from this transcendent element; that, as the solar ray "forms the

muscle and builds the brain," the secrets of life are exhausted, and mental as well as physical action is easily referable to a material standard. Yet how far is this from really being the true state of things! and how completely would such a thinker be misled! Dr. Tyndall knows this as well as any man, and yet, for the sake of making his point clear, and in order to avoid distracting the attention of his audience from his subject, he, no doubt purposely, omitted to refer to those unknown and unexplored, depths met with on every side in the great mine of nature—depths which the glimmering lamp of our present imperfect knowledge only serves to render more apparent. One of the difficulties with which popular scientific lecturers have to contend is that of presenting a subject in such a form as to come home to the audience in its true relations not liable to be misunderstood, and of painting one side of the picture forcibly with-

out losing the harmony of the whole. It would, in our opinion, have been well if Dr. Tyndall had in conclusion reminded his audience that, much as Science can do, it never can explain everything; that, although the body is built up and sustained by solar power, there are mysteries connected with life towards the explanation of which Science offers no clue whatsoever. If he had only hinted at our complete ignorance of the nature of the silent power which bids the oak spring from the acorn, or builds up from the simplest cell the widely differing forms of animal life, he would have done much to present to his hearers' minds the truer view of Nature's infinitude and man's littleness expressed by Newton in his noble words: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the sea-shore, whilst the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before me."

THE great event of the week to England is the loss of her great satirist, Mr. Thackeray, who died early on the 24th of December, in the fifty-second year of his age, of effusion on the brain, brought on, it is supposed, by violent sickness, to which he was periodically subject. Of a new novel promised by him to the *Cornhill Magazine* he had completed four numbers, and only two or three days before his death was showing his achievement to a friend in the most buoyant spirits. His death at the season which has so often been associated with his lighter literary efforts strikes us with something of the same imaginative effect as those Christmas books themselves, in which the thin veil of superficial gayety was constantly blowing aside, and showing the graduated depths of darkness beneath. He is the founder of a school of satire of which he will probably be the only master, though he has already had many imitators. We do not wonder that he failed as a painter, for painting, which must select an effect visible in a single moment of time, gave no scope to the peculiar mobility of his genius. He delighted in varying indefinitely the expression visible on the face of his characters, so that before the contraction of the suffering nerve, or the sneer of the parted lips was distinctly visible, it was gone, and if you sought to recover the source of the impression it was seldom easy to do so. There was a strange mixture of pain and pathos in all his pictures; bitterness and tenderness mingled their tones in the laugh of the humorist, and there was something at once loving and fatalistic about the frequent gleams of his religious feeling. Tennyson has expressed the essence of his genius, though not its highest temper, in the line:—

"Out of that mood was born
Self-scorn—and then laughter at that self-scorn."
—*Spectator*, 26 Dec.

Scriptural Paraphrases: being a Commentary wholly Biblical on some of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels. By a Layman. Edinburgh: The Caledonian Press; London: Longman & Co. Pp. 661.

THIS bulky volume must have been a labor of love. It consists throughout of question and answer; and on the margin of every page will be found those textual references on which the scriptural authority of the answer is based. The author's system of "comparing spiritual things with spiritual, or one sentence in the Bible with another, to impart a general knowledge of the Holy Scriptures," cannot be too much commended. So comprehensive, however, is the author's scheme, that the volume may very properly be regarded as meant to include a whole body of sound divinity. In order that the subject-matter of so large a book may be properly within the reach of the reader in the way of reference, the author has prefixed an elaborate "analysis" of the book, alphabetically arranged.—*Reader*.

The first volume of a translation of Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" has just appeared under the title of "Histoire de la Littérature Espagnole de Geo. Ticknor; Ire Période. Traduite, avec les Notes et Additions, etc., par J. G. Magnabal."

From The Westminster Review.

THE TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.

1. *Senato del Regno. Rapport du Bureau Central, composé de Messieurs les Sénateurs de Brignole-Sala, Plana, Mosca, De la Marmora, et Jacquemoud, sur le Projet de Loi pour la percée du Mont Cénis, et l'Approbation du nouveau Cahier de Charges de la Compagnie Victor Emmanuel.* Turin: 1859.
2. *Discorso del Ministro dei Lavori Pubblici, Conte Menabrea, pronunziato alla Camera dei Deputati nella tornata del 4 Marzo, 1863, sul Traforo del Montcenisio.* Torino: 1863.
3. *Trafo delle Alpi tra Bardonnèche e Modane: Relazione della Direzione Tecnica alla Direzione Generale delle Strade Ferrate dello Stato.* Torino: 1863.

FANCIFUL speculators have often amused themselves with the question, What would remain of London were it abandoned for two or three thousand years, like the cities of Assyria? Lord Macaulay figured to himself a New Zealander musing over a vast heap of bricks at some period in the far future, but perhaps by the time A.D. 4000 or 5000 had arrived, even bricks might have disappeared, and nothing be left but a gigantic mound of dust, which the one near Euston Square, lately sold for a vast sum, may represent to our fancy, in spite of its diminutive scale. This image is certainly not calculated to give us a grand idea of the nineteenth century, especially if we compare it with the splendid ruins which still attest the power of Nineveh and Rome. But a little reflection may perhaps help us to salve over the wound to our vanity. The remains of bygone days are the memorials of individuals; the palaces of old recall the name of some dead tyrant, and even the most useful works of antiquity—the Roman aqueducts—were but the presents of emperors to their subjects; whereas now the object for which we labor has been displaced, and the advantage of millions, instead of the gratification of units, is the aim we strive after. If our cities are no longer adorned with buildings of a material and massiveness calculated to resist the assault of ages, it is not that our engineers are incapable of producing works worthy to excite the admiration of posterity. We no longer, indeed, build pyramids to shroud the bones of some dead Rameses, or erect a cathedral like that of Glasgow to the memory of an obscure St. Mungo; but in this very island we have

spanned arms of the sea with railway bridges under which the largest line-of-battle ship can pass, all sails set; our nearest neighbors are toiling, despite a short-sighted and ungenerous opposition, to open a canal between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, while another scion of the Latin race is working equally hard to pierce the natural barrier of the Alps, and put their railway system in direct communication with that of the rest of Europe. To the present generation the Menai tubular bridge is a nine days' wonder; the Suez Canal has been discussed until the subject has been worn threadbare, and must now be left to the practical test of success; but the third great engineering work of the day is almost unknown in England, at least in its details, and we therefore propose to devote some pages to an account of this marvellous tunnel—marvellous, not so much from its great length, though that will be between seven and eight miles (12,220 mètres), as from the scientific interest attached to the employment of natural forces not hitherto utilized.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, Sir William Armstrong startled, and probably alarmed, many of his hearers by imparting his opinion that the seams of coal in these islands would be exhausted in little more than two centuries. Posterity will have to judge of the accuracy of this calculation. It may perhaps be found that as coal becomes dearer by the working out of the upper veins, it will be profitable to sink the shafts down to the lower ones, now left untouched because the market price is not such as to cover the expense to be incurred, and a supply be thus obtained for a considerably longer period. Be this as it may however, there can be no doubt that we are now expending coal at a rate far more rapid than that at which it was formed by the decay of primeval vegetation; and it would therefore be a discovery of no small benefit to our race were it possible to find some power capable of setting all our manufacturing machinery in action, other than steam, to generate which in sufficient quantities so vast an amount of coal is daily consumed; and the advantage would be all the greater if the new force we desiderate could be one sure not to be exhausted so long as the physical conditions of our globe remain unchanged, or indeed fit for the habitation of such creature

as ourselves. The only two forces of which this can be predicated with any safety are *air* and *water*, and the use that may be made of them is the great lesson to be learned from a consideration of the tunnel under Mont Cénis.

Scarcely had the importance about to be assumed by the railway system of Europe been acknowledged, than a tunnel under the Alps became the dream of engineers, especially those of Italy. It is indeed evident, that even supposing the Peninsula suddenly endowed with a railway net as complete as that which intersects the manufacturing districts of the West Riding or Lancashire, Italy must be cut off from the great flow of transit and traffic so long as no direct communication exists between her railway system and that of other nations. The difficulty of creating one was, however, enormous, and the Alps presented an obstacle as difficult to turn as to overcome. Apart from all engineering impediments, the Corniche line implied so great a circuit, that the railroad journey from Paris to the Valley of the Po by this route would have cost more in time and money than the twelve or fourteen hours' passage over Mont Cénis in a carriage; and the same might be said of the circuit round the upper end of the Adriatic, without adding that the problem would not have been in any degree solved even thus, before the construction of the remarkable ascending lines over the Bocchetta Pass and the Simmering. Nor when these were made, did the questions seem nearer to a real solution. The Alps were too high to be crossed by this system, even had the snow which covers them for half the year not opposed an invincible obstacle, and the same double objection presented itself to the construction of a tunnel on any method hitherto employed, for shafts could not be thought of, and yet no tunnel of even a quarter the length had hitherto been considered possible without them. Nevertheless, as a tunnel seemed the only resource, engineers continued to devise schemes for piercing it, more or less impracticable, very much like those we periodically hear of for bridging-over or boring under the Channel.

To add to the difficulty, it so happened that Mont Cénis, the shortest and most frequented of the Alpine passes, the one by which it was soonest possible to reach the

plain and the railway system on either side, and which the genius of Napoleon had marked out as the true line of communication between France and Italy, was in the hands of a third-rate State, counting scarcely five millions of inhabitants. Fortunately, however, though the kingdom was small, its destinies were directed by the greatest statesman of our day—one whose eagle glance took in far more than the interests of the moment, and who, foreseeing the time when Piedmont would be Italy, was steadily bent on preparing her to play the part of a great power. As it happened, also, the minister was not only a skilful politician, but he had received an admirable scientific education, and when three engineers, whose names deserve to be chronicled for all ages, MM. Grandis, Grattoni, and Sommeiller, supported by the authority of M. Ranco, whose views gained weight from the distinguished part he had taken in the construction of the Genoa and Turin Railway, presented their invention to him, Count de Cavour did not turn away with disdain, because no tunnel had ever before been pierced by machines impelled by compressed air* produced by the action of water, but rather saw in the novelty of the idea a ground for hoping that difficulties insuperable by any means usually practised would thus be overcome. To the above-mentioned four engineers, in the first instance, and secondly, but no less perhaps, to Count de Cavour and his two illustrious friends and colleagues, M. Paleocapa and General de Menabrea, who concurred and sympathized in his opinion of the feasibility of the scheme, will the world owe lasting gratitude for breaking down the barrier of the Alps, and still more for introducing a new motive power into mechanics.

The whole scheme was so new, that the first thing to be done was to test the models of the proposed machines. A Commission of five persons was therefore appointed by the Piedmontese Government to try a series of experiments, to prove the possibility of compressing air by water-power, and then conveying it to a distant spot there to put a perforating-machine in motion, and also to determine

* An Englishman, Mr. Bartlett, had previously adopted a perforating-machine for boring holes for mines, eight or ten times quicker than by hand; but this machine was impelled by steam, a method evidently inapplicable, from the want of air in a tunnel of great depth and without shafts.

whether so long a tunnel without shafts could be ventilated.

The report of this Commission was so favorable as fully to answer to the far-sighted anticipations of the minister. Much doubtless remained to be done, for the machines tested were mere models, requiring to be greatly modified and increased in size before they could be used on a large scale: still the principle was so well established, and the whole scheme appeared so far superior to any other that either had been, or was likely to be presented, that the commissioners did not hesitate to recommend its immediate adoption. At the same time a favorable conjuncture presented itself by the absorption of the companies running the lines between Susa and the Ticino into the Victor Emmanuel Railway, and when the bill for this fusion was brought in, the Government added clauses authorizing the construction of the tunnel by the State, and the necessary expenses, to which the Company agreed to contribute a sum of 20,000,000 francs (£800,000) besides premiums on the shares, and so great was the faith inspired by Counts de Cavour and Menabrea, that the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies actually passed this audacious law by a large majority.

The practical difficulties of the enterprise now began. But it was much that the project should have been approved, and the confidence of the Government and the Parliament would have been a spur to the energy of the engineers had not the grandeur and glory of the undertaking itself been sufficient to excite their utmost zeal. No sooner had the bill passed into law than the works were begun, in the autumn of 1857. The trigonometrical survey necessary to obtain an accurate tracing of the axis of the future tunnel was in itself no slight task, if we consider that its extreme points could not be made visible from one another without placing them at a distance which would have rendered any accurate observation impossible, and also that all the operations had to be carried on at heights varying from three thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea and amidst the constant atmospherical changes characteristic of such elevated regions. The first difficulty was overcome by establishing an observatory on the very summit of Grand-Vallon, the highest peak in that part of the Alps, and two extreme points of the axis in the same

vertical plane with it and one another, having been determined by turning the theodolite 180 degs., it was comparatively easy to fix the intermediate signal points on each side one by one, always keeping the extreme point in view, and then lowering the instrument perpendicularly until a site for an observatory had been found in each of the two opposite valleys of Rochemolles and Fourneaux, exactly on a level with and opposite to the respective entrances to the tunnel, so that the signals received from the outside could be repeated underground, and the works kept on the correct line necessary to ensure the junction of the two halves under the very centre of the mountain. To increase the difficulties to be contended with, it was found that the valley of Rochemolles was more than seven hundred feet higher than that of Fourneaux, on which account it was determined to give a slope of twenty-two in one thousand to half the tunnel.

Nor were the obstacles presented by the ground confined to the trigonometrical survey. Every single article required for the works, or for the persons engaged in them, from the chief engineers to the lowest laborers, had to be conveyed from the plains below. Fourneaux, indeed, though itself a wretched hamlet, was not very distant from Modane, a considerable village situate on the main road into France; but Bardonnèche, the opposite end, is not only distant from Susa, the nearest railway terminus, but nearly 2,500 feet above it. Yet it was requisite here to assemble vast bands of workmen, with their foremen and directors; to provide dwellings and daily food for so vast an increase of population in a place the resources of which barely sufficed for the wants of its own inhabitants; to construct canals, huge-reservoirs, workshops, and engine-houses; and finally to set up an immense system of machinery with which no one could boast himself practically acquainted, and every portion of which had to be separately brought from Seraing in Belgium where it was originally constructed.

All this required time; and that not a moment might be unnecessarily wasted, it was resolved to begin boring the tunnel at both ends by the ordinary methods. The progress made might not be great; still, every yard gained was always something, and it was the only resource until the machines were con-

structed and fairly set in motion. So the works began in 1857 itself, and were continued at Bardonnèche (at Fourneaux even longer) until January, 1861, for owing to various reasons, chief among which may be mentioned the war of 1859, which stopped all the transports for nearly a year, it was not till then that the mechanical perforation could be inaugurated. Nor will this lapse of time seem excessive if we reflect how much had to be done before attaining this first result. Not only had the machinery to be designed and constructed, with the improvements suggested by the experiments made by the Commission, to arrive from Belgium, and be put together in the engine-house, but two large reservoirs, one twenty-six, the other fifty mètres above it, had to be prepared, and a supply of water sufficient to keep the former constantly full brought through a canal from a torrent more than a mile distant, and all these works in solid masonry had to be roofed in, to preserve the water from the influence of the frost. And when all this was done, the machinery had to be tried repeatedly and for a considerable time before it could be employed with safety to the mechanics entrusted with it, or with advantage to the works in the tunnel itself.

After repeated trials, the machinery was at length brought into working order, the pipes for conveying water and compressed air from the machine-house where it is produced, to the further end of the tunnel where the works were proceeding, were laid down in a trench which, in the finished section, is built in to serve as a main drain, as well as a third pipe for gas, which is fabricated in a gasometer just outside the entrance, and the additional light of which is found greatly to facilitate the manœuvres of the workmen, while, not being affected by the explosions, etc., constantly going on, the whole apparatus gives less trouble than a single lamp. At last, the perforating-machines were pushed in on a framework along rails prepared for the purpose, and since that time they have continued to be employed. At first there were many interruptions, owing to various causes, and especially the awkwardness of the workmen in dealing with machinery of which they had not the slightest experience, and many days were of course lost; still the report before us testifies to the general satisfaction of the engineers, and also to the fact that every suc-

ceeding month of increased practice sees the work proceed with greater facility and regularity.

Nothing can be more curious than the account M. Sommeiller gives of the manner in which the works proceed. The section of the tunnel which the machines are employed to excavate is about eleven feet wide and eight high; a double rail runs along the centre, upon which a framework upon wheels is rolled forward, carrying the ten perforators, of which nine are usually kept at work at once, close up to the face of the rock. Once there, the distributing pipes for air and water which are fixed on the frame are put in connection with the main tubes, carried along under the floor of the tunnel from the machine-house outside by means of flexible pipes, and each perforator is then supplied with air and water by turning the cocks belonging to it in the distributing pipes. Pressed forward by the compressed air, the augers then strike the rock, which they pierce very much as a gimlet bores a plank, only that by a special contrivance they recede after each blow, that a jet of water may be impelled into the hole being bored, in order to clear it of dust, and to keep the auger itself cool. This retrograde motion is produced in a manner very similar to that in which the same movement is given to the piston of a steam-engine. In the perforating-machine the auger is fixed to the end of a piston moving backwards and forwards in a cylinder. Compressed air enters this cylinder at both ends; but as it is contrived that the front surface of the piston (the one towards the rock) upon which it presses should have only half the size of the other end, it follows that at an equal pressure of six atmospheres, the pressure received from behind is twice as potent as that in the contrary direction, and the auger strikes the rock, although less violently than if there were no compressed air in front of the piston to resist its forward motion. As soon as the blow has been given, however, this relative proportion of the strength of pressure is reversed. The valve by which the compressed air enters the portion of the cylinder behind the piston closes; and another, communicating with the outer atmosphere, opens. This escape being afforded, the forward pressure is immediately reduced to the strength of one atmosphere, which is of course overcome, and the piston recedes, while the compressed air

which has just escaped resumes its primitive volume, and thus fulfils its second purpose, by driving out the mephitic air, which naturally collects in so small a space with no draught through it, and supplies the workmen with fresh air to breathe. The augers of the perforating-machines continue their work until eighty holes have been bored, each from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches in depth, an operation often accomplished within six hours, though in the beginning especially, it took a good deal more—ten, or occasionally even fourteen hours. The connection with the main pipes is then cut off, and the whole framework, with all its apparatus, is rolled away by the workmen to a distance of a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, behind great gates made of thick planks and beams, called “safety-doors.” A fresh gang of workmen, the miners, then appear on the scene, whose duty it is to load the mines thus prepared, and then to fire them. No sooner have the mines been exploded, those in the centre, where they are closer together, first, then the ones on the circumference, than a burst of compressed air is admitted into the farthest end of the tunnel, to clear it from smoke and the gases produced by the explosion, and a third set of workmen arrive, with a number of little trucks running upon side rails laid for this special service, in which they cart away the fragments of rock brought down by the explosion. In this way about a yard of progress is generally attained.

At first this operation could only be attempted once in the twenty-four hours, owing to the inexperience of the workmen, of whom only a small number could be taught to use the machines at once; but gradually it was found possible to organize a second gang, and after that, whenever a series of manœuvres such as those above described was effected within twelve hours, it was immediately repeated; and as improvements are gradually introduced into the machinery, and the workmen acquire greater facility in employing it, M. Sommeiller and his colleagues express their hope that it will be possible for them either to make three breaches in the rock every twenty-four hours, or else to attain a more rapid rate of progress by boring deeper holes each time, if two attacks only be found more advantageous.

After the small section of the tunnel has

been excavated by the perforating-machines, it is enlarged by the ordinary method—a work which it is always the endeavor of the directing engineers to keep at a certain proportionate distance from the front of attack; while the masons who build in the part of the tunnel already enlarged to its full size, follow close upon the workmen who have been digging it out with their picks, for it is of course desirable to leave as little as possible to be done towards completing the tunnel after the mountain shall once have been pierced.

But we need not dwell on this part of our subject, which offers no peculiarity worthy of remark: we will rather say something of the special machinery employed, and particularly of the two systems at work for obtaining the necessary supply of compressed air.* The report of M. Sommeiller is accompanied by a series of drawings, with detailed descriptions, without which it would be of course impossible for any one to master all the intricacies of these machines; but we may perhaps be able to give our readers some notion of the system employed. The first idea was that of what is called a column compressor. It had been calculated that a tension of six atmospheres was required for the compressed air to be employed in the tunnel, and to produce this, a fall of twenty-six mètres (eighty-five feet four inches) was found necessary to give a sufficient impetus to the descending rush of the volume of water which was to compress a certain amount of common atmospheric air to this extent. This fact once having been theoretically ascertained by calculation, the means of reducing it to practice were simple enough. At Bardonnèche there was no difficulty in procuring any quantity of water with which to fill a reservoir eighty-five feet above the machine-house, and this reservoir serves to feed ten compressing columns in the shape of syphons, each of which communicates with a chamber filled with atmospheric air, of such a height and size that the impetus of the water when turned on is just sufficient to carry it to the top. This is effected by opening a valve in the column, through which the water in the upper part (previ-

* In 1862 the production of the ten compressors at Bardonnèche was no less than 1,404,000 cubic metres of compressed air, and it is found that a still greater quantity will be required as the works advance farther from the outer air.

ously, as it were, suspended) rushes, pushing before it the water at rest below the valve in the lower part of the syphon formed by the column. Rapidly rising above its original level at the bottom of the chamber, the invading water thus compresses the air therein contained, until it has attained a tension of six atmospheres, at which point it has acquired strength sufficient to raise a valve at the top of the chamber, and thus escape into a recipient specially prepared for it. Every particle of compressed air is driven out by the pursuit of the water, which continues to rise until it touches the top of the chamber, when, at the very moment, the valve in the column is shut, so as to cut off the downward rush; another valve* situated in the lower part of the column is then simultaneously opened, to allow the water in the compressing chamber to run off until it has sunk to its normal level in the syphon, after which fresh atmospheric air is admitted into the vacuum above it, through a series of suspended valves at the side of the chamber, which are shut by the water as it rises, and open again by their own weight as it recedes, and the operation is thus indefinitely repeated, at the rate of three pulsations per minute. At Bardonnèche there are ten compressors constantly at work, every one of which can be stopped for repairs without interfering with the rest, and each impels the air it has compressed into its own recipient. The ten recipients of compressed air, however, communicate together, and a very simple and beautiful contrivance has been resorted to in order to keep the tension in them invariable, independently of the production going on in the compressors, and of the quantity drawn off for use through the pipe carried into the tunnel. To effect this, a vast reservoir of water was constructed, 50 mètres (163 feet 5 inches) above the recipients, connected with them by a long pipe. The static weight of the water thus superimposed on the compressed air being exactly sufficient to maintain it at a tension of six atmospheres, when the supply of air is low, the water enters the recipients, when on the contrary it is superabundant, the water is forced back up the pipe into the reservoir.

* The alternate play of these two valves—one of which is always open and the other shut—is regulated by a contrivance called an aerometer, also set in motion by compressed air.

When this system was first proposed there were innumerable objections urged against it in the scientific world. It was declared impossible to construct recipients strong enough to hold a supply of compressed air, which was thought capable of bursting the vessel in which it was enclosed, and perhaps even of oozing out through the pores of the cast-iron plates of which it was made. The practicability of conveying compressed air to any distance through pipes, without a loss of tension rendering it utterly useless, was even more strongly and generally insisted on. Fortunately, the experience acquired at Bardonnèche affords a full refutation of these unfavorable predictions; for we learn that not only is there no escape of air from any part of the machinery or pipes, sufficient to stir the flame of a taper, but experiment shows that the loss of tension liable to be incurred in the transport of compressed air would not equal one-tenth of an atmosphere in any distance less than 25,000 mètres, or nearly four times that which it can be required to traverse for the works under Mont Cénis! Another fear also expressed by the opponents of the tunnel was, that from want of shafts the workmen employed must necessarily be suffocated; it is, however, found that though the temperature is somewhat higher, it is as easy to breathe at the further end of the tunnel as on the hillside itself, since a quantity of compressed air is daily impelled into the small section seventeen times greater than its cubic capacity, and this rush of compressed air not only renews the atmosphere, but also tends to moderate the heat generated by the presence of a large number of workmen in a small space, in which a number of gas-lights are perpetually burning; for it has been demonstrated by experience, that when air is compressed it loses a portion of its natural caloric, whence it follows, that when it resumes its primitive volume on being allowed to escape, it is ready to absorb an amount of heat equal to that which it had previously emitted. From what we have already said, our readers will readily perceive that there need be no fear of the workmen being suffocated; nevertheless, the directing engineers proposed at least to double the supply of compressed air before the end of 1863.

At the northern entrance, the system employed for compressing air is different, and of greater general interest, since it is more

readily applicable than that of the column-compressor, which requires a quantity of water and a fall by no means attainable everywhere, as was soon found to be the case at Fourneaux, where one torrent at a sufficient height above the engine-house had not the necessary supply of water, and another, which was abundant, had but an insignificant fall. To combat this difficulty, the first device was to raise water to the requisite height by means of hydraulic wheels, when a new invention, the pump-compressor, afforded a real solution of the problem, so satisfactory, that it will supply three times the amount of compressed air, while the machinery costs one-third less than the column-compressor. In this machine the compression is effected by a piston, which an hydraulic wheel causes to move backwards and forwards in a chamber communicating with two vertical columns, supplied with water in such a way and such a quantity, that when one is full the other must be empty, and this occurs alternately as the piston moves. Each time a vacuum is left in the one, it is filled with air from the outer atmosphere, which the water on its return compresses until it acquires sufficient tension to raise a valve and escape into a recipient, just as in the column-compressor. In this machine, however, the air is driven into the vacuum by water flowing from an outer basin. This water serves a double purpose; when the column is full of air, it accumulates over the valve by which the latter has entered, and the superimposed weight prevents any leakage through this valve when the air begins to be compressed by the return of the piston; when, on the other hand, the column is empty, the water flows in, entering with the air, and makes up for the loss of the water in the column caused by evaporation. Any extra amount which may thus enter escapes with the compressed air into the recipients, at the bottom of which it accumulates until it is enough in quantity to raise a concentric float under which it makes its way out, and which then closes again over the orifice. It is calculated that each pump-compressor is able to supply the works with thirty litres (nearly seven gallons) of compressed air per second, and when six of them shall be at work, according to the declared intention of the engineers, it is evident there will be no difficulty in obtaining a quantity of compressed air amply sufficient

for the perforating-machines, for renewing the atmosphere in the tunnel, and for speedily clearing it of smoke after the explosion of the mines.

At Fourneaux, two other contrivances of considerable interest are in use. We have already said that the valley of Roche molles is at a level considerably higher than that of the Are; so much so, that the tunnel which at the south entrance is at the bottom of the one valley, issues out at the north end at a height of 186 mètres (347 feet 10 inches) above the opposite one, in spite of the slope given to half of it. To obviate the inconvenience of having to drag everything required for the works in the tunnel up so considerable a perpendicular height, the engineers have thought themselves of constructing an automatic plane between the platform at the mouth of the tunnel and the valley below sufficiently wide for a double line of rails to be laid on it. At the top stands a large drum with a cable, each end of which is attached to a truck, one of which is at the top while the other is at the bottom. When the latter has been loaded, the former is filled with water, and descends by its own weight, dragging up the other as it moves; a contrivance by which a weight of fifteen hundred kilogrammes (not far from a ton) can be raised in a few minutes, and the water being emptied out of the truck which reaches the bottom, it is ready to convey another load to the top in its turn.

The second contrivance, peculiar to Fourneaux, concerns the ventilation. When the tunnel shall be completed, in order to allow the railway lines from each side to run in it, it will be necessary to make it take a curve up the valleys on each side, and a branch from the main tunnel is already being excavated for this purpose at Bardonnèche, in addition to the straight one, which will be kept open, as it facilitates the work and the admission of air. In spite of the straight line observed at Fourneaux, the slope inward of 22 per 1000 is found to be a great obstacle to the entrance of a current of fresh air, in spite of the difference of temperature which had been counted on to promote it. A special contrivance has therefore been devised for sucking out the bad air which accumulates in the tunnel, through a large wooden conduit hanging from the roof. The torrent of Chamaix has been made to supply a small qua-

tity of water with a fall of 70 mètres (in round numbers 230 feet) which, by means of a wheel, sets two enormous pistons in motion. These alternately raise and let fall a mass of water enclosed in two chambers, communicating with the conduit from the tunnel; as the water sinks in each alternately the vacuum thus produced is filled by the bad air, which is immediately afterwards expelled into the outer atmosphere by the return of the piston; and it is calculated that in this way all the mephitic air likely to be generated will be drawn off without difficulty, even when the works shall be under the centre of the mountain.

We have now sketched the peculiar machinery employed for tunnelling Mont Cénis. The perforators we will not attempt to describe minutely, partly because the extreme complication of parts necessary to fit them for their various functions is such as to render them unintelligible without the assistance of drawings on a large scale, and also because the great singularity in them that we wish to impress on our readers is quite independent of their arrangements and form; viz., that of their being kept in motion by compressed air, conveyed from a distance which even now exceeds a mile, and will be considerably more before the works are terminated. For the first time since the application of steam to machinery, a great engineering work is being carried on without its assistance; and the accounts given of the success attained in the employment of compressed air, as well as the small cost, calculated per dynamic horsepower, ought to commend this great enterprise to general attention. Air is a commodity to be obtained everywhere; water is neither scarce nor dear, especially if we remember that it is by no means necessary to produce compressed air at or even near the spot where it is to be employed, for even supposing it has to be conveyed to a distance such as to occasion a considerable loss of tension (and experience, confirming the tables of the Commission, shows that this would not occur at any moderate one); it would suffice slightly to raise the degree of the original compression, a result which it is found can be attained by the same water power, provided the quantity of air to be operated upon be reduced in proportion to the additional tension it is desired to give it. The column-compressor, indeed, was not generally

applicable, owing to the great fall required to make the water used for compression descend with sufficient impetus, but this difficulty is removed by the invention of the pump-compressor, for which but a very small quantity of water, and no fall, is required, and in which, if necessary, another motive power, such as the wind, we conceive, or steam, might be substituted for the hydraulic wheels used to move the compressing pistons at Fourneaux. A review intended for general perusal is not the place in which to discuss the applications which may be made of the working power contained in compressed air, nor to enter on the abstract scientific advantages it presents: nevertheless we cannot refrain from expressing our hope that engineers will take advantage of the works now going on at Mont Cénis to make themselves practically acquainted with this new motive force, and to study the use that may be made of it elsewhere.

The scientific interest in the tunnelling of the Alps, excited by the employment of compressed air, though in our eyes the chief, is by no means the only one connected with this great enterprise, the importance of which, owing to the political events of the last seven years, has enormously increased since the project was first presented to Count de Cavour. When the bill authorizing the tunnel passed, both slopes of the Alps belonged to the same State, the two parts of which it was to connect, while it put the Mediterranean port of Genoa in communication with France, Switzerland, and Germany; but, owing to the restrictive commercial policy of the governments that then ruled all the rest of Italy, its influence did not seem likely to extend further south. Three years, however, sufficed to bring great changes. The southern half of the Italian peninsula had fused itself with the northern, and the frontier of France was on the crest of the Alps. Savoy having thus passed into the power of another State, a special convention was concluded on the 7th of May, 1862, to regulate the interests concerning the tunnel. The Italian Government insisted on retaining the exclusive command and direction of the works, which it had begun at its own risk and cost; but it was agreed that when they were terminated, France should pay for half the length at the rate of three thousand francs per mètre; and, moreover, that for

every year less than twenty-five—the extreme limit of time fixed by the convention—she should pay an additional sum of 500,000 francs, a premium to be raised to 600,000 per annum if the works be terminated within fifteen years.

Our readers thus see how great an interest the Italian Government has even financially in the speedy termination of the tunnel; an argument made use of by General de Menabrea, in his interesting speech of the 4th of March last, to induce the Parliament to grant additional sums for the works, showing that to spend now is true economy, since every year gained will increase the proportion of the general expense to be borne by France. According to the calculations of the minister, twelve and a half years may be looked to with confidence as the ultimate term of the undertaking; in January last, the works were already 1,274 mètres, or rather more than a tenth of the whole distance, from the entrance on the side of Bardonnèche, and of this, 550 mètres (170 in 1861, 380 in 1862) were, owing to the mechanical system, which, there is every reason to hope, will every year afford increasingly satisfactory results, not less at any rate than a yearly progress of 400 mètres. At Fourneaux, where it was only inaugurated in January, 1863, at a distance of 925 mètres from the entrance, the progress made in the first two months was such as to afford ground for the confident expectation that the works on that side will soon be in as forward a state as those at Bardonnèche; and if these calculations be not falsified by encountering some fresh obstacle in the centre of the mountain, and the expected total advance of 800 mètres (400 at each end) be attained each year, it will follow that France will be liable by the treaty for a sum which will go far to acquit the obligations of the Italian Government with respect to the tunnel; since, including the interest on the sum spent on the French half, it will exceed 31,700,000 francs (£1,268,000). Besides this, an additional sum of 13,000,000 francs (£520,000) will have to be reimbursed by the Victor Emmanuel Railway Company, leaving little more than 20,000,000 francs out of the 65,000,000 francs the tunnel is computed to cost, to be finally paid by the Italian Government, in which sum is included the cost of the railway between Bardonnèche and Susa.

As long as the opening of the tunnel could be deemed problematical, it would have been idle to speculate on the advantages to be derived from its existence—advantages incalculably multiplied by the fusion of the greater part of Italy into a single State, blessed, moreover, with freedom of commerce. Less than twenty-five miles (forty kilometres) of railway will suffice to connect the southern entrance of the tunnel with the iron net which covers the valley of the Po, and though the whole descent is little less than 2,500 feet, the engineers promise that in no part of this line, will the slopes exceed 27 per 1,000, nor will the curves have a radius of less than 500 mètres; and as only a sixth of this line will be underground, computing the whole of the eighteen tunnels of different lengths through which it will have to pass, we need not fear but what it will be completed in time to give its full value to the tunnel as soon as it shall be opened. On the northern side there are but a few miles of railway wanting to connect St. Michel, where it at present stops, with Modane, the work for which are already progressing, and we cannot doubt that the French authorities who co-operate so heartily with the Italian engineers, that, as it is pleasant to hear from the report of the latter, not a single dispute has arisen in the course of three years, nor a day been lost to the works by the transfer of the province, will make it a point of honor to terminate them before the tunnel can be completed.

We are, therefore, safe in considering that as soon as the Mont Cénis tunnel is open, a train will be able to run direct from Chambéry to Turin. Let us now see what advantages this will imply: Chambéry, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is in direct railway communication with Paris and Switzerland, and scarcely thirty hours distant from London, and when once the barrier of the Alps shall be broken down, the enterprising statesmen of Italy hope to see their country once more the high-road between Europe and Asia. For this purpose they are busily engaged in the construction of railways, and the repair and enlargement of long neglected harbors. Already a line of steamers is running between Ancona and Alexandria, the starting-place of which it is proposed to transfer to Brindisi (the Roman Brundisium) and perhaps in time to Taranto, when the

ailway which now stops at Foggia shall be accessively open to these ports, an event which may reasonably be expected to occur within a very few years, certainly before the completion of the tunnel. If we look to the consequence of this we shall find that when Brindisi is in direct communication with Boulogne, the journey from London to Egypt, and therefore to India, by this route, will be shorter by at least three days and nights than ever can be through Marseilles, and that the sea passage will be reduced to less than half what it is at present. This fact only requires to be stated to give an idea of the great advantage this road will possess for the Indian mails, for passengers, and all the lighter and more valuable species of merchandise, in regard to which greater rapidity of transmission will more than compensate for any additional expense incurred by the substitution of railway for sea carriage, while as for travellers, we conceive there would be few unwilling to abbreviate a journey oftener undertaken from necessity than pleasure, and to substitute a railway route down the Adriatic coast for the constant tossing of the now inevitable Gulf of Lyons.

To our merchants, too, the opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel, and the railway system of which it may be regarded as the crown and keystone, should be a matter of no small interest, especially now that the commercial treaty just signed will entail a great reduction of the tariff. The southern provinces of Italy afford a field for commercial enterprise hitherto neglected, and necessarily so, from the utter want of means of communication between it and the rest of Europe; and yet, while Manchester mills stand idle for want of cotton, there is perhaps no soil more capable of producing it than the plains of Taranto and the southern shores of Sicily,* while it would be tedious to attempt even the most cursory enumeration of the many objects of use or luxury that might be obtained from these rich but long-abandoned lands. The portals leading to them have now been closed by a barrier which seemed insuperable to human skill, and every day which brought the places connected by the iron bond of the age more closely together, appeared proportionately to isolate and doom to atrophy all such

as had no part in the great community of interests.

All honor then is due to those who have rescued a country so fertile and so progressive as Italy from the moral and commercial suffocation to which she seemed condemned, by the Alpine girdle which cut her off from the rest of Europe, both to the engineers who devised, and the statesman who encouraged, the enterprise. In whatever light we look at the tunnel, it cannot fail to do the highest credit to Italian genius and Italian perseverance. Count de Cavour never lived to see the works which owed so much to his fostering care, for on the very 6th of June, 1861, which had long been fixed for him to visit Bardonnèche, and inspect the new machines in motion, the great minister expired; but while the department of public works is in the able hands of General de Menabrea, we may be very sure that nothing will be omitted to favor an undertaking of which he may justly be held one of the principal authors, owing to the share he took in the labors of the original Government Commission, and the zeal with which he has always upheld it, against every objection, both in the Parliament of his own country, and in the scientific assemblies of other nations.

For the directors of the works, and the engineers carrying them out under their orders, no praise can be deemed extravagant. The glory of utilizing a force hitherto without employment, and of contriving means for executing a work which seemed to defy the utmost resources of art, belongs entirely to the former; but the great merit of the latter cannot fail to be appreciated, if we consider the extraordinary difficulties with which they have had to contend. At no time, and in no circumstances, would the task of inaugurating an entirely new system of machinery, constructed on purely theoretical principles, the action of which was totally unknown, and whose every defect had to be discovered, and a remedy devised by the light of the experience practically acquired day by day, without any data, either in books or in engineering traditions, which could be of the slightest use as a guide, while a whole series of complicated manœuvres had to be taught to a large band of workmen all at once, have been an easy one; but in the case before us the inherent difficulties were incalculably increased by adventitious ones. They would

* We believe that in the course of the winter it is intended to open an exhibition at Turin of this cotton cultivated in different parts of Italy

have been great enough in the centre of an industrial district, with workshops and tool manufactories close at hand, with a choice of intelligent mechanics, trained to turn their attention to different kinds of work—what must they have been in an Alpine region, buried in snow for nearly half the year, far away from even a village offering the smallest resource, with only such workshops on the spot as could execute small repairs or slight modifications in the machinery, while every alteration of real importance had to be made in Belgium by the original constructors? If we consider, moreover, that all the requirements, and the very daily subsistence of great numbers of workmen* collected together from distant places had to be provided for—that bridges had to be built, and roads constructed, before even a cart could arrive at the scene of the works, besides the reservoirs and canals we have already mentioned, and that all this was accomplished in a country and by a nation among which all industrial enterprise had been unknown, and political and commercial liberty had only just sprung into life, we think it must be conceded that no panegyric can exceed the deserts of such men as M. Borelli, local director at Bardonnèche, and MM. Mella and Copello, who have successively occupied the same post at Fourneaux. It is indeed their highest praise to say that they have overcome difficulties like those we have briefly hinted at above, leaving it to such of our readers as are practically acquainted with engineering enterprises to appreciate their magnitude, and brought the works and the machinery to a state of such forwardness and perfection, as to make it possible approximatively to calculate the

* On the 1st January, 1863, nine hundred workmen were employed at Bardonnèche, and seven hundred and twenty at Modane, a number intended to be increased during the past year.

time and cost still requisite to assure the completion of this extraordinary work.

All the persons concerned in it have given such proof of their capacity and energy, that it would be unjust to doubt that they will continue to the end equal to themselves, as we therefore look with confidence to the final success at the period they have assigned for the conclusion of their labors. The annual report the chief directors are bound to present to the Italian Parliament, and of which the one now before us is the first (since no more could be made until the mechanical perforation had been sufficiently tried to attest its powers) must be looked for each spring with increasing interest, and engineers will be glad to learn that the present volume holds out a promise of a technical work already in course of compilation, giving a detailed description of the different machines and an account of their action, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, as well as accurate data, illustrating the phenomena connected with the compression of air, besides various studies on the use that may be made of it as an industrial force, which it is hoped may be given to the public in the course of the next two years.

To this future work, and in the mean while to the appendix of the present report, with its excellent illustrations, we must refer whoever wishes to acquire an exact knowledge of the state of the works under Mont Cenis, and especially of the means employed in boring the tunnel. If we have succeeded in giving our readers any clear general notion of this great undertaking, and of the various commercial interests involved in its success, we have done all that lies within the province of a reviewer, and can but rejoice in having had the opportunity of paying a tribute of admiration to the men who are now once doing so much for the honor of the Italian name, and the advantage and prosperity of the world at large.

The venerable Herr Fintelman, the King of Prussia's head-gardener at Charlottenburg, died on Christmas-day at the age of ninety. Those who have visited Berlin will recollect how he used to tell, with evident pride, that in his boyhood, when he was employed in the gardens of Sans Souci, Frederick the Great was wont to search out the largest and finest figs with his eyes, and, pointing to them with his cane, make him mount the trees and gather them for him. But, if he

spoke with pride of this occupation of his boyhood, connecting his memories with the great king, he would tell with enthusiasm of the culture of the first dahlias, which Humboldt had brought from America, and first introduced into Prussia. To old Mr. Fintelman the beautiful gardens of Peacock's Island, near Potsdam, the favorite resort of King Frederick William the Third, were their chief attractions.

From The Saturday Review.
MR. THACKERAY.

A YEAR already remarkable by the deaths of conspicuous persons has closed with an unexpected loss. In the full vigor of his faculties, and in the midst of healthy hopes and projects, Mr. Thackeray has gone to join those who, in the old Latin phrase, are called with tender reticence the majority, or the many. Although modern feeling no longer deprecates sudden death as a peculiar evil to its victims, survivors feel most sensibly the unprepared blow which is concentrated into a single moment. The shock of the event must have been felt over large spaces of society, extending from the centre of friendship and intimacy to distant regions in which the character of the writer was only conjectured from his works. Even the colorless products of science and recondite learning include an element of human or biographical interest, and the literature which relates to daily life and to social manners is far more closely connected with personal relations. Whatever Mr. Thackeray wrote was obviously, and for the most part intentionally, tinged with individual peculiarity, and only the most careless readers can have failed occasionally to think of the author. The circumstances of his life, as well as his tastes and habits, brought him into contact with an extraordinarily large circle of acquaintances, and his striking personal appearance was still more widely known within and beyond the range of London society. By the friends who knew him best, Mr. Thackeray was thoroughly beloved, and in the due proportion of nearer or remoter intercourse he inspired an affectionate regard in all who shared his conversation. All competent observers who have been brought by merit or good fortune into contact with men of genius know that, notwithstanding innumerable diversities of character, they are almost always distinguished by a fundamental simplicity and nobleness of nature. The course of Mr. Thackeray's life was probably not unfavorable to his intellectual and moral development, but no perversity of training or exceptional obliquity of circumstances could have converted him into an intriguer, a fanatic, or a prig. Not affecting stoical elevation, liable to conscious and unconscious foibles, he satisfied the first condition of greatness or natural superiority by always remaining essentially the same. A certain large-

ness and passivity of disposition left room for the undisturbed play of his intellect and fancy. It was not his mission to guide the opinions of men, or to direct their practical energies. The gift of humorous observation and of dramatic reproduction is subtler and rarer, and it is not less really useful.

Superficial critics often attributed to Mr. Thackeray the bitter and sarcastic tendency which they imagined that they discovered in his writings. His friends, on the other hand, influenced perhaps by their knowledge of his personal character, received from his works an opposite impression. His satirical acuteness contrasted oddly, and yet pleasantly, with an invincible credulity in every form and every pretence of goodness. The hero of the day, especially if his merits were philanthropic or religious, always commanded his momentary belief and admiration. Innate diffidence or modesty inclined him to exaggerate the greatness of good men and of those who professed to be good. In real life, and sometimes in literary composition, he was unduly tolerant of impostors whom he was far too honest to imitate. The sarcastic quality of his writings represented the reaction of his judgment against his impulses, and it also arose, in part, from an almost feminine impatience of harshness and wrong. He might be said to be habitually angry because all the world was not as gentle and as genial as himself; and yet he was so far from entertaining excessive self-esteem that, if he could have denuded himself of his personality, he would probably have chosen an entirely different type of character, which would have been narrower and poorer than his own. If he had been a dull man, he would perhaps have submitted to the dictation of some presuming theorist or sectarian teacher; but a happy faculty of discerning absurdity secured him against the consequences of his unusual softness of disposition. To a certain extent, he was aware of his own amiable peculiarities, and several of his fictitious characters are partially copied from the simpler and less vigorous side of his own nature. The weakness which too often distinguishes the virtuous and benevolent personages of his novels indicates his unfounded suspicion that intellectual power is a moral drawback rather than an inappreciable advantage. He knew himself to be able and brilliant, and he never discovered that he was intrinsically good.

He once accepted as a compliment the half-serious remark of one of his friends, that the principal feature of his character was a weak religious sentimentality.

It was fortunate that Mr. Thackeray failed in his attempt, some years ago, to obtain a seat in Parliament. For politics, and in general for either abstract or practical controversies, he was incapable of caring, and his consciousness of his true vocation was characteristically displayed in his hearty congratulations of the successful adversary, who, as the defeated candidate informed his supporters, was better qualified for the House of Commons than himself. It would perhaps have been better if he had never meddled with history, for some kinds of greatness irritated and repelled him, and his strong perception of personal obliquities blinded him to the great public interests which were often identified with imperfect kings or statesmen. The Hanoverian succession, which perpetuated the liberties of England, was associated in Mr. Thackeray's imagination with a succession of coarse or insignificant German princes, who were less picturesque than the Pretender of tradition. The illustrious Marlborough seemed to him only an avaricious tyrant, and he would willingly have dwarfed Swift to the proportions of Addison, because the "Tale of a Tub" displays more questionable daring than scores of pretty verses about the spacious firmament and the blue ethereal sky. Even the form of genius which Mr. Thackeray might have been expected most heartily to appreciate was distasteful to him when he believed it to have been dissociated from moral worth. His irrelevant criticism on the faulty life of Sterne is substituted for the due recognition of a genius which, both in fiction and in humor, was even higher than his own. The few failings of his taste and judgment leaned to the side of virtue, and the delicate and almost timid sensitiveness of his nature explained and excused occasional injustice. It would be unfitting at the present moment to notice even petty defects, except for the purpose of explaining the paradox of a benevolence which sometimes seemed to require a cynical expression. Mr. Thackeray's friends were not perplexed by any similar inconsistency between his affectionate character and his kindly demeanor. The formidable satirist never sought to be feared either by his intel-

lectual equals or by the most commonplace of his associates.

His knowledge of character was minute and accurate, but it was confined to the limits of his own experience. He had lived among artists, men of letters, native and foreign adventurers, and in the best society of London; but he knew nothing of peasants or artisans, and he never attempted to describe them. The variety of his creations has been undervalued, because his later novels were too exclusively occupied with a single phase of existence; but the humble clerk who is the hero of the "Great Hoggarty Diamond" is removed by many degrees in the social scale from the Marquis of Steyne and Lady Kew. The artificial ingenuity by which accuracy of costume is preserved in "Esmond" and "The Virginians" might have raised a doubt of Mr. Thackeray's prudence in attempting historical fiction; but the "Luck of Barry Lyndon" contains an admirable picture of continental life in the last century, although the story has failed to obtain popularity in consequence of the error of making the villain of the story, like Smollett's "Count Fathom," also its hero or centre. In *Becky Sharp*, Mr. Thackeray performed a feat which has rarely been accomplished in fiction, by endowing the creature of his imagination with a portion of his own genius and wit. Perhaps the reality of life which is imparted to the thoroughly commonplace George Osborne is almost an equal difficult achievement. Caricatures, even when they symbolize whole classes by a skilful exaggeration of their peculiarities, rank below the natural and breathing portraits of the highest order of artists. In the power of arranging the accessories of scenery and incident Mr. Thackeray had many superiors, yet there is no more perfect passage in modern literature than the Waterloo chapter in *Vanita Fair*, where the rumors of the unseen battle form an accompaniment to the anxieties and projects of the personages of the story as they wait for the results at Brussels.

While the best parts of Mr. Thackeray's regular novels belong to the class of refined comedy, his Christmas stories, his contributions to *Punch*, and his minor writings in general, overflow with the gayest and wildest humor. No modern parodies approach in excellence to the imitations of Mr. Disraeli and Sir Bulwer Lytton in "Codlingsby" and

"George de Barnwell." The profound philosophy of the interesting murderer's argument to prove that he had committed no crime because he felt no remorse, is the more admirable because it approaches the limits of possible sophistry. Major Gahagan, "the slayer of elephants," furnishes a subject for one of the wittiest of burlesque romances. In "Rebecca and Rowena," where Mr. Thackeray vented his humorous irritation against the heroine of "Ivanhoe," his unfailing dislike to famous warriors is expressed in the melodramatic ferocity of Richard Cœur de Lion. Like all great comic writers, he derived a special amusement from certain favorite types of character. Of the mendacious Irish adventurer he was never tired, and Barry Lyndon was only the possible or credible forerunner of The Mulligan. The "Jeames" of the "Diary" and the "Charles" of the "Yellow-plush Papers" are still more fabulous representatives of the imaginary London footman; but Mr. Thackeray knew how to produce the most amusing results by adopting the gratuitous supposition that uneducated magniloquence was combined with a practice of phonetic spelling. He always took pleasure in playing with the language of which he had obtained perfect mastery. His puns and his unexpected rhymes were surprisingly ingenious, and the flowing metre of his humorous ballads was not far removed from the music of genuine poetry. His ordinary style was in a high degree pure and idiomatic, and his habitual cultivation of the niceties of language taught him to appreciate, in his maturer years, the classical studies

which he had too much undervalued in his youth. He sometimes said that his highest aspiration would be to produce a few short poems as finished and perfect as the Odes of Horace.

Detailed criticism would be ill-suited to the occasion, but the memory of a great writer is inseparably, and for the world at large exclusively, associated with his works. To those who knew Mr. Thackeray himself, it seems as if a sagacious stranger might construct his true character from a careful study of his writings. It would be evident that, while he had no pretension to learning, he possessed vast stores of miscellaneous knowledge, and that whatever he knew was available for his purposes. His gayety and melancholy corresponded to the humor of his fictions, and to the pathetic element which they contained. The acrimony of his satire was but the form in which a sensitive nature sought at the same time concealment and utterance. The most common error in his conception of character proceeded from an excess of charitable forbearance. He made his amiable women almost silly, not because he despised feminine virtues, but because he had taught himself to be tolerant of folly if he fancied that it was combined with goodness. Exaggerating to himself his own conscious failings, holding that intellectual gifts afforded no security for moral excellence, he scarcely knew how large a possibility of error is abolished by the elimination of stupidity. His survivors understand better the essential purity of character which was intimately connected with his sparkling fancy and with his keen observation.

British Almanack and Companion for 1864.
Knight & Co.

THE Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge published the first of this valuable series of Almanacks and Companions in the year 1828; and to that volume we are indebted for the radical reform which has since taken place in all almanacs published in England from that period, up to which the Stationers' Company, enjoying then a monopoly for the production of these useful manuals, had made use of that monopoly chiefly as a source of revenue, supplying the most miserable farrago under the name of an almanac at the highest possible price they could reckon upon the public giving for it. The entire series of the "British Almanack and Companion," now consisting of thirty-seven volumes, is worth preserving on one's shelves as a constant book of reference; the Companion, in particular, contain-

ing abstracts of all important Acts of Parliament for each successive year, a short parliamentary history of the session, a great body of most useful statistics on interesting home and colonial matters, accounts of public buildings and improvements, and other information which one would have to hunt up in parliamentary blue-books, or collect out of newspapers, at a loss of time, patience, and often, too, of temper. The almanac itself contains all that an almanac may be expected to contain; and, in saying that the "British Almanack and Companion for 1864" is every way equal to its predecessors, we give it the fullest meed of praise that can be given. The two together, bound up in a single volume, furnish a manual of the social progress of the United Kingdom for the past year, and one of the best almanacs for the present.—*Reader.*

From The Reader.

HENRY TAYLOR.

The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor, D.C.L.
Three Volumes. Chapman and Hall.

THIS complete edition of Mr. Taylor's poetical works commences with the preface which, thirty years since, he prefixed to "Philip van Artevelde." In perusing it we are insensibly led to think of the veteran magistrate's advice to his successor, on no account to state the grounds of his decisions, and of Shelley's equally judicious warning:—

"It is a dangerous invasion
When poets criticise—their station
Is to delight, not prose."

Mr. Taylor does not, indeed, prose; his observations are sagacious, and his style delightful. But, in attempting to expose the errors of other poets, he has put criticism on the track of his own. We once heard a politician hold forth at great length on the advantage of admitting a certain class of voters to the franchise. When he had gone away, an old gentleman who had listened very quietly to the harangue composedly observed, "If they had votes, they would vote for *him*." Just in the same way Mr. Taylor's remarks might serve to apprise one who had never read a line of his writings that these would be found deficient in passion and that "ardent and affluent imagination" which is allowed by himself to form one of the principal constituents of genius. He has so ably pointed out the inefficiency of the imaginative faculty when unaccompanied by the chastening superintendence of Reason that we cannot avoid asking, How will Reason fare without Imagination? For a satisfactory reply, see his writings *passim*. It would be preposterous to contest his eminent merits, but it is equally impossible not to see that they are not those most essential to that branch of art to which he has devoted himself. Knowledge of the world is indeed an important auxiliary to the tragic poet, but it is not absolutely indispensable. Pity and terror may be excited without it; and poetic instinct, the inspiration which Plato enforces as the one thing needful, and Mr. Taylor derides as vain enthusiasm, will preserve from any gross solecism in the grammar of natural feeling. Pity and terror are rarely aroused by Mr. Taylor, for his own nature is by no means emotional, and, with all his censure of Byron, he resembles

the noble poet in the main source of his dramatic weakness—the essentially subjective character of his genius. Philip van Artevelde is as thoroughly identified with his creation as Manfred and Sardanapalus. He is undoubtedly a personage of superior mental force and moral worth, and would be more tragic were tragic heroes meant to be set on a pedestal for admiration. On the contrary, nearly all the heroes of the stage are singularly mixed and imperfect characters, and tragedy itself consists less in stirring incidents than in the affecting contemplation of human inadequacy. In his preface and play it precedes Mr. Taylor seems to consider it the business of the dramatist to produce a type of ideal perfection. He quotes Shakspeare's encomium of "that man that is not a passion's slave," as if such were the character that Shakspeare delighted to exhibit. In reality, almost all his protagonists—Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Timon—are emphatically the slaves of passion in one form or another, and derive their tragic significance from this very circumstance. Brutus affords almost the only exception to this remark, and here Shakspeare was compelled to follow Plutarch. How widely he would have differed from Mr. Taylor's views may further appear from his conduct of "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Taylor would have luxuriated in the opportunity of delineating the accomplished and successful statesman in Augustus, whom Shakspeare almost slurs over while he devotes all his power to the exhibition of frailty and impotent passion in a pair intellectually and morally inferior to Byron's Sardanapalus. In Shakspeare's hands Philip van Artevelde would have excited quite a different kind of interest. Our interest for him as he appears in Mr. Taylor's pages, is chiefly of an æsthetic character. We admire the vigor of the portrait, and are pleased to see the outlines gradually filled in by the hand of a master. For Artevelde himself we care little, for he does not want our sympathy. He can take excellent care of himself; his fall is not the consequence of amiable weakness, nor of imprudent magnanimity, nor even of an avenging Fate. The character is not naturally tragic, and Mr. Taylor could not render it so. He would have done better in selecting some theme that would have necessitated tragic sentiment, and would at the same time have been equally calculated to display

statesman-like wisdom and knowledge of man. The downfall of Pompey would have afforded him an admirable subject. Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, Cicero, would have lived again in his masculine verse; and the overthrow of such greatness would have offered a theme on which he might easily have become pathetic.

It would be superfluous at this time of day to extol the merits of "Philip van Artevelde," or to dwell on the inferiority of the love-scenes. In "Edwin the Fair," on the contrary, Mr. Taylor's appeals to the more tender emotions are numerous and not unsuccessful. The play is full of bustle and spirit, richer than "Philip van Artevelde" in point of diction and sentiment; but the author has scarcely made enough of his principal character, who belongs to a class so alien from modern conceptions as only to be approachable through the medium of a very powerful imaginative sympathy. Generally speaking, the personages of this drama are less vigorously delineated than those of the former work; but the balance is made even by "Edwin the Fair's" superiority in poetic feeling and dramatic interest. Of "Isaac Comnenus" we need only say that it is a worthy prelude to an honorable career, containing the germ of almost all the author's subsequent excellence. "St. Clement's Eve" wants the epic element which enters so largely into Mr. Taylor's other tragedies. It is, accordingly, a purer model of the dramatic art, but less characteristic of his genius. In many respects it is an important advance on his former works; there is more feeling and less pedantry; and the character of Iolande at least shows real creative power. The great defect consists in the clumsiness of the means employed to bring about the catastrophe.

"A Sicilian Summer," we suppose, is an admitted failure. This is much to be regretted, for English literature would have gained greatly could Mr. Taylor have accomplished the task he proposed to himself. He would indeed deserve well of his country who should succeed in restoring the romantic and poetic comedy of the Elizabethan era. Mr. Taylor's perception of the want should earn him no less credit than the gallantry of his attempt to supply it. "A Sicilian Summer" may yet prove the happy germ of some more fortunate endeavor; meanwhile, we have much satisfaction in quoting two lyrical gems from this almost forgotten play:—

"Oh had I the wings of a dove,
Soon would I fly away,
And never more think of my love,
Or not for a year and a day:
If I had the wings of a dove.

"I would press the air to my breast,
I would love the changeful sky,
In the murmuring leaves I would set up my rest,
And bid the world good-by:
If I had the wings of a dove."

"The morning broke, and Spring was there,
And lusty Summer near her birth;
The birds awoke and waked the air,
The flowers awoke and waked the earth.

"Up! quoth he, what joy for me
On dewy plain, in budding brake!
A sweet bird sings on every tree,
And flowers are sweeter for my sake.

"Lightly o'er the plain he stept,
Lightly brushed he through the wood,
And snared a little bird that slept,
And had not wakened when she should.

"Lightly through the wood he brushed,
Lightly stept he o'er the plain,
And yet—a little flower was crushed
That never raised its head again."

THE will of Mrs. Willyams of Tor Mohun, Devon, was proved on the 11th ult. at Doctors, Commons by Mr. Disraeli, the surviving executor. After leaving legacies to the amount of about £6,000, the residue of the personality, sworn under £40,000 along with her other property, is bequeathed to Mr. Disraeli; as the will is worded: "In testimony of my affection, and my approbation and admiration of his efforts to vindicate the race of Israel. With my views he is acquainted, and will no doubt endeavor to accomplish them." This legacy is therefore not left to the honorable member for Buckingham-

shire in admiration of his political, but of his literary career.

MESSRS. BACON have issued a "Federal Progress Map," which is an excellent map of the entire United States of North America as they were before the present war broke out, distinguishing by color—green, purple, and yellow—the territories claimed by the Confederates in 1861, the green at the same time showing how much of them has been recovered by the Federals up to December 31st, 1863. Much useful information is given in the shape of notes, and altogether this is one of the best war-maps published.

From The Spectator.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S ICE
MAIDEN.*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S tales are something more than tales for children, for their delicate humor and ingenuity of fancy will render them a permanent boast of the Danish national literature. No one who has once read his story of the foppish False Collar's flirtation with the prudish Garter (when they met in the washtub) can question his power of dramatizing the characters of the small and petty objects in the world around us in such a way as to strike some universal train of association (either with the names or the things of which he speaks, or with both), and so raise mere grotesqueness of conception into true humor. It is the same kind of fine humor which gives its character to this delightful little tale. The Ice Maiden herself, who is the presiding divinity of it, and is a mere impersonation of the terrible beauty and destructive fascination of Alpine frost, is more one of Andersen's poetical conceptions than of his humorous fancies. But the real humor of the tale lies in his constant interweaving throughout its course of the remarks of the domestic animals in the houses to which he introduces us, on the progress of the human events. He tells us in the first few pages that animals can only speak intelligibly to the very young:—

“‘Come out upon the roof with me,’ the cat had said to Rudy, distinctly and intelligibly; for when one is a young child, and can scarcely speak, fowls and ducks, cats and dogs, are almost as easily understood as the language that fathers and mothers use. One must be very little indeed then, however; it is the time when grandpapa's stick neighs and becomes a horse, with head, legs, and tail. Some children retain their infantine thoughts longer than others, and of these it is said that they are very backward, exceedingly stupid children—people say so much! ‘Come out upon the roof with me, little Rudy,’ was one of the first things the cat said, and Rudy understood him. ‘It is all nonsense to fancy one must fall down: you won't fall unless you are afraid. Come! set one of your paws here, the other there, and

* “The Ice Maiden.” By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the Danish by Mrs. Bushby, with drawings by Zwecker, engraved by Pearson. London: Bentley.

“The Ice Maiden, and Other Tales.” By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the German by Fanny Fuller. Philadelphia: Frederick Leyboldt. London: Trubner.

take care of yourself with the rest of your paws! Keep a sharp look-out, and be active in your limbs. If there be a hole, spring over it, and keep a firm footing as I do.”

And this is by no means the most distinguished cat in the story, which introduces in its later portion a periodic chorus, or, perhaps we should say, choral duet of cats—recurring conversation between the parlor and kitchen cat at the miller's—on the progress of events. But the striking thing to notice is how finely Andersen picks out the characteristics of the different animals whose remarks he introduces. They all agree, indeed, more or less in a certain reticence of feeling and dislike to the sentimental ways of men. The hens don't like leave-taking; even the cat before quoted snubs Rudy when he bids him good-by, “for he did not wish Rudy to see how sorry he was.” And the parlor cat says of the lovers, in a subsequent period of Rudy's history, “How those two do sit and hang over each other! I am sick of all this stuff!” This reserve, this jealousy of the lower animals towards the sentimental side of human nature, is not only a humorous, but in some sense a subtle trait. It is humorous, because it suggests that the reason animals don't display such feelings is not because they don't feel them, but because they put a strong control over themselves—and a cat escaping into solitude to suppress its emotion is certainly a very delicious idea. It is also subtle, because the analogy for the lower animals, in the development of such fancies as these, certainly ought to be taken from children, and children always show a marked dislike to the free expression of war feeling, under that sense, perhaps, of the duty of reserve which is a part of the general feeling of immaturity.

But the finest stroke of humor in this charming little story is the broad difference made between the class of ideas which the dog entertains and those of the cats. The cats, with a general grudge of human self-importance, show a profoundly feminine interest in mere gossip and a delicate sense of social distinctions. Indeed, the parlor cat and kitchen cat meet at stated periods to gossip over the affairs of the family from the parlor and kitchen point of view, the kitchen cat being, perhaps, a thought *too* subdued under the oppression of her kitchen antecedents:

“‘Don't you see there is something n

going on here?' said the parlor cat. 'There is secret love-making in the house. The father knows nothing of it yet. Rudy and Babette have been all the evening treading on each other's toes under the table; they trod on me twice, but I did not mew, for that would have aroused suspicion.'—'Well, I would have done it,' said the kitchen cat.—'What might suit the kitchen would not do in the parlor,' replied the parlor cat."

This is very good, and shows how lively is the feline sentiment of the *convenances*; but when the dog comes to open his heart on the themes which he has long laid up in his high mind, you see at once the more noble and universal nature of his meditations. He, like all of us, has begun his train of thoughts from the centre of his own adventures, mischances, and difficulties; but the circle widens at once from feline personalities into a general discussion of the universal order:—

"Your father was the postilion and I was the postilion's dog," said Ajola. "We have often journeyed and driven, and I know both dogs and men on both sides of the mountains. It has not been my habit to speak much, but now that we shall have so short a time for conversation, I will say a little more than usual, and will relate to you something on which I have ruminated a great deal. I cannot understand it, nor can you; but that is of no consequence. But I have gathered this from it—that the good things of this world are not dealt out equally either to dogs or to mankind; all are not born to be in laps or to drink milk. I have never been accustomed to such indulgences. But I have seen a whelp of a little dog travelling in the inside of a post-chaise, occupying a man's or a woman's seat, and the lady to whom he belonged or whom he governed carried a bottle of milk, from which she helped him. She also offered him sponge cakes, but he would not condescend to eat them; he only sniffed at them, so she ate them herself. I was running in the sun by the side of the carriage as hungry as a dog could be; but I had only to chew the cud of

bitter reflection. Things were not so justly meted out as they might have been—but when are they? May you come to drive in carriages and lie in fortune's lap! but you can't bring all this about yourself. I never could, either by barking or growling!"

This dog evidently had approached very near the so-called argument for a future state from the inequalities in the moral condition of the dogs in this, and the powerlessness of canine virtue to restore "either by barking or growling," the balance of unequal fortune. There is a comprehensiveness of thought, a loss of individual egotism, in this consideration of the general laws of the universe, as well as a stoical hauteur about it, which makes you feel at once the specific difference between the dog's point of view and the cat's. This is Andersen's great *forte*. He finds a myriad distinct voices for the myriad elements of natural and artificial life, and all of them contain some touch of delicate humor lent by his inventive and playful fancy. The spail in the last tale of the English edition, who despises the rosebush for *only* flowering, and imposes on her simplicity by thinking so much more of the world in himself than of anything in the world outside, is one of his happiest impersonations; but there is nothing with which men are familiar for which Hans Christian Andersen cannot find a characteristic voice.

The first translation of this tale mentioned below is made from the Danish (with which we have not, however, been able to compare it), runs very pleasantly in idiomatic English, and is very prettily illustrated. The second translation is an American translation made from the *German*, not illustrated, and, therefore, we conclude, much cheaper. It aims at a much greater literalness, but has obviously fallen into some errors in consequence, probably, of filtration through the German language.

From The Reader.

LADY HORNBY'S "CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR."

Constantinople during the Crimean War. By Lady Hornby. Bentley.

THIS work, we are told by the publisher, is an extension of one called "In and around Stamboul," of which only a very limited number of copies was printed some few years ago. That volume has not only been remodelled, but has received considerable additions. It is also illustrated by many colored lithographs from the pencil of Mrs. Walker.

In August, 1854, Mr. Hornby was despatched to Constantinople as one of the commissioners deputed to control the proper expenditure of the loan granted to Turkey, and was accompanied by his wife, the authoress of the book before us. This lady remained six years at Constantinople, and occupied her abundant leisure in writing to friends in England descriptions of the curious people, manners, and customs, by which she was surrounded. Sir Edmund Hornby's official position, and the length of their residence in the East, enabled Lady Hornby to give a most minute and trustworthy account of a country which, though interesting in many respects, was but little known in England previous to the Crimean war. Her narrative, being contained in letters merely written for the amusement of relations and friends, possesses all the charm attendant on correspondence undertaken with no ulterior object. The letters are simple yet graphic accounts of what an educated, unprejudiced English lady saw and did. In them we never find any attempt at fine writing or to sacrifice truth to a love of effect. In fact, the only parts of the book which are highly colored are the lithographs.

The first view of Constantinople is often disappointing; as the authoress justly observes, "all this *must* be seen in sunshine to be believed in, and *then* you will think it a dream." Propitious weather spared her the pain of finding the reality inferior to long-cherished anticipations; and, in truth, unless the sky be adverse, anything more like the perfection of a panorama than Istambol and the landscape in which it is placed can scarcely be imagined. Till you disembark you fancy yourself in fairy-land; but, the instant you set foot on shore, the narrow streets, badly paved, and with black open

sewers running down the centre, the mangy dogs, the miserable, tumble-down houses and, above all, the dreadful smell, soon bring you back to earth again, "confused, enchanted with the without, disgusted beyond measure at the within." From the top of Myserri's Hotel the authoress had a beautiful view, which she truly describes as being "almost too dazzling to be agreeable." Constantinople was at that time crowded with sick and wounded officers from the Crimea, and Lady Hornby listened eagerly to all the gossip she could hear respecting the grim struggle they had been engaged in. Some of this she inserts; but, to say the truth, necessarily tells us little that is new on that subject.

The dogs of Constantinople and its neighborhood are a wonderful as well as useful institution—useful from the fact that they are the only scavengers, and wonderful from their extraordinary organization. They seem to be divided into bands, to each of which a particular district is by tacit consent awarded. Some of these dogs are tolerably tame, and with food you may coax them with you all over their own district; but, the instant you reach the boundary, they stop, and, wagging their tails, and looking intelligently in your face, cannot be persuaded to move a step farther. The reason is that, directly they left their own territory, they would be attacked by the neighboring dogs, who would drive them to the very verge of their own district where in their turn the pursuers would stop. Lady Hornby took a great fancy to one of these dogs, and was about to appropriate it but unfortunately a French officer anticipated her. To console her, one of the officers of the Turkish Contingent organized a hunt for the purpose of catching another. The chase was successful, and Lady Hornby delighted when her satisfaction was somewhat damped by a gentleman, who knew the East well, informing her that the new pet was not a dog at all, but a remarkably fine jackal. The most interesting part of the book is the which treats of the Turkish women. We extract the following passage, which gives a very true description of them:—

"As to beauty of mere dress and ease of attitude, nothing that I have seen in life or in pictures can give the slightest idea of the wonderful grace, the extreme delicacy, and bird-of-paradise-like uselessness of the Tur-

ish belle. Women of rank look like hot-house flowers, and are really *cultivated* to the highest perfection of physical beauty, having no other employment but to make their skins as snow-white and their eyebrows as jet-black as possible. When young, their skin is literally as white as their veils, with the faintest tinge of pink on the cheek, like that in the inside of a shell, which blends exquisitely with the tender apple-leaf green, and soft violet colors, of which they are so fond. The reverse of the picture is, that after the first bloom of youth is past, the skin becomes yellow and sickly looking, and you long to give the yashmak a pull and admit a fresh breeze to brighten up the fine features. A belle, and a beauty, too, the Turkish woman *must* be; for nothing can be more wretched than to see the poor thing attempting to walk, or to make herself at all useful. She shuffles along the ground exactly like an embarrassed paroquet, looking as if her loose garments must inevitably flutter off at the next step. The drapery which falls so gracefully and easily about her in a carriage, or while reclining on cushions, seems untidy and awkward when she is moving about. In fact, if she is not a beauty, and is not the property of a rich man, she is the most miserable-looking creature possible."

The picture of the pasha's young son at the Sweet Waters of Asia is very well drawn. The boy is shown us mounted on a little pony, and dressed in an English-shaped jacket and trousers of red cloth, the jacket heavily embroidered with gold; on his head a dark crimson fez, and over his shoulder a golden baldrick, supporting a jewel-hilted cimeter. Some musicians are playing their barbarous tunes, and the boy Turk rides listlessly up, and, leaning languidly on the shoulder of a black slave, listens for a few minutes; then languidly waving his hand, to show that he is tired of the occupation, he betakes himself to an *araba* full of ladies, who receive him with kisses and sugar-plums. Such are the rich here, enervated from their earliest youth.

Lady Hornby was fortunate enough to visit several harems, and in one of them spent a day and a night. The glimpses thus afforded into the rarely penetrated interior of an oriental family are interesting and well described. We have also to congratulate the authoress on the delicacy, by no means usual with travellers, which she has shown in omitting the names of those who accorded her their hospitality. On one occasion the harem

visited was that of a pasha who had been ambassador at Vienna. Lady Hornby was accompanied by two other ladies and a M. Robolli, this latter being a friend of the pasha. Arrived at their destination, M. Robolli went off to the pasha's apartments, while two hideous black eunuchs conducted the ladies to the harem. There they found the principal wife sitting on a divan in a vast room with carved domelike roof and gold-colored matting. At a window looking on to the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the distant snow-capped Mount Olympus, with its slopes embroidered with ever-shifting shadows, sat the queen of the harem, plunged in a listless reverie, and surrounded by laughing female slaves. She was very beautiful, with strictly regular features, dark but clear skin, and "a brow and upper lip which would have graced a Roman empress." After shaking hands with her visitors, Madame Ayesha—as the authoress has christened her—led the way into a sort of Turkish boudoir. Even here, anything like a private interview was clearly impossible. Every moment more women would enter the room, and either stare, giggle, and run away, or coolly walk up to their mistress to talk about the strange visitors. Whilst this was going on, conversation languished sadly; neither can it be wondered at, when we learn that the visitors could only say "bono," or "no bono," and the hostess "oui," at which last word "all the slaves, black men included, laughed with pride at their mistress's accomplishments." The second wife, a most beautiful Circassian lady, who appears to have been on excellent terms with her colleague, then entered the room. Pipes were now threatened, greatly to the terror of Lady Hornby's companions. She herself rather liked the idea. Fortunately, the hostesses decided that, out of consideration for the prejudices of their visitors, tobacco should be omitted, and only coffee and preserves brought in. The impossibility of interchanging ideas by means of signs at last induced the Turkish ladies to send for M. Robolli to act as interpreter. A little consultation was required before this could be decided on; and, on the slaves laughing and running out of the room, the visitors began to fear they were about to be undressed, and two of them became very nervous. Their fears were soon dispelled by seeing the hostesses wrap their heads in shawls, and by the

appearance of M. Robolli, who, it must be mentioned, was an old man of seventy-five. After a time the interpreter was obliged to depart, for a Turkish female visitor now appeared on the stage. She entered the room with a Havana cigar between her fingers, and smoking with the air of a Rochester. A tambourine concert next excruciated the cultivated ears of the English ladies. After the concert came dinner, which was served in a most luxurious apartment, with "a European dining-table, a handsome centre-piece, and four beautiful vases of flowers, and fruit after the French fashion." The china was costly, the silver knives and forks very handsome, and the napkins extremely fine. The slaves stood round three or four deep, and a female jester, whose jokes threw the Turkish ladies into fits of laughter. Out of civility they all tried to eat with knives and forks, but soon gave up the attempt, and made use of fingers instead. The lovely Circassian lowered herself in Lady Hornby's estimation. "To see her lick her fingers up to the last joint after each dish—to see her lick her favorite tortoiseshell spoon bright after successive and never-to-be-believed enormous platefuls of sweet pancakes daubed with honey, and tarts too luscious for the Knave of Hearts,—this was too much for Venus herself to have done with impunity: we were perfectly disenchanted before the feast was over." Another edition of coffee and pipes concluded the visit.

On the occasion of a visit to another pasha's harem, some five years later, a most painful scene took place, which made a deep impression on the kind, feminine heart of the authoress. The Turkish ladies often buy little slave-girls on speculation, selling them, if they turn out beauties, at enormous profits. In this case a wild, high-spirited little Circassian, about ten years old, was brought in to be inspected, and was felt, examined, and discussed as coolly as if she had been a horse.

Once Lady Hornby received a visit from a Turkish lady at her own house, and greatly excited her guest's petulance because she

would not allow her to see Mr. Mansfield—Lady Hornby's cousin—in the room. She had set her heart on seeing an English gentleman in a room, and petulantly accused her hostess of jealousy. Lady Hornby considered that to grant her wish would be to break faith with the visitor's husband, and firmly refused. At last a compromise was agreed upon, and Mr. Mansfield was brought close to the open door, the Turkish lady having first put on her *yashmac*. According to Lady Hornby, the Turkish ladies are not deficient in maternal feeling, and are in every respect superior to the men. They are, however, grossly ignorant, many of them being unable even to read, and those who can having for their only literature the Arabian Nights and a book of Persian love-songs. Matters are, however, beginning to improve somewhat in this respect. Several Turks of rank are now anxious to obtain a certain degree of education for their daughters.

Lady Hornby justly observes that in Turkey the lower orders are far superior in uprightness, honesty, and noble qualities to those of higher rank, who are in as debased a condition as it is possible for men to be.

In the book before us are several interesting sketches of the Frank inhabitants, who are vulgar, ignorant imitators of the worst specimens of French and English; of festivities at the embassy; of a Greek wedding of a visit to the Crimea; and of various other matters which want of space compels us to pass over without notice.

There are one or two faults of grammar and several slight inaccuracies as to names, things, and places, etc., but none of sufficient consequence to detract from the great merit of this work. Since Lady Mary Wortley Montague, no female writer has given us such a perfect insight into Turkish domestic life as Lady Hornby has done; while the letter of the latter favorably contrast with those of the former in the entire absence of that coarseness which was Lady Mary's great blemish.

From The Saturday Review.

KIRK'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.*

THE history and the historical records of the Netherlands seem to have a peculiar attraction for American writers. The fortunes of those provinces are made the centre of interest in the accounts which Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley have given of the great events which contributed so largely to the constitution of modern Europe; and it is to the systematic and diligent zeal of these writers in exploring the new sources of information about the Low Countries opened of late years, especially in Belgium, that much of the freshness and value of their works are owing. Mr. Kirk was a fellow-student of history with Mr. Prescott, and he, too, takes a subject of which, though it extends beyond the history of the Netherlands, that history is the foundation and the most important element. The house of Burgundy was a French house, with great French possessions; but its power and importance arose from its connection with the Netherlands, from its having ruled at Bruges and Brussels, and from its having been able to unite under one sway all the lordships and all the centres of industry and trade from Artois to Zealand. Mr. Kirk works in the same cycle of history as his two countrymen. He goes back into the period which prepared for the events which they relate. He describes the formation of that rich and splendid dominion, founded, but only for the profit of a foreign line, by the Dukes of Burgundy, of which Mr. Prescott describes the fate under the house of Austria, and Mr. Motley the break-up and dissolution.

Mr. Kirk has produced a work which is quite entitled to take rank with the writings of his two predecessors, with whom he has, both in his merits and his faults, a certain family resemblance. He has studied his subject, not only with patient industry, but with that strong sense of its pre-eminent interest and importance which seems almost disproportionate to a bystander, but which helps him to see and understand much that an equally learned but less enthusiastic student might have overlooked. His extensive and minute knowledge is the learning of a man of vigorous thought, accustomed to bring his

mind to consider men and things, not merely as they have been written about, but as they actually were, in the variety and complexity of their real existence. With such characters to deal with as Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, and with such a subtle master of the moral aspects of the time as Commynes for his guide, Mr. Kirk has ample materials for the most remarkable pictures; and he shows himself competent to handle them. His conceptions of men are clear, discriminating, and well-sustained. When he is most disposed to generalize, he remembers, and allows himself to be checked by, facts at variance with the main effect of his judgment; and combinations and contrasts of qualities which do not ordinarily go together keep a character before us which suits no one but the person spoken of. Moreover, he pictures to himself the men in the scenes amid which they moved, and subject to the ideas and customs by which they were ruled. His imagination is active and impressible; it readily extracts from the monuments of past days the materials of lively delineations, and reproduces them in a shape which, in its completeness, its choice of important features, and its intelligible explanation of causes and motives, satisfies modern requirements as to the way in which a story should be told. Mr. Kirk, in his preface, modestly speaks of his work as if it only professed to be "an accurate and intelligent arrangement of the results of recent critical inquiry"—a "symmetrical narrative" of all that has been gained, not only from chronicles and histories, but from "memoirs and documents scattered among the publications of Royal Commissions and learned societies, written in various and often obscure dialects, and requiring for their comprehension a previous familiarity with details;" and from such a work, he says, "no one expects the artistic harmony, the unity and completeness, the agreement of form and substance, which give their highest charm to the products of pure imagination." But in this account of his work, and the implied disclaimer of the highest historical aim, Mr. Kirk scarcely gives a just representation either of what he has done or of what he has attempted to do. It is quite an understatement to say that his work is a mere bringing together, in convenient order, of dispersed or not easily accessible materials. The book shows that he has made a greater effort, and

* "History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy." By John Foster Kirk. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1863.

sought to realize a much higher idea of historic art. On the other hand, it was a higher ideal than, as it seems to us, he has succeeded in realizing.

Mr. Kirk aims at writing with force and energy. He has felt the spell of Michelet and Mr. Carlyle, and, though his manner of composition is his own, he is of their way of thinking as to the way in which history should be written. He often says what he wants to say with great power, aptness, and effect; but the style which he has fallen into is hardly, on the whole, a successful one. It is rhetorical and diffuse; vigorous, careful, and not without eloquence, where the occasion calls forth the writer's strength; with a rough and unstudied directness when his feelings are touched, but, in the ordinary texture of the book, falling into verbiage, and a strained and declamatory prolixity. A style so florid, and pitched so high, requires a taste, precision, and accuracy which Mr. Kirk has not attained to. Perhaps, in an American writer, we have no right to complain of words which American judgment may have sanctioned; but such forms as "dampened," "to offset," "to liquidize," "to berate," "interlying," "eliminative" (with a very doubtful meaning), and "recuperative"—though for some of them analogy and authority (hardly necessity) may be pleaded—have an odd sound in a book of scholarly pretensions; and, for different reasons, his repeated recourse to "ovations" and "proclivities" has a still more unpleasant effect. Mr. Kirk's metaphors are apt to be intricate and far-fetched. We admit the license of historical irony, in which Mr. Kirk is fond of indulging, but we do not see what is gained by calling explorers of records "official mousers," or by presenting a Duke of Lorraine, when tempted to court the heiress of Burgundy, as a "less desirable gudgeon." And, as the jest is his own, we must say it is a rather clumsy one, when, speaking of the Emperor Frederick's shabby slinking away from his meeting with Charles, he tells us that "the vessel which bore Cæsar and his mis-fortunes floated down" the Moselle. A writer, too, who seeks to give force and effect to his direct statements by boldly and broadly touching, as he passes, a point lying out of his way, which shows the largeness of his knowledge or the vividness of his impressions, ought to remember that the whole effect of

such touches depends on their accuracy, and that blunders are especially dangerous where a rhetorical hit is to be made. In a work which deals largely in allusions and general statements, our trust in the writer is disturbed by being told that "Citeaux was the head of the great Carthusian order;" that a resident in Paris "watched the transport down the Seine of provisions brought to the capital from the adjacent parts of Normandy;" and that a certain learned writer had "apparently forgotten the 'non Angli sed angeli' of Pope Gregory VII." We are also perplexed when we find him speaking of three different places "forming the vertices of an equilateral triangle;" when he translates the old French "*mal-talent*" "maladroitness;" and when we find "the furious element pursuing the terror-stricken fugitives '*as if with talons*'" given as the version of "*le feu suivoit les gens aux talons*" (at their heels "de tous costés.")

In spite of these blemishes and slips, and of a still deeper defect—the want of skill and power to control, condense, and proportion the materials for a large work—Mr. Kirk has unfolded to us, in increased light and interest, a very important period. His strength lies in bringing out the subtle play of opposite characters; and, next, in setting before us very distinctly and forcibly the course of a definite transaction. As long as the story runs along among the scenes and catastrophes of the struggle, we follow readily, and with interest. But, unfortunately as it seems to us, Mr. Kirk was not content with telling the story—with giving a narrative of events, and their immediate causes, connections, and results. His conception of his work seems too large for the subject of it—larger than the subject itself is calculated to support, and certainly larger than what, in fact, he gets out of his subject. He views the struggle between Charles and Louis as a great political crisis, involving great conflicts and changes of political ideas, and displacements of political power. It was the "last struggle which feudalism maintained with royalty—with the principles which were to form the basis of civil government and national unity during the three succeeding centuries." The manner of thinking about it gives breadth and philosophical dignity to a writer's view of a series of transactions; but it is an unsatisfactory generalization at the best, though

others besides Mr. Kirk, especially the French school, have adopted it; and it has the effect of distorting the plan of his work, by making him think that so great a revolution requires to be treated on a corresponding scale, and by misleading him as to the true import and bearing of his story. Except in some-arbitrary interpretation of the term, feudalism survived both Charles and Louis, to be both the support and the danger of the French Crown. The feudalism of the fifteenth century was not the feudalism of the thirteenth; but Louis, as well as Charles, was a representative of feudalism, and depended on the ideas, the institutions, and the obligations of feudalism for his strength as King of France. Nor was Louis the first feudal king who encountered force with craft, and attempted to impose the curb of legal reason and administrative skill upon the violence and self-will of military nobles. Louis, in his notions of policy and methods of government, was doubtless an innovator. He aimed at centralizing; he saw the importance of finance; he attempted the beginning of a standing army; but so did Charles. That Charles tried to break loose from his allegiance to the French Crown, and create a new kingdom out of his many lordships, was not because he was imbued with the spirit of feudalism and wanted to maintain it against other tendencies, but because he was an ambitious and aspiring prince. The real interest of the story is not one of principles, but of persons. It is the contrast, not between the efforts and plans of obstinate but failing feudalism and those of aggressive and victorious royalty, but between the policy and achievements of an impetuous and violent soldier and those of a far-sighted and patient politician; and it is in this point of view that Mr. Kirk finds himself, in fact, obliged to treat his subject. He certainly succeeds in putting the two men before us in the clearest light and sharpest opposition; and, though he takes a good deal of space for what he wants to do, the result is in the end powerful and striking. But on the opposition and struggle of principles, social or political, we do not see that he throws any light whatever. It was by his personal qualities and his singular good fortune that Louis came off the conqueror, and the result of his victory was the consolidation of the monarchy, and the addition to it of provinces which had been fiefs. But Mr. Kirk fails to

show us with any sufficient distinctness what the qualities or the fortune of either Charles or Louis had to do with the reaction, the last struggles, and the defeat of feudalism. Except so far as we vaguely suppose that we see the violent temper of feudalism in the one and the more astute temper of modern government in the other, the treatment of the history as a contest between feudalism and royalty is misleading.

The course of the history, indeed, as it is actually presented to us, and Mr. Kirk's keen and truthful appreciation of real facts as they occurred, correct this misapprehension. But the supposed necessity of viewing the subject in a philosophical way, of pointing out its more general and its less obvious bearings, of putting it into its true place among the great experiences of European history, and using it to test or to illustrate social and political theories, have led Mr. Kirk into a great deal of writing, the lengthiness of which is not compensated by any adequate amount of new and instructive reflection. He is acute, observant, and thoughtful; but it requires more than this to sustain the reader's interest through digressions and disquisitions, suggested it may be by the story, but not wanted to explain it, and interrupting it where perhaps its continuous course furnishes the best explanation of it. It requires something very original, very profound, very comprehensive and lucid, to reconcile us to a pause in the struggle between Charles and Louis, that we may review generally the political tendencies of the Middle Ages, the origin of monarchy in modern Europe, and the true way of judging of the influence of standing armies in constitutional governments. That Lord Macaulay was able successfully to interweave such discussions into his history is no reason why every other clever historian should emulate him; and when such discussion is not only not necessary, but irrelevant, the reader has a greater grievance. No doubt a history of Charles and Louis must touch on contemporary English politics; but we do not see that half a chapter on the Wars of the Roses is therefore in place. Nor is the digression the less wearisome because it gives Mr. Kirk an opportunity to lay down some general axioms about English history, such as that it has, "from all ages down to the present time, exhibited a continual series of

revolutions," to remark on the inferiority of English historical records of this period to foreign ones of the same age, to tell us that the "guide-posts of English history" at this time are mostly false, and to suggest that the first step towards a real knowledge of it should perhaps be "to throw the so-called English chroniclers out of window."

Mr. Kirk, who has no sympathy with what he supposes Charles's cause, has the same sort of admiration for Charles's character and life which Republicans out of Europe are said to have felt for the Emperor Nicholas. Charles, like the czar, was the representative of an indefensible and doomed system; but he represented it grandly. The system was a frightful one—selfish, cruel, insolently regardless of the good of man, of all the rights and moralities and sanctities of human life; and he did not shrink from carrying out the system. But he had virtues which even ambition, injustice, pride, and barbarity could not obscure. Mr. Kirk tells at full length, and as it never was told before in English, the piteous tale of Dinant and the great city of Liège, destroyed from off the face of the earth after the fashion of Eastern conquerors, to assuage the wrath of Charles. He transcribes in full the speech of Charles to the Estates of Flanders, unmatched, perhaps, among the insolent words of princes, for its audacious and overbearing defiance of acknowledged rights. He goes fully into all Charles's schemes for making his daughter the price of arrangements which should open to him the path to the imperial throne. Yet Mr. Kirk's imagination can hardly resist the fascination of Charles's strength of soul and loftiness of purpose. In an age and a country of unbridled profligacy, he was sternly self-commanding. Terrible in his vengeance, he was rigorously just in the ordinary administration of law, and an exception to all the soldiers of his day in his inexorable severity of discipline, and in his care for the protection of women; and, great as were his designs, they never tempted him to betray an ally, though he may have refused to be bound by an engagement to a treacherous enemy. Steadfast, resolute, serious, proud beyond the measure of man, unscrupulous, but not a dissembler—with no great compass of thought, but clear and direct in his views and plans—irritable, melancholy, overshadowed by a presentiment of an early end to his glory, and one which

in its bitterness and shame should avenge the blood shed at Dinant and Liège—he has all his contrast and foil the wily, mocking, even-tempered Louis, accepting failure and mortification with laughing resignation, never from idle self-respect struggling vainly against inevitable humiliation, but astonishing the world by the vivacity, the self-possession, the completeness with which he went through with it. In the king we have a tentative and experimental schemer, inexhaustible in expedients, delighting in the mere exercise and amusement of overreaching and entrapping and rapidly, almost from sheer restlessness and fertility of imagination, exchanging one device and train of policy for another: but all the while—amid all this outward show of instability, of indifference to appearance and custom, of cynical amusement, of gaiety and light-hearted volubility, of insensibility to a shame which would have broken the spirit of any other prince—he is devoted inwardly, with immovable purpose, to one great political end, to which many different roads might lead and might have to be tried—the making himself master in France; the first and indispensable step to which was the ruin of the Duke of Burgundy.

The present volumes only go down to the beginning of the Swiss war. This is the part of the story on which Mr. Kirk demands an entire reversal of the ordinary judgment against Charles. The overthrow of his ambition by Swiss patriotism and valor is one of the commonplaces of history. Mr. Kirk undertakes to make out that Charles was absolutely innocent of any wrongs to the Confederacy and that the quarrel of which Morat and Granson were the end was the sole result of the matchless craft of Louis to destroy him. Ordinary history has done Louis injustice and not given to the artist the full glory of his great stroke of genius; and Mr. Kirk delights in the opportunity of repairing the injustice. The Swiss were the unprovoked, the treacherous aggressors; and they quarrelled with their old and stanchest friend; they gave up their old policy of isolation, to enter into a league against Burgundy, as the mercenaries of Louis. There is absolutely no trace of Mr. Kirk maintains, of any the most distant design on Charles's part against Swiss independence or Swiss rights. There is, he contends, the most abundant proof of the intrigues of Louis to reconcile Sigismund and

Austria to his old enemies the Swiss Confederacy, and there is clear evidence of the way in which the Swiss agents of Louis employed his representations, his promises, and his money to induce the Cantons to join in an alliance which, when once formed, was immediately put in motion against the unsuspecting and unoffending Duke of Burgundy. Mr. Kirk makes out a strong case, but it is manifestly an *ex parte* case. He certainly puts out of sight all that the world at that day saw and thought of Charles's policy. On Mr. Kirk's own showing, Charles, when the powers of the Upper Rhine declared against him, was preparing on the Lower Rhine, in the Electorate of Cologne, a basis for establishing his power on the river. Again, the Burgundian rule in Alsace, under Peter Von

Hagenbach, was what stirred and quickened the fear and hatred of his Swiss and German neighbors. Mr. Kirk thinks Hagenbach's atrocities exaggerated. This is possible; but if they are to be disbelieved because Hagenbach made many enemies, the worst men have a great advantage given them in history. Mr. Kirk has opened an extremely important view of the events which led to the downfall of Charles, but his account has strong internal improbabilities, and his chain of evidence is by no means complete or conclusive. A judgment on the question as well-informed as his, but more impartial and comprehensive, is needed before the view which he sets before us of Charles's entire innocence, and of the flagrant corruption and baseness of the Swiss Confederacy, can be accepted.

MILES O'REILLY ON THE "NAYGURS."

[At the banquet to the Irish Brigade, recently, the following song, by Private Miles O'Reilly, was sung, to the air of "The Low-Backed Car," and received much applause.]

SOME tell us 'tis a burnin' shame
To make the naygurs fight;
An' that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon my sowl!
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murdered in place of myself
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'd divide wid him,
An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern baynot,
So liberal are we here,
I'll resign and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
An' wid none of your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern baynot prod
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight:
And it's better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white;

Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs sthraight on the barrel sights
From under its thatch of wool!
So hear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!

AMONG the articles recently discovered at Pompeii, says the *Chronique des Arts*, is a small head of Juno, in silver, of exquisite workmanship; also the body, in silver, but broken; a bridle-bit in bronze: a lamp in the same metal complete, with cover, suspending chain, and extinguisher; a patera; a large and handsome vase, with the handles terminated by winged genii holding a cornucopiæ; other small vases in bronze; and a seal in that metal bearing the name of the master of the house in which the articles were found—Lucio Cornelio Diadumeno.

"L'INTENDANT Ralph, et autres Histoires, par Miss M. E. Braddon," is a collection of Miss Braddon's smaller tales translated into French by M. Charles Derosne.

"LES Etats Confédérés d'Amérique, visités en 1863; Mémoire adressé à S. M. Napoléon III.," is the title of M. C. Girard's semi-official pamphlet, just published at Paris by Dentu.

From The N. Y. Tribune, 13 Feb.
THE GOSPEL IN EGYPT.
Correspondence of the Tribune.

DONGOLA, ILL., Jan. 20, 1864.

Not long since I received a call from a popular preacher. During the week he works at wagons. When he prepares his sermons I do not know. He always has large congregations. I have always taken him to be a harmless, inoffensive man. I have felt a little bitter toward him for some time, because, in fitting a couple of wagon-wheels for me, he used such poor timber, which was rails, and made such loose joints that, under a moderate load, one wheel broke down, and the other is likely to give away at any time. However, the ten dollars I paid him must be considered so much in support of the gospel, though most of it was in coffee.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I saw, at a glance, that it was a particular visit, for the bosom and collar of his shirt had more blueing in them than for every-day wear. It is likely that he called because I went to hear him preach the previous Sunday. On that occasion his text was from 2 Samuel, 22: 34: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me in high places." As he could not read very well, he had mistaken "hinds" for "hens," and, upon this reading, he built his discourse, going on to show that as the feet of hens are made to hold fast to a stick or to the branch of a tree, they sleep securely, while without such feet they would fall off. So it was in Christian life; the feet are faith, the branch is the promises which are taken hold of, and by this means the Christian is, according to the word, "set up in high places;" and though the rain may fall, and the wind blow, he is safe. For more than half an hour he enlarged on the text in this manner, while his hearers wondered at his ability to explain the Scriptures. For some weeks before I had been sick; in fact, had the ague, and had gone to meeting hoping to feel better; but the seats were slabs, with no backs, and one of the legs came up through so very near where I sat, that my back almost gave out, and would have wholly done so had I not been interested in the sermon.

We soon became sociable. In speaking of some deserters who had gone to Canada, he said there was quite a dispute in some settlements, and he asked me how it was, for he thought I knew, "Is Canada a Slave

State, or is it not?" Again, speaking of himself and his preaching, he said he did not compare himself to St. Paul, because St. Paul understood English Grammar, and he did not. Some people are likely to think that I make up these and other things I have written about the ignorance here, but I assure them they are true. Let one live here only a short time and he will see they are so.

After a little our preacher said: "I am told you have a power of books; if you've no objections I would like to look at 'em. I think a heap of larning and of them as is tryin' to git edication." There was no objection. I have only about two hundred volumes; he probably never saw so many in all his life, but he glanced over them almost as if he had written them. Nothing is more common with such men than attempts at appearing to know everything, and if called upon for an opinion, they will ask questions implying that they are wholly acquainted with the matter; but they will slyly wait till they get the answer from you, then they repeat it, and add, "Oh, yes, that's right—I always knew it." I confess I was taken a little aback by the swift, careless rolling of his eyes, and by his suddenly taking down a book, flirting over the leaves, and then putting it back, but I thought it would be no harm to test him a little. I had among a few similar books, a copy of Finden's Moore, printed in London, on costly paper, elegantly bound, and intended to illustrate the female characters of this poet. On the left-hand page is the picture of a beautiful lady, on the opposite page a few lines of verse, in large, clear type, from which the artist drew his design. Of these there are some fifty or sixty, all finely engraved. Seeing that his hands were clean, I reached him the book, telling him it was a very choice one, that it cost so many dollars, and that I did not show it to every one. After he had looked it over a spell, and, as I clearly saw without being at all attracted by the engravings, he said that if he had time to read, this would be the very book he wanted, for he could get many things from it in preparing his sermons. I had no doubt of his sincerity, and that he came to this conclusion because the letters are large and the reading seemed easy.

He soon got through looking at the book, then taking a seat, he arranged his shirt-col-

lar, brushed up his hair, as if a little embarrassed, and said that his business in coming to see me was to get me to become a preacher. Of course I started at this; but he was fully prepared to urge the matter, and he told me how much good I could do with my learning, how souls are perishing, and how the harvest is ripe. All I needed to start with was a little more knowledge of the Scriptures, which I could get by reading them; and from the preachers; in fact, he himself would tell me all he knew; and if I would only try, in a few months I would become one of the first preachers in the country.

I told him I had read of One who beside being a Preacher was also a Doctor, and I always thought it would be an honor to any one to imitate him, but I was afraid that if I should try to do so I would get into trouble.

"I guess not," said he; "but if doct'rin's a part on't, you've got a heap o' that already. Did he live hur, in Eelinoi, or up to the Northud, whar you come from?"

"No, he lived in the East."

"Oh, yes, a Yankee like you is. What did you say his name was?"

"I have never seen him; I only read of him."

"Was it Wesley?"

"I think not. A good many years ago I first read about him in a book a little hard to understand, it seems. Though he preached both Sundays and week-days, he was thought so much of as a doctor that they sent for him a good many miles, and he had a very great practice."

"Calomel, or steam?"

"That is not known, for his medicine seldom was seen."

"Was it a harsh medicine?"

"Very mild."

"'Twouldn't do for this country. The liver's what's the matter with us, and nothin's so good for this as blue mass. 'Pears like he was a smart chap. He didn't preach from no notes, I reckon."

"I cannot say how this was; but in the short reports we have of his sermons they seemed carefully studied, and every word was in its proper place."

"That don't 'mount to shucks," said the preacher. "I remember, it's now onto two year, I had a 'pintment to preach in old Jonseboro, for the fust time, and as there is a power o' lawyers, marchants, and sich lar-

need men in that town, thinks I to myself, and says I, I must show 'em what a sarmon is, and I will, and if for nothin' more than to do honor to old Union County, and I picked out my tex, airly Monday morning, not intendin' to do a lick o' work all the week, and I didn't, for every mornin' I went out away off into the woods, and into a big sink hole, and I said, this rock is the cheer, and them trees is the lawyers, and I took my tex, and then I preached, sometimes one way, sometimes t'other, till I got the fust part as I wanted it, and I said, *You're all right*; I'll preach you; and so I went on till I got 'em all right; then I put 'em together and preached 'em together, and I thought I had 'em as they or-ter be; I thought I had the best sarmon as ever was preached, and I don't know but I had; but, you see, when I got into the school-house, which was chock full, and I'd prayed and gin out the himes, and took my tex, and got a little way, jest as I had it, things got kinder tangled, and I made the fifth part come afore the second part, and I told a part of an antidote I'd told afore, and they was a be-ginnin' to laugh, when, seeing what a scrape I'd got into, I jest threw it all away, and preached as I'd allers preached, when I felt free, and I never was so happy in my life; and when I got through they was so solemn you could a heard a pin drap. But I don't want to interrupt you with no long stories. Go on about the Preacher."

"Yes. In doctoring he made out well enough—nobody found any fault with him; but in preaching he got into difficulty. More than this, he was poor and had no influential kin folks to help him, so that only the poorest people cared much about him; and in all his preaching there were only two or three large planters who liked him, and these were afraid to have it known. To show you what kind of doctrine he preached I will say that in the first sermon of which the book gives an account, he said that the Lord's Spirit was upon him, that he had been anointed to preach to poor folks, so that he could cure those whose hearts were broken, that he might preach liberty to the captives, to cure sore eyes, and set at liberty anybody that was hurt."

"Just as I expected," interrupted the preacher, "a preachin' liberty to the captives, which means slaves. We had them kind down in Alabam, and every one on 'em was an

Abolishioner—a black-hearted Abolishioner ; but they soon got enough on it. That's the way they all talk. Only think of a man calling hisself a preacher, and a sayin' he's aninted to preach sich stuff, when the Bible says, 'cussed be Canan'—which is niggers, which God made to be slaves—slaves allers. What did you say his name was? May be I hearn of him down in Alabam."

"I hardly think you ever heard of him. If you did, you seem to think little enough of him."

"In course I don't think nothin' of him. But what become of him."

"Well he preached this kind of doctrine two or three years, and a good many got to going to hear him, and he kept doctoring, too, and going to see whoever sent for him ; but it was the sermons which made disturbance, and so much disturbance that they wouldn't let him preach in the meeting-houses, till at last, as he was camping out

one night, they got a hold of him. They had a kind of a trial right away, and, though the law was on his side, they took off his clothes and spit on him, and whipped him, and then fastened him up to a tree till he died."

"Sarved him right! sarved him right!" said the preacher. "All sich orter swing. They've done wua nor that down South ; they burnt 'em ; yes, they burnt 'em. It kinder seems to me I hearn of this very feller afore I come away. Was't Woods, or Larkins, or Henshaw? One or t'other, I reckon."

"Yes, you must have heard of him. It would be singular if you had not. His name was Jesus Christ."

The preacher started up, red with rage ; he seized his hat, and, departing, said,—

"I don't want to have *nothin'* to do with you! I don't want to have *nothin'* to do with you! I don't want to have *nothin'* to do with you!"

N. C. M.

CHINESE CRUCIFIXION.—The following account of a recent crucifixion in China is by Mr. James Jones, of Amoy, who witnessed the execution on the 28th October. The victim was a well-known thief, whose principal offence was that of stealing young girls and selling them for prostitutes. On his trial before his judge he refused to criminate himself, although repeatedly scourged until his back was raw. If a female witness fails in giving satisfactory evidence in a court of justice, she is beaten with a leather strap across the mouth. His wife, desirous of sparing her husband, refused to give evidence, but after two or three applications of the strap her courage gave way. She confessed his guilt, at the same time admitting that two hundred dollars of the money so derived was hidden in the sea near the beach. Officers were sent to search, and finding the dollars in the place indicated, the prisoner was sentenced to decapitation—deemed by the Chinese the most severe of punishments, because they imagine that if a man leaves this world *minus* any of his members, he appears in the same condition in the next. The culprit therefore prayed to be crucified instead of being beheaded. The cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, and the criminal, standing on a board, had nails driven through his feet, his hands stretched and nailed to the cross-beam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, and his arms bound with cords, and on the cord round his waist was inserted a piece of wood on which was written his name and offence ; a similar piece on his right arm contained his sentence—namely, to remain on the cross day and night until he

died ; another on his left arm had the name of the judge, with his titles and offices. The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yamun in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison, for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him, and again carried forth at daylight in charge of two soldiers.

He was crucified at noon on the Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of pain in the chest, and thirst. On Thursday he slept for some hours when the cross was laid down within the gaol compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink, and during the day there was quite a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from a distance, and the sweetmeat vendors driving a large trade. On Saturday he was still alive, when the Taotai was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretch's sufferings and he immediately gave orders that vinegar should be administered, which he expected would produce immediate death, but the result was otherwise, and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the gaol, two soldiers with stout bamboos broke both his legs, and then strangled him. Mr. Jones says that all the Chinese with whom he has conversed assert that crucifixion is a modern punishment ; and looking at the similarity of passages in the execution with the narratives of the New Testament, he conceives the idea may have been introduced through the Jesuits.

SUSPIRIA ENSIS.

MOURN no more for our dead,
Laid in their rest serene;
With the tears a Land hath shed
Their graves shall ever be green.

Ever their fair, true glory
Fondly shall fame rehearse—
Light of legend and story,
Flower of marble and verse!

(Wilt thou forget, O Mother!
How thy darlings, day by day,
For thee, and with fearless faces,
Journeyed the darksome way;
Went down to death in the war-ship,
And on the bare hillside lay?)

For the Giver they gave their breath,
And 'tis now no time to mourn;
Lo, of their dear, brave death
A mighty Nation is born!

But a long lament for others,
Dying for Darker Powers!—
Those that once were our brothers,
Whose children shall yet be ours.

That a People, haughty and brave,
(Warriors, old and young!)
Should lie in a bloody grave,
And never a dirge be sung!

We may look with woe on the dead,
We may smooth their lids, 'tis true,
For the veins of a common red
And the Mother's milk we drew.

But alas, how vainly bleeds
The breast that is bared for crime!
Who shall dare hymn the deeds
That else had been all sublime?

Were it alien steel that clashed,
They had guarded each inch of sod;
But the angry valor dashed
On the awful shield of God!

(Ah—if for some great Good—
On some giant Evil hurled—
The Thirty Millions had stood
'Gainst the might of a banded world!)

But now to the long, long Night
They pass, as they ne'er had been—
A stranger and sadder sight
Than ever the sun hath seen.

For his waning beams illume
A vast and a sullen train
Going down to the gloom—
One wretched and drear refrain,
The only line on their tomb—
"They died—and they died in vain!"

Gone—ah me!—to the grave,
And never one note of song!—
The Muse would weep for the brave,
But how shall she chant the wrong?

For a wayward wench is she—
One that rather would wait
With Old John Brown at the tree
Than Stonewall dying in state.

When, for the wrongs that were,
Hath she lilted a single stave?
Know, proud hearts, that, with her,
'Tis not enough to be brave.

By the injured, with loving glance,
Aye hath she lingered of old,
And eyed the Evil askance,
Be it never so haught and bold.

With Homer, alms-gift in hand,
With Dante, exile and free,
With Milton, blind in the Strand,
With Hugo, lone by the sea—

In the attic, with Béranger,
She could carol,—how blithe and free!—
Of the old, worn Frocks of Blue
(All threadbare with victory)!*
But never of purple and gold,
Never of Lily or Bee!

And thus, though the Traitor Sword
Were the bravest that battle wield—
Though the fiery Valor poured
Its life on a thousand fields—

The sheen of its ill renown
All tarnished with guilt and blame,
No Poet a deed may crown,
No Lay may laurel a name.

Yet never for thee, fair Song,
The fallen brave to condemn:
They died for a mighty Wrong—
But their Demon died with them.

(Died by field and by city!)—
Be thine on the day to dwell,
When dews of peace and of pity
Shall fall o'er the fading hell—

And the dead shall smile in heaven—
And tears, that now may not rise,
Of love and of all forgiveness,
Shall stream from a million eyes.

U. S. N.

Flag-Ship Hartford, at Sea, Jan., 1864.

—*N. O. Times*, Jan. 24, 1864.

* "Des habits bleus par la victoire usés."

THE DIAMOND.

From sandy streams in India's clime,
A pebble oft is brought
Which, valueless to trivial sight,
The practised eye has sought.

Unpolished, rough its outward form;
Yet, from the matrix there,
The diamond is brought to light
By lapidary's care!

Radiant as beauty's face unveiled,
Worthy her diadem,
Like dewdrops from the heavens distilled,
Condensed into a gem:

Such is the Christian — he whom men
Would pass unheeded by,
And lightly scorn the precious gem,
Concealed from human eye.

But God his jewels can perceive,
Though wrapt in rudest guise;
And place them, freed from earthly dross,
Resplendent in the skies.

F. DRIVER.

—*National Magazine.*

THE SOUTHERN CHURCH.

[In one of William Gilmore Simms's poetical works, occur the following rather striking stanzas expressive of the present state of the Church in some of the rebel towns.]

THE Church, like some deserted bride,
In trembling at the altar waits,
While raging fierce on every side,
The foe is thundering at her gates.
No ivy green, nor glittering leaves,
No crimson berries deck her walls;
But blood, red dripping from her eaves,
Along the sacred pavement falls.

Her silver bells no longer chime
In summons to our sacred home;
Nor holy song at matin prime
Proclaims the God within the dome.
Nor do the fireside's happy bands
Assemble fond, with greetings dear,
While Patriarch Christmas spreads his hands,
To glad with gifts and crown with cheer.

BABY MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE,
Fairest flowers are called like thee—
Flowers that bloom in trinity
Of faith and love and purity.

Marguerite,
Sure that name the symbol is
Of the worth and wealth of bliss
That without thee we should miss.

Marguerite,
Best of all our blessings sweet!
Let us all pray to be meet
To enter heaven with Marguerite.

MARCHING SONG OF THE "FIRST OF ARKANSAS."

[The following song was written by Captain Lindley Miller of the First Arkansas Colored Regiment. Captain Miller says the "boys" sing the song on dress parade with an effect which can hardly be described, and he adds that "while it is not very conservative it will do to fight with." Captain Miller is a son of the late ex-Senator Miller, of New Jersey.]

Oh! we're de bully soldiers of de "First of Arkansas,"
We are fightin' for de Union; we are fightin' for de law;
We can hit a rebel furdur dan a white man eber saw,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

See dar! above de centre, where de flag is wavin' bright;
We are goin' out of slavery; we are bound for freedom's light.
We mean to show Jeff. Davis how de Africans can fight,
As we go marching on.

We hab done wid hoein' cotton; we hab done wid hoein' corn;
We are colored Yankee soldiers now, as sure as you are born;
When de massas hear us yellin' dey'll tink it's Gabriel's horn,
As we go marching on.

Dey will hab to pay us wages—de wages of their sin;
Dey will hab to bow their foreheads to their colored kith and kin;
Dey will hab to gib us house-room, or de roof shall tumble in,
As we go marching on.

We heard de proclamation, massa hush it as he will;
De bird he sing it to us, hoppin' on de cotton hill
And de possum up de gum-tree he couldn't keep it still,
As he went climbing on.

Dey said, "Now, colored bredren, you shall be foreber free,"
From de first of January, eighteen hundred sixty-three;
We heard it in de riber goin' rushin' to de sea,
As it went sounding on.

Father Abraham has spoken, and de message has been sent;
De prison doors he opened, and out de pris'ners went,
To join de sable army of de "African descent,"
As we go marching on.

Den fall in, colored bredren; you'd better do it soon;
Don't you hear de drum a-beatin' de Yankee Doodle tune?

We are wid you now dis mornin'; we'll be far away at noon,
As we go marching on.

Goodrich's Landing, La., January 18, 1864.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1031.—5 March, 1864.

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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos. ; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF BINDING.—The Covers for *The Living Age* are made up of Cotton-Cloth and Pasteboard ; and the manufacturers advanced their prices—nearly doubled them—some time ago. We ought then to have increased our charge for binding, but neglected to do so. But for all Volumes bound by us after the 15th of March, the price will be sixty-five cents.

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

FAINT and worn and aged
 One stands knocking at a gate ;
 Though no light shines in the casement,
 Knocking though so late.
 It has struck eleven
 In the courts of heaven,
 Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
 From the heavenly hill,
 Blessed angels wonder
 At his earnest will.
 Hope and fear but quicken
 While the shadows thicken :
 He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
 Stands with bar and lock :
 Yet within the unseen Porter
 Harkens to the knock.
 Doing and undoing,
 Faint and yet pursuing
 This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing
 Knocketh, prayeth he :
 “ Lord, have mercy on me
 When I cry to thee.”
 With a knock unceasing ;
 And a cry increasing :
 “ O my Lord, remember me.”

Still the Porter standeth,
 Love-constrained he standeth near,
 While the cry increaseth
 Of that love and fear :
 “ Jesus, look upon me—
 Christ, hast thou foregone me ?—
 If I must, I perish here.”

Faint the knocking ceases,
 Faint the cry and call :
 Is he lost indeed forever,
 Shut without the wall ?
 Mighty Arms surround him,
 Arms that sought and found him,
 Held, withheld, and bore through all.

O celestial mansion,
 Open wide the door :
 Crown and robes of whiteness,
 Stone inscribed before,
 Flocking angels bear them ;
 Stretch thy hand and wear them ;
 Sit thou down for evermore.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

“A LITTLE WHILE.”

Oh for the peace which floweth as a river !
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile ;
 Oh for a faith to grasp heaven's bright “ forever,”
 Amid the shadows of earth's “ little while.”

“ A little while ” for patient vigil keeping,
 To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong ;
 “ A little while ” to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

“ A little while ” to wear the robe of sadness,
 To toil with weary steps through erring ways ;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

“ A little while,” ’mid shadow and illusion,
 To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell ;
 Then read each dark enigma's clear solution ;
 Then hail light's verdict, “ He doth all things well.”

“ A little while,” the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed ;
 Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-Head.

“ A little while ” to keep the oil from failing ;
 “ A little while ” faith's flickering lamp to trim,
 And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
 hailing,
 To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And he who is at once both Gift and Giver,
 The future glory, and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad “ forever ”
 Will light the shadows of the “ little while.”

SONNET.

My soul is sunk in all-suffusing shame ;
 Yet not for any individual sin,
 But that the World's original fair fame—
 My own land's, most—is not what it hath been
 Shrieks of intolerable bondage smite,
 Without response, its comfortable ears,
 Making most craven compromise with Might,
 For their own luxury, of others' tears.
 Better than this the sanguinary crash
 Of fratricidal strokes, and nerveful hate !
 So do I hope to hear the sabres clash
 And tumbrils rattle, when the snows abate.
 Love Peace who will—I for Mankind prefer,
 To dungeon or disgrace, a sepulchre.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

—*Temple Bar.*

THE INVITATION.

Will you walk into my parlor? says the little
man so sly;
cordially can offer you my hospitali-ty :
some ugly things I'm certain could be settled in
a trice,

If you and I would only-try : and wouldn't that
be nice?

Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in,
neighbor dear?

Will you, will you, wont you, wont you, friends
and neighbors dear?

sure such a mess was never seen, a chaos so com-
plete,

Where black and white and wrong and right in
wild confusion meet.

We've rights without a title, and demands with-
out restraint,

and duties where there's nothing due, enough
to vex a saint.

Will you, will you, etc.

A congress is the thing we need, our quiet to in-
sure,

to regulate the present, and the future to secure;
and I'm the man to moot the plan, as all of you
must feel,

or well I know, both high and low, each spoke
of fortune's wheel.

Will you, will you, etc.

It isn't out of vanity I wish to take the lead,
this because my character's so very bad indeed.

Men call me so ambitious, still to selfish ends
awake,

but when they see me frank and free they'll
think it a mistake.

Will you, will you, etc.

Then for our place of meeting, let me hope you
all will give

preference to my house and home, and with me
come and live :

In the peaceful drama we're to act this well-known
scene befits,

from which of old came schemes so bold—to
blow you all to bits.

Will you, will you, etc.

And you, Friend Bull, especially, I trust will not
refuse,

though nothing you may have to gain and every-
thing to lose ;

I would suit your high position, and your noble
turn of mind,

to cast in with the rest your lot, and take what
you may find.

Will you, will you, etc.

The Channel Islands once were French, Gibraltar
lies in Spain ;

and Malta, after Corfu,—'t isn't worth while to
retain.

Then if a share of India's spoils would make
our quarrels cease,

I'm sure you would not grudge a slice to buy a
general peace.

Will you, will you, etc.

You ask how members are to vote—that's easily
arranged ;

I've got a plan which, if you wish, can readily be
changed ;

But trust to me, and you shall see, my sleight of
hand so neat

Will work as well a Congress as it worked a
Plebiscite.

Will you, will you, etc.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*

A BIRTH.

No life is trivial. But how vast the import
Of the young life just opened ! England hails

The baby who will be a King hereafter,

If all go well. How pregnant that hereafter !

The child so well beloved—the pretty boy

Whom the young father tosses in his arms,

Whom the young mother clasps to her fair breast,

Will be in days to come earth's mightiest mon-
arch,—

Will make great wars, perchance,—will be re-
membered

As long as that Black Prince of the elder day,

Invincible in arms. Those baby eyes

Will look upon a world we cannot dream of :

For who can tell where Europe's realms will be,

What strange reverse to greatest States will come,

Ere this young Prince reach manhood? It may
be

That, when his father throws the sceptre down,

Yielding perforce to a far stronger King

After a peaceful reign, this infant, too,

May reign right peacefully. And it may be

That the wild earthquake of revolting nations,

The thunder-storm of a whole world at war,

May task his kingliness. Whichever chance,

England has faith in this young child just born,

Heir of earth's greatest Crown, but also heir

Of ALBERT and VICTORIA's peerless greatness.

C.

—*Press*.

NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a Prince
Whom mamma beheld skating not quite five hours

since ;

And Grandpapa Christian is off to the fray

With Germans, who'd steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,

And they'll help him for love of mamma and
of you,

And the Channel fleet's coming with powder and
shot,

And the Germans must run, or they'll catch it
all hot.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL.

FIVE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ITS LAST LADY.

INTRODUCTORY.

NOTHING can be more lonely than the situation of the Hall, and why a house of such size and substance had been built in such utter and absolute isolation it is hard to imagine. The village of Witch-hampton, which took its name from the mansion, is at least five miles from it. This village consists of a few gray houses clustering near a minute gray church built on a pastoral promontory of the River Waly—so near the water's edge, that the church and the taller of the quaint tombstones, with a background of wooded hills, are mirrored in the stream at "flood."

Most of the inhabitants of those hoary little dwellings are fishermen—the fish of the River Waly has a certain celebrity, and finds a ready sale at large towns both "up" and "down stream."

Behind Witch-hampton village there is a narrow opening in the hills, a natural pass. Up this winds a rough and narrow lane, gradually ascending, though with many dips and dells, for about two miles, offering no opening to the right or left. In this lane the owls cry finely, calling to one another from tree-top to tree-top on either side—mocking at and hooting the lonely, belated traveller. At the end of those two miles the lane takes a new aspect; it runs along level ground, is straightly fringed with somewhat meagre and miserable firs, and has on either hand waste and sterile-looking uplands that, having at some time been under cultivation, have lost all the grace of wildness.

The lane ends at a gate, from which start two tracks; one, holding on over wold and through wood, leads to the village of Chindandon, which lies behind the Hall at a distance of some miles—that is the right-hand track. The one to the left crosses an ugly bit of enclosed ground (the nature of the stones scattered over which seems to suggest that, at some time, some sort of habitation, a lodge perhaps, has stood there), to where lies an iron gate between two broken-down stone pillars. Stepping over this obstacle, I found that a grass-grown road, the presence of which was chiefly indicated by deep ruts,

wound down and round a shoulder of the hill, and descended into a valley—or rather a green basin, which seemed as if it might at some time have been the bed of a lake—shut in on all sides by wood-fringed heights rising abruptly against the sky. Through this valley brawled a stream, densely overhung by alder, hazel, and bramble, so clothed then with "old man's beard" (the downy seed-tufts of the clematis) that its winding course resembled a stray tress of some hoary giantess's hair streaking the November afternoon gloom of the valley.

For some time the track I followed kept beside this stream, but by and by, at what had seemed from a distance the end of the valley, it plunged into a wood, leaving the stream to the left, and gradually ascending. The wood ended at a gate of the same pattern as the one I had left a mile or two behind, but this still hung in its place by a rusty hinge. I found myself mounting towards the head of a narrow defile which was much choked up by an overgrown tangle of evergreen shrubs, chiefly cypress, Irish and English yew, and the darker-leaved kinds of laurel. Another gate, and then I stepped into the blackness of an avenue of pine walking now along a road that might once have been a smooth and well-kept carriage drive. The air here felt freer and drier; on one side I could see between the branches of the pines the pale sky, with a little faint watery flush of sunset in it; on the other I was still aware of the near presence of a wooded wall of hill. A turn at last in the long avenue, again a gate. I leaned over and faced the Hall.

Its windows, facing south-west, were a gleam with such light as lingered in the November sky now the sun had set, and only the windows seemed to reflect that weak and sickly light, but all the front of the house shone out from the darkness behind with a curious luminousness that suggested something more than reflected light. I do not know what stone the house was built of, but it is not that of the district, which, encouraging the growth of the moss and lichen

comparatively soon loses all look of newness, and becomes hoary and venerable.

The great pale-hued blocks of which the hall is built show little sign of weather, and are as free from vegetable growth as if just quarried. I have examined the building in the full light of morning, and could find about it no indications of decay.

When it gleamed upon me that eerie evening, ghastly and spectral, I felt I could more easily imagine that, at some appointed time, it will wholly vanish away, its place suddenly know it no more, than that it will crumble bit by bit, year after year, and at last cumber the ground with a heap of ruin. I say "gleamed upon me;" and having written the words would recall them, remembering how strangely that was just what it did *not* seem to do; and how, as I leaned and gazed, a fantastic consciousness of its disregard oppressed me. No, it did not gleam upon me, but, supremely ignoring my atom-presence, gleamed back with unwinking eyes as he gleams it had attracted from the fadingsky.

I left the gate, mounted the steps to the porch, tried the massive oaken door, found it fastened, sat down on the oaken bench outside it, and remembered.

From this porch the view was wide over darkening wood and valley. No sigh, no sound of any living thing without, no cry of bird, no bark of dog. As it grew late—I lingered there after night had fallen—I heard noises from within—the scurrying scamper of thousands of feet and strangely human human cries. But the only sounds from without were the sound of the water making fall somewhere below in the black shadow, hurrying from its hill-source towards the river, and the sighing of fitful sighs of wind that now and again found their way up the valley.

I sat there and re-remembered so vividly, that by and by, as the pale sky darkened above that blackening scene, I *heard* and *saw* the things that had been.

SCENE I.

It was almost dark outside, but a great fire burning in the open hearth of the entrance—all blazed out upon the darkness, the door standing wide.

On the top step of the portico, stood a young girl, very light, slight, and lithe of figure, in habit and plumed hat, a heavy riding

whip in her hand. On the lowest step stood a man, his horse's bridle hanging over his arm. The ruddy firelight glared upon his face—one of tigerish beauty—and shone on the glossy coat and fiery eye of his horse.

"You've won the race," he cried, "but you've lamed your mare; she'll have to be shot to-morrow. You've perilled your life, which I've no wish you should lose just yet, and I don't see what you have gained, fair girl! Your sudden freak must be explained, Lady Ana. Many days I have watched for you; out of respect for your fair fame I did not again come near the house. To-day when I catch sight of you on the hill, you dash off in that mad style! But to-day I do not mean to stand here. If you won't give me a chance of being heard without, I'll make one within; I'll take my horse round to the yard, and be with you shortly. The coast is clear. Sir Lionel and your sister are not come; your man is busy with your horse; your woman is a mile off—I passed her on the road: so the coast is clear; and it is quite time we came to an understanding."

"Stop," said the girl. The voice was startling as coming from a young girl, it vibrated with such intense concentration of passion. "All you have to say must be said outside this house, which you shall never enter again; and must be said *now*, as I will never hear you or speak to you again—never see you again, if I can help it. I perilled my life, for which I do not care, and lamed Bess, for which I do care, because there is nothing I value compared with the power of keeping clear of you—nothing, nothing—so much I loathe you! Yes, loathe you! that is the word: now that I have seen you unmasked, I loathe you!"

He paused a moment, then he said—

"Do you know, Lady Ana, that this is a very foolish way of talking? The sooner you drop it, the better for you. But we will *not* talk here. How do you know who may be in hearing? If you are careless for yourself, I must be the more careful for you," he added, with a sneer.

"All the world may hear what I have to say—that I hate you, how I hate you! that I loathe you, that I defy you! Would to Heaven I knew such words as would fitly speak the bitter black rage that fills me."

"Lady Ana, you are beside yourself. Fortunately it is, *to-day*, no question of loving

or hating, but of marrying. You are completely in my power. I need your fortune; though it is not large, I need it. These are the plain facts of my case. All I care to know now is, when you will marry me."

"Never! Wretch, do you think, because you have done me, a weak girl, the worst wrong a man can do a woman—one human creature another—a man! a human creature! a fiend! a devil!—do you think, because you have done me this wrong, that I will *marry* you?—Never!"

"Girl, you must! You are too ignorant of the world to realize your position—to know how completely you are in my power, name and fame."

"In your power!" she said, with a low laugh, horrible to hear. "Name and fame! Too ignorant of the world to realize my position! In your power!—you think so. By anything I ever held dear or sacred, I swear—"

"You shall not swear. Lady Ana, you are powerless with all your passion. In truth, your passion and your pride put you more utterly in my power. You are not one to bear *shame* meekly. You have no choice left; you must marry me. Again I tell you this. Better play with me no longer, or it is you who will be on your knees begging for that reparation which—"

"Fool!" she cried. "I *have* a choice; for I dare to die, and do not care to live. Who shall hinder me from dying? You have overacted your part, fiend. You have no power left over a woman whom you have made desperate. That 'shame' which you have given me, which you think me too simple to understand, has freed me from you forever. Begone!" she cried, "you have your answer now. Begone!" she stamped, and ground her teeth and clenched her hand in fearful rage. "Begone! and may I never see your hateful fiend-face again!"

"Gentler words, my lady, would stand you in better stead," he answered, and sprang a step towards her. "You forget"—he spoke these words with his face close to hers—"that by dying you cannot save your honor from my tongue—by marriage you can."

Then he changed his whole manner; he fell at her feet, holding her skirt firmly in his hand. He conjured her by the love he had once thought she bore him not to cast him off to utter ruin; to forgive both the

deeds and words of passion to which her falsehood and scorn had stung him. Clutching her skirt in his hand to hold her to hear him, he poured out a torrent of eloquently passionate, of apparently penitent, pleading appeal.

She listened; if her young face changed in expression, it was only that for a while scorn overmastered hate. She struggled to free herself; when she failed—when he, having seized her hand, would have touched it with his lips, she raised her other, the whip in it high above her head. He saw the gesture and caught the fierce flash of her eyes: rising, he sprang back, but just too late—the sharp lash cut across his brow with stinging effect.

He uttered a curse. Blinded with rage and pain, he rushed towards her; another moment, and he would have dashed her down upon the stone; but a startled movement of his impatient horse jerked him backwards and brought him to the ground.

"Wait!" he cried, as he rose and mounted digging a cruel spur into the animal's side "my time for revenge will come. When you have learned to value honor and love life remember me!"

For a time she stood where he had left her. She heard him dash off down the avenue at furious gallop. There darkly crossed her mind an image of how he would goad on his fiery horse through the darkness, till, both horse and rider mad and blind, there would come a crash. She shuddered, drew back, closed the door, and pushed to the heavy bolts.

"I wish I had not struck him! I cannot hate him so—not enough—since I struck him!" Again she shuddered.

Slowly she went up the broad dark stair swiftly along the echoing gallery to her own chamber. "When you have learned to value honor and love life, remember me," she repeated.

In her own room—no cosy nest or maidenly bower, but a vast and gloomy apartment floor, walls, and ceiling, all of bare black oak fantastically reflecting the flashing of a great wood-fire, and the white bed shining out like a swan on a dark lake—her first act was to tear off her riding-dress and trample it under her feet.

An old woman, whom she had always called "nurse," and whose daughter (de

ow) had been all the mother she had ever known in her mysteriously lonely and neglected childhood, came in to help her change her dress. Besides these two there was at that hour no one in the house, and it was often so. The man had enough to do always with outdoor work, some of which often took him a mile or more away; the woman, who was cook and housekeeper, was often absent for half a day—once a week for a whole day, riding to market and back on a stout pony.

"No such haste, child. Why, you're all of a shake!" the old nurse exclaimed, wonderingly, by and by. "Your sister and Sir Lionel can't be here yet awhile, so there's no such haste. My pretty, what is it?" he said, coaxingly. "You quake like a shaking leaf! You've been riding too far and too fast." Then angrily, "Lady Ana, as he been meeting you again—the man on the black horse Sir Lionel told me to warn you against?" Then coaxingly again, "Can't you speak to your own old nurse, childie? Vont you tell her what's made you all of a tremble?"

"Hate, nurse!—such hate as I never thought to feel!—such hate as made me long to pour all my life out in a curse!"

Turning sharply upon the old woman as he spoke, the red firelight flashed upon her face, and heightened the fierceness of its expression.

Her nurse drew back from her. "God forgive you, Lady Ana!" she cried; then added, "God have mercy upon us!"

She opened her mouth, as if to ask a question, but the words died on her lips.

The girl, having spoken, had turned to her lass again. She stood there, "trembling perceptibly with a tremor she could not control, but braiding her bright hair with deft fingers, her face shadowed from the wax-lights burning on the table by the loose luxuriant locks. Standing thus, half-dressed, her snowy linen drooping off her pearly shoulders, her slender, milk-white arms all bare, she looked so fair, so slight, so young, so maidenly, it was no wonder the old nurse thought, "It isn't of such as her the devil gets possession;" and tried to believe that she had not heard aright; that the wicked words of hate sounding in her ears had not been spoken by those childlike lips.

She took up the mud-stained skirt from the

shining floor, and was going to hang it near the fire to dry, when again the girl turned round so that the firelight flashed upon her face, and again spoke in the harsh and unfamiliar-sounding voice,—

"Have that thing thrown away—on the dung-heap, or into the bonfire—anywhere. It'll never come clean and sweet again. I sha'n't want it. Poor Bess will be shot to-morrow: I wont buy another horse."

The nurse dropped the heavy cloth—the girl, crossing the room, opened the door and pushed it outside with her foot. Another day nurse would have questioned garrulously about "poor Bess;" to-day she stood aghast, agape, and dared not. She washed her hands, as her mistress bade her, then she drew from the black wardrobe of carved oak a dress of pearly sheen, which had been Lady Ana's bride'smaid's dress at her sister's wedding. She shook it and stroked it and held it ready to put over those round white shoulders.

Those two did not look each other in the face again that evening. The old nurse noted the fierce, dry light in the girl's eyes, the sudden reddenings and blanchings of her face, the quick rise and fall of the swan-soft fair bosom, but noted these things by stealth, looking askance.

When all was done, Lady Ana for the first time gazed into the glass; till now she had only stood before it.

"Do I look as usual, nurse? Is all right with me?"

"Yes, my pet. They will say you are fairer than ever, my queen."

Then Lady Ana went down the stairs, the nurse lighting her from above till she passed into the light of the hall. She crossed it and entered the great drawing-room; here the other servant, returned from her search after cream, fresh eggs, and butter, had been piling logs on the hearth, and was now setting out a small table full in the blaze, and snugly screened from the draught, with damask, massive silver, and old china.

Lady Ana, no tragic Amazon, but a singularly lovely and fair young girl, with a rich, gleaming dress of stately rustling, pearly gray brocade, and with cunningly braided masses of brightest hair, began to assist her, talking and laughing merrily. Meanwhile, old nurse, her darling out of sight, slowly returned to the room, set down her light, and fell to

wringing her hands, with many a sobbing, pitiful cry of "God have mercy upon us! Good God have mercy upon us!"

Lady Ana, in the room below, as she turned from the light, going towards the great window, presently asked, "Which way did you come home from the farm, Nancy?"

"Oh, round behind, by the good road, my pretty. It's longer, above a bit. I know I'm a foolish old thing for my pains, but I can't abide the avenue of a night, it is so dark, with them coal-black trees, meeting overhead and shutting out the stars, when there be any."

"Are there any to-night? Is the night dark, Nancy?"

"Pitch-dark; but with carriage-lamps, and the roads being good, Sir Lionel will get here safe enough. Don't fret, my lady."

Nancy, having finished her arrangements, left the room.

Lady Ana—the simple people about never questioned her right to that title; and she, in her ignorance, had always accepted it without any wonder—stood in the window, looking out into the black night. Since that dear sister, whom she looked for now, had left her, the wild, high-spirited girl had changed to a miserable woman, with death, despair, and hate tugging at her strained heart-strings; but she must hide all change, and she had found that she could use merry words and light laughter still, and that to others they did not sound so strange and hollow as to her. A few moments, and the noise of wheels brought temporary forgetfulness; she ran into the hall, and on that very step where she had stood and known such rage of hate two hours, perhaps, ago, she clasped in her arms, with passionate love, a girl still younger than herself,—a mere child to look at,—who had flown up towards her with a birdlike swiftness, and who nestled in her breast with soft, inarticulate cooings.

This child was followed by her husband, a man some ten years older than herself, fair and stately, with a clear-cut face, the most noticeable features of which were the open brow and fearless, trust-inspiring eye. When those clasping arms were at last disentwined, and Lady Ana was leading her sister into the house, he asked, "Has my Sister Ana no welcome, then, for me?"

Lady Ana stretched out a hand to him, but she kept her face averted, her eyes upon her

sister, as she answered, "You know you are welcome always, Lionel."

Before they separated for the night, Lady Ana and Sir Lionel were for a short time alone. The little wife had gone to gossip with old nurse; her sister would have followed her, but that, on leaving the room, Emma had said, "Stay with Lionel, please dear Ana."

The door was no sooner closed behind his wife than Sir Lionel, speaking rapidly and low, began,—

"Dear Ana, I have said nothing to my little wife, your sister, but I have most grave cause for brotherly uneasiness. Before we left I spoke to your nurse, asking her to warn you against a—a fellow whose character—In short, my dear girl, you know to whom I refer. Since that time I have heard enough of the man to whom I allude to confirm my worst opinion of him—my worst suspicion regarding him. Believe me, he is utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous; so bad a fellow that it makes my flesh creep to think of the possibility of his getting any kind of influence over any woman for whom I care. Fearing that poor old nurse forgot my charge (for I met the fellow riding madly from the direction of this house to-day), I venture, at the risk of offending you—"

Lady Ana had listened with a certain eagerness so far; but now she broke in, imperiously "Silence, Sir Lionel! I cannot suffer another word. Let this be enough for you, that with my life I can prevent it, the man you speak of shall not again enter these doors."

"Enter these doors!" he echoed in alarm "I thought—I did not know—"

There he paused. Seeing her face, which had flushed crimson, turn the deadliest white he thought she was about to swoon, and he stretched out his arm to save her. She caught it, seized his hand, and kissed it.

"Dear brother," she said, softly; "dear brother." Then, with a sort of sob, "if only I had a brother!"

"Surely now you have," he answered gently and gravely. He raised her hand to his lips, and would have drawn her to him.

"No," she said, retreating from him; "you are not my brother, and you cannot be."

"I trust this is not so."

"It is. I will tell you why. There is no safety in truth, and destruction in all kind of lying. Some truths, people say, about

not be spoken ; perhaps this is one, but I will speak it for all our safety. Not that it matters now," she muttered, as the dark despair at her heart gnawed more sharply there. "She must not know. You chose well, Sir Lionel ; you chose as I wished you to choose. She is the pearl. I knew before she knew it that she loved you. I could not have been happy if she suffered. You chose well. How could you choose otherwise ? You saw her always gentle, always loving, always good ; while I—no matter. But we *both* loved you. I loved you from the first, and always. It was to deceive Emma, to deceive you, if possible, to deceive myself, that I behaved so wildly. I succeeded ; I shall be wild no more."

He was silent awhile, turning from her and looking into the fire. When he spoke, his face confirmed what his words said.

"I am grieved beyond expression. The unsolved mystery of your most forlorn and unprotected position, your loneliness, now that I have taken your sweet sister from you, weigh upon me beyond what I can say. In my heart you are second to my own sweet wife, and to none other. I had hoped that you would find a safe and happy home under our roof till the time came when—" There he broke off, only repeating what he had begun with, "I am grieved beyond expression."

"But you must not be. No one is to grieve for me : I only want to be forgotten. I am worth no love, and I want no pity. I hope she will forget me—in loving you. And you—I will not have you think of me—not with love, nor pity."

She left him ; he did not know how to interpret the passion of her last words. He thought very pitifully of this ungoverned and ungovernable girl—thought of her with true and manly honor of pity, untouched by scorn, and not without admiration of the wild truth he found in her. Then his mind turned for rest, and with thankful gratitude, to contemplate the gentler graces of his own sweet wife.

Late that night, after all in the house but its mistress slept, Lady Ana roused her nurse, and made her go with her to the gate at the end of the Pine Avenue.

What did she hope or fear to find there ? She found nothing. The gate had stood open,

and had offered no obstruction to that wild rider.

SCENE II.

[At Sir Lionel's.]

"NURSE, *must* she die ?" asked a haggard-looking fair girl, with a gesture and accent of despair, as she drew back from a bed over which she had been leaning, trying with most passionate tender words and caresses to elicit some sign of consciousness from one who lay there—a young mother, whose sweet, sad face was taking the marble fixedness of death.

"Her life hangs upon the child's. If it dies, she'll not rally. She's lain like that ever since she heard the doctor say that the baby couldn't live. Come with me and look at it, my lady, and you'll get your answer, I'm thinking."

The hired nurse led the way from the darkened room into one next it, into which a little more light was allowed to enter.

"It wont last the night through," she said stooping to examine the few-weeks-old baby which was held in the arms of a bright-faced peasant woman. "To think it wont live, so much hanging on its life ! when there's a power of babies struggling up to strength who wont know their fathers, and whose mothers wouldn't know them, if they could help it, poor things ! It's a queer world ; no—it can't last the night through !"

"It's not so bad as all that, I don't believe," said the woman who held it at her bosom. "It may perk up yet."

"Not it, though if it were your own now, Molly—"

"And if it dies, my sister will die, you say, nurse ?"

"I see no hope but that she will, my lady,—so much she seems to love it ; and she, as I told you, lying as she does now ever since that blundering doctor—bad-luck to him—spoke out in her hearing."

"So much she seems to love it," repeated Lady Ana, her eyes fixed upon the fading face.

"As mothers, most all of them, do, miss, my lady," said the peasant woman.

"Give the child to me ; and you, go get your supper," said Lady Ana.

"No matter for my supper ; and I'd rather not have the child moved, poor lamb ! Ladies

like you—no offence meant, my lady—betimes don't know how best to hold a baby."

"Give me the child, and go," Lady Ana commanded, with an imperious frown.

"Do as my lady bids you—the baby's past knowing any difference now," said the nurse, to whom the woman's eyes appealed.

Very reluctantly the motherly creature relinquished her charge.

"Listen to me, nurse," said Lady Ana below her breath, when the woman was gone. (She held the dying baby very tenderly, and tears were coursing down her white cheeks).

"Answer me quickly—there is no time to lose! Has this baby any marks by which its mother would know it from another?"

"None, my lady."

"The age—would she tell that a baby a week—about a week—older could not be hers?"

"Being so ill, and the room so dark—"

"You think not; and for the rest, one baby is much like another while they are so young—"

"Not to the mother, my lady."

"But my sister being so ill, as you say, and the room so dark—"

"That's true; she'd not suspect."

"Where is Sir Lionel?"

"As I told you, my lady; just before you came he had ridden off to the town to send a messenger to ride post for a London doctor."

"When do you expect him?"

"He can't be back till nigh upon dawn, and before the doctor can come all will be over."

"Nurse," said Lady Ana, speaking very low, "I may trust you to see a thing done for her good, and to say nothing?"

"For her good—yes, my lady; but, my lady, for sure it is only God above—not you, or I, or another—that knows what's for her good."

"Shall I see her die, to her husband's agony and mine, when I can help it? and how can you tell that God does not mean me to do the thing I am thinking of doing to save her? All I ask of you, woman, is silence, and to send away the wet-nurse. You can say—yes, you can say that it is her milk that does not suit baby. And if, afterwards, baby gets strong and well, who shall say it was not so?"

"Who, indeed? But perhaps I hardly understand my lady. He'll never get strong

and well. He's dying now, as you hold him—dying in your arms."

Lady Ana gazed upon the infant with a long, wild gaze, then she raised her eyes to those of the nurse.

"You are mistaken: by the morning he will be strong and well."

They looked hard into each other's faces.

"But the old doctor—it will be very hard to—"

"I shall have him denied the house—he has done mischief enough."

"You may trust me," the nurse said.

"I will," returned the lady. "Go and dismiss that woman. Take my purse and pay her well: I charge myself with all the rest."

Left alone with the dying child, she kissed it, and strove to warm it, and cried, "O baby, I'd give my life for yours; more and better than my life, if I had aught else to give, for her sake and for his."

"Nurse, he lies quite still now, and looks easier," she said, when the nurse returned.

"My lady, he is *dead*," was the whispered answer, after a brief look. The nurse took the little corpse from the girl's arms.

After a few moments Lady Ana passed into the darkened chamber. Again she leaned over the pale mother.

"Baby looks calm and is in no pain now," she whispered. The face down upon which she gazed changed and brightened, faintly but perceptibly, though the eyes did not unclose, nor the lips move. Lady Ana rained a shower of lightest and yet most passionate kisses upon lids, lips, and brow, and then left those rooms.

She went down to the servants' hall, where all the people of the house were gathered together in pale consternation, for the rumor had got about that mother and child were dying.

"The carriage immediately and the fastest horses," commanded Lady Ana; "I am going to fetch another nurse, hoping so to save your young master. As you value your lady's life, let no one go near her rooms while I am away. Sleep may save her."

"All the house shall be as still as death, my lady," many voices answered together.

[At the Hall.]

Lady Ana was soon on her way. The horses were driven at cruel speed along the

wild country-roads. Just before entering Witch-hampton village she stopped, telling the coachman to drive on to the inn, and await her return with the nurse.

The September night was not very dark, but it had an eerie, evil-suggesting trouble in it. The horrible gurgling cry of the screech-owl more than once terrified the silence. But Lady Ana hurried on wildly, till the Hall, ghastly in the wan light of a waning moon, was before her.

She mounted the steps of the portico and paused there, shuddering and breathless. A great fear and a heart-sinking dread came over her; but it was now too late to reconsider. She was able to open the door with a key she carried; it was not often that the heavy bolts were drawn.

It closed behind her, and she stood in the Hall: it felt chill and damp, and a streak of moonlight entering at a narrow window fell across the open hearth, choked up with pale wood-ashes, and made it look the more desolate. She listened; there were the sounds she knew of old—a scudding and skurrying retreat, accompanied by short, sharp, shrill cries: no sound when these had died away. She groped her way up the first broad stair, the timbers of which would groan and creak under her stealthy tread as they had never done under her free and careless feet; along the gallery—past the door of her own maiden chamber, then she ascended another and narrower stair—passed along a narrower gallery till she came to a door from under which light gleamed. This she opened, and entered an enormous room, more bare, more desolate and gloomy than had been her own apartment; but part of it was screened off from the rest, and in this part the nurse—her own old nurse—sat dozing before the fire, a baby lying across her knees. At a small table close by sat a simple-looking, pretty young girl, eating her supper of porridge and milk. On seeing Lady Ana, she rose, courtesied, and shook the nurse by the shoulder.

“Dress yourself warmly, and be ready to come with me,” the lady commanded. On that the girl disappeared behind the screen, taking her basin of porridge and jug of milk with her.

Nurse was wide awake now, and Lady Ana went close up to her. It was noticeable that the poor old woman clutched the child with

a sort of affright when its *mother* bent down to look at it.

“Muffle it up, so that it can take no harm, nurse; but make it look like the girl’s bundle of clothes—get ready to come with me—say you are the girl’s mother if anybody asks you.”

The old woman rose—“For mercy’s sake—”

“Nurse, there is nothing to be afraid of—didn’t I say *so that it could take no harm*? Don’t you see that I am beginning to care for it?” Then she whispered in the nurse’s ear, “Sir Lionel’s child is dead. Emma does not know it; when she does, they say it will kill her, so much she loves it—so much she loves it. Quick, nurse! O nurse, be quick! there is not a moment to lose—on the way I will tell you all.”

“Hold the babe then, Lady Ana, while I—” Lady Ana drew back and folded her arms.

“Put it down—it will take no harm—I will not touch it.”

[At Sir Lionel’s.]

The new nurse, whom Lady Ana had travelled through the night to fetch, was thought to have done wonders for Sir Lionel’s child.

Lady Ana, bending over the reviving mother, drank in the nectar wine of her thankful smile when she was assured that her baby had rallied, and was doing well. Lady Ana met Sir Lionel on his return, and told him of the blessed change in wife and child; and he, pressing her hands and kissing her cheeks, called her “the angel who had come to the rescue of his angels.”

Then Lady Ana shut herself into her own room, which she had locked before she went away, and now kept locked, admitting only her own old nurse. She knelt by the bed on which had been laid the body of the dead baby, and she tried to pray for God’s forgiveness, and that he would bring good to those she loved out of the evil of her lying work.

Rising, she took the little corpse into her arms and wept over it, weeping as she had not wept since the night before her sister left her.

Her old nurse standing by her, muttered—

“It’s easy enough to see. If her baby had been Sir Lionel’s, she’d have found a moth-

er's heart for it. See her put this child against her breast—she who loathed the touch of the other, and would not suffer it to be laid there!”

Meanwhile Lady Ana, rocking the child, the dead child, on her bared bosom—

“Poor broken lily, you shall not be defrauded of your burial baptism of tears, nor of your cradling on a loving breast. For your father's sake I love you, baby! For your sweet mother's sake I love you, baby! For your own sake, and because I have wronged you, I love you, baby—I love you.”

So she went on rocking and murmuring and weeping; till the old nurse, fearing for her reason, took the little corpse from her, and stealthily carried it away.

SCENE III.

LADY ANA sits in the window of her great drawing-room on an April evening. Six years and half another lie between her and that September night, and Lady Ana is now but five-and-twenty, and this is the evening of her birthday.

The lines her face takes in repose make her look older than her years; they are those of habitual weariness—her expression is one of subjection to fate rather than of submission, the expression of a slave rather than of a servant. Yet there is a something over all the face that redeems it from sullenness. In the droop of the soft-fringed lids over the beautiful eyes there is a pathetic mournfulness. But at times they rise suddenly and let fly forth strange glances of passionate remorse and despair, of impassioned appeal, that are as glimpses of a soul well-nigh “crazed with waste life and unavailing days” in the present, with wild and evil memories of the past, with the blank hopelessness of the future.

This April evening Lady Ana's face mirrors somewhat of the spirit of what she looks upon.

It is the time of year when Witch-hampton Hall is fairest, the desolation of winter being clothed upon with beauty, but the place not yet choked up with the too rank luxuriance of summer vegetation. The trees, which grow too thick and too near the house, are only just faintly smiling into spring verdure; the copses all about are just beginning to flutter myriads of leafy wings above starry beds of primroses and hazy mists of hyacinths.

Glory of glories—though its most golden glory is now beginning to fade—far off, beyond the Pine Avenue and the wood, in the open expanse of the valley, is spread the field of the cloth-of-gold (a countless host of daffodils), changing sheen in each changing light, each breeze seeming to ripple up some deeper depth of glory.

Lady Ana watches the fading off of the last sunlight as the sun sinks behind the wooded hill. She is listening to the spring-beauty of the world—sitting lonely and lovely, and looking down upon such a wealth of lonely loveliness. Strange wonderings wander through her soul. She feels vaguely as if Love spoke to her from all this beauty upon which she alone looks—that Infinite Love which alone can pour out beauty thus, without measure and without stint. She feels for a few moments as if the great Love, loving the world with spring, included her in its loving—not only included her, but crowned her, singled her out. Then suddenly she thinks, “Where then was this Love when a blight was suffered to fall on all my life? How had I sinned so much beyond others that on me fell such black and hateful sorrow? If He is love—loving as a father, if he is strength—strong to omnipotence, what had I done that he let my orphan weakness cry out in vain?—that he turned his face aside, withheld his arm, and suffered the wicked to triumph?”

She had been ungoverned and ungovernable, had gloried in freedom, had rejected counsel, had been wild and reckless. But in that fatal, final, and false recklessness which had ruined her she had been actuated by something better than mere wilfulness—there had been a wild generosity of motive. She had meant, being false to herself, to be true to those she loved. Was there need she should be so sternly taught that truth cannot come out of falsehood—that evil must not be done that good may come? If this is to be the lesson of her life, the hardest text of it is yet to be learned.

“Is it then,” murmured Lady Ana, “that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and that ruin falls on those who would set their will above his, or who dare to think they can help out his will?”

Is Lady Ana most of a heathen, a Jewess, or a Christian? As yet her inward life is a strange medley. As she thinks of the past, her hands involuntarily clench themselves in

hate, and her features grow haggard, fierce even to ugliness. All the fair serenity passes from her face, for she no longer looks out on what is fair and calm, but within on what is foul and turbid.

"Why such foul thoughts on so fair an evening?" she cried, rising suddenly. She walked to and fro in the room, seeking to escape them. This great room has somewhat of a gaunt and hungry look; so large, so bare—no books, no music, no flowers, no little feminine odds and ends of ornament and furniture. As regards essentials, it is much as it has always been through all the years of the lives of the two orphan and desolate girls who had grown up at the Hall. But somehow, since Emma had gone away, it had always seemed to Lady Ana quite different.

Lady Ana returns to the window, opens one of the casements, and leaning out into the colored twilight, listens to the singing of full-throated birds; and, as she listens, her heart grows over-full, her throat fills, her eyes fill—great tears go splashing down on to the stones beneath. Suddenly she clears her eyes, dashing the tears from them, breathes forth the anguish from her throat, and fills it full of music. Emulous of the birds, perhaps, she, leaning forth into the holy evening, breaks into a wild, rich flood of passion-fed, untutored song, that goes ringing down the valley, filling it from hill to hill. What she sang was a wild old Welsh melody to which her heart set words, and her voice rang out so crystal clear that it hardly sounded like mortal singing of mortal melody, but rather like some spirit-singing, beginning you knew not when, coming from you not where, no more likely to end at one time than at another. It might have had for text the plaint of sad Isifole:—

"Lasciolla quivi gravida e soletta."

Irregular and wild, it echoingly played with some such words as these:—

"For thee, oh, never more, is this world fair!
For thee, oh, never more is this world kind!
I hear my sentence shrieked out by the wind,
From the black pines that mock my dull despair.
'Never more!' Never more? Ah, God, so young!
And no warmth left for me in sun and shine!
The goblet broken as I lipped the wine,
And I left desolate, desert, undone!"

Something after such fashion sang Lady Ana, leaning her fair head on the stonework of the casement, looking forth with white,

fair face and bright, disordered hair over darkening wood and valley, holding her small hands folded upon her breast.

After a time her singing lost its full-toned wildness, and became more of a murmuring plaint, less of a lament than of an appeal, and the "*Sehnsucht nach der Liebe*" which was its soul was not wholly vague.

When, by and by, at some little noise in the room, she turned, still singing, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that had not been far from her thoughts—her unconscious heart-thoughts.

Her voice died away, and she listened to a dearer voice as her hand was taken and held a moment.

"I stood below at the avenue-gate in the black shadow, and listened till a vague, superstitious fear trembled through me, and I almost doubted if it were the earthly singing of a mortal maiden. A few hours since I was treading the mud and mire of a crowded city, and was shoulder to shoulder with its squalid misery. The change is bewildering. Your singing was just the crowning enchantment of your enchanted valley."

She smiled sweetly into the gravely loving face.

"You see I am just as free here as the birds, and I suppose I am almost as wild. From morning till evening, from the beginning of the week to the week's end, I am alone. I am quite free to please myself in all things,—to sing or keep silent,—and this evening the singing mood was on me."

She sat down where she had sat before she began to sing. A faint flush had slowly crept over her face.

"You have quite lately seen my sister and Sir Lionel?" she asked, as she pointed out a seat to him with the unconsciously queenly manner she had sometimes.

"I stayed with them a few days, leaving them only last evening. I am heavily charged with loving messages; they have not forgotten what day this is. Let me add my earnest wishes that your life may be blessed and crowned with all that Infinite Love holds to be best for you—"

"Thank you—oh, I thank you," she breathed out—looked as if she would have said more, but paused. "They are well?" she asked, abruptly.

"Well—and happy as few people know how to be."

"Thank God!" said Lady Ana, softly, and a sweet peacefulness overspread her face. "Have you ever seen a woman as lovely as my Emma?" she asked.

"I have seen one woman who at times looks as lovely, but not always."

"Do you mean me?" asked Lady Ana, the hot blood mantling over her face.

"Yes," he answered, with a grave smile.

She remained silent and thoughtful, grew very pale, and shuddered. Presently she said—and there was the softest witchery of sweet, unconscious appeal in her poor face—"I might, perhaps, have been as lovely if, when I was as young, I had been as much loved. Yet I think not even then, for she was always good; from the very earliest I can remember the gentlest sweet creature always."

"You are cold," he said, noticing how again she shuddered, and he rose to shut the window. He stood some moments, looking out, then he asked, "Have I your permission to pass an hour or two with you, Lady Ana? There is much I want to say to you."

She shrank into herself and grew paler as she answered that she should be very pleased.

She had light brought, the fire made up, the tea prepared. And she, wholly unconscious of conventional usages, served her guest, *loving to serve*, and showing that she did so. He suffered this, touched to the core of his heart with her soft womanly, simple grace, and much marvelling how this fair girl had gained her character for wild pride and daring eccentricity and recklessness—for her character remained to her, though her life was now altered.

Lady Ana's guest had never before been her guest, save for the brief quarter of an hour of an occasional call: but often she had looked up into his face with calm, unflinching attention, often he had looked down into hers with growing interest and pity; often, too, had she heard him spoken of with love and veneration by those she loved: often had he heard her spoken of with a loving pathos of compassion. He was a near friend and distant relative of Sir Lionel, and now he was the rector, just a year ago appointed, of the little gray church looking into the river. He thought he knew all the story of Lady Ana's life—knowing how she, as well as the gentle Emma, had loved Sir Lionel.

The hours went by, strangely swift and sweet to Lady Ana. She sat a little in the

shadow, and the full blaze of the wood-fire, which paled the light of the faint-burning lamp, fell on the face of her guest, whose eyes, wonderfully calm in their brilliance, often sought hers.

He spoke to her as no one in her life had ever spoken to her, with such a mingling of tender deference and authority; and at his words there opened out before her vistas of new life that should no more be waste and aimless. But when he ceased to speak, the memory of the past rushed back, and all the high hope he had awakened died out again as that tide of bitterness surged up and filled her soul.

She said, "If, ten years ago, when I was young, I could have listened to you sometimes, then I might now indeed be like Emma, as lovely and as happy—fit for such a beautiful life as you fancy I might lead; but, as it is, it is not I who can help others to be happy, good, and pure!"

"When you were young," he echoed, with a smile.

"I am not old now, I know," she said. "Oh, how I sometimes wish I were old, that there might not lie before me such a dreary waste of years—old, and with all my senses dulled, that I should not have such power to suffer! I am not old in years, but my heart, somehow, is very old."

He listened with a smile so tenderly incredulous, she did not wish that he should believe her. He had a face, she thought, that somehow seemed all love—to love all it looked upon with all itself; not with eyes only, or with eyes and mouth, but with every line and light and shadow: withal, it was a face manly, full of power—the power of love.

He rose presently.

"You will have a lovely walk," she said; "the moon is up. It is a lonely walk, is it not, all down my lonely valley, and then up the hill and down the long lane where the owls hoot?"

"Your lonely valley is indeed lonely. I often think of its loneliness. In the winter—at the time of those terrible storms—I used sometimes to be driven to leave my fireside and come out here, just to walk round your house and see if all looked as usual. Once or twice I was impelled to do this at night, and then the wild isolation of your position smote me with a heart-paining blow."

"You came out here in storms and at night

to watch over me! How good of you!" Her eyes, filling with tears, were more eloquent than her poor words.

"Not good at all," he answered, quickly, "for I could not help it! It was for my ease. I am fast learning, Lady Ana, to be uneasy always when I am not near you—for I love you."

"You—love—me!" she faltered.

"Is it so strange? Having seen your sweet, fair face shining below me, star-bright, in my little dusky church so often—having heard your sweet, fair name so often named with love by lips I love, is it so strange that I have learned to love you, and that I long to give you a life less desolate and waste than this you lead now? Is this strange, my sweet lady?"

"Is it strange?—'my sweet, fair name.' Ah, heaven! you cannot think how strange!—strange as music from heaven heard by one in hell."

This she murmured, cowering back as much into the dusk as might be, and with her hands hiding her burning face. His words had wakened feelings that had been but lightly sleeping: her heart rose up and cried out within her that she loved him.

"It is so—strange as it may seem to you, it is so! Has your heart any love to give me? Will you trust your loneliness to my love, your liberty to my law? Will you be my wife?"

"Wife," she whispered to herself. "His wife—happiness, love—love, happiness—for me! Tempted, tempted, tempted—"

Of the devil—and love is of God, and brings strength to resist the temptations of the devil. It brought her strength; she took her hands from before her poor, quivering face; she looked up into his face, and said, in a voice that strove to be firm—

"I thank you, from my heart. I love you, from my heart. It is my love for you makes me able to be true. Loving you, I would not wrong you. I cannot marry you—I must not marry any one. There is something stands between. I am not what you think me." Again she cowered into the darkness, and again she hid her burning face.

What did he think? Why, that the exquisite delicacy of her maiden modesty made her thus morbidly reproach herself that she had loved Sir Lionel with unrequited love—Sir Lionel who had loved her sister.

"At least," she answered to his further pleadings, "leave me now, and let me have time to think." Was the devil asserting himself?

He answered, "I will take that time to hope," and having kissed her hand, he left her.

* * * * *

An hour later, old nurse found her darling weeping, passionately, convulsively. She had thrown herself upon the floor, and laid her fair head where his feet had been.

The old woman, not without suspicion of what had passed, raised the poor girl, and strove to calm her.

"O nurse, I love him, and I would so fain be happy," she sobbed. "But I may not—I dare not. As a little child longs for its mother, and stretches its arms towards her, and on her bosom knows rest, so I long for his love, and stretch towards it, and in his bosom could know rest. But I may not—I dare not."

"May not! dare not! Who says so, lamb of mine?" she cried, with passionate pride.

"I say so, nurse. I blot *his* life with mine!—he, of all men—he whose life is so pure, so good—he of all men, to have for a wife a woman such as I am!—a woman whose shame may at any moment be in all mouths."

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried the nurse, and then there followed a to and fro of passionate talk. By and by Lady Ana, wearied out, rested her head on her nurse's shoulder and murmured—

"It shall be, then, as you say. He will come to-morrow—you will tell him; after—I shall see him no more—but oh, I love him, nurse, I love him—I will go on loving him! Remembering that he has loved me, I will try to grow good."

* * * * *

Next day, at the same twilight hour, Lady Ana stood in her drawing-room, waiting for one last look—waiting to see him whom she loved go away—leaving her forever. Old nurse had met him outside the house, to make sure of speaking to him before he saw her lady.

A step across the hall—his step—he entered the room.

Like a wild thing driven to bay, Lady Ana left the window to crouch, literally crouch, hiding her face with her hands, in the darkest corner of the room. But when he came close,

when he spoke, when she felt his nearness and heard his voice, she rose up, drove the burning blood back from her face, stood before him white and calm: the holy might of her love gave her power so tacitly to honor the untarnished purity of her soul and will.

The last fair light of heaven was full upon his face; she looked into it, and even then wondered at its beauty. He raised her hand to his lips, and did not release it. She spoke first,—

“You leave me, but not in scorn; you are too noble to know scorn. May God in heaven bless you for ever and ever for having loved me, for your gentleness in leaving me. And now, for pity’s sake, go.” She ended with a heart-broken passion of appeal shrilling her voice, and would have sunk down upon the ground.

But he took her in his arms and pressed her head against his breast, and made her understand how he meant that it should be with her for all her future—his arms her shelter, her resting-place his breast.

For a few moments she yielded utterly, and knew nothing but his love and her delicious rest. But soon came the sting of conscience and the chill of icy doubt, and she cried, “Nurse has been false! she has not told you all. Leave me, leave me, leave me! this can never be! Leave me while I have any strength to bid you go.”

“She swore that, as she hoped for mercy, she had told me all. My soul is full of pity and of love, and I will not leave you.”

She let her head droop against his breast again. The fair present was so fair, life was so sweet, love so good, she hardly had a faculty left that could believe in the dark past as other than a hateful, hideous dream.

Yet when she had been alone some hours—when she had lain some hours sleepless in her white bed, watching the moonlight move along the ink-black floor, shaking with the fear of her new happiness—suddenly that horror of doubt again stood up and would be heard, chilling all her blood with its suggestions. She rose and moved herself like a fair moonbeam, along the moonlit room, and passed into that in which the old nurse slept.

She bent over the woman till she wakened her, then she said,—

“Nurse, did you tell him *all*? My shame and, since, my sin? For pity’s sake, dear nurse, be true! Did you tell him *all*?”

“All, as I hope for mercy at my end! I’m an old woman, and can’t last long: as I hope for mercy, I told him *all*.”

Lady Ana, after kissing the old woman went back to her white bed.

The old nurse turned in hers and groaned—“Now God forgive me, and have mercy upon my poor miserable soul! But if the devil have me or no, no great matter if my lying makes the sweet lamb happy.”

Then she pulled the bed-clothes up over eyes and ears, and slept again.

It was not till Lady Ana was married “*sed et fast*” that the old nurse confessed to her how little of her story her husband knew. She then accompanied this confession by extracts to Lady Ana, *for her husband’s sake*, and as *she valued his happiness*, not to speak now.

SCENE IV.

THE weather without is wet and wild chill, though summer is hardly gone by. A great fire blazes in the hearth of the Hall drawing-room, and on either side sit Lady Ana and her sister, Sir Lionel’s wife. They are both silently watching a boy who stretched on the leopard-skin rug full in the ruddy blaze, is playing at being a wild beast, snarling, showing his pretty teeth, pretending to be a tiger who has fixed upon and is worrying the leopard.

When Lady Ana’s eyes quit the boy it is to look towards the great window, outside which the trees are rocking in the tempest black against a pale sky. When Sir Lionel’s wife turns from him, it is to bend over the lovely little baby-girl sleeping on her knees. Sir Lionel’s wife is more beautiful as a matron even than she was as a girl. She is dark and lovely; dark, with that sort of inwardly-alight, clear darkness that one is tempted to call fairer than fair; lovely, with a gentle, unimpassioned, unimpassionable loveliness that is in some holily mystical way redeemed from any suspicion of insipidity.

Lady Ana does not look beautiful or lovely just now; in the firelight her face shows hardness, almost fierce; she brings her eyes back from the window to fix them again on the boy.

Presently his mother softly chides him for the roughness of his play, the loudness of his ugly noises, telling him he will wake and frighten baby.

“Send baby away then—I must finish killing this beast,” is his answer, and he goes on

playing as before. Emma sighs, and watches him with a slight sadness, a gentle fear and wonder clouding her sweet brow: then she droops her eyes upon the face of her baby-girl, and bends to touch that with her lips.

Just then the boy looked up into his Aunt Ana's face: she called him to her; he stands at her knees, she presses her hands upon his shoulders, and looks into his face. Erect as a dart he stands there, gazing back into the razing eyes: his lips, too thin for a child's mouth, are at first still curled as they were while he imitated a tiger's snarl: but after a while they began to quiver; he could bear that look no longer. Suddenly his proud, childlike face flushed crimson, and his eyes filled; he broke away from those detaining hands, rushed towards his mother, hid himself behind her chair.

"Your boy is afraid of me, Emma," said Lady Ana, with a smile that was no less than gently, but which Emma did not see, for just then the boy burst into a howl of angry distress, which he tried to stifle with his mother's gown. The baby woke, began to cry; nurse appeared and would have carried off both the children, but that young Lionel refused to go. He presently left off crying, and threw himself upon his rug—not to play again, but to watch his Aunt Ana's face, which seemed to have for him some fascination full of fear.

"Can't you make him obey you, Emma? send him away," Lady Ana said by and by, shading her eyes with her hand as she spoke, but from under it still watching the boy.

"Go to the nursery, Lionel, and play there. When papa comes home you shall come down again," the mother spoke softly and caressingly. The child paid no heed. "Do as you are told—go directly," Ana commanded. The boy colored rebelliously, but got up and went.

"Emma, you will never make that child obedient; you speak to him as if you were afraid of him. That is not the way to rule a boy like that," Lady Ana said, when the door had closed.

"I know," sighed Sir Lionel's wife—"I'm afraid of him—afraid of making him naughty, for then he is quite unmanageable. I do not understand him. I cannot get at the good in him. I do not manage him well: I try so hard too—I am so afraid of not being a good mother to him. He is a noble-looking boy, but he is strangely incomprehensible.

Ana," she continued, in her low, calm, monotonous, sweet voice, "do you see any likeness in my boy to any one you have ever known? There is a something that has puzzled me for years in his face—it has just now come to me who it is that he at times reminds me of. It is very strange! Do you see any likeness in him to—"

"You can hardly expect me to have found out in one day what it has taken you years to discover," interrupted Lady Ana, and her clear voice was so sharp that it startled her sister. "The boy is like his father, it seems to me."

"Like his father? Dear Ana, how *can* you think so? Surely, Ana, you have forgotten my Lionel, with his grand open brow, his tawny locks, his fearless eyes of bright sea-gray. He is so little like that I am always sorry now that we called him Lionel—little Harry is much more like his father. Surely, dear sister, you have forgotten my Lionel."

"I have not forgotten your Lionel, Emma, and still I think young Lionel is like his father."

"But, Ana, *where* can you find any resemblance? I cannot conceive how—"

"I *do* find it—both to father and mother."

"You see no likeness, then, to any other person?"

"I hold to what I have said: he is much like his father—there is some resemblance to his mother; beyond this I see nothing to remind me of any one."

"As to the likeness to the first, thank God that you can think so—as to the likeness to me, Lionel often says he is more like you. I trust that this is a mere fancy of mine; I shall not mention it to Lionel—it might pain him, for he always had a bad opinion of the man I am thinking of. How long since all that seems! Perhaps you have almost forgotten what a splendid rider he was! Lionel says our boy is a born horseman. You never ride now, Ana, do you? I used to think you could not live without it. What furious gallops you would have on the down up there! I remember so well how I used to sit here and shudder, and fancy all kinds of horrors, when it grew dark and you did not come home. That happened so often the last few weeks I was at home here, before my marriage, you seemed so wild and restless—it grieved me very much. I knew what it meant, darling Ana; it was your way of hid-

ing from me what pain it was to lose me. Wasn't it, love?"

"In part."

"And in part something else that I think I know too. What a wild, neglected, lonely life we had when we were young! Till Lionel came back to England there was no one to control us or care for us,—no one with more authority than dear old nurse. It was very strange. Since I have been married, Lionel has told me what, perhaps, you knew all along—how our father deserted us, nobody knows why, though some people said he was mad with jealousy, and believed that our dead mother had wronged him—how he went away and died suddenly, before he had made any provision for us beyond asking Lionel's father not to lose sight of us altogether—and Lionel's father died, and our mother had no relations alive, and so we grew up with only faithful old nurse to look after us: it was very strange, and oh, how thankful I often feel that we came to no harm! If I had not been so young and ignorant, and so used to look up to you, I should have been more frightened for you about that man. As it was, it was Lionel who taught me to fear for you; he always said that you were the more in danger, having so little fear—that the timidity which instinctively shrank from danger was a woman's best armor, and that this you had not."

Lady Ana had risen and come close to her sister. She bent over her and said,—

"As you love me, never talk to me again of that past. As to that man, I hate him so, Emma, that sometimes I hate to live, fearing that he is still alive. Sometimes I hate all the world, fearing that somewhere he is in it still."

Emma shrank away a little and turned very pale. "Hush, hush, hush, my poor sister; you who love so much cannot hate. Forgive me, darling; I did not know you had ever really cared for him—I did not know—I do not understand. What wrong did he do you? Did he make you love him, and then did he leave you, dearest? How was it?"

"You wrong me too much, Emma. It was not so. I never loved him." She stood erect now and gazed into the fire; and as she saw again the last scene played between her and that man, her eyes flashed fiercely. "He grovelled at my feet," she said, "and I—I

struck him! That was how we parted. Emma, you have raised the devil, speaking of those evil times. He is at my feet again; again I raise my hand; my whip is in it, and I leave my mark—yes, I leave my mark!"

"Ana, Sister Ana!" Emma had risen and now wound her sister in her arms. "Call yourself, my poor darling. Let love drive out the last remnants of that old hate. You are no longer alone and defenceless. You can never more be driven to such self-defence. It is terrible to think you should ever have known such need; but that can never happen again. You must forgive, my darling. We must all forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

"As we hope to be forgiven!" murmured Lady Ana, and leaned her cheek upon her sister's hair. So they stood, wound in each other's arms. Presently Lady Ana said, in a strange, low voice—

"Would it grieve you much to lose the boy? You have the others, Harry and little Ana, and the lovely baby-girl. Surely, you do not love that headstrong, unloving boy; you do the others?"

"If I do not, may God forgive me!" said Emma, fervently. "But do not call him headstrong and unloving—he is not always as you have seen him to-day. Indeed, he is very good and generous sometimes. O Ana, why do you say I do not love him as I do the others! I trust I do—oh! I trust I do—the first-born, whom I loved so much when he was a baby that I nearly died of fear that he should lose him. Surely, Ana, you have not forgotten that. And God spared him, as you think I do not love him? O Ana, what have I done—what have you seen—that you should think so?"

"Nothing."

"Something there must have been—something that I have done, or neglected to do. Tell me what, darling Ana; pray tell me."

Just then there was a noise of wheels and barking of dogs. The sisters started apart. Lady Ana to ring for lights and to order tea to be served, Sir Lionel's wife to hasten to the hall to meet her husband.

The great drawing-room was lighted and the crimson drapery drawn before the window, when Sir Lionel entered it, Emma hanging fondly on his arm. In the middle of the room his hostess met him. The light of a shaded lamp fell on the glorious crown of his head and on the fair oval cheek: she

comed him with a sweet, bright smile, and as she stood before him thus, she was most softly beautiful. He looked into her face with a penetrating glance as he thanked her for her welcome, calling her "my own dear sister." She met the glance with fearless gladness, and he stooped and kissed her. Then they both remembered what had passed on the night when they had last met there—that night on which Lady Ana had made her passionate confession. But Sir Lionel thought none of their only meeting since, their meeting at his house, and said,—

"We have not met since that sad night when you came like an angel of light and mercy into my sad household, and, under God's blessing, saved me my dear ones." She turned from him suddenly: he said no more about the past.

"When may we hope to see your husband?" he asked by and by.

"Oh, very soon; perhaps to-morrow," she answered, radiantly. "Life is very weary when he is away. I grow wicked when he is away," she added, with a look at Emma.

Kissing her sister, as she lingered in her room before they parted for the night, Lady Ana said,—

"You have often told me that you longed for the time to come when I would know and love your husband. The time is come; I love your husband now, Emma dear, now that I so utterly, so absolutely, love my own. For the years to come we will be much together—at least I trust it may be so, sweet one."

"Was it true then, Ana? O Ana, was it true what I sometimes feared?" murmured Sir Lionel's wife.

"It was. I loved your Lionel even as you loved him. I do not mind your knowing this now. I am not ashamed of having loved him; though I am sorry—I would rather my husband had had all my love always." Over those words the gentle Lady Emma pondered when she was alone. She blessed her sister in her heart, and praised her as most noble, generous, and devoted—could hardly grieve over her past pain, knowing her so happy now.

"So happy!" Then came a momentary doubt of the completeness of this happiness—a painful recollection of fierce looks, wild words, such as it was difficult to reconcile with love and happiness. Sir Lionel's wife

determined that never again would she trouble the peace of her sister's present happiness by raising that spectre of the past—the remembrance of wrong and insult, and of revengeful passion and hate.

"A little while, and she will forget it all," she murmured; "she has not loved long yet. A little while, and she will forget how to hate."

Lady Ana, alone in her own chamber, that same night writes a love-letter most passionately tender to her husband. Then she reads and re-reads his last letter, kisses it many times, lays it in her bosom, sits holding it there, pressing it there, gazing into the fire. Tears of love and happiness fill and overflow her eyes and run unheeded down her cheeks.

How very fair she looks—how tender, sweet, and young, while the happy, untroubled love-dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the face. "O my love, my love, my love!" she cried; "woe is me that you ever loved me! If, a few months ago, I had known what is such love as yours—if, a few months ago, I had loved you as I love you now, I had never, never, never let you call the thing I am your own. How dared I? How dared I? If I had known one-half your goodness, I had not dared! I thought I could grow good and fair in love; but how can I, being false to you who are so true? For years I have borne my hellish secret, and not known how it poisoned all my life. For years I have borne it for my own sake, and now I must bear on and on forever—for yours. There is no way in which I do not wrong you—keeping silent, I wrong you, and, with all my life, lie to you; speaking, I should kill you. There is no way in which I do not wrong you."

She wrung her hands together—the letter dropped from her bosom. "Yes," she said, "even the senseless paper knows that what his hand has rested on my bosom is not worthy to hold."

"When you have learned to value honor and to love life, then remember me."

It was almost as if those words were spoken in her ear; she looked slowly round, chill after chill running through her blood.

"Yes, your time is come," she said, "You can strike me now through one I love, and I shall feel it—through one who makes

honor dear and life sweet. But, O God, merciful God, you will not suffer it! For his sake—my husband's, who is in truth your servant, pure and undefiled—you will not suffer the triumph of the wicked!"

She threw herself on her knees and broke into most passionate entreaty for any punishment that she could bear alone.

"Did you call me, my lady?" asked the old nurse, roused from her sleep by her mistress's sobs and cries. She came in just as Lady Ana rose from her knees.

"No, nurse; but since you are here, stay with me. See, put this great shawl round you, and stay with me a little—you will not be cold so. To-night, of all nights in the year, it is dreadful for me to be alone."

"To-night? oh, ay! To-night, just seven years ago, young master was born! They keep his birthday just one week too late, as we know, my pretty."

"Nurse, what do the servants say about him?"

"Not much good—they call him an evil-natured child, and I've heard them say how that they can't understand that such a child should belong to their master and mistress. But maybe he's only a bit high-spirited and haughty—no harm in him. Any way, he's a noble boy to look at!"

"It was an evil gift I gave my sister—an evil gift! and, oh! I fear it will bring her sorrow and trouble, nurse. But, nurse, surely, he will grow good; surely, they will make him good."

"Perhaps they may, my lamb. Don't you fret for that. Trouble must come into all lives; if they have trouble with this boy, mayhap some other trouble 'ull be spared them. Anyways, you did it for the best, and out of naught but love and kindness."

"But it was wicked, nurse! O nurse! if you had let me die before that boy was born! It is terrible to live a life like mine, harming all that I love and all that love me."

"Not master, my lady; not your husband, my pretty. Aren't you the joy and light of his life? No harm done while he does not know."

"All harm done, nurse. He has a false and wicked wife, and we let him think he has a pure and true one! And who can tell, nurse, how soon he may have to know?"

"It's less than likely he need ever know,

the girl being dead, poor thing, who nursed young master, and she never out of my sight after she came into it. Trust me to guard your fair fame, my lamb! The old woman who nursed Lady Emma being dead too, and she swearing to me, just before she died, that she had never breathed a word to any living creature. Not that she suspected other than that you had bribed that girl to give up her baby that you might pass it off for the dead child, and so save your sister."

"But the man himself, nurse! O nurse! he'll neither forget nor yet forgive. His words 'When you have learned to value honor and to love life, remember me,' will not out of my head to-night. O nurse! if only you had let me die; or, nurse, if you had been true! Dear nurse, you did it for the best I know."

"I did, my lady; and I take it not kind that you keep casting in my face now how I lied for you, holding my very soul cheap for you! These words, keeping in your head as you say they do, is a sign, maybe, that he's soon to die. I've heard of such death-signs. Since you're so set on truth, my lady, I have something on my mind I had sooner tell. Anyway, it's safer that you should know perhaps."

"About him?" asked Lady Ana, at once turning white and sick.

"About him. Two evenings ago, just at dusk, something made me take a fancy (knowing that the mother was coming here, perhaps) to go and see how the place looked where I put Lady Emma's baby. It was in the thick of the wood, you mind, my pretty. I couldn't find the place at first, for the mossy stone with the mark on it is choked over with the dead leaves that have fallen and fallen there these six years that it is since we set it there. While I was stirring about among the leaves, near a tree that looked like the tree, I thought I heard a rustling near me, so down I sat and pretended I had been looking for beechmasts. I cracked some, and made a show of eating the kernels, all the while listening, but not looking round. I heard nothing more, and by and by I got up and moved away, but, after a bit, I doubled back, and then I saw a man groping about where I had stirred the leaves, digging among them with his hands."

"Ah, heavens!" shuddered Lady Ana—"It was— He is here—near me—O God!

"Hush, hush, hush, my pretty! Hear the rest. There's nothing much to fright ye. I tried and tried, and peered and peered, but I couldn't make out his face, it was growing so dark; but to-night I went prowling about at the same hour—I met him, and I mocked him finely! I mocked him finely!" chuckled the old nurse. "I mocked him finely—made him think you're dead."

"Quick, nurse—quick, quick, let me hear all, at once—if—he—is—still—near—me," Lady Anna gasped, and then she fell back in her chair and fainted.

Bitterly chiding herself now for the momentary anger and pique that had made her rough and untender—for the bluntness of her old senses that did not teach her what her darling must suffer—nurse lavished all her cares upon her mistress, and by and by restored her: then she helped her to her bed—she would have her lie down there, while she sat by her to finish her story.

"Yes, I mocked him finely, as you shall hear. He didn't know me, belike he had never seen me; or if he had, one old woman's like enough to another in a young man's fancy; but I knew his handsome tiger-face well enough. When I came upon him, he was standing upon the hillock where the big pine grows—from there he could see into the great drawing-room. Sir Lionel had just drawn back the curtains to look upon the night—"

"And I did not feel his nearness, and creep and shudder to the marrow of my bones!"

"As luck would have it, or a merciful Providence—"

"Alas, nurse! not for me."

"Put it as you will, only you were not there—not in the room, my lady. You were just gone up to your chamber. The children were all come down to bid Sir Lionel good-night. I looked over that fiend's shoulder, creeping up the back of the hillock—I got behind him, and stood nigher the top than he. No fear he would hear me—for the wind made the noise of wind and sea together shrieking in the tree about our heads—so I looked over his shoulder, and saw what he saw. They were all there, as I said, and the firelight shining full on them. Sir Lionel had a boy and a girl climbing about him; his lady had the baby on her lap, and right in the midst, standing on the rug, was young master—and you not there!—as luck or

Providence would have it—you not there," chuckled the old woman.

"O nurse, go on," groaned her auditor.

"Is he near me still?"

"No, no, not he. But listen. Cries I close into his ear, 'A fine sight, sir, aint it?"

"Says he, turning upon me at once, fierce and frightened, it seemed to me, 'Who the devil are you, you old hag?"

"Says I—'It wouldn't hurt you to keep a civiler tongue. I am a poor old nurse-body from the village above there, with the breath well-nigh blown out of me, and the hill to climb this wild night.' For reason of the wind, I still shrieked right into his ear.

"Answers he, quite civil—'A fine sight, as you say—and who may those people be? And who does this grand place belong to? I'm a stranger travelling this way by chance. Could I see the house, do you think, old mother?—not to-night, of course, but if I come again to-morrow.' (All the while I knew by the look of him that he wouldn't dare come again in daylight.)

"Says I—'No, surely! and where's the manners of you to ask it? Can't you see as the family 'is here?"

"Then he—'And who are "the family"?"

"Then I—'Aren't you a-looking at them? There's the master and there's the young master (just striking his sister), and there's the sister, and another boy to be the heir if the elder should die; and there's the lady, the mistress, and the last baby on her knees.'

"Then he—'Of course I can see all that as well as you, you old fool!' (only the compliment spoken as he thought I shouldn't hear); 'but what is the name of the fellow you call the master?"

"Then I—'I don't call any fellow master; but the master is called Sir Lionel. His other name is Wintenhause, or something like that.'

"Then he—'How comes he to be the master? I mean, has the house been his long?"

"Then I—'About seven year, I'm thinking. It come to him through his wife, I've heard, and was in her family. But I don't know everything. I haven't lived my life in these parts.'

"Then he—and I fancied he turned whiter—'Is Sir Lionel's wife the only surviving member of the family then? I mean,' he

added, as if I didn't know the sense of his big words, 'are all the rest dead?'

"Then I—'So it seems.'

"Then he—'Hadn't Sir Lionel's wife any brother or sister?'

"Then I—'I've heard tell that there was a sister. But I'm not going to let out all I know of a good family to any stranger I meet. That's not what we poor old nurse-bodies call honor.'

"Then he—slipping a bit of gold into my hand—'There *was* a sister you say—she is dead then?'

"Then I—'If all's true they tell, it's no pity, poor sinner!'

"Then he—'You know more than another, I fancy. You nursed her in her—in her last illness, perhaps?' (He didn't speak steady.)

"Then I—'Last illness! poor soul! It was a short and sharp one—no time for nursing, and no need.'

"Then he, quite fierce and gripping my arm—'Tell me all you know, old woman! how and when she died, and if she killed her child?'

"Then I, as fierce as he—'Who said she had a child? you spy, you imposter, you! You are the villain, are you? You are the wretch of a murderer come back to see the graves of your victims!'

"Then he—'I, old idiot? Take care, or I'll insure your silence. Where are those graves you speak of? not in the churchyard?'

"Then I—'There's more bodies than lie in churchyard, as there's more murderers than come to the gallows!'

"Then he, passionately—'She was not murdered?'

"Then I—'You know that well enough; knowing that if she had been it would have been you as done it, and none other! Sweet lamb! there wasn't another, man or devil, would have done it!'

"Then he, in a rage—'Woman, speak! What did become of her and the child?'

"Then I, making believe to be very cunning—'Look at young master there. He's just the age, and he's no lamb like his brother and sister.'

"Then he, quite pleasant-like, and without looking where I pointed—'I see you are no fool. I know you now, old friend; no hope of throwing me off the scent like that. Last night I had the pleasure of watching you as you searched for something in the wood.

What you did not find I did—a little grave, a baby's. But where does *she* lie—the mother?'

"Then I—'Not with them as dies a natural death.'

"Then he, as if talking to himself—'Dead, that beautiful wild creature! Dead, and by her own hand! I could be sorry if—if I were not for this.' He touched his forehead with a finger, but it was too dark for me to see if there were any mark there.

"Then I—'Who said she killed herself? You villain, you! wont you even leave her memory alone, but you must blacken that?' With this I moved away, knowing he would follow me. I was in mortal terror that you would come down, and they not having dropped the curtain!

"Then he,—I not stopping or giving him a chance to speak till the house was hidden from us by the trees, and we stood at that gate where you thought he'd have been killed the last night you saw him, when his horse ran away—as for sure he must have been if the gate hadn't been set open for Sir Lionel's carriage. You remember how you made me go down with you to look before you'd go to bed that night?'

"Yes, yes, nurse. Go on."

"Then he, as we stood by that gate—'Thank you for your last words, old woman; her memory—something may be made of that.'

"He leaned upon the gate, hindering me from passing through, and seemed to think. I watched him. Ah, if he'd stood by the brink of the river with that evil face, and I as nigh him as I stood then, ill it would have fared with him if he hadn't been able to swim. Old woman as I am, I'd have found strength to push him in!'

"Hush, hush, hush, nurse!" broke in Lady Ana. "Have pity on me; the sin of all your evil thoughts is mine; have pity."

"Listen! hear what he said next with a sneer—'Sir Lionel was fond of his wife's sister—is fond of his wife—the family honor will be dear to him. He shall pay for it though she's dead.'

"Villain as he is, that word 'dead' seemed to hurt him—'Dead,' says he again, 'dead—and that blow?—it was only a girl's blow. Pshaw! I would forgive her, if I could afford it; but I cannot.'

"Then I—'It's likely Sir Lionel will be

ever any story you may trump up against a dead girl!—a girl he and his wife almost worship, not knowing.’

“Then he—‘It’s *not* likely, unless I have proof.’

“Then I—‘And there’s no one body in the world but me can give it you.’

“Then he (scowling at me close under my bonnet)—‘And you—you wait to know how much I am going to offer you?’

“Then I—‘Maybe ay, maybe nay. I’m not poor, and I’m old and past work, and I love life like another. But I’ve my feelings, too, like another; and it’s not for a little to disturb that dead girl’s rest.’

“Then he—‘For the present I’ll disappoint you. Just now I’m pressed for time’ (here he glanced round him as he had done ten before). ‘If at some future period I want you, how shall I ask after you?—what time do you go by?’

“Then I—‘In the village up there they know me as Mother Grildes. I’ll serve you; you serve me, my fine gentleman.’

“Then he—‘Old hag! I understand you.’ Then he muttered again—‘Dead! dead! Well, I’d rather let her dust rest in such peace and honor as it may—I will, if I’m not driven to extremes!’ With a ‘good-evening, old mother,’ he moved away. But he came back and said, ‘If you breathe a word anywhere about of having seen me, I’ll not forget you the next dark night we meet!’

“My lamb, you’ve not much to fear from him while he believes you’re dead. The devil’s not all black, they say.”

“But, nurse, you forget. One question asked in either of the villages will show him how you have deceived him—and then his game.”

“Wouldn’t he have questioned first rather than last, if he’d meant to question at all? He had a hunted, harried look. He’ll not stop to question, for fear his turn should come to answer. He’s not much altered, and he’s as too well known in these parts. He’ll not show by daylight. There was old Tamling, the blacksmith, at Witch-hampton, and Nedbury, the carrier, up at Cbine-dandon, both more, years ago, to serve him out, if ever they had the chance, *and he knows it*. He’ll not stay anywhere in these parts, or show in them by daylight. He wholly believes you’re dead, and ’ull be off far enough by this. He’s

one as makes any place he’s known in too hot to hold him again in a hurry.”

“Nurse, dear nurse, no more of him. It makes my very soul sick. But, nurse, I am sorry that I ever struck him; I could almost—but, no, no, no.”

“To keep silence, on and on, forever—is that not the only punishment I can now bear alone? Is it not heavy, heavy—will it not grow ever heavier?”

So groaned Lady Ana when old nurse, believing that at last her mistress slept, had gone back to her own bed, and left her alone.

SCENE V.

[*Ten years later.*]

“I HATE you all! I will bear it no longer—I will go away. You shall never, any of you, hear of me again, unless it is in some way that shall show you how I hate you!”

A tall, slight boy, whose fine-featured face was now distorted by passion, stood with defiantly folded arms in the great drawing-room window of Witch-hampton Hall, and hurled these words at Sir Lionel.

Sir Lionel was pacing the room in great and evident agitation. Lady Emma sat by the fireside, her youngest child on her knees, the others gathered round her, aghast at their brother’s insolent and violent conduct.

Sir Lionel approached the boy.

“Come with me,” he said. “You are not fit to remain in the same room with your mother and sisters.”

“Let them go, then. I will not, till I choose.”

Sir Lionel drew nearer; his face was white, but resolute; the boy uncrossed his arms, a gleam of tigerish ferocity shot from his eyes—another moment, and there would have been a struggle for mastery. Just in time Lady Ana stood between them. In a voice more sad than severe, but that showed not the slightest doubt that she would be obeyed, she told the boy to leave the room immediately, and go to the library. She followed him.

Emma sent the children all away, bidding them not go near their brother; then she went to her husband. Sir Lionel had seated himself at the table, leaning his head upon his hands. Emma folded her arm round his neck, and murmured, “God comfort you, my poor Lionel. What will become of him? What must we do with him?”

"What will become of him God only knows," answered Sir Lionel. He tried to rouse himself from his deep dejection. "Passing his arm round his wife, he added, "It would be strange if our lot had not some flaw in it: but it seems strange that this should be the flaw; and how to act for the boy's good I cannot tell. I must in some way have failed and fallen far short of my duty towards him."

"You could not help it," said Emma, timidly: "but towards him, it has seemed to me, that we have both acted from duty, and not love. Sometimes I think he feels this."

"Yet Ana, who has such influence over him, does not love him."

"I do not know," Emma answered, thoughtfully.

"I shall go now and find Ana's husband, and talk the matter over with him."

"Perhaps if, when we leave, we could leave him behind under their charge for a while—"

"I have thought of that, Emma. But it does not seem to me right that we should lay our burdens on others; we ought to learn to bear them ourselves. And Ana, ever since old nurse's death, has seemed so weak and ill that she is not fit to bear the shock of such scenes as that of to-day."

Meanwhile, Lady Ana had softly turned the key upon young Lionel, and had then, with a feeble, faltering step, gone up to her own room.

She locked herself in, and knelt by the window. Her face, as she knelt there, raising her eyes to the pale sky of the autumn afternoon, looked bloodless and haggard.

"The time has come!" she moaned—"the time has come! Now God be pitiful to him, my only beloved, my husband. O my great one, my strong one, my true one—you who so believe in the saving power of love—little you thought how your words—from which, since you spoke them, I have had no rest—"If you could love him, Ana, your love might save him, for some fascination draws him towards you,"—little you thought how those words would open a grave in my heart, which, after letting out a long-buried lie, would close again over all the joy and light and life of life. My love might save him! The time is come when I must try. Yet oh, a little longer, a little longer; the years of your love, my husband, have been as days,

and now the days of my life will be as years, so long and weary. A little longer—love me a little longer before I lose your love forever. Yet why lose it? Shall I not be less unworthy of your love—a little less unworthy? Ah, but he has not known me, and now he must. My husband, my husband, oh, how I love you! oh, how I pity—oh, how I would spare you! And God, he loves you more and better; he pities you, and he *can* spare you."

In her agony she pushed open the casement leaning out for air. She saw her husband below, walking up and down with Sir Lionel. At the noise of her window he looked up and was startled at her face.

A moment, and she heard his step upon the stair, and then his hand upon the lock.

She opened the door to him: when he had closed it she threw herself upon his breast, her arms flung wildly round his neck; straining herself against him, she wept as one who weeps very life away.

"My own dearest love, my darling one, he murmured, making vain efforts to soothe her. "What is it? You are more ill, more weak to-day. But what is this sad trouble?"

"I am ill, very ill and weak," she sobbed "and you—you are going from me."

"For two days, love," he said, with a tender smile. "But if you are not better, I will not leave you for two hours. You have been shaken by the scene with that miserable boy. Lionel has been telling me. Calm yourself. I will not leave till you are better."

"I shall never be better till I am dead!" she cried. "And yet I am growing better—it is the growing better that kills me. Kiss me, husband, hold me closer—love me, love me. One moment more. Now, leave me, dear love—I will grow calm. I shall grow so soonest left alone."

She drew herself out of his arms, and looked into his face! Then suddenly she fell upon his breast again, crying,—

"My heart is breaking. O husband, do you feel it breaking? Oh, how I love you how I love you! Remember how I love you—never forget how I love you!"

"I shall not leave you to-morrow, Ana," said, in gravest, tenderest concern; "it is my duty that calls me. Indeed, poor child, I will not leave you."

"We will see," she said, "it is a long time till to-morrow. Who can tell what will be

pen? Now go down to poor Lionel. I will come down soon."

But when he turned to obey her she called him back, and again she strained him in her arms as if, indeed, they were about to part forever.

He left her reluctantly, greatly troubled at her state. A few months since, about the time her old nurse died, a change had come over Lady Ana—a nameless illness, a trouble more of the mind than of the body, but telling surely upon her physical condition.

During the last ten years of her life, Lady Ana had been conscious that the dreadful secret at her heart grew ever heavier. In those ten years—her husband, her one constant companion, she working for and with him—her life had been struggling upwards towards a higher standard of truth and love.

Now, since the old nurse died, she had borne her burden all alone—all things combined to make its weight intolerable. No living creature shared her knowledge of the truth of her boy's parentage: this isolation of hers had in it something which she felt to be frightful. The condemnation to perpetual silence roused in her a wild, a mad desire to proclaim her sin, ay, upon the house-tops. She would have done it had not love, her love for him, her husband, restrained her.

Not many days before her nurse had died, she had learned to be certain that the man who had so deeply wronged her was dead—had died a violent and a miserable death. Since that he was not for her so much the man who had foully wronged her as the man who had once loved her, though in a wild and savage fashion, towards whom she had not been blameless, and whom she had in her heart cursed and hated. "Curses come home to roost;" she was taught the truth of the homely saying. The weight of her own hate, the blight of her own curse, came back upon her, blighting her own love, burdening her own burden.

When she looked upon her son now—her son whom she had planted as a thorn to fester in the flesh of those she loved, who seemed to live among the gentle flock of his reputed brothers and sisters, like a wolf, in whom the wolf-nature has been restrained but not subdued, among lambs—her son who, in his unmanly boyhood seemed to scorn the gentleness of her he called "mother," to writhe under and revolt against the calm justice of

him he called father, while, as if by some fated fascination, he appeared drawn towards her he had been taught to name as aunt—it was with remorse rather than loathing, and with an awakening consciousness that by love paid to the son, by loss and pain suffered for him, she might expiate her crime of hate towards the father. Expiate her crime of hate—was that a crime? *Is there anything in the teaching of Him we profess to follow that offers the slightest justification of hate in man or woman under extremest wrong?* Expiate her crime! But then, she would think, what did her crime matter—what mattered her fate, soul or body? If she only could have suffered and not pulled pain and punishment down on the head of the true, the pure, the good, the innocent—then—Why, then, she would not, could not, have suffered in any adequate way. Love is the one lesson we have to learn in life. When we have learned anything beyond the mere rudiments, we know that we can only suffer in any deep and abiding manner for, through, and by those whom we love.

Nothing from without now threatened Lady Ana's tranquillity. No sword of Damocles, that one day must fall from force of fate, and, falling, would sever her from all that made life dear, now hung over her head: since it had been thus, the inward straining towards truth that at times seemed all but strong enough to expel all falsehood from her life, even against her will, seemed to be tearing that life up by the roots. Why was it now thus with her? she often questioned. For long years her love had strengthened her to hold her secret, and to live a lie. Did she love less now? Was this why she felt that not even for his sake could she bear on longer? Or was it that love being truth, and her love having grown and strengthened in those years, left now no room in her life for anything that was false?

However this might be, the fact was, that since all cried peace and oblivion, she knew no moment's peace or forgetfulness; she learned to dread sleep and her own severed dreams. The inward impulse, to be wholly true to him she loved, contradicted by the love that feared the truth for what it loved, seemed to be tearing her heart shred by shred.

All good she gained, all knowledge, all experience, weighted the lie she bore. All

things worked together to show her the evil of the thing she had done, and how it turned to the harm of those she loved.

When she had hated her innocent child, she had grudged it the good she did it, giving it such a father and mother; now she understood how, even to him, what she had done had been not good, but evil.

Young Lionel being home from school—sent home disgraced—had come with the others on a visit to the Hall. To the very depths Lady Ana had felt her soul stirred with pity as she saw how the proud boy held himself aloof, felt himself unloved and alone. She had felt, too, that to which no one else had been blind—her own power over him. Then those words her husband had spoken, that if she could love, she might save her boy!

But her husband—he held her as a flawless gem, an unspotted pearl of truth, on whose pure candor the tiniest speck of the falseness of the world would show out black and ugly. How could she so open his eyes as not to blind him to the beauty and joy of life forever after?

It was not now *what* she had hidden, so much as the fact that she had hidden it through those long years of his love, that seemed to her the more dreadful part of that which he should have to learn and she to tell.

In the minutes that elapsed between the time of her husband's leaving her and the time when she softly quitted her room, went down the stairs, and paused at the door of the library, into which she had locked the boy, Lady Ana suffered, God only can tell how much. Pausing to try and realize such suffering, with what gratitude the sick heart turns to the remembrance of the finiteness of human power, the limit and boundedness that so safely hem us in, limiting and bounding the power of one poor heart to suffer?

The dusk seemed already to have gathered in the corners of the dark old room when Lady Ana entered the library. She paused, looked round, and thought the room was empty: one of the windows stood open. Young Lionel was light and agile; a spring from that window, a branch of the great beech clutched, a swing to the ground was easy enough. Lady Ana, in her wild girlhood, had often thus escaped when shut in there by nurse for some childish naughtiness. Who shall say what passion leapt up and fought

in that poor woman's half-distracted mind as the idea flashed across it that if the boy had escaped, were gone as he had threatened speech would not avail for him, and silence might still for all be best? She was not long left in doubt. She heard a stifled sob: there on the ground, his face hidden in his hands lay the young creature whom all thought too hardened in sullen evil-mindedness to shed a tear.

Lady Ana went to where he lay. Kneeling down beside him, she laid a trembling hand upon his shoulder, and softly, fearfully breathed out, "My son!" and at the breathing of those words something consciously awoke within her—and—she—loved him.

Softly as those words were spoken, they sounded in her ear as the crash of doom.

Young Lionel raised himself to lean upon his elbows; he looked her in the face with startled wonder, and said—

"Why do you call me that? I wish I were your son! If *you* were my mother, everything would be different."

She sank upon the floor beside him, trembling so that she could not even kneel.

"Why do you come to me and speak to me like that?" he continued. "Why do you come to me and look at me like that? You hate me worse than they do."

"I do not hate you," she said. "If you will let me, I will love you!"

"If I will let you! You know, you know," he cried, "that I want you to love me; but you wont, you can't! Sometimes I see you look as if you were trying, and then—the look comes that shows me how you hate me—worse than the others do, a hundred times! Aunt Ana, I have *felt* you look at me as if I were *loathsome* to you. I have felt that, and I can't forget it!"

"My poor boy, learn to forget it now, and let me love you."

"You are sorry for me?" he asked, after an eager reading of her face. "You look sorry about something. Is it about me?"

"We all are sorry for you; nobody hates you: it is your morbid fancy."

"Are *you* sorry for me, I ask? 'They all are'—oh, of course. I know what that means: they are all sorry for me, just as they are sorry if a worm is trodden upon or a snail crushed. 'They do not hate me'—Oh, I know what that means too, quite well: they are so good, so Christian, they cannot

ate! But—are you sorry for me? you are not sorry about every trifle: are you sorry for me? You can hate; are you sure you don't hate me?"

"I am more sorry for you than I can tell, you can think, my poor boy. I do not hate you; I love you."

"Now, Aunt Ana," cried the boy, "what the meaning of this? Why are you so different to me to-day? Why have you never come to me and been kind to me before? you had, I should have been different."

"But you have had love, Lionel."

"I have not! You know, I have not. Why do you lie?" he asked, passionately. If they had loved me and used me ill, or if they had hated me out and out, honestly, I couldn't have minded; but always to be well treated, to have nothing to complain of, to be coddled with the show of kindness by all those sleek hypocrites—I hate them!"

"O Lionel, I implore you, do not feel like that!"

"But I do feel like that, and you have felt like that. When you hated me, and your fierce eyes said so, I liked you better than any of the others who seemed to love me."

"Then, if I love you," she said, "when I love you—now I love you—you will not care for me any more."

"I will!" he cried. "Try me—love me, Aunt Ana! I will obey you like a slave, I will follow you like a dog—love me, Aunt Ana. Let me live with you always."

"Now, God help me," she murmured, and laid her head down on the boy's shoulder. Her sentence had gone forth: all was irrevocable now. Had she not felt this before? Who knows? Even on the way to execution ray of hope will sometimes play about the path of the condemned, and make it seem as unlikely that some sign in the heavens or convulsion of the earth shall alter the face of the world, than that beneath an unregarding heaven all shall go on towards the appointed doom.

"Are you ill?" the boy asked, when she did not speak or stir. "I heard them say you looked as if you had not long to live, and I did not mean to live after you."

Her head slipped from his shoulder as he moved to try and see her face: she moaned a little, then lay quite still upon the ground.

He spoke to her; she did not answer: he took her hand up, and it fell powerless when

he left hold of it. He bent over her deadly white and sunken-looking face.

"Dead!" he cried, and for a moment his own young life seemed to stand still.

Then he sprang to his feet. Taught tenderness by fear or other emotion, he brought a pillow and put beneath her head; he got water and sprinkled over her face; he chafed and kissed her hands. Most jealously he abstained from calling any one.

When he found that she gave no sign of consciousness or life, he stretched himself beside her, laying his face upon her hand.

Lady Ana's husband had been seeking her, anxiously; presently he came into the room.

"Are you here, love?"

At his entrance, young Lionel looked up, but did not rise. "She's here," he said, with sullen sorrow.

"Good heavens! What does this mean? Boy, why did not you call for help? Your aunt has fainted. How long since?"

"Not long. I didn't call help, because I did not choose that any one should come. I did what I could—"

At the sound of voices, just as her husband was kneeling at her side, Lady Ana roused herself. She put an arm round the boy's neck, raising herself to lean against him.

"Poor boy! I have been ill. I frightened you. Poor boy—how white you look!" she said. Then to her husband—"He has been very good to me, husband." Turning again to young Lionel, she kissed him, and murmured, "Go away now, my boy, and leave me alone with my husband. I have something to tell him. Go to your own room till I come to you, and remember that I love you."

"But you will be ill again—you will die—you will leave me, and not speak to me again."

"It won't be so," she answered. "Go now."

He rose. As he stood proudly erect, gazing down upon her, a wonderful softness was over all his fine, fierce face. Her husband looked at him with wonder. At the door he turned, again gazed at her a long, strange gaze, which she met with eyes of love—yet not a mother's love for a child, so much as a martyr's love for the cause for which she dies.

The door closed; she moaned and dropped her head down into her hands.

Her husband, with soothing words and tenderest caresses, strove to raise her from the ground.

"Stand up," she said, writhing herself free from his arms. "My lord, my judge, my king, whom I dare no more call husband, stand up, and do not touch me. Stand up, and leave me here. Stand up, and judge me."

Then in broken sentences, passionately self-reproachful, abjectly humble,—for all the pent-up penitence of years burst forth, and she felt her shame, her guilt, her falsehood, overwhelmingly,—she made her confession. When she had ended—when, struggling up on to her feeble knees, she had raised her strained, starting eyes and her clenched, clasped hands to him a moment—she fell forward on her face, feeling for his feet with her failing arms.

Her husband! When he first began to gather the sense of her wild words, he stiffened himself into incredulity.

That defence gave way as a thousand trifling confirmations that in another man would have been enough to have raised suspicion, rushed across his consciousness. Then he staggered, reeled as under a heavy blow—felt all things become as nothing—all life grow black and void.

He was stunned. Without losing physical power (though he had staggered back a little from the spot where he had stood when her first words rooted him to the ground, he was still erect), he appeared to lose mental consciousness.

After a while, over this black death-darkness came flashes as from the flames of hell.

Must he now loathe what he had so loved? Must he hold as polluted both the mind and the body which he had thought so pure?

* * * * *

Then came a vast pity that sickened his soul almost unto death, as he thought what this erring woman had suffered, did suffer, must suffer.

It was the bitterness of death to see her lying there—to know that she merited to be there.

Not yet could he raise her! not yet could he touch her! Alas! she was fallen from such high estate!

He loathed the sin of her long deceit with the sternest loathing; and yet, through all, he never doubted but that he loved her still—ever should love her still. By degrees he

more and more separated the sinner from the sin, and over the consciousness of her sin the consciousness of her suffering spread like a charitable mantle.

He lived a lifetime, past, present, and future, while she lay there motionless, awaiting her sentence. How long she was left to lie there she never knew; it could not have been long, for the room had seemed dusky when she had first entered it, and when all was over it was not yet quite dark.

She had not fainted again; with all the power left her she strove to keep her senses alight to read her sentence.

"Ana!" At that low sound she stirred a little, lifted her face, and looked up towards him, drawing herself a little farther from him as she did so.

She tasted her punishment, reading the changed lines of his beloved face, hearing the altered, broken tone of his voice, as he said,—

"How must my love have failed and fallen short, not teaching you to trust me!"

As he spoke he tried to raise her: but she, resisting him, answered,—

"It is not so; you are wholly blameless—you are wholly spotless, and all the fault is mine."

"Not all. Your old nurse—she deceived you as well as me, you say, swearing to you as to me that she had told all. God forgive her! For the years after you kept silence for my sake, and now it is for the sake of others that at last you speak. All are dead who could have told me—all, you say—every one?"

"All—every one. Very few need know. You will tell Emma and Sir Lionel, and they—Heaven bless them!—will try to comfort you. I will take my boy and will go with him where you shall think best. Always you will be my lord and master, though no more my husband; and you—you will try and forget me. And oh, God comfort you! God comfort you!" She broke into a passion of heart-wasting weeping, creeping a little nearer to fold her hands round his feet. But when he spoke she stilled herself to listen.

"Forget you, Ana!" he said. "I have loved you long enough for love to have worked into the very fibres of my life. I have loved you, not knowing—now I know. That is the change in me; and now, how are you changed from the being I have loved? God has worked in you mercifully through

love, strengthening you through love, giving you sight through love. Is it now, when you are more love-worthy, when love has strengthened you to throw off a lie and live for duty in the truth—is it now that I shall dare to cast you off—you whom He is so manifestly saving by love, shall I cast off, and call unworthy of *my* love? Wife, I do not say that the cup has not been bitter, bitter beyond all word or thought; but I feel that in these minutes, or these hours, I have drunk it to the dregs. It will not work a poison-death to love. I do not say that life can ever again be for me what it has been, can ever be for us what I had hoped;—the light of life is blurred, and the bitter taste of the cup dwells in the mouth. I look on and see much trial; our lives will be salted as with fire; but what matter if we come forth purified?" He paused a little and bent over her—"Love, *my* love, come to my arms. Every moment that you lie there you reproach my love and grieve my heart, and make me feel myself a Pharisee; you called me lord and judge, but He has judged you, and, working in you through love, has so far pardoned you that He sets your feet in a straight path—and thorny it may be, but unperplexed."

She let him raise her now; but as her head fell back against his breast a great fear shuddered through him, lest the strained thread of life had cracked.

It was not so, Lady Ana lived—a life which henceforth was love. If hatred and fierce evil passion may be expiated by love—a love, too, which knew more of the anxious grief and fiery trial of love than of its joy and

peace—then Lady Ana in the years that followed must, by love paid to her son, have expiated that sin of hate against his father.

Young Lionel loved his mother; but at first with love so fierce and jealous that it threatened speedily to wear her heart out. It was by very slow degrees that his love grew tame enough to be a softening influence of his own life, and not to be a barrier standing between him and his mother's husband.

Lionel Winterhouse (he kept his uncle's name) did not grow into a noble, a great, or a pre-eminently good man. It seemed as if he might have been great in wickedness, but as if, striving towards good, his fierce temperament and wild passions made his life so much one battle to resist evil, one continual effort and struggle, that in this was expended to exhaustion all his energy. His was, looked on from without, a sad life—so much endeavor, so little achievement (as the world judged)—so much labor and pain, so little result. But who shall say it was in truth and in the eyes of the angels, one-half as sad as many a life of far more evident success? If ever, though even by little, he continued to be victor in the warfare against evil, if within him the flame of a spiritual life, though often burning low, was yet never extinguished, who shall say that the years by which Lady Ana's life was shortened through the wear of the incessant watch she felt forced to keep were too dear a price to pay for the saving of a soul! Her husband, giving her from as true arms and heart as ever held and loved a woman, did not grudge the sacrifice.

ANGLO-AFRICANS.—When one sits down to table with Anglo-Africans, one observes now and then their faces twitch spasmodically as if they had received an electric shock. These facial contortions are the relics of intermittent fever. At the same time you become aware that a grosser disease is present among your companions. One of them will attempt to catch a spectral fly, which day and night is flitting before him; another directs your attention to a swarm of bees in a corner of the ceiling; and a third whistles to a black dog which no one can see except himself. That which would be very amusing, were it not so sad, is the assurance with which some cadaverous ensign informs fresh-comers that it is impossible to live in that climate without brandy and water. His bloodshot eyes, his trembling hand, his deadened appetite, belie his words; but still he drinks

on. He must follow the general example. Here all prostrate themselves before the shrine of Bacchus: not the young laughing god with garlands on his rosy brow, and smiling nymphs upon his knee, but a naked, solitary, wasted wretch, without beauty, and without disguise; with filmy eyes and hollow cheeks and fetid breath; a ghost of health, intellect, refinement, departed never to return. Brandy and water is certainly the most prevalent and fatal cause of disease on the west coast of Africa. "Died of brandy and water" is a common phrase. It is the inevitable consequence of a life deprived of the influence of ladies, of books, and of athletic sports. Drunkenness is the ulcer of inanition. That which astonished me very much at first was the absence of all mental culture in these colonies.—*Savage Africa. By W. Winwood Reade.*

From The National Review.

JOUBERT; OR, A FRENCH COLERIDGE.

WHY should we ever treat of any dead authors but the famous ones? Mainly for this reason: because, from these famous personages, home or foreign, whom we all know so well, and of whom so much has been said, the amount of stimulus which they contain for us has been in a great measure disengaged; people have formed their opinion about them, and do not readily change it. One may write of them afresh, combat received opinions about them—even interest one's readers in so doing; but the interest one's readers receive has to do, in general, rather with the treatment than with the subject; they are susceptible of a lively impression rather of the course of the discussion itself—its turns, vivacity, and novelty—than of the genius of the author who is the occasion of it. And yet, what is really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself, and the stimulus towards what is true and excellent which we derive from it? Now in literature, besides the eminent men of genius who have had their deserts in the way of fame, besides the eminent men of ability who have often had far more than their deserts in the way of fame, there are a certain number of personages who have been real men of genius,—by which we mean, that they have had a genuine organ for what is true and excellent, and are therefore capable of emitting a life-giving stimulus,—but who for some reason or other, in most cases for very valid reasons, have remained obscure, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown. It is salutary from time to time to come across a genius of this kind, and to extract his honey. Often he has more of it for us, as we have already said, than greater men; for, though it is by no means true that from what is new to us there is most to be learned, it is yet indisputably true that from what is new to us we in general learn most.

Of a genius of this kind, Joseph Joubert, we are now going to speak. His name is, we believe, almost unknown in England, and even in France, his native country, it is not famous. M. Sainte-Beuve has given of him one of his incomparable portraits; but—besides that even M. Sainte-Beuve's writings are far less known amongst us than they de-

serve to be—every country has its own point of view from which a remarkable author may most profitably be seen and studied.

Joseph Joubert was born (and his date should be remarked) in 1754, at Montignac, a little town in Périgord. His father was a doctor with small means and a large family, and Joseph, the eldest, had his own way to make in the world. He was for eight years, as pupil first, and afterwards as an assistant-master, in the public school of Toulouse, then managed by the Jesuits, who seem to have left in him a most favorable opinion, not only of their tact and address, but of their really good qualities as teachers and directors. Compelled by the weakness of his health to give up, at twenty-two, the profession of teaching, he passed two important years of his life in hard study, at home at Montignac, and came in 1778 to try his fortune in the literary world of Paris, then perhaps the most tempting field which has ever yet presented itself to a young man of letters. He knew Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Laharpe; he became intimate with one of the celebrities of the next literary generation, then, like himself, a young man—Chateaubriand's friend, the future Grand Master of the University, Fontanes. But, even then, it began to be remarked of him, that M. Joubert *s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire*—“cared far more about perfecting himself than about making himself a reputation.” His severity of morals may perhaps have been rendered easier to him by the delicacy of his health; but the delicacy of his health will not by itself account for his changeless preference of being to seeming, knowing to showing, studying to publishing; for what terrible public performers have some invalids been! This preference he retained all through his life, and it is by this that he is characterized. “He has chosen,” Chateaubriand (adopting Epicurus's famous words) said of him, “*to hide his life*.” Of a life which its owner was bent on hiding there can be but little to tell. Yet the only two public incidents of Joubert's life, slight as they are, do all concerned in them so much credit that they deserve mention. In 1790 the Constituent Assembly made the office of justice of the peace elective throughout France. The people of Montignac retained such an impression of the character of their young townsman—one of Plutarch's men of virtue, as he had lived amongst them,

simple, studious, severe—that, though he had left them for years, they elected him in his absence without his knowing anything about it. The appointment little suited Joubert's wishes or tastes; but at such a moment he thought it wrong to decline it. He held it for two years, the legal term, discharging its duties with a firmness and integrity which were long remembered; and then, when he went out of office, his fellow-townsmen re-elected him. But Joubert thought that he had now accomplished his duty towards them, and he went back to the retirement which he loved. That seems to us a little episode of the great French Revolution worth remembering. The sage who was asked by the king, why sages were seen at the doors of kings, but not kings at the doors of sages, replied, that it was because sages knew what was good for them, and kings did not. But at Montignac the king—for in 1790 the people in France was king with a vengeance—knew what was good for him, and came to the door of the sage.

The other incident was this. When Napoleon, in 1809, re-organized the public instruction of France, founded the university, and made M. de Fontanes its grand master, Fontanes had to submit to the emperor a list of persons to form the council or governing body of the new university. Third on his list, after two distinguished names, Fontanes placed the unknown name of Joubert. "This name," he said, in his accompanying memorandum to the emperor, "is not known as the two first are; and yet this is the nomination to which I attach most importance. I have known M. Joubert all my life. His character and intelligence are of the very highest order. I shall rejoice if your majesty will accept my guarantee for him." Napoleon trusted his Grand Master, and Joubert became a councillor of the university. It is something that a man, elevated to the highest posts of State, should not forget his obscure friends; or that, if he remembers and places them, he should regard in placing them their merit rather than their obscurity. It is more, in the eyes of those whom the necessities, real or supposed, of a political system had long familiarized with such cynical disregard of fitness in the distribution of office, to see a minister and his master alike zealous, in giving away places, to give them to the best men to be found.

Between 1792 and 1809 Joubert had married. His life was passed between Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, where his wife's family lived,—a pretty little Burgundian town, by which the Lyons railroad now passes,—and Paris. Here, in a house in the Rue St.-Honoré, in a room very high up, and admitting plenty of the light which he so loved,—a room from which he saw, in his words, "a great deal of sky and very little earth,"—among the treasures of a library collected with infinite pains, taste, and skill, from which every book he thought ill of was rigidly excluded,—he never would possess either a complete Voltaire or a complete Rousseau,—the happiest hours of his life were passed. In the circle of one of those women who leave a sort of perfume in literary history, and who have the gift of inspiring successive generations of readers with an indescribable regret not to have known them,—Pauline de Montmorin, Madame de Beaumont,—he had become intimate with nearly all which at that time in the Paris world of letters or of society was most attractive and promising. Amongst his acquaintances one only misses the names of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant: neither of them was to his taste, and with Madame de Staël he always refused to become acquainted: he thought she had more vehemence than truth, and more heat than light. Years went on, and his friends became conspicuous authors or statesmen; but Joubert remained in the shade. His constitution was of such fragility that how he lived so long, or accomplished so much as he did, is a wonder; his soul had, for its basis of operations, hardly any body at all; both from his stomach and from his chest he seems to have had constant sufferings, though he lived by rule, and was as abstemious as a Hindoo. Often, after overwork in thinking, reading, or talking, he remained for days together in a state of utter prostration—condemned to absolute silence and inaction; too happy if the agitation of his mind would become quiet also, and let him have the repose of which he stood in such need. With this weakness of health, these repeated suspensions of energy, he was incapable of the prolonged contention of spirit necessary for the creation of great works; but he read and thought immensely; he was an unwearied note-taker, a charming letter-writer, above all, an excellent and delightful talker. The gayety and amenity of his natural disposition were inexhausti-

ble; and his spirit, too, was of astonishing elasticity; he seemed to hold on to life by a single thread only, but that single thread was very tenacious. More and more, as his soul and knowledge ripened more and more, his friends pressed to his room in the Rue St.-Honoré; often he received them in bed, for he seldom rose before three o'clock in the afternoon; and at his bedroom-door, on his bad days, Madame Joubert stood sentry, trying, not always with success, to keep back the thirsty comers from the fountain which was forbidden to flow. Fontanes did nothing in the university without consulting him, and Joubert's ideas and pen were always at his friend's service. When he was in the country, at Villeneuve, the young priests of his neighborhood used to resort to him, in order to profit by his library and by his conversation. He, like our Coleridge, was particularly qualified to attract men of this kind, and to benefit them: retaining perfect independence of mind, he was religious; he was a religious philosopher. As age came on, his infirmities became more and more overwhelming; some of his friends, too, died; others became so immersed in politics that Joubert, who hated politics, saw them seldomer than of old; but the moroseness of age and infirmity never touched him, and he never quarrelled with a friend, or lost one. From these miseries he was preserved by that quality in him of which we have already spoken:—a quality which is best expressed by a word, not of common use in English—*alas*, we have too little in our national character of the quality which this word expresses—his in-born, his constant amenity. He lived till the year 1824. On the 4th of May in that year he died, at the age of seventy. A day or two after his death, M. de Chateaubriand inserted in the *Journal des Débats* a short notice of him, perfect for its feeling, grace, and propriety. *On ne vit dans la mémoire du monde*, he says, and says truly, *que par des travaux pour le monde*—"a man can live in the world's memory only by what he has done for the world." But Chateaubriand used the privilege which his great name gave him to assert, delicately but firmly, Joubert's real and rare merits, and to tell the world what manner of man had just left it.

Joubert's papers were accumulated in boxes and drawers. He had not meant them for publication: it was very difficult to sort

them and to prepare them for it. Madame Joubert, his widow, had a scruple about giving them a publicity which her husband, she felt, would never have permitted. But, as her own end approached, the natural desire to leave of so remarkable a spirit some enduring memorial—some memorial to outlast the admiring recollection of the living who were so fast passing away, made her yield to the entreaties of his friends, and allow the printing, but for private circulation only, of a volume of his fragments. Chateaubriand edited it; it appeared in 1838, fourteen years after Joubert's death. The volume attracted the attention of those who were best fitted to appreciate it, and profoundly impressed them. M. Sainte-Beuve gave of it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the admirable notice of which we have already spoken; and so much curiosity was excited about Joubert that the collection of his fragments, enlarged by many additions, was at last published for the benefit of the world in general. It has since been twice reprinted. The first or preliminary chapter has some fancifulness and affectation in it; the reader should begin with the second.

We have likened Joubert to Coleridge; and indeed the points of resemblance between the two men are numerous. Both of them great and celebrated talkers, Joubert attracting pilgrims to his upper chamber in the Rue St.-Honoré, as Coleridge attracted pilgrims to Mr. Gilman's at Highgate; both of them desultory and incomplete writers,—here they had an outward likeness with one another. Both of them passionately devoted to reading in a class of books, and to thinking on a class of subjects, out of the beaten line of the reading and thought of their day; both of them ardent students and critics of old literature, poetry, and the metaphysics of religion; both of them curious explorers of words, and of the latent significance hidden under the popular use of them; both of them in a certain sense conservative in religion and politics, by antipathy to the narrow and shallow foolishness of vulgar modern liberalism;—here they had their inward and real likeness. But that in which the essence of their likeness consisted is this,—that they both had from nature an ardent impulse for seeking the genuine truth on all matters they thought about, and an organ for finding it and recognizing it when it was found. To have the in-

pulse for seeking it is much rarer than most people think ; to have the organ for finding it is, we need not say, very rare indeed. By this they have a spiritual relationship of the closest kind with one another, and they become, each of them, a source of stimulus and progress for all of us.

Coleridge had less delicacy and penetration than Joubert, but more richness and power ; his production, though far inferior to what his nature at first seemed to promise, was abundant and varied. Yet in all his production how much is there to dissatisfy us ! How many reserves must be made in praising either his poetry, or his criticism, or his philosophy ! How little either of his poetry, or of his criticism, or of his philosophy, can we expect permanently to stand ! But that which will stand of Coleridge is this : the stimulus of his continual effort,—not a moral effort, for he had no morals,—but of his continual instinctive effort, crowned often with rich success, to get at and to lay bare the real truth of his matter in hand, whether that matter were literary, or philosophical, or political, or religious ; and this in a country where at that moment such an effort was almost unknown ; where the most powerful minds threw themselves upon poetry, which conveys truth indeed, but conveys it indirectly ; and where ordinary minds were so habituated to do without thinking altogether, to regard considerations of established routine and practical convenience as paramount, that any attempt to introduce within the domain of these the disturbing element of thought, they were prompt to resent as an outrage. Coleridge's great action lay in his supplying in England, for many years and under critical circumstances, by the spectacle of this effort of his, a stimulus to all minds, in the generation which grew up round him, capable of profiting by it ; his action will still be felt as long as the need for it continues ; when, with the cessation of the need, the action, too, has ceased, Coleridge's memory, in spite of the disesteem, nay repugnance, which his character may and must inspire, will yet forever remain invested with that interest and gratitude which invests the memory of founders.

M. de Rémusat, indeed, reproaches Coleridge with his *judgments saugrenus* ; the criticism of a gifted truth-finder ought not to be *saugrenu* ; so on this reproach we must

pause for a moment. *Saugrenu* is a rather vulgar French word, but, like many other vulgar words, very expressive ; used as an epithet for a judgment, it means something like *impudently absurd*. The literary judgments of one nation about another are very apt to be *saugrenus* ; it is certainly true, as M. Sainte-Beuve remarks in answer to Goethe's complaint against the French that they have undervalued Du Bartas, that as to the estimate of its own authors every nation is the best judge ; the *positive* estimate of them, be it understood, not, of course, the estimate of them in comparison with the authors of other nations. Therefore a foreigner's judgments about the intrinsic merit of a nation's authors will generally, when at complete variance with that nation's own, be wrong ; but there is a permissible wrongness in these matters, and to that permissible wrongness there is a limit. When that limit is exceeded, the wrong judgment becomes more than wrong ; it becomes *saugrenu*, or impudently absurd. For instance, the high estimate which the French have of Racine is probably in great measure deserved ; or to take a yet stronger case, even the high estimate which Joubert had of the Abbé Delille is probably in great measure deserved ; but the common disparaging judgment passed on Racine by English readers is not *saugrenu* ; still less is that passed by them on the Abbé Delille *saugrenu*, because the beauty of Racine and of Delille, too, so far as Delille's beauty goes, is eminently in their language, and this is a beauty which a foreigner cannot perfectly seize ; this beauty of diction, *apicibus verborum ligata*, as M. Sainte-Beuve, quoting Quintilian, says of Chateaubriand's. As to Chateaubriand himself, again the common English judgment, which stamps him as a mere shallow rhetorician, all froth and vanity, is certainly wrong ; one may even wonder that the English should judge Chateaubriand so wrongly, for his power goes far beyond beauty of diction ; it is a power, as well, of passion and sentiment, and this sort of power the English can perfectly well appreciate. One production of Chateaubriand's, *René*, is akin to the most popular productions of Byron—to the *Childe Harold* or *Manfred*—in spirit, equal to them in power, superior to them in form. But this work, we hardly know why, is almost unread in England. And only let us consider this

criticism of Chateaubriand's on the true pathetic: "It is a dangerous mistake, sanctioned, like so many other dangerous mistakes, by Voltaire, to suppose that the best works of imagination are those which draw most tears. One could name this or that melodrama, which no one would like to own having written, and which yet harrows the feelings far more than the *Æneid*. The true tears are those which are called forth by the *beauty* of poetry; there must be as much admiration in them as sorrow. They are the tears which come to our eyes when Priam says to Achilles, ἔλθηνδ', οἷ οὐπω . . . — 'And I have endured,—the like whereof no soul upon the earth hath yet endured,—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child: ' or when Joseph cries out, 'I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.' " Who does not feel that the man who wrote that was no shallow rhetorician, but a born man of genius, with the true instinct of genius for what is really admirable? Nay, take these words of Chateaubriand, an old man of eighty, dying amidst the noise and bustle of the ignoble revolution of February, 1848, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quand done, quand done serai-je délivré de tout ce monde, ce bruit; quand done, quand done cela finira-t-il?" Who, with any ear, does not feel that those are not the accents of a trumpery rhetorician, but of a rich and puissant nature,—the cry of the dying lion? We repeat it, Chateaubriand is most ignorantly underrated in England: and the English are capable of rating him far more correctly if they knew him better. Still Chateaubriand has such real and great faults, he falls so decidedly beneath the rank of the truly greatest authors, that the depreciatory judgment passed on him in England, though ignorant and wrong, can hardly be said to transgress the limits of permissible ignorance; it is not a *jugement saugrenu*. But when a critic denies genius to a literature which has produced Bossuet and Molière, he passes the bounds: and Coleridge's judgments on French literature and the French genius are undoubtedly, as M. de Rémusat calls them, *saugrenus*.

And yet, such is the impetuosity of our poor human nature, such its proneness to rush to a decision with imperfect knowledge, that his having delivered a *saugrenu* judgment or two in his life by no means proves a man not to have had, in comparison with his

fellow-men in general, a remarkable organ for truth, or disqualifies him for being, by virtue of that organ, a source of vital stimulus for us. Joubert had far less smoke and turbid vehemence in him than Coleridge; he had also a far keener sense of what was absurd. But Joubert can write to M. Molé (the M. Molé who was afterwards Louis Philippe's well-known minister): "As to your Milton, whom the merit of the Abbé Delille" (the Abbé Delille translated *Paradise Lost*) "makes me admire, and with whom I have nevertheless still plenty of fault to find, why, I should like to know, are you scandalized that I have not enabled myself to read him? I don't understand the language in which he writes, and I don't much care to. If he is a poet one cannot put up with, even in the prose of the younger Racine, am I to blame for that? If by force you mean beauty manifesting itself with power, I maintain that the Abbé Delille has more force than Milton." That, to be sure, is a petulant outburst in a private letter; it is not, like Coleridge's, a deliberate proposition in a printed philosophical essay. But is it possible to imagine a more perfect specimen of a *saugrenu* judgment? It is even worse than Coleridge's, because it is *saugrenu* with reasons. That, however, does not prevent Joubert from having been really a man of extraordinary ardor in the search of truth, and of extraordinary fineness in the perception of it; and so was Coleridge.

Joubert had round him in France an atmosphere of literary, philosophical, and religious opinion as alien to him as that in England was to Coleridge. This is what makes Joubert, too, so remarkable, and it is on this account that we begged the reader to remark his date. He was born in 1754; he died in 1824. He was thus in the fulness of his powers at the beginning of the present century, at the epoch of Napoleon's consulate. The French criticism of that day—the criticism of Laharpe's successors—of Geoffroy and his colleagues in the *Journal des Débats*, had a dryness very unlike the telling vivacity of the early Edinburgh reviewers, their contemporaries, but a fundamental narrowness, a want of genuine insight, much on a par with theirs. Joubert, like Coleridge, has no respect for the dominant oracle; he treats his Geoffroy with much the same want of deference as Coleridge treats his Jeffrey. "Geoffroy," he says, of an article in the

Journal des Débats criticising Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*,—"Geoffroy in this article begins by holding out his paw prettily enough ; but he ends by a volley of kicks, which lets the whole world see but too clearly the four iron shoes of the four-footed animal. There is, however, in France a sympathy with intellectual activity for its own sake, and for the sake of its inherent pleasurable-ness and beauty, keener than any which exists in England ; and Joubert had more effect in Paris—though his conversation was his only weapon, and Coleridge wielded besides his conversation his pen—than Coleridge had or could have in London. We mean, a more immediate, appreciable effect—an effect not only upon the young and enthusiastic, to whom the future belongs, but upon formed and important personages, to whom the present belongs, and who are actually moving society. He owed this partly to his real advantages over Coleridge. If he had, as we have already said, less power and richness than his English parallel, he had more tact and penetration. He was more *possible* than Coleridge ; his doctrine was more intelligible than Coleridge's, more receivable. And yet, with Joubert, the striving after a consummate and attractive clearness of expression came from no mere frivolous dislike of labor and inability for going deep, but was a part of his native love of truth and perfection. The delight of his life he found in truth, and in the satisfaction which the enjoying of truth gives to the spirit ; and he thought the truth was never really and worthily said, so long as the least cloud, clumsiness, and repulsiveness hung about the expression of it.

Some of his best passages are those in which he upholds this doctrine. Even metaphysics he would not allow to remain difficult and abstract ; so long as they spoke a professional jargon, the language of the schools, he maintained—and who shall gainsay him?—that metaphysics were imperfect ; or, at any rate, had not yet reached their ideal perfection.

"The true science of metaphysics," he says, "consists not in rendering abstract that which is sensible, but in rendering sensible that which is abstract ; apparent that which is hidden ; imaginable, if so it may be, that which is only intelligible ; and intelligible, finally, that which an ordinary attention fails to seize."

And therefore

"distrust, in books on metaphysics, words which have not been able to get currency in the world, and are only calculated to form a special language."

Nor would he suffer common words to be employed in a special sense by the schools :—

"Which is best, if one wants to be useful and to be really understood, to get one's words in the world, or to get them in the schools ? I maintain that the good plan is to employ words in their popular sense rather than in their philosophical sense ; and the better plan still, to employ them in their natural sense rather than in their popular sense. By their natural sense, I mean the popular and universal acceptance of them brought to that which in this is essential and invariable. To prove a thing by definition proves nothing, if the definition is purely philosophical ; for such definitions only bind him who makes them. To prove a thing by definition, when the definition expresses the necessary, inevitable, and clear idea which the world at large attaches to the object, is, on the contrary, all in all ; because then what one does is simply to show people what they do really think, in spite of themselves and without knowing it. The rule that one is free to give to words what sense one will, and that the only thing needful is to be agreed upon the sense one gives them, is very well for the mere purposes of argumentation, and may be allowed in the schools where this sort of fencing is to be practised ; but in the sphere of the true-born and noble science of metaphysics, and in the genuine world of literature, it is good for nothing. One must never quit sight of realities, and one must employ one's expressions simply as media—as glasses, through which one's thoughts can be best made evident. I know, by my own experience, how hard this rule is to follow ; but I judge of its importance by the failure of every system of metaphysics. Not one of them has succeeded ; for the simple reason that in every one ciphers have been constantly used instead of values, artificial ideas instead of native ideas, jargon instead of idiom."

We know not whether the metaphysician will ever adopt Joubert's rules ; but we are sure that the man of letters, whenever he has to speak of metaphysics, will do well to adopt them. He, at any rate, must remember—

"it is by means of familiar words that style takes hold of the reader and gets possession of him. It is by means of these that great thoughts get currency and pass for true metal, like gold and silver which have had a recognized stamp put upon them. They beget confidence in the man who, in order to

make his thoughts more clearly perceived, uses them; for people feel that such an employment of the language of common human life betokens a man who knows that life and its concerns, and who keeps himself in contact with them. Besides, these words make a style frank and easy. They show that an author has long made the thought or the feeling expressed his mental food: that he has so assimilated them and familiarized them, that the most common expressions suffice him in order to express ideas which have become every-day ideas to him by the length of time they have been in his mind. And lastly, what one says in such words looks more true; for, of all the words in use, none are so clear as those which we call common words; and clearness is so eminently one of the characteristics of truth, that often it even passes for truth itself."

These are not, in Joubert, mere counsels of rhetoric; they come from his accurate sense of perfection, from his having clearly seized the fine and just idea that beauty and light are properties of truth, and that truth is incompletely exhibited if it is exhibited without beauty and light.

"Be profound with clear terms and not with obscure terms. What is difficult will at last become easy; but as one goes deep into things, one must still keep a charm, and one must carry into these dark depths of thought, into which speculation has only recently penetrated, the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them."

And elsewhere he speaks of those

"spirits, lovers of light, who, when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it *shines*, as Buffon enjoined when he defined genius to be the aptitude for patience; spirits who know by experience that the driest matter and the dullest words hide within them the germ and spark of some brightness, like those fairy nuts in which were found diamonds if one broke the shell and was the right person; spirits who maintain that, to see and exhibit things in beauty, is to see and show things as in their essence they really are, and not as they exist for the eye of the careless, who do not look beyond the outside; spirits hard to satisfy, because of a keen-sightedness in them, which makes them discern but too clearly both the models to be followed and those to be shunned; spirits active though meditative, who cannot rest except in solid truths, and whom only beauty can make happy; spirits far less concerned for glory than for perfection, who, because their art is

long and life is short, often die without leaving a monument, having had their own inward sense of life and fruitfulness for their best reward."

No doubt there is something a little too ethereal in all this—something which reminds one of Joubert's physical want of body and substance; no doubt, if a man wishes to be a great author, it is "to consider too curiously, to consider" as Joubert did—it is a mistake to spend so much of one's time in setting up one's ideal standard of perfection, and in contemplating it. Joubert himself knew this very well: "I cannot build a house for my ideas," said he; "I have tried to do without words, and words take their revenge on me by their difficulty." "If there is a man upon earth tormented by the cursed desire to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word—that man is myself." "I can sow, but I cannot build." Joubert, however, makes no claim to be a great author; by renouncing all ambition to be this, by not trying to fit his ideas into a house, by making no compromise with words in spite of their difficulty, by being quite single-minded in his pursuit of perfection, perhaps he is enabled to get closer to the truth of the objects of his study, and to be of more service to us by setting ideals, than if he had composed a celebrated work. We doubt whether, in an elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, he would have got his ideas about religion to *shine*, to use his own expression, as they shine when he utters them in perfect freedom. Penetration in these matters is valueless without soul, and soul is valueless without penetration; both of these are delicate qualities, and, even in those who have them, easily lost; the charm of Joubert is, that he has and keeps both.

"One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints."

"There is a great difference between taking for idols Mahomet or Luther, and bowing down before Rousseau and Voltaire. People at any rate imagined they were obeying God when they followed Mahomet, and the Scriptures when they hearkened to Luther. And perhaps one ought not too much to disparage that inclination which leads mankind to put into the hands of those whom it thinks the friends of God the devotion and government

of its heart and mind. It is the subjection to irreligious spirits which alone is fatal, and, in the fullest sense of the word, depraving."

"May I say it? It is not hard to know God, provided one will not force one's self to define him."

"Do not bring into the domain of reasoning that which belongs to our innermost feeling. State truths of sentiment, and do not try to prove them. There is a danger in such proofs; for in arguing it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic; now that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic ends by appearing to us as really doubtful. In things that are visible and palpable, never prove what is believed already; in things that are certain and mysterious—mysterious by their greatness and by their nature—make people believe them, and do not prove them; in things that are matters of practice and duty, command, and do not explain. 'Fear God,' has made many men pious; the proofs of the existence of God have made many men atheists. From the defiance springs the attack; the advocate begets in his hearer a wish to pick holes; and men are almost always led on, from the desire to contradict the doctor, to the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her: mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her."

"Why is even a bad preacher almost always heard by the pious with pleasure? *Because he talks to them about what they love.* But you who have to expound religion to the children of this world—you who have to speak to them of that which they once loved perhaps, or which they would be glad to love, remember that they do not love it yet, and, to make them love it, take heed to speak with power."

"You may do what you like, mankind will believe no one but God; and he only can persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him. No one can give faith unless he has faith; the persuaded persuade, as the indulgent disarm."

"The only happy people in the world are the good man, the sage, and the saint; but the saint is happier than either of the others, so much is man by his nature formed for sanctity."

The same delicacy and penetration which he here shows in speaking of the inward essence of religion, Joubert shows also in speaking of its outward form, and of its manifestation in the world:—

"Piety is not a religion, though it is the soul of all religions. A man has not a religion simply by having pious inclinations, any

more than he has a country simply by having philanthropy. A man has not a country until he is a citizen in a state, until he undertakes to follow and uphold certain laws, to obey certain magistrates, and to adopt certain ways of living and acting."

"Religion is neither a theology nor a philosophy; it is more than all this; it is discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement."

Who has ever shown with more truth and beauty the good and imposing side of the wealth and splendor of the Catholic Church than Joubert shows it to us in the following passage?

"The pomps and magnificence with which the Church is reproached are in truth the result and the proof of her incomparable excellence. From whence, let me ask, have come this power of hers and these excessive riches, except from the enchantment into which she threw all the world? Ravished with her beauty, millions of men, from age to age, kept loading her with gifts, bequests, cessions. She had the talent of making herself loved, and the talent of making men happy. It is that which wrought prodigies for her; it is from thence that she drew her power."

"She had the talent of making herself feared,"—one should add that, too, in order to be perfectly just; but Joubert, because he is a true child of light, can see that the wonderful success of the Catholic Church must have been due really to her good rather than to her bad qualities; to her making herself loved rather than to her making herself feared.

How striking and suggestive, again, is this remark on the Old and New Testaments!

"The Old Testament teaches the knowledge of good and evil; the Gospel, on the other hand, seems written for the predestinated; it is the book of innocence. The one is made for earth; the other seems made for heaven. According as the one or the other of these books takes hold of a nation, what may be called the *religious humors* of nations differ."

So the British and North American Puritans are the children of the Old Testament, as Joachim of Flora and St. Francis are the children of the New. And does not the following maxim exactly fit the Church of England, of which Joubert certainly never thought when he was writing it? "The austere sects excite the most enthusiasm at first; but the

temperate sects have always been the most durable."

And these remarks on the Jansenists and Jesuits, interesting in themselves, are still more interesting because they touch matters we cannot well know at first hand, and which Joubert, an impartial observer, had had the means of studying closely. We are apt to think of the Jansenists as having failed by reason of their merits; Joubert shows us how far their failure was due to their defects:—

"We ought to lay stress upon what is clear in Scripture, and to pass quickly over what is obscure; to light up what in Scripture is troubled, by what is serene in it; what puzzles and checks the reason, by what satisfies the reason. The Jansenists have done just the reverse. They lay stress upon what is uncertain, obscure, afflicting, and they pass lightly over all the rest; they eclipse the luminous and consoling truths of Scripture, by putting between us and them its opaque and dismal truths. For example, 'many are called;' there is a clear truth: 'Few are chosen;' there is an obscure truth. 'We are children of wrath;' there is a sombre, cloudy, terrifying truth: 'We are all the children of God;' 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' there are truths which are full of clearness, mildness, serenity, light. The Jansenists trouble our cheerfulness, and shed no cheering ray on our trouble. They are not, however, to be condemned for what they say, because what they say is true; but they are to be condemned for what they fail to say, for that is true too—truer, even, than the other; that is, its truth is easier for us to seize, fuller, rounder, and more complete. Theology, as the Jansenists exhibit her, has but the half of her disk."

Again:—

"The Jansenists erect 'grace' into a kind of fourth person of the Trinity. They are, without thinking or intending it, Quaternarians. St. Paul and St. Augustine, too exclusively studied, have done the whole mischief. Instead of 'grace,' say help, succor, a divine influence, a dew of heaven; then one can come to a right understanding. The word 'grace' is a sort of talisman, all the baneful spell of which can be broken by translating it. The trick of personifying words is a fatal source of mischief in theology."

Once more:—

"The Jansenists tell men to love God; the Jesuits make men love him. The doctrine of these last is full of loosenesses, or, if you will,

of errors; still—singular as it may seem, it is undeniable—they are the better directors of souls.

"The Jansenists have carried into religion more thought than the Jesuits, and they go deeper; they are faster bound with its sacred bonds. They have in their way of thinking an austerity which incessantly constrains the will to keep the path of duty; all the habits of their understanding, in short, are more Christian. But they seem to love God without affection, and solely from reason, from duty, from justice. The Jesuits, on the other hand, seem to love him from pure inclination; out of admiration, gratitude, tenderness; for the pleasure of loving him, in short. In their books of devotion you find joy, because with the Jesuits nature and religion go hand in hand. In the books of the Jansenists there is a sadness and a moral constraint, because with the Jansenists religion is forever trying to put nature in bonds."

The Jesuits have suffered, and deservedly suffered, plenty of discredit from what Joubert gently calls their "loosenesses;" let them have the merit of their amiability.

The most characteristic thoughts one can quote from any writer are always his thoughts on matters like these; but the maxims of Joubert, on purely literary subjects also have the same purged and subtle delicacy; they show the same sedulousness in him to preserve perfectly true the balance of his soul. We begin with this which contains a truth too many people fail to perceive: "Ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself in matters of literature a crime of the first order."

And here is another sentence, worthy of Goethe, to clear the air at one's entrance into the region of literature:—

"With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit: with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of human life,—hunger, thirst, dishonor, diseases, and death,—authors may as long as they like go on making novels which shall harrow our hearts; but the soul says all the while, 'You hurt me.'"

And again:—

"Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops: you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once

lose sight of that, and you have the mere frightful reality."

That is just the right criticism to pass on these "monstrosities,"—*they have no place in literature*, and those who produce them are not really men of letters. One would think that this was enough to deter from such production any man of genuine ambition. But most of us, alas, are what we must be, not what we ought to be—not even what we know we ought to be.

The following, of which the first part reminds one of Wordsworth's sonnet, "If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven," excellently defines the true salutary function of literature, and the limits of this function :—

"Whether one is an eagle or an ant, in the intellectual world, seems to me not to matter much; the essential thing is to have one's place marked there, one's station assigned, and to belong decidedly to a regular and wholesome order. A small talent, if it keeps within its limits and rightly fulfils its task, may reach the goal just as well as a greater one. To accustom mankind to pleasures which depend neither upon the bodily appetites nor upon money, by giving them a taste for the things of the mind, seems to me, in fact, the one proper fruit which nature has meant our literary productions to have. When they have other fruits, it is by accident, and, in general, not for good. Books which absorb our attention to such a degree that they rob us of all fancy for other books, are absolutely pernicious. In this way they only bring fresh crotchets and sects into the world; they multiply the great variety of weights, rules, and measures already existing; they are morally and politically a nuisance."

Who can read these words and not think of the limiting effect exercised by certain works in certain spheres and for certain periods; exercised even by the works of men of genius or virtue,—by the works of Rousseau, the works of Wesley, the works of Swedenborg? And what is it which makes the Bible so admirable a book, to be the one book of those who can have only one, but the miscellaneous character of the contents of the Bible?

Joubert was all his life a passionate lover of Plato; we hope other lovers of Plato will forgive us for saying that their adored object has never been more truly described than he is here :—

"Plato shows us nothing, but he brings us brightness with him; he puts light into our

eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterwards become illuminated. He teaches us nothing; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. Somehow or other, the habit of reading him augments in us the capacity for discerning and entertaining whatever fine truths may afterwards present themselves. Like mountain air, it sharpens our organs, and gives us an appetite for wholesome food."

"Plato loses himself in the void," he says again; "but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle." And the conclusion is, "It is good to breathe his air, but not to live upon him."

As a pendant to the criticism on Plato, this on the French moralist Nicole is excellent :—

"Nicole is a Pascal without style. It is not what he says which is sublime, but what he thinks; he rises, not by the natural elevation of his own spirit, but by that of his doctrines. One must not look to the form in him, but to the matter, which is exquisite. He ought to be read with a direct view of practice."

English people have hardly ears to hear the praises of Bossuet, and the Bossuet of Joubert is Bossuet at his very best; but this is a far truer Bossuet than the "declaimer" Bossuet of Lord Macaulay, himself a born rhetorician, if ever there was one :—

"Bossuet employs all our idioms, as Homer employed all the dialects. The language of kings, of statesmen, and of warriors; the language of the people and of the student, of the country and of the schools, of the sanctuary and of the courts of law; the old and the new, the trivial and the stately, the quiet and the resounding,—he turns all to his use; and out of all this he makes a style simple, grave, majestic. His ideas are, like his words, varied—common and sublime together. Times and doctrines in all their multitude were ever before his spirit, as things and words in all their multitude were ever before it. He is not so much a man as a human nature, with the temperance of a saint, the justice of a bishop, the prudence of a doctor, and the might of a great spirit."

After this on Bossuet, we must quote a criticism on Racine, to show that Joubert did not indiscriminately worship all the French gods of the grand century :—

"Those who find Racine enough for them are poor souls and poor wits; they are souls and wits, which have never got beyond the callow and boarding-school stage. Admirable

ble, as no doubt he is, for his skill in having made poetical the most humdrum sentiments and the most middling sort of passions, he can yet stand us in stead of nobody but himself. He is a superior writer; and in literature, that at once puts a man on a pinnacle. But he is not an inimitable writer."

And again, "The talent of Racine is in his works; but Racine himself is not there. That is why he himself became disgusted with them." "Of Racine, as of the ancients, the genius lay in taste. His elegance is perfect; but it is not supreme, like that of Virgil." And, indeed, there is something *supreme* in an elegance which exercises such a fascination as Virgil's does; which makes one return to his poems again and again, long after one thinks one has done with them; which makes them one of those books that, to use Joubert's words, "lure the reader back to them, as the proverb says good wine lures back the wine-bibber." And the highest praise Joubert can at last find for Racine is this, that he is the Virgil of the ignorant—"Racine est le Virgile des ignorants."

Of Boileau, too, Joubert says: "Boileau is a powerful poet, but only in the world of half poetry." How true is that of Pope also! And he adds, "Neither Boileau's poetry nor Racine's flows from the fountain-head." No Englishman, controverting the exaggerated French estimate of these poets, could desire to use fitter words.

We will end with some remarks on Voltaire and Rousseau—remarks in which Joubert eminently shows his prime merit as a critic,—the soundness and completeness of his judgments. We mean that he has the faculty of judging with all the powers of his mind and soul at work together in due combination; and how rare is this faculty! how seldom is it exercised towards writers who so powerfully as Voltaire and Rousseau stimulate and call into activity a single side in us!

"Voltaire's wits came to their maturity twenty years sooner than the wits of other men, and remained in full vigor thirty years longer. The charm which our style in general gets from our ideas, his ideas get from his style. Voltaire is sometimes afflicted, sometimes strongly moved, but serious he never is. His very graces have an effrontery about them. He had correctness of judgment, liveliness of imagination, nimble wits, quick taste, and a moral sense in ruins. He is the most debauched of spirits, and the

worst of him is that one gets debauched along with him. If he had been a wise man, and had had the self-discipline of wisdom, beyond a doubt half his wit would have been gone; it needed an atmosphere of *license* in order to play freely. Those people who read him every day, create for themselves, by an invincible law, the necessity of liking him. But those people who, having given up reading him, gaze steadily down upon the influences which his spirit has shed abroad, find themselves in simple justice and duty compelled to detest him. It is impossible to be satisfied with him, and impossible not to be fascinated by him."

The literary sense in us is apt to rebel against so severe a judgment on such a charmer of the literary sense as Voltaire, and perhaps we English are not very liable to catch Voltaire's vices, while of some of his merits we have signal need; still, as the real definitive judgment on Voltaire, Joubert's is undoubtedly the true one. It is nearly identical with that of Goethe. Joubert's sentence on Rousseau is in some respects more favorable:—

"That weight in the speaker (*auctoritas*) which the ancients talk of, is to be found in Bossuet more than in any other French author; Pascal, too, has it, and La Bruyère; even Rousseau has something of it, but Voltaire not a particle. I can understand how a Rousseau—I mean a Rousseau cured of his faults—might at the present day do much good, and may even come to be greatly wanted; but under no circumstances can a Voltaire be of any use."

The peculiar power of Rousseau's style has never been better hit off than in the following passage:—

"Rousseau imparted, if I may so speak, *bowels of feeling* to the words he used (*donna des entrailles à tous les mots*), and poured into them such a charm, sweetness so penetrating, energy so puissant, that his writings have an effect upon the soul something like that of those illicit pleasures which steal away our taste and intoxicate our reason."

The final judgment, however, is severe, and justly severe:—

"Life without actions; life entirely resolved into affections and half-sensual thoughts; do-nothingness setting up for a virtue; cowardliness with voluptuousness; fierce pride with nullity underneath it; the strutting phrase of the most sensual of vagabonds, who has made his system of philosophy and can give it eloquently forth: there is Rousseau. A piety in which there is no religion; a severity

which brings corruption with it; a dogmatism which serves to ruin all authority: there is Rousseau's philosophy. To all tender, ardent, and elevated natures, I say, only Rousseau can detach you from religion, and only true religion can cure you of Rousseau."

We must yet find room, before we end, for one at least of Joubert's sayings on political matters; here, too, the whole man shows himself; and here, too, his affinity with Coleridge is very remarkable. How true, how true in France especially, is this remark on the contrasting direction taken by the aspirations of the community in ancient and in modern states!

"The ancients were attached to their country by three things—their temples, their tombs, and their forefathers. The two great bonds which united them to their government were the bonds of habit and antiquity. With the moderns, hope and the love of novelty have produced a total change. The ancients said *our forefathers*, we say *posterity*; we do not, like them, love our *patria*, that is to say, the country and the laws of our fathers, rather we love the laws and the country of our children; the charm we are most sensible to is the charm of the future, and not the charm of the past."

And how keen and true is this criticism on the changed sense of the word "liberty"!

"A great many words have changed their meaning. The word *liberty*, for example, had at bottom among the ancients the same meaning as the word *dominium*. *I would be free* meant, in the mouth of an ancient, *I would take part in governing or administering the State*; in the mouth of a modern it means, *I would be independent*. The word *liberty* has with us a moral sense; with them its sense was purely political."

Joubert had lived through the French Revolution, and to the modern cry for liberty he was prone to answer:—

"Let your cry be for free souls rather even than for free men. Moral liberty is the one vitally important liberty, the one liberty which is indispensable; the other liberty is good and salutary only so far as it favors this. Subordination is in itself a better thing than independence. The one implies order and arrangement; the other implies only self-sufficiency with isolation. The one means harmony, the other a single tone; the one is the whole, the other is but the part."

"Liberty! liberty!" he cries again; "in

all things let us have *justice*, and then we shall have enough liberty."

Let us have justice, and then we shall have enough liberty. The wise man will never refuse to echo those words; but, then, such is the imperfection of human governments, that almost always, in order to get justice, one has first to secure liberty.

We do not hold up Joubert as a very astonishing and powerful genius, but rather as a delightful and edifying genius. We have not cared to exhibit him as a sayer of brilliant epigrammatic things, such things as "*Notre vie est du vent tissu; . . . les dettes abrègent la vie; . . . celui qui a de l'imagination sans érudition a des ailes et n'a pas de pieds (Our life is woven wind; . . . debts shorten life; . . . the man of imagination without learning has winys and no feet)*"; though for such sayings he is famous. In the first place, the French language is in itself so favorable a vehicle for such sayings that the making them in it has the less merit; at least half the merit ought to go, not to the maker of the saying, but to the French language. In the second place, the peculiar beauty of Joubert is not there; it is not in what is exclusively intellectual; it is in the union of *soul* with intellect, and in the delightful, satisfying result which this union produces. "*Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme; . . . le bonheur est de sentir son âme bonne; . . . toute vérité nue et crue n'a pas assez passé par l'âme; . . . les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment (The essence of life lies in thinking and being conscious of one's soul: . . . happiness is the sense of one's soul's being good; . . . if a truth is rude and crude, that is a proof it has not been steeped long enough in the soul; . . . man cannot even be just to his neighbor unless he loves him)*;" it is much rather in sayings like these that Joubert's best and innermost nature manifests itself. He is the most prepossessing and convincing of witnesses to the good of loving light. Because he sincerely loved light, and did not prefer to it any little private darkness of his own, he found light; his eye was single, and therefore his whole body was full of light. And because he was full of light, he was also full of happiness. In spite of his infirmities, in spite of his sufferings, in spite of his obscurity, he was the happiest man alive; his life was as charming as his thoughts. For certainly it is natural

that the love of light, which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beatify the whole life of him who has it. There is something unnatural and shocking where, as in the case of Joubert's English parallel, it does not. Joubert pains us by no such contradiction ; " the same penetration of spirit which made him such delightful company to his friends, served also to make him perfect in his own personal life, by enabling him always to perceive and do what was right ; " he loved and sought light till he became so habituated to it, so accustomed to the joyful testimony of a good conscience, that, to use his own words, " he could no longer exist without this, and was obliged to live without reproach if he would live without misery."

Joubert was not famous while he lived, and he will not be famous now that he is dead. But, before we pity him for this, let us be sure what we mean, in literature, by *famous*. There are the famous men of genius in literature—the Homers, Dantes, Shakspeares : of them we need not speak ; their praise is for ever and ever. Then there are the famous men of ability in literature ; their praise is in their own generation. And what makes this difference ? The work of the two orders of men is at bottom the same—a *criticism of life*. The end and aim of all literature, if one considers it attentively, is in truth nothing but that. But the criticism which the men of genius pass upon human life is permanently acceptable to mankind ; the criticism which the men of ability pass upon human life is transitorily acceptable. Between Shakspeare's criticism of human life and Scribe's the difference is there—the one is permanently acceptable, the other transitorily. Why then, we repeat, this difference ? It is that the acceptableness of Shakspeare's criticism depends upon its inherent truth ; the acceptableness of Scribe's upon its suiting itself, by its subject-matter, ideas, mode of treatment, to the taste of the generation that hears it. But the taste and ideas of one generation are not those of the next. This next generation in its turn arrives—first its sharp-shooters, its quick-witted, audacious light troops ; then the elephantine main body. The imposing array of its predecessor it confidently assails, riddles it with bullets, passes over its body. It goes hard then with many once popular reputations, with many authorities once orac-

ular. Only two kinds of authors are safe in the general havoc. The first kind are the great abounding fountains of truth, whose criticism of life is a source of illumination and joy to the whole human race forever—the Homers, the Shakspeares. These are the sacred personages, whom all civilized warfar respects. The second are those whom the out-skirmishers of the new generation, its forerunners,—quick-witted soldiers, as we have said, the select of the army,—recognize though the bulk of their comrades behind might not, as of the same family and character with the sacred personages, exercising like them an immortal function, and like them inspiring a permanent interest. They snatch them up, and set them in a place of shelter, where the on-coming multitude may not overwhelm them. These are the Jouberts. They will never, like the Shakspeares command the homage of the multitude ; but they are safe ; the multitude will not trample them down. Except these two kinds, no author is safe. Let us consider, for example, Joubert's famous contemporary, Lord Jeffrey. All his vivacity and accomplishment avail him nothing ; of the true critic he had in an eminent degree no quality, except one—curiosity. Curiosity he had, but he had no organ for truth ; he cannot illuminate and rejoice us ; no intelligent outpost of the new generation cares about him, cares to put him in safety ; at this moment we are all passing over his body. Let us consider a greater than Jeffrey, a critic whose reputation still stands firm ; will stand, many people think, forever,—the great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay was, as we have already said, a born rhetorician ; a splendid rhetorician doubtless, and beyond that an *English* rhetorician also, an *honest* rhetorician ; still, beyond the apparent rhetorical truth of things he never could penetrate ; for their vital truth, for what the French call the *vraie vérité*, he had absolutely no organ ; therefore his reputation, brilliant as it is, is not secure. Rhetoric so good as his excites and gives pleasure ; but by pleasure alone you cannot permanently bind men's spirits to you. Truth illuminates and gives joy, and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held. As Lord Macaulay's own generation dies out, as a new generation arrives, without those ideas and tendencies of its

predecessor which Lord Macaulay so deeply shared and so happily satisfied, will he give the same pleasure? and, if he ceases to give this, has he enough of light in him to make him safe? Pleasure the new generation will get from its own novel ideas and tendencies; but light is another and a rarer thing, and must be treasured wherever it can be found. Will Macaulay be saved, in the sweep and pressure of time, for his light's sake, as Johnson has already been saved by two generations, Joubert by one? We think it very doubtful. But for a spirit of any delicacy and dignity, what a fate, if he could foresee that to be an oracle for one generation, and then of little or no account forever! How far better, to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the

next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from generation to generation in safety! This is Joubert's lot, and it is a very enviable one. The new men of the new generations, while they let the dust deepen on a thousand Laharpes, will say of him: "He lived in the Philistines' day, in a place and time when almost every idea current in literature had the mark of Bel and Dagon upon it, and not the mark of the children of light. Nay, the children of light were as yet hardly so much as heard of: the Canaanite was then in the land. Still, there were even then a few who, nourished on some secret tradition, or illumined perhaps by a divine inspiration, kept aloof from the reigning superstitions, never bowed the knee to the gods of Canaan; and one of these few was called *Joubert*."

ARSENIC IN PAPER.—This poison is principally employed in trade to produce a peculiarly vivid and showy shade of green. It is not a natural green, and neither represents the green of trees, of plants, nor of grass. On account of its brilliancy and attractiveness, it has superseded the less decided tints of nature. The form in which it is generally employed in this country is that of a green powder, which is commonly known as "emerald green." It is known to chemists and writers on science as "Scheele's green," after its discoverer. Another kind is also called "Sweinfurth green," from a town in Franconia, where it was extensively manufactured on its early introduction. The chemical composition of Scheele's green is arsenious acid, six parts; oxide of copper, two; and acetic acid, one. The number of articles in the market in which this dangerous material forms an ingredient is beyond conception. You send your child for some toys or sweetmeats, and in both it is used as coloring matter. The box of dried fruit you get home is lined with a most seductive emerald green. You get it as a wrapper for your morning chocolate. You get it around your packet of confectionery, and you lay it next your stomach with that blane-mange, apple-tart, and cake which your cook produces as her best production. Your book from Mudie has it for a side-lining, and the report of the managers of the Industrial Institute which you receive is covered in the same alluring shade of green. Nor does it stop here. Go into the pastry-cook and confectioners and you find the walls and shelves painted with the same destroying color. Your library is painted or papered with this same color, and the flowers you so much admire on your wife's headdress are, alas! emerald green, and the sweet Emily charms you with the wreath and tarlatan of the same fascinating color. The fact is, this color pervades us like an atmos-

phere. The prevalence of it in our shops, our homes, our churches, our concert-rooms, and our tea-gardens make it the most constant poison we have.—*Macniven and Cameron's Paper Trade Review*.

TO KILL WEEDS IN PONDS.—The Dutch adopt perhaps the most effectual and inexpensive method of killing large masses of weeds in their ponds. They run them dry in the winter, sow a crop of corn on them in the spring, and before filling and stocking them in the autumn they plant roots of the common white water-lily over a greater part of the bottom. Wherever the water-lily grows, other weeds do not; the stems form no obstruction to the movements of the fish, the leaves give shape, they are easily mown where clear spaces are required for angling, and the decayed leaves form scarcely any mud; indeed, they purify water rather than make it thick, as we see is the case in the Serpentine. In Holland the ponds are dried once in five years, the fish are sent to market, and after the crop of corn is cut they are restocked according to a scale given in a book on fish-ponds, written by Bocchius. Carting mud out of ponds is a very expensive business, whereas the cultivation of the bottom of the pond for a few months causes the stock-fish to grow much more rapidly when it is refilled, and before ordinary weeds can overspread it the lilies grow and keep them down.—*Building News*.

TRUE TO INSTINCT.

THE "Earthly Vicar's" holy mouth
Praises Jeff Davis and the South
For all their pious bravery.
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
Who in their fierce King-William song
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN MEMORIAM.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, “which quite took the power of work out of him”—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week, he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, “because he couldn’t help it,” and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of

which, he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of poor family of young-children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically and with simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had despatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to “come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.” He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances: but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his magnificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:—

“I’ve writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain
The idle word that he’d wish back again.”

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads

of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way.

The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the 24th of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:—

"And when its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts, were bowed around his tomb.

From The Spectator, 6 Feb.

THE DUTY OF ENGLAND TO DENMARK.

THE cannon shot for which Europe has for weeks been listening has at length been fired. The Germans have crossed the Eider, have attacked the first Danish line at two points, and on both have been repulsed with heavy slaughter. The strange theory which was current in most European capitals that King Christian would prove traitor to his adopted country has been dispelled, and Prince Charles of Prussia, who believed that theory, telegraphs in amazement to Berlin that the Danish resistance is in earnest. Both parties are settling down to their work. The Prussians are preparing to cross the Schlei, the Austrians are urging up reinforcements for renewed attacks on the western side, and the Danes, with their teeth set, are preparing as good soldiers and brave men to perish as slowly as may be in a hopeless contest; for, if the quarrel be left to them, their cause is ultimately hopeless. God is not on the side of the big battalions, or England would not to-day be arbitress of the world, but war, like all other calamities, is subject to natural laws; neither despair, nor patriotism, nor enthusiasm, nor the consciousness of right, nor the holiest impulse of self-sacrifice, will stop a rifle bullet, and where the bullets are many they must ultimately kill. The Danes brave as they are, and excellent as is their position, are hopelessly outmatched. Their fleet cannot aid them two miles from the sea, and by land their whole male population is scarcely more than half the drilled soldiers at the disposal of their foes. They may fight like heroes, as they are fighting, or like the Vikings from whom they and we descend, but the Germans can sacrifice ten men to their one; a Croat, though inferior to a Zealander in every other quality of manhood, can carry a musket as well as he, and if they are abandoned, the superior race must be smothered beneath the weight of its small but innumerable foes.

Are they to be abandoned? That is the question now placed fully before the conscience and intellect of Great Britain, and to which the nation must reply within the next ten days; and when once the facts are known—when the national mind is once awake to the utter brutality of the oppression now being perpetrated, the naked appeal to the sabre's edge, now made by the military tyrannies, we can scarcely doubt what the reply will be.

The party in which we usually believe will we fear, in its conscientious horror of war, its dread of France, and its hatred of continental complications, still argue stoutly for peace but there are questions before which parties must disappear, and when the honor of England is in danger even friendship must stand aside. So far as it is given to us to see the real drift of a most complicated question it has become the duty, as it always has been the interest of England to defend Denmark from dismemberment. On the broad ground of permanent policy the argument for action is, we believe, unanswerable, and there has arisen during the negotiations another reason which appeals directly to the heart and the instinctive honor of every Englishman who comprehends the subject.

The general arguments can be very easily stated. It is never for the interest or the honor of Great Britain that a free constitutional monarchy, large or small, should be crushed to the ground by superior military power, and Denmark, which is such a monarchy, is now being so crushed. There is not a freer race than the Danes in the world. Even under their ancient constitution, which began with the words "The King of the Goths and Vandals is absolute throughout his dominions," they were always really free, and now King Christian has been compelled to accept invasion rather than venture to violate the forms of a Parliamentary Government. That is one reason for the wrath of the governing party in Berlin, which, having destroyed the freedom of Prussia, is humiliated by the calm refusal of the Danish Cabinet to follow their shameful example. That the monarchy is being crushed in spite of all professions is clear, from the simple fact that the invasion has commenced, in spite of a solemn guarantee from Great Britain that the demands of the two great powers should all be granted. The idea, moreover, both of Vienna and Berlin is, we believe, apart from all idle rumors, fatal to the independence of Denmark. This idea, openly stated in both the Chamber and the Reichsrath, is that King Christian shall be Duke of Schleswig-Holstein as a united Duchy, that this Duchy shall be German,—a clear act of conquest,—and that the Duchy shall have "an equal voice" in all proceedings of the monarchy. In other words, the princes of Germany shall for all time to come legally dictate the policy, external and internal, of the Danish monarchy, Denmark sinking into just such a dependency of Germany as Schleswig now is of herself, and constitution and freedom being alike dependent on the vote of a Diet in which the people are wholly unrepresented. Then it is not the policy of Great Britain to permit

any violation of the great principle of non-intervention between sovereigns and their subjects. Admit that the Schleswigers are hostile to Denmark, that they are even ready to rise in insurrection, and still Germany, which does not even pretend that Schleswig is German, has no right to intervene. If we give up that principle, we give up also the right to resist if Russia marches into Prussia to put down freedom, or to complain if France invades Ireland to realize the dreams of Smith O'Brien. And lastly, it is never for our interest that the advice of Great Britain when given in the interest of peace and justice and right should be regarded as idle words, or that she should, by abstaining from continental politics, lower the tone of her people down to the parochial standard. A Marylebone of thirty millions might be very comfortable, but it would be no abode for men with hearts, or brains, or consciences, or the sense that man, despite that misunderstood politician Cain, is responsible for his brother. Englishmen are not prepared to stand by and see murder done, and call that cowardly crime a policy; and not being so, they must, if they would avoid endless war, make their voice when clearly uttered as effective as cannon shot. If they do not, if they allow the idea to spread that England will never fight except for pence, they will one day be compelled to dispel the error they themselves have fostered by a war to which the defence of Denmark would be a military promenade, to defend Italy against Germany, or to sustain German nationality against France and Russia united. The policy of abstention is intelligible but degrading, the policy of interference without meaning is degrading without being intelligible.

These are general considerations, but there is in this matter of Denmark one which will come closer to the conscience and heart and pride of every Englishman. England has in this matter interfered, and interfered by a steady, long-continued course of action which, like a long-continued habit of dealing without written bonds, amounts to an honorable pledge. She has stood forward for twelve years as the protectress of the integrity of Denmark. She framed the treaty of 1852, morally coercing the Danes, who detested the arrangement and twice refused to sanction it, into a final vote of acceptance. When the present quarrel broke out she advised Denmark to evacuate Holstein, which was under the treaty King Christian's own territory, and Holstein was evacuated. That was a step in foreign politics; but that failing, the Cabinet went further, and advised an internal change—the revocation of the common Constitution for all Denmark within the Eider. That advice also was accepted, subject to a

parliamentary vote, and that concession also failed. The Austrian and Prussian ministers pleaded with a cynical contempt for right hardly to be paralleled in history, that they could not keep their armies inactive lest volunteers should be raised in Germany, and then at last Great Britain took the final step. She agreed that with her allies she would make the revocation of the Constitution matter of treaty right, and thus, if Denmark refused to yield, give her up to compulsion as a clear and manifest breaker of the public law of Europe. Every German demand was thus satisfied, and then Denmark having, on the advice of her august friend, conceded everything, and given up even her own right of free internal legislation, the Germans, in contempt alike of her and her ally, crossed her frontier by force of cannon. If that persistent protection does not involve an honorable pledge, what line of conduct would? The big boy declares the child in the right if only he will surrender the toy; the child surrenders it, the other boy thrashes him for yielding, and the adviser is to put his hands in his pockets and look on the brutality whistling. There never was policy more utterly base and selfish, more clearly dictated by the dread of the national consequences of doing right. All over Europe the nations are sneering at the value of England's friendship, the worthlessness of England's menace, and sneering with a reason which may make honorable men gnash their teeth with shame and vexation. It was bad enough to surrender Poland to the executioner, but at least Earl Russell told Poland that he had no aid to give beyond some irritating words. He has not told Denmark that, for, though he gave no promise, and as a constitutional minister guaranteed no aid, he did, nevertheless, guarantee that Denmark should surrender without battle all her enemies had demanded. Is Denmark, having sanctioned that promise, to lose yet more? Are the dishonest statesmen of Prussia and the despotic ministers of Austria to be permitted with impunity to kill thousands of men in order that they may, at the best, carry out the provisions of a treaty expressly designed and signed by them in order to avert that slaughter? They say that even when victorious they will keep that agreement and are, therefore, slaughtering Danes without a pretext or an object, except, indeed, the preservation of their own rotten thrones. It may be well to wait, though we doubt it, till the Rigsgaad has formally executed all the promises of King Frederick, but to have advised so much, and to have been obeyed so readily, and then at last to skulk,—we call on the country homesteads to command that this disgrace shall not be.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.

SOMETHING, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 That each day's setting sun may bring
 Some penitential offering ;
 In thy dear name some kindness done ;
 To thy dear love some wanderer won ;
 Some trial meekly borne for thee,
 Dear Lord, for thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 That to thy gracious throne may rise
 Sweet incense from some sacrifice—
 Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
 Uplifted faith unstained by fears,
 Hailing each joy as light from thee,
 Dear Lord, from thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 For the great love that thou hast given,
 For the great hope of thee and heaven,
 My soul her first allegiance brings,
 And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

Oh, the sunny days before us, before us, before
 us,
 When all was bright
 From holt to height,
 And the heavens were shining o'er us ;
 When sound and scent, with vision blent,
 Winged hope and perched content,
 Joys that came and ills that went,
 Seemed singing all in chorus.

Oh, the dreary days behind us, behind us, behind
 us,
 When all is dark,
 And care and cark
 And even gleams remind us
 Of fruitless sighs, averted eyes,
 Baffled hopes, and loosened ties,
 Pain that lingers, time that flies ;
 And the hot tears come and blind us.

Oh, is there naught beyond us, beyond us, be-
 yond us,
 When all the dead,
 The changed, the fled,
 Will rise and look as fond as
 Ere faith put out, and love to rout,
 Foes with vigor, friends without,
 Pique and rancor, make us doubt
 Hoc tolerare pondus ? *

—*Temple Bar.*

* Horat. Od. II. car. 5.

BOOKS.

My days among the dead are passed
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And, while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long-past years ;
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears ;
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity:
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey.*

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

MAY, 1701: DECEMBER, 1863.

WHEN one, whose nervous English verse
 Public and party hates defied,
 Who bore and bandied many a curse
 Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal abbey's Bishop-Dean *
 Waited for no suggestive prayer,
 But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,
 Craved, as a boon, to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,
 Vanished before a Nation's pain ;
 "Panther" and "Hind" forgot their strife,
 And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentle Censor of our age !
 Prime master of our ampler tongue !
 Whose word of wit and generous page
 Were never wrath, except with Wrong.

Fielding—without the manners' dross,
 Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
 What Prelate deems thy grave his loss ?
 What Halifax erects thy tomb ?

But, maybe, He,—who so could draw
 The hidden Great,—the humble Wise,
 Yielding with them to God's good law,
 Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

H.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

* Dr Sprat, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1032.—12 March, 1864.

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
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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

 ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF BINDING.—The Covers for *The Living Age* are made up of Cotton Cloth and Pasteboard; and the manufacturers advanced their prices—nearly doubled them—some time ago. We ought then to have increased our charge for binding, but neglected to do so. But for all Volumes bound by us after the 15th of March, the price will be sixty-five cents.

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THE AFRICAN COLOR-SERGEANT.

GLARES the volcano breath,
Breaks the red sea of death,
From Wagner's yawning hold,
On the besiegers bold.
Twice vain the wild attack :
Inch by inch, sadly, slow,
Fights the torn remnant back,
Face to the foe.

Yet free the colors wave,
Borne by yon Afric brave,
In the fierce storm-wind higher :
But, ah ! one flashing fire—
He sinks ! the banner falls
From the faint, mangled limb,
And droop to mocking walls
Those star-folds dim !

Stay, stay the taunting laugh !
See ! now he lifts the staff,
Clenched in his close-set teeth,
Crawls from dead heaps beneath,
Crowned with his starry robe,
Till he the ranks has found ;
"Comrades, the dear old flag
Ne'er touched the ground."

Oh, deed so pure, so grand,
Sydney might clasp thy hand !
O brother ! black thy skin,
But white the pearl within !
Man, who to lift thy race
Worthy, thrice worthy art,
Clasps thee, in warm embrace,
A nation's heart !
—*From the U. S. Service Magazine.*

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly ;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaps the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain ;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away.
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the midst of years ;
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears ;
And then how dark !
But oh, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray ;
And fond affections, lingering, say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

Then comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer ceased to be ;
And we put on the autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity ;
But now the slope,
With rosy Hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold,
Another dawn with fairer light ;
While watchers whisper through the night,
There is a time when we grow old.

THE VIGIL OF ALL-SOULS.

TO MY FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING-NIGHT.

To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me ;
I have said God bless thee, o'er and o'er,
And there is not a joy awaiting thee
But I wish it double and more.
O friend ! I pause on thy bridal-night,
I pause from my toil to wish thee all
Fair and pure and honest and bright,
That to mortal lot can fall,
And upon thy head no touch of sorrow.
To-day for thee ; and for me to-morrow.

The sun shone fair, and the moonlight now
Has crowned the darkness with silver gleams
God send thy life be as bright, and thou
As glad as a bridegroom's dreams.
But on me the household lamp lets fall
A light subdued—and thy hour of pride
Is the vigil of a Festival
To us on life's other side.
To-day on the living—all joy be shed ;
But to-morrow is for the Blessed Dead.

To-morrow for me, but to-day for thee ;
Thus are the lots of our living cast,
And the cheerful lamp sheds over me
A light that shines out of the past.
Thine be the future, O friend ! I greet
In thee life's promise all bright and brave,
But the sunshine, though fair it smiles, and
sweet,
Falls to me over cross and grave.
Bright be thy path and untouched by sorrow,
To-day for thee ; and for me to-morrow.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From The National Review.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.—NAPOLEON III.

Le Moniteur, 1863. Emperor's Letter proposing the Congress. Paris, 1863.

TRANQUILLITY can never be the lot of those who rule nations. Glory they may have; the praise of men; the approbation of their own consciences; the happiness which springs from the full occupation of every faculty and every hour; the intense interest with which dealing with great affairs vivifies the whole of existence; the supreme felicity of all allotted to men—that of feeling that they have lived the life and may die the death of the truest benefactors of their race. All these rewards they may aspire to; but *repose*, a sense of enduring security, comfortable and confident relaxation of nerve, attention, and exertion, that conviction of “having attained,” of being safe in port, of everything “being made snug,” which enables a man to say to his soul, “Soul, thou hast much peace laid up for many years: eat, drink, be merry, and sleep;”—these blessings are not for either sovereigns or statesmen, at least not for those of Europe in modern days. “A murmur of the restless deep” is ever at hand to disturb even the briefest slumber. No sooner is one war ended than another is begun. No sooner is one quarrel, which taxed the resources and menaced the existence of great nations, quenched in utter exhaustion or settled after infinite intrigue, than some little insignificant question—a cloud at first sight no bigger than a man's hand—arises in some other quarter, swells into unexpected magnitude, and threatens the direst results. Not a day passes which does not bring to the bureau of the minister for foreign affairs of every great state despatches pregnant with the fate of empires and of peoples,—inchoate “difficulties” which either slovenly neglect or judicious culture may nurse into mighty conflicts. Sometimes it is an oppressed “nationality” whose cup of misery is full, and which can keep silence and endure no longer. Sometimes it is a second or third rate monarch who catches cold or falls from his horse, and dies *mal à propos*. Sometimes it is an intemperate sea-captain who insults our flag. Sometimes it is a savage tribe who murders our ambassador. Sometimes it is a weak and vain consul, or envoy, or *chargé d'affaires* who makes a mountain out of a molehill, and gets up a wholly gratuitous row of his own.

Sometimes it is an over-active or over-forecasting sovereign, who drops a pungent expression to an ambassador, or makes a troublesome suggestion to his parliament, that originates the uneasiness and the storm. But what with Sir John Bowring and the *Arrow*; what with Captain Wilkes and the *Trent*; what with General Harney and the “Island of San Juan;” what with Sir Hamilton Seymour and the “sick man;” what with the King of Denmark's death, and the King of Greece's dismissal; what with Louis Napoleon's New-year's-day words to the Austrian minister, and his Congress letter of a few years' later date,—there is no rest for the politician on this side of the grave.

Just now the appearance of the world is one of singular disturbance. It is a seething caldron. In the extreme West a civil war is raging with almost unexampled ferocity, and on a quite unexampled scale; a civil war with which, thank God, we have nothing to do except to watch it, to suffer from it, and to deplore it. In the extreme East a civil war appears imminent in Japan, of which we, if not the *causa causans*, are certainly the *causa sine quâ non*; and a civil war has raged for years in China, in which we have begun directly to take an active part. Greece has just got her new sovereign—who does not seem anxious to pay his predecessor's debts. Mexico is waiting for her new emperor; and the emperor appears to be waiting till she definitively knows her own mind, and wishes her to be off with the old love before she is on with the new. The new King of Denmark seems likely to inherit a war by the same title by which he inherits a throne; and two of the great powers who guaranteed to him both his sceptre and his dominions are now marching hostile troops into a part of his territory, on a plea which no outside politician is at all able to comprehend. It seems by no means improbable that a European war may arise out of a local dispute so complicated as to defy unravelling, and to our eyes so comparatively unimportant as to make us even more impatient and indignant than we are alarmed. Italy still suffers from two irritating sores which forbid all political comfort or security; while the barbarities of the Russian troops and officials in Poland have excited almost to the war-pitch the languid and dormant sympathies of Europe on behalf of that unfortunate and unsatisfactory race. And

to crown the whole, the Emperor of the French, with his characteristically perverse sagacity, seizes the present moment to throw into the boiling pot one additional ingredient of perplexity and disturbance in the shape of a proposal for a European Congress to sit upon the agonizing body and prescribe for the sick man.

It would be too much to ascribe to Louis Napoleon all the feverish unrest of the last fifteen years. But it is undeniable that since he ascended the presidential chair of France, Europe has enjoyed no repose whatever, and that in every single conflict or convulsion that has occurred, or been averted, he has had his share, and usually a principal share. It is certain that immediately after his accession to power his brain was teeming with a variety of projects all incompatible with the existing European arrangements, and that enough of these leaked out to induce that general increase of armaments which has pressed so heavily on the resources of every state, and probably had a great deal to do with the wars which have since taken place. The *coup d'état*, whatever opinion we may form as to the political sagacity and moral defensibility of that proceeding, unquestionably pointed out its author as a man who would scruple at no measures, however violent and sudden, for the attainment of his ends, and made it necessary, therefore, for every potentate against whom he might by possibility entertain hostile designs, to be in a far more forward state of preparation for all contingencies than would be needful where they had only to deal with ordinary men observant of ordinary rules and controlled by ordinary scruples. It must be conceded, too, though we hold Mr. Kinglake's theory as to the parentage of the Crimean war to be utterly extravagant and wild and in the teeth of acknowledged and notorious facts, that our dispute with Russia would assuredly not have culminated in a war had Louis Philippe, instead of Louis Napoleon, reigned at the Tuileries. The occupation of Rome by French troops has been one of the standing causes of European insecurity and uneasiness; and for the continuance of this occupation, though not for its origin, the emperor is solely and distinctly responsible. The Italian war of 1859 was his own deliberate and spontaneous act; and though we hold it to have been a beneficent, if not strictly speaking a righteous, act, still

it was a most revolutionary and perturbing one, and one the ultimate convulsing reverberations of which are not yet exhausted. Disgusted as we had long been with Mexican outrages and Mexican evasions, we should never have undertaken the Mexican expedition without the instigation of Louis Napoleon; and to him alone is due the conversion of a wretched republic into a possibly great empire. The secession of the Southern States of America was a strictly domestic event which lies neither at his door nor at ours; but it is entirely owing to our self-abnegation and recalcitrance that that secession has not long since ended in the separate establishment of a powerful slave state, of which half the responsibility would have been ours. If it had not been for his initiation and zealous urgency it is probable that England would never have ventured to incur a diplomatic rebuff from Russia by interposition between the butcher and his victims; and it is quite certain that if our interest and zeal in the matter had been equal to his, either Poland would now have been free, or we should have found ourselves engaged along with France in a second Russian war. Finally, scarcely any *pacific* proposal has ever created such universal uneasiness and alarm as the emperor's suggestion of a Congress; and this proposal with all its disturbing ideas and all its possible results, is attributable to him alone.

In truth, no man in recent times, with the single exception of his uncle, has ever exercised anything like the same amount of *personal* influence over the current of the world's affairs. In former days, indeed, a great king or a great minister, or sometimes even the mistress of a man in an arthritic position was able to decide on peace or war, on the seizure or surrender of territories, on the happiness or the wretchedness of millions. In the more complicated politics and the more civilized times in which our lot is cast, these great issues usually lie in the hands of solemn assemblies, or the combination of events or the working of that mighty but undefinable agency called public opinion. Where individual passion and individual will once guided and fashioned our courses, these are now determined by national sentiment and national resources. To know what is likely to happen we are wont to study the relations, the feelings, and the capabilities of the several peoples of the world, and to take small account

of the particular men among them. But now he who would be a forecasting and sagacious political seer must master, as the most proximately determining influence among all, the nature of the Emperor of the French, the proclivities of his singular character, and the exigencies of his intricate position.

Louis Napoleon has given us many means of knowing him. Perhaps scarcely any potentate has ever afforded such ample materials to the speculator and the student. He has done much; he has written much; and for so habitually silent a man he has spoken not a little,—and when he does speak he usually speaks significantly. As conspirator, as adventurer, as prisoner, as author, as deputy, as president, as emperor, he has been before the public for thirty years. If we do not understand him now, his nature must be peculiarly deep, complicated, or inconsequent.

In some respects he is a more remarkable man than even his uncle. He is not, it is true, gifted with his uncle's genius, either for administration or for war; but on the other hand he is not cursed with that wilful and impracticable temper which so often neutralized the wonderful powers of the first Napoleon, and which led to his final overthrow. Napoleon the Third is *pertinacious* without being obstinate. He adheres to his plans often for long years; he recurs to them persistently again and again after the world fancies he had abandoned them forever; but he seldom insists upon them doggedly, vehemently, or blindly, in the face of formidable obstacles. The uncle, especially in his later years, used to be irritated by opposition into something very like insanity. The nephew measures the force of the opposition considerably, and recoils before it if it appears likely to prove stronger than he wishes to encounter. His temper, we apprehend, is naturally equable and placid. At all events, he never loses it, or gives way to those bursts of undignified passion which on more than one occasion disgraced the position and alienated the friends of the great warrior. Perhaps only twice since his accession to power has Louis Napoleon acted from passion rather than from deliberation; once when, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of all his well-wishers, he insisted on confiscating the Orleans property, and again when, after the Orsini *attentat*, his shaken nerves and natural indignation for a short period got the better of his judgment.

He, however recovered himself—and recovered with grace—as soon as he had time for reflection, and saw that danger was becoming imminent; and thenceforward he exerted himself to soothe down the angry passions of the people and the army.

Again, though Louis Napoleon is in one sense a *daring* man, he is the reverse of a rash or desperate one. This may seem a strange assertion of the Hero of Boulogne, Strasburg, and the *Coup d'état*, but it must be remembered that the two first wild adventures belong to the period of his nonage, and the latter, though a bold and hazardous stroke for the supreme power, which he was determined to attain or die, was prepared with the most sedulous, patient, and forecasting care. Since that period certainly his caution has been more remarkable even than his political courage. He feels that he has won too much, and has too much to lose, to venture on any *very* hazardous attempts. Like Charles II., he is resolved never again to go on his travels. He takes infinite pains to make all his ground safe under him before he acts, as far as possible, so as not only to preclude all risk of failure, but to evade much probability of earnest opposition. He is especially anxious to carry as great a majority with him as he can—majority, that is, of strength, if not of numbers. He procrastinates and postpones with sometimes a self-defeating excess of hesitation, wishing to keep as many courses as possible open to him, and to keep them open as long as he can. He shrinks from the *irrevocable* much; he shrinks from the *desperate* or the gamblingly dangerous still more. He likes to undertake all his ventures in concert with allies who will render discomfiture impossible, who will divide the cost, who will take the lion's share of the labor and the peril, and leave him the lion's share of the glory and the gain. He would never have gone to the Crimea unless Great Britain had been ready to go with him. He would never have gone to Mexico if Spain and England had not in the first instance joined the expedition. He would probably never have ventured on the Italian war of 1859 if he had not felt certain that the revolutionary element in Europe would suffice to ensure his success, if he should find it necessary to call it into action. And we all of us remember that when the critical moment came he shrank from calling it into action, and contented himself with

a *half*-success instead. He earnestly desires, no doubt, to recognize the Confederate States, to establish their independence, and thus to consolidate and secure his own grasp on Mexico; yet he has twice abandoned, or at least postponed all action in this direction, because he could not obtain the countenance or support of England. We may feel very confident, therefore, that he will never bid defiance to any very powerful combination of foes, or act in such a fashion as to unite all Europe against him. His tact and good sense in drawing back when necessary, and seeing when it is necessary, constitute at once his security and ours.

He is *vain*, and he would neither be a Frenchman, nor a suitable ruler for Frenchmen, were he not; but his vanity is a quality rather than a weakness. It may be unphilosophic, but it is neither irrational nor excessive. He loves grandeur; he loves power; he loves admiration; his enemies say that he aspires to the reputation of universality, and that he is prone to monopolize merit which of right belongs to others; he is desirous on all accounts to fill unceasingly a vast space in the eyes of Europe and the world. We doubt, however, whether this sentiment will ever betray him into any serious errors, and we are inclined to regard it as much a matter of policy as a mere personal characteristic. Nor is it the only instance in which his peculiar attributes subserve his policy and strengthen his position. He thoroughly understands the nation which he governs and the place which he holds. We think, too, that he understands his epoch, and the elements of political causation in the actual world, better than any other ruler now extant, whether sovereign or minister. And probably the secret of his especial and peculiar comprehension of the *popular* mind, both in France and throughout Europe, lies in his unaffected and innate sympathy with it. He has thought patiently, he has brooded long, he has studied profoundly. He is assuredly on most points in advance not only of the French nation, but of nearly all French politicians. He has sounder notions of political economy, he has a greater capacity of appreciating foreign ideas and foreign institutions, he has a more dispassionate and less perverted vision, than any of them. His mind and character are essentially of the statesman-like order,—though not of the highest order of

statesmen, because his ultimate aims are not noble, and his estimate of men is not high. But for a skilful adaptation of means to a clearly seen end, for *tentative* tact in a perilous course, for far forecasting, and every now and then for deep insight, he has shown himself superior to every public man of the day, and he has found himself in one of the very few positions in the modern world in which his qualifications for government could have found a fair and open field.

Practically, perhaps, his most pernicious characteristic is his *restlessness*. His mind is naturally busy, scheming, and prolific; and he finds it for his interest, as the elected chief of a most restless people, to follow his natural bent. He broods over a variety of conflicting plans, sometimes throwing out one feeler to the public, sometimes another; sometimes waiting till the project is matured; sometimes offering the world a sort of option between several disturbances, but never leaving it an hour's conscious security of repose. He is *incalculable*, too, as well as *rémuant*. He is forever breaking out in a fresh place. You never know what he may do or say next. You only feel certain that he will never be long without doing or saying something. His mind may grow any sort of crop—wheat or weed. The only positive thing is, that it can never lie fallow. As long as he lives, to use an expression of one of his countrymen, *il n'y aura rien de certain, hors l'imprévu*.

In addition to the peculiarities of the emperor's character, those who would be able to form a sagacious estimate of the prospects of the political world must take an account of the various and inexorable exigencies of his position. That position is anomalous in the extreme. He takes rank among the sovereigns of Europe, and is about the most powerful of them all. But, singly out of the whole list, he holds his sceptre partly by right of his own skilful and daring seizure of it, and partly by the direct sanction of the popular choice. He is the only monarch of the Old World who has been distinctly elected by the people, who has been chosen because he represents them, who reigns because he understands them. He is the Crowned Democrat of Europe. He does not exactly, like actors, "live to please," but, like actors, he "must please to live;" and he must please both at home and abroad. France is no easy taskmaster. To satisfy her imperious demands,

he must keep her prominent and make her glorious. He must not be quiescent, for what she loves is corruscation and *conspicuousness*; and these conditions can only be fulfilled by a sort of unresting officiousness in the concerns of all nations. Yet, on the other hand, he must not be baffled, and he must not fail; he must be ever on his guard lest the interposing activity which is exacted from him should draw upon him either ridicule or snubs. He must be ever on the watch to further those "ideas" which have taken so strong a hold of the French brain, and for which the French nation is *sometimes* willing to make war. He must stand forward as the champion of those oppressed nationalities with whom even Gallic selfishness has learned to sympathize. He must never let any other power steal a march upon him even in the most distant quarter of the world. He must never let there be a disturbance or a conflict anywhere, without stepping forward either as auxiliary or pacificator. Yet at the same time he must never be discomfited or rebuffed. All his expeditions must succeed, and all his battles must be victories. His wars, too, must be neither long, disastrous, nor costly. France is in one point singularly and incurably irrational, and refuses to listen to the "inexorable logic of facts." She expects her emperor to pursue a career of all others the most expensive, yet she expects him never to call upon her for any contribution to the outlay. She will have her theatre and her banquet; but she refuses steadily either to take the ticket or to pay the bill. Her wars and interventions must bring her much glory, and yet cost her no treasure. Nothing will induce her to endure a new tax, or to keep out of an exciting adventure or a tempting broil.

Hitherto Louis Napoleon has satisfied all her inconsistent cravings with marvellous success. He has kept all the world on the tip-toe of expectation to know "what France would do next." He has made all Europe and half Asia uncomfortable and uneasy. He has compelled all nations to double or quadruple their armaments. He costs his fellow-creatures at least £50,000,000 per annum. He has, in conjunction with England, taken the strongest and best defended fortress in the world. He has, in conjunction again with England, defeated, humbled, and disarmed that hereditary northern foe

who inflicted the first crushing reverse on his uncle's career of conquest; and ultimately was, next to England, the chief instrument of his downfall. He has for twelve years kept the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic world a dependant on his armed protection. He has done what various potentates and warriors before him had striven to do in vain.—he has created, or paved the way for the creation of, a new and mighty kingdom. He has wrested one large province from Austria, and bestowed it upon Italy. He has wrested two provinces from Sardinia, and annexed them to his own dominions. He has conquered an anarchical republic, has changed it into a hopeful empire, and has bestowed the sceptre of it upon the prince of that foreign house which his uncle so often humbled, and into which he finally intermarried. And if he had been encouraged to follow out his own designs, he would ere now have crowned all his other exploits by establishing the independence of the Confederate States. All this he has done abroad: at home he has rebuilt Paris, and partly rebuilt other great cities; he has remodelled the first army, and reconstructed the second navy in the world.

And he has contrived to do all this without imposing a single new tax, and without laying on the people any burden which is generally or sensibly felt; for, although the cost of living in France has greatly increased, it has not increased so fast as either the wages of labor or the profits of trade. By profuse borrowing, and by the sagacious system of open loans, he has contrived to make his lavish expenditure a source of actual immediate gain to the small capitalists, to the hoarding peasants, to the saving classes; that is, to nearly the whole of the laborious classes of France. By providing them with a safe, accessible, and lucrative investment for their small and patient economies, he has added to their income, and has, perhaps, also reduced the price of land, which it is their great ambition to possess, and the purchase of which was formerly the only mode in which they could invest their savings. His course of action has, at present and ostensibly at least, proved as profitable to the *bourgeoisie* as to the peasantry. He has so dealt with the whole system of railroads in France as at once enormously to aid and gratify all the shareholders in it, and also vigorously to stimulate the spread of that species of outlay

which, of all others, has been found most to develop industry and to yield rich returns. The foreign commerce of France has, we believe, doubled since his accession; and it would be ungrateful to deny that a considerable portion of this augmentation is due to his fostering attention and superior sagacity. How long he may be able to continue this singular prosperity and success it is impossible to say. There are not wanting indications which may warn him that there is a limit to the road he has been hitherto pursuing. France is unquestionably growing in wealth, but her debt is growing also; and her more competent financiers are evidently taking the alarm. Now alarm is danger—and danger of the most signal sort—to a nation which has stretched its credit and mortgaged its resources, and yet declines to be taxed to meet fresh emergencies. We may, however, feel assured that Louis Napoleon will not be blind to the signs of the times; that he will not venture on any very perilous enterprise, or on any very desperate expenditure; that, if the alternative be forced upon him, he will risk *quiescence* rather than discomfiture; and that, of the two, he will prefer to disappoint France rather than to tax her. At the same time we should do well to remember how vastly America has enlarged our ideas of the possible limits of the borrowing power in a country where the people are unanimous, or where the government is popular.

Louis Napoleon has some one else besides France to satisfy—a power at once his master and his tool; namely, the Revolutionary party throughout Europe, the Democratic element in Continental States, the discontented and oppressed nationalities—those, in a word, who are fond of describing themselves as the adherents and devotees of “the principles of 1789.” With this party the emperor has strong sympathies; to it he is under great obligations; from it he has great hopes; of it he entertains great fear. He understands thoroughly its strength, its nature, its temper, and its designs. His early Carbonari connections gave him this knowledge, and it is a knowledge which, being his exclusive possession, confers upon him a notable advantage over all other governments and potentates. Then, too, he not only understands this party, but he believes in it. He

is deeply impressed with the resolute purpose, the tenacious will, the martyr-like fanaticism, and the unscrupulous morality of its leaders. He is, we apprehend, strongly convinced that the “principles of 1789” are those which will spread and finally prevail; that, in the perennial contest between Democracy and its rivals, the ultimate victory must remain with the former; and that all political progress, as well as all political convulsions, is tending towards the establishment in all lands of the sovereignty of the people, delegated to and embodied in the sovereignty of one man, as the ultimate form which states and governments will assume. Of this tendency he is determined to be the exponent, the patron, and the leader, as he has contrived to make himself its first and most illustrious exemplar. This conviction we hold to be the key to nearly all his policy, past and present. He has no more notion than Tocqueville had that any aristocracy or autocracy can in the end make head against the organized and well-led might of the popular masses; he has a rooted distrust and dislike, almost amounting to contempt, for a parliamentary and constitutional *régime*; and he has no faith in the *working* capacity of really republican institutions. His *doctrine*—the *idée Napoléonienne*—is the administration of one man, sustained by the great body of the people, imbued with their sentiments and wishes, but endowed with sagacity to sift them, to guide them, to modify and enlighten them, yet at the same time with full power to establish and enforce them. There is vast might because there is great truth in this conception of individual will and talent based upon brute force, backed by it, and wielding it. But herein also lies the great danger of modern civilization; and it is the devotion of Louis Napoleon to this conception, the clearness with which he apprehends it, and the vigor with which he grasps it, that renders him the most formidable foe that the higher elements of moral and intellectual, as distinguished from mere material, civilization ever had. It makes him strong with all the strength, and stable with all the stability, of a true idea, but at the same time pernicious with all the mischief, and mean with all the lowness, of a grovelling and narrow aim.

For a man of such a nature and of such re-

quirements as we have delineated, a solemn congress to sit in judgment on the wants and grievances of all nations must be the next best thing to a brilliant war undertaken to redress the injuries of one. In some respects it is even more tempting. It costs nothing; it does not risk much; and it places France and her emperor on a pedestal of conspicuous influence and conspicuous philanthropy. We may be of opinion that such a congress would be more likely to disturb much than to arrange anything, and we may think it not the best way, nor the way at all, to settle the unsettled questions of Europe. But we cannot deny that there *are* such unsettled questions; that they urgently press for settlement; that till they are settled we can have no hope of permanent security; and that it is better that they should, if possible, be settled by diplomacy and discussion than by obstinate and desolating wars. There is the question of Poland. Even the languid blood of England is beginning to be stirred to its depths by the brutalities it reads of, by the obvious resolve to proceed to something like the utter extermination of a whole people, and by the savage and unmanly severity with which that resolve is being carried out. We are beginning to ask ourselves whether Europe *can* stand by and see such things done, and whether, though we are hopeless of doing much good, we are not “verily guilty concerning our brother” if we permit the perpetration of so much evil. France is truly and deeply interested in the matter; her sympathy with the Poles is perhaps the one really generous and disinterested feeling which ever enters into her foreign policy; and Louis Napoleon, as secret chief of the revolutionary democracy of Europe and as sharing many of its sentiments, cannot wish, and cannot *afford*, to have one of its most warlike and most pertinacious nationalities trampled out. If negotiation can do nothing in this matter, it is evident that a general and desperate war can only be averted by the passive witnessing and almost the tame connivance on the part of England and France in the consummation of a great iniquity and a cruel wrong. There is the case of Rome. It is clear that nothing but the fixed resolve of the Italian statesmen not to quarrel with their great, though in some respects their unintentional, benefactor, and their conviction that a conflict with France must end in their discomfiture and

perhaps their total ruin, have been able to keep down the impatient patriotism of the Roman people. It is certain that their influence will not be able to hold back the revolutionary party forever; and it is doubtful whether they can hold it back for long. All Europe, as Catholic, is so deeply interested in this question that it must have formed one of the first questions for discussion at the projected congress; and the emperor in calling that congress could never have dreamed of holding it back, but must really have intended to call Europe into counsel to advise him how to escape with safety and without discredit from his false position. There is the case of Venice. Every one feels that as long as Venice remains Austrian, war may break out any moment, and must break out before many years are past; that in such a war the strongest sympathy of England, and most probably the active aid of France, will be enlisted on the side of the Italian kingdom; and that Austria can only be induced to surrender Venetia without a war by such pressure as only a European congress could bring to bear upon her, or such compensation as only a European congress could offer her or procure for her. Lastly, there is the case of Schleswig-Holstein, a complicated question and a small issue, but one which at the moment we are writing is endangering the peace of Europe more seriously than any controversy that has been opened since the Italian campaign, and which it really seems as if a conference of all the interested powers *might* be able to settle amicably.

Now, though we think that on the whole our Government were right in fancying that danger rather than safety was likely to spring out of the emperor's project of a congress, and acted judiciously therefore in declining to join it, yet we cannot help feeling that they might have discouraged it in a less dry and cold fashion. We doubt whether our mistrust of Louis Napoleon did not in this case influence us somewhat too strongly, and prevent us from doing justice to the element of sincere and disinterested good intention which really formed part of the mixed motives that induced him to suggest the scheme. We believe there is in his character an ingredient both of the grand and the philanthropic which we habitually fail to appreciate, an ingredient strangely imperfect and impure indeed, and quite *sui generis*, but notwithstanding actually

existing and genuine after its muddy fashion. He is, we apprehend, utterly devoid of the moral sense, as we in England and as most men in most countries understand it. But this deficiency he shares with many eminent Frenchmen—with Napoleon I., for instance, and with M. Thiers. We do not imagine that he would be restrained by any scruple or by any deference to principle from trampling down or stepping over any law or any life which stood between him and the cherished purpose of his soul. We have no doubt that like most foreign politicians he considers in his calculations almost exclusively the adaptation of his means to his end, and scarcely ever or at all the righteousness of that end. Though the reverse of cruel or vindictive, no one would characterize him as a benevolent man or a lover of his species. But at the same time we believe that there mingles in his singular and complicated nature—what we have noticed in other jurists and philanthropists who were neither tender-hearted nor religious, nor specially moral men—a sort of desire to improve the condition of the world, to set things straight that are obviously wrong, to rectify mistakes and to redress grievances from which no one benefits—a philosophic and *workmanlike* dislike to seeing anything, especially things appertaining to government and popular welfare, stupidly managed and *ill done*—a genuine and unselfish wish to benefit mankind, not from any love for them individually or concern for their happiness, but from an instinctive and intellectual wish, inseparable from all thoughtful and *trained* intelligences, to have things well done, to see people well off, to make practice correspond to theory, to make the world at large what their own minds deem that it ought to be. The views of these men may be narrow; their philosophic insight may often be at fault; their temper may be sometimes meddling and troublesome, and their disposition not unfrequently dogmatic and tyrannical; but still they are not without their merit and not without their use, and ought not to be too suspiciously or antagonistically met. Now we regard Louis Napoleon as one of those cold and theoretical philanthropists; and we believe that while considering first his own interests in every scheme and measure he propounds, and next those of France as connected with his own, he is still sincerely anxious to remove what

seem to him anomalies and blots on the fair face of the political landscape, to obliterate causes of danger and disturbance, from which he and his, as well as others, may ultimately suffer, to stand forth in history and before Europe as an imperial and far-sighted statesman, who saw what was wanted, and supplied it, who saw what was evil, and made war upon it, and who left the world at large happier, smoother, *better arranged*, more sensibly conducted than he found it. There can be no doubt that there are elements of great disturbance extant in the European system. There can be no doubt that he who can eliminate or neutralize these elements would confer a real blessing on humanity; and what more natural than to call together in conference all parties interested in the same great issue of peace and order, to assist in the work of neutralization and elimination?—and what more gratifying than to have them meet in Paris and to preside over the grand Federal Parliament of Humanity in person?

There is another reason why we should treat Louis Napoleon with a more cordial appreciation and with less suspicion than we are usually inclined to show. It is certain that he is more favorably disposed to England than Frenchmen generally are, and, indeed, than any party or class who have ever held power in France. This favorable disposition arises from many causes combined. He has a more philosophic mind, or rather a less narrowly and limitedly *national* mind, than the rest of his countrymen; he appreciates our character and our institutions far better than they, partly because he knows them much more thoroughly, but also because he has much more power of appreciating what is foreign; and while his good sense fully enables him to estimate our strength, all that is superstitious in his nature makes him determined that, if he can avoid it, that strength shall never be arrayed against him. He understands us too well to believe that we are the selfish and perfidious people we are usually represented to be by continental Europe and America; he can make far more allowance for our crotchets; and even when we thwart him he is not without some capacity for doing justice to our motives. We are not sure that, all things considered,—both the language of our press and the action of our Government,—he has not behaved as forbearingly to us as we have done towards him;—

and certainly we cannot say the same either of the French army, the French Orleanists, or the French journals. At almost any moment of his reign he might have gained popularity by insulting us; he might have let loose the whole French people against us; we have not failed to give him what on the other side of the Channel have been regarded as plausible and even just opportunities of doing so; yet he has never done so, and has more than once slightly risked his popularity by declining to do so. On the whole, the *entente cordiale* between the two nations is safer with him upon the throne, Buonaparte as he is, than with any other ruler, or any other régime. And we ought not to be unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, this most material fact.

The position of the emperor at the present moment is more critical and less satisfactory than it has been for years; and when he is in difficulties all Europe is in danger. In the first place, his finances are not flourishing. The commerce of France is prosperous, the ordinary revenue is increasing, and the accumulated wealth of the country augments from year to year. But there is a regular and a large deficit in the public accounts; the unfunded debt has reached a figure which few consider safe; it is suspected that if all balances were properly kept and unreservedly published, it would be found that the total expenditure exceeds the total income arising from taxation by many millions (some say twelve millions) annually. These facts have alarmed the monetary world; that alarm has been increased by the continuous drain of specie to the East, which has now become a normal occurrence; and uneasiness among moneyed men, if it last long and is well founded, sooner or later spreads to the general public. It seems probable that a point has been reached in the financial position of the empire at which either retrenchment must begin in earnest, or some popular excitement must be resorted to sufficiently strong and stimulating to banish every notion of economy from the Gallic brain.

Then the unreasoning mind of the nation—that is, the mind of thirty-five out of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen—is discontented on two matters of foreign policy. The emperor's popularity has been shaken because he *has* interfered in Mexico, and because he *has not* interfered in Poland. The French

people never construe contentedly the *sic nos non nobis* strain. They do not understand making honey, or ploughing furrows, or building nests for other people; or, if they ever can do these disinterested things with comfort, it is to aid a democracy or to promote a revolution. To rescue a distant country from anarchy, in order to construct a throne for an Austrian prince, may have a peculiar glory of its own, but the glory has a quality of barrenness about it which deprives it of all attraction in their eyes. On the other hand, to allow a restless race of revolutionary sympathizers to be extirpated without drawing the sword to prevent the irreparable crime, argues, they fancy, either a hesitating purpose or a conscious weakness, neither of which they like to attribute to their chosen representative and chief. In the one case success, though brilliant, has been dearly bought, and has brought no solid gain to France. In the other case there has been mortification as well as discomfiture, and the temper of France is not trained to bear either with equanimity. Close upon these two causes of grave dissatisfaction has come the disappointment in reference to Congress. A most gorgeous and flattering vision has been flaunted for a moment before the dazzled eyes of a vainglorious nation only to be withdrawn, and for them to be told in a stage whisper that the withdrawal is attributable to the jealousy of England and the selfishness of Austria. Their emperor has been baffled, and they will only forgive him for his discomfiture by turning their anger against those who have discomfited him.

Just at this time the Chamber meets, ready to rub every sore place, and to discuss every topic of foreign policy in an irritating spirit. That Chamber, for the first time since the establishment of the empire, really contains a considerable number of opposition deputies, fully capable of making their opposition formidable, far more than a match for any orators whom the emperor can pit against them, with their temper exasperated, and their consciousness of power enormously enhanced by the knowledge that they were elected by large masses of the people, and in spite of the most vehement and unscrupulous efforts of the government. Louis Napoleon must now make up his mind to encounter the searching criticism, and perhaps the vehement denunciation, of his policy on the part of men who have no motives except fear to be either mod-

erate or sparing. He must either meet them in argument or silence them by force. And to silence them by force would involve a second *coup d'état*; and, considering the hundreds of thousands of voters who elected them, would be virtually to declare war against the population of the cities who, as the recent elections at Paris and Dijon show, are at present by no means either intimidated or well-disposed.

Precisely at this very conjuncture—while his hands are full and his horizon threatening

with embarrassed finances, hampering and unpopular military success, discrediting diplomatic failures, defeat at the hustings, and menace in the Chamber—the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel on the one side, and the Polish insurrection on the other, step forward to offer him a way of escape from all his difficulties, except the single one of an impoverished exchequer: and possibly from that also, if popular enthusiasm could be aroused sufficiently to carry off a gigantic “open loan.” The temptation ought not to be regarded lightly.

BRAIN SPECTRES.—The brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand of a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the senses and the understanding explained. M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare. M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, whilst neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed very frequently. A pursuit which had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A sensation from the gripe of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.—*All the Year Round.*

BEDGOWNS AND NIGHT-DRESSES.—An interesting communication on these two articles of undress appears in *Notes and Queries*. We give the following extracts: Lord Hervey, in describing the bedding of the Prince of Orange with the eldest daughter of George II., says, “But when he was undressed, and came in his night-gown and night-cap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head; and before as if he had no neck and no legs.” In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (April, 1736 vi., 231), the marriage of her brother, the father of George III., is thus described: “Their majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, when the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his royal highness the honor to put his shirt on. The bride was undressed by the princess; and, being in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince followed soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff and cap of the finest lace. The quality (nobility) were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed surrounded by all the royal family. His majesty was dressed in a gold brocade turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colors, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and star were diamonds. Several noblemen were in gold brocades of £300 to £500 a suit.”

ST. CLEMENT AT ROME.—Father Mullooley, of the Irish Dominican Convent of St. Clement, is prosecuting with great zeal his subterranean researches under that venerable basilica, and has had the satisfaction to discover a fresco painting illustrative of the life and martyrdom of the saint, accompanied by many details of ritual and costume, which are most precious to the student of Christian archæology. With regard to the date of the painting just exhumed, the Cavaliere De Rossi, the great authority in such cases, does not allow it a greater antiquity than the eighth century.

IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS WITH IRON ARMOR.

THE *London Times* of the 12th Feb. gives an interesting account of experiments at Shoeburyness on the 11th, to test the smashing powers of Sir William Armstrong's 600-pounder shunt gun against the *Warrior* floating target.

The target (says the account) is an exact counterpart of a section of the *Warrior's* side, and measures eighteen feet long by ten feet in height. It is constructed of iron plates of the best homogeneous metal, four and a half inches thick, bolted to a backing of teak eighteen inches in depth. Behind this come two sets of three-fourth-inch plates, riveted to massive ribs of T iron, the whole being shored up by slanting beams of fir of immense thickness. The target was moored at one thousand yards distance from the firing points of the 600 and 300 pounder Armstrongs, and wooden targets for ascertaining the correct elevation for this range floated close by, a little clear of the iron one.

The first shot from "Big Will" was a dummy cast-iron shell weighing six hundred pounds, and was levelled with such unerring aim at the wooden target as to smash it literally to powder. The elevation of the piece in this instance was 2 degs. 5 mins., and the charge seventy pounds. The next shot was a steel shell with a cast-iron head weighing six hundred and ten pounds, and containing no less than twenty-four pounds of powder, which is only four-fifths of its normal charge. Before firing this shot a consultation took place among the artillerists present as to the elevation to be given, it having been discovered that the wooden target demolished by the first shot had been moored at ten hundred and twenty yards instead of at one thousand as had been originally intended. After some discussion, the gun was fired at 2 degs. 10 mins. elevation, the shell passing just over the top of the target, a little to the right of the central line. The next two shots—live steel shells similar in all respects to No. 2—demonstrated in a most surprising way the wonderful accuracy of the gun in obeying the slightest change in elevation. For shot No. 3 the piece was depressed to 2 degs. 3 mins., the shell passing through the exact centre of the top of the target, and carrying away a piece of the wood framing of a semi-circular shape. The fourth shot was fired at only 3 mins. less elevation, and struck the target as near the centre as possible, making daylight through it, and exploding at the very moment of impact. Those who did not mind getting a wet jacket from the spray made a rush for the boats, the more prudent making use of the steamtug *Bustler*. On boarding

the target, the havoc made by the ponderous missile was found to have surpassed all expectation. A hole two feet by twenty inches yawned in the four-and-a-half-inch plate, level with and a few inches on the left of the bull's eye. The teak backing was splintered into fragments from the size of a cocoa-nut to the merest fibre, and the three-fourth-inch plates and one of the ribs were completely torn away like so much paper. In front, below the hole, there lay a huge mass of iron plate, weighing three or four hundredweight, and looking like a piece of crumpled black rag. The plate above the one which was pierced was started from its place and bulged outward, nearly the whole of the bolts holding it to the target being broken away.

At first it had been intended to try the effects of the 600-pounder upon the *Warrior* target at two thousand yards, but the first blow at one thousand yards so disabled it as to render a new target necessary.

On returning to the firing-point the 300-pounder was next tried, four shots being fired; but owing to several causes only one of them took effect. The charges for this gun were found to be a few inches short, the consequence of which was that in three instances the target was missed. At the fourth shot, the charge for which was of the proper size, the shell struck the right top corner of the plate, smashing but not penetrating it. The slight effect taken by this shot was no doubt greatly owing to the target having been slewed round to an angle of nearly forty degrees with the line of fire by the fourth shell from "Big Will." This concluded the firing for the day.

When the tide had ebbed sufficiently many of those present revisited the smashed target. All around it, to the extent of two hundred or three hundred feet, lay masses of iron and steel of different sizes, which gave one a perfect idea of the damage that would have been caused to the "between decks" and opposite side of any vessel unlucky enough to receive such a shot. On closely examining the breach made, it seemed clear that the projectile must have exploded when about half-way through the target. This was made peculiarly evident by the way in which the hole gradually enlarged after passing through the outer iron plate, and by the appearance of the splinters in the teak backing. One of the massive balks of timber was split in two, another was blown upwards apparently by the mere force of the explosion. In the mischief done, everything betokened a great excess of power; there is consequently every certainty of the effect being almost equally great at two thousand yards, as the velocity of the shot at that distance is only diminished by about one hundred and twenty feet per minute.

PART IV.

WHEN I went over on Easter-Day I heard the chapel-gossips complimenting Cousin Holman on her daughter's blooming looks, quite forgetful of their sinister prophecies three months before. And I looked at Phillis, and did not wonder at their words. I had not seen her since the day after Christmas-Day. I had left the Hope Farm only a few hours after I had told her the news which had quickened her heart into renewed life and vigor. The remembrance of our conversation in the cow-house was vividly in my mind as I looked at her when her bright, healthy appearance was remarked upon. As her eyes met mine, our mutual recollections flashed intelligence from one to the other. She turned away, her color heightening as she did so. She seemed to be shy of me for the first few hours after our meeting, and I felt rather vexed with her for her conscious avoidance of me after my long absence. I had stepped a little out of my usual line in telling her what I did; not that I had received any charge of secrecy, or given even the slightest promise to Holdsworth that I would not repeat his words. But I had an uneasy feeling sometimes when I thought of what I had done in the excitement of seeing Phillis so ill and in so much trouble. I meant to have told Holdsworth when I wrote next to him; but when I had my half-finished letter before me, I sat with my pen in my hand hesitating. I had more scruple in revealing what I had found out or guessed at of Phillis's secret than in repeating to her his spoken words. I did not think I had any right to say out to him what I believed; namely, that she loved him dearly, and had felt his absence even to the injury of her health. Yet to explain what I had done in telling her how he had spoken about her that last night, it would be necessary to give my reasons, so I had settled within myself to leave it alone. As she had told me she should like to hear all the details and fuller particulars and more explicit declarations first from him, so he should have the pleasure of extracting the delicious tender secret from her maidenly lips. I would not betray my guesses, my surmises, my all-but-certain knowledge of the state of her heart. I had received two letters from him after he had settled to his business; they were full of life and energy; but in each there had been a message to the family at the Hope Farm of more than com-

mon regard; and a slight but distinct mention of Phillis herself, showing that she stood single and alone in his memory. These letters I had sent on to the minister, for he was sure to care for them, even supposing he had been unacquainted with their writer, because they were so clever and so picturesquely worded that they brought, as it were, a whiff of foreign atmosphere into his circumscribed life. I used to wonder what was the trade or business in which the minister would not have thriven, mentally, I mean, if it had so happened that he had been called into that state. He would have made a capital engineer, that I know; and he had a fancy for the sea, like many other land-locked men to whom the great deep is a mystery and a fascination. He read law-books with relish; and, once happening to borrow "*De Lolme on the British Constitution*" (or some such title), he talked about jurisprudence till he was far beyond my depth. But to return to Holdsworth's letters. When the minister sent them back he also wrote out a list of questions suggested by their perusal, which I was to pass on in my answers to Holdsworth, until I thought of suggesting a direct correspondence between the two. That was the state of things as regarded the absent one when I went to the farm for my Easter visit, and when I found Phillis in that state of shy reserve towards me which I have named before. I thought she was ungrateful; for I was not quite sure if I had done wisely in having told her what I did. I had committed a fault, or a folly perhaps, and all for her sake; and here was she, less friendly with me than she had ever been before. This little estrangement only lasted a few hours. I think that as soon as she felt pretty sure of there being no recurrence, either by word, look, or allusion, to the one subject that was predominant in her mind, she came back to her old sisterly ways with me. She had much to tell me of her own familiar interests; how Rover had been ill, and how anxious they had all of them been, and how, after some little discussion between her father and her, both equally grieved by the sufferings of the old dog, he had been "remembered in the household prayers," and how he had begun to get better only the very next day, and then she would have led me into a conversation on the right ends of prayer, and on special providences, and I know not what; only I "jibbed"

like their old cart-horse, and refused to stir a step in that direction. Then we talked about the different broods of chickens, and she showed me the hens that were good mothers, and told me the characters of all the poultry with the utmost good faith; and in all good faith I listened, for I believe there was a great deal of truth in all she said. And then we strolled on into the wood beyond the ash-meadow, and both of us sought for early primroses, and the fresh, green crinkled leaves. She was not afraid of being alone with me after the first day. I never saw her so lovely, or so happy. I think she hardly knew why she was so happy all the time. I can see her now, standing under the budding branches of the gray trees, over which a tinge of green seemed to be deepening day after day, her sun-bonnet fallen back on her neck, her hands full of delicate wood-flowers, quite unconscious of my gaze, but intent on sweet mockery of some bird in neighboring bush or tree. She had the art of warbling, and replying to the notes of different birds, and knew their song, their habits and ways, more accurately than any one else I ever knew. She had often done it at my request the spring before; but this year she really gurgled and whistled and warbled just as they did, out of the very fulness and joy of her heart. She was more than ever the very apple of her father's eye; her mother gave her both her own share of love, and that of the dead child who had died in infancy. I have heard Cousin Helman murmur, after a long, dreamy look at Phillis, and tell herself how like she was growing to Johnnie, and soothe herself with plaintive, inarticulate sounds, and many gentle shakes of the head, for the aching sense of loss she would never get over in this world. The old servants about the place had the dumb loyal attachment to the child of the land, common to most agricultural laborers; not often stirred into activity or expression. My Cousin Phillis was like a rose that had come to full bloom on a sunny side of a lonely house, sheltered from storms. I have read in some book of poetry—

“A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.”

And somehow, those lines always remind me of Phillis; yet they were not true of her either. I never heard her praised; and out

of her own household there were very few to love her; but though no one spoke out their approbation, she always did right in her parents' eyes, out of her natural simple goodness and wisdom. Holdsworth's name was never mentioned between us when we were alone; but I had sent on his letters to the minister, as I have said; and more than once he began to talk about our absent friend, when he was smoking his pipe after the day's work was done. Then Phillis hung her head a little over her work, and listened in silence.

“I miss him more than I thought for; no offence to you, Paul. I said once his company was like dram-drinking; that was before I knew him; and perhaps I spoke in a spirit of judgment. To some men's minds everything presents itself strongly, and they speak accordingly; and so did he. And I thought in my vanity of censorship that his were not true and sober words; they would not have been if I had used them, but they were so to a man of his class of perceptions. I thought of the measure with which I had been meting to him when Brother Robinson was here last Thursday, and told me that a poor little quotation I was making from the *Georgics* savored of vain babbling and profane heathenism. He went so far as to say that, by learning other languages than our own, we were flying in the face of the Lord's purpose when he had said, at the building of the Tower of Babel, that he would confound their languages so that they should not understand each other's speech. As Brother Robinson was to me, so was I to the quick wits, bright senses, and ready words of Holdsworth.”

The first little cloud upon my peace came in the shape of a letter from Canada, in which there were two or three sentences that troubled me more than they ought to have done, to judge merely from the words employed. It was this: “I should feel dreary enough in this out-of-the-way place if it were not for a friendship I have formed with a French Canadian of the name of Ventadour. He and his family are a great resource to me in the long evenings. I never heard such delicious vocal music as the voices of these Ventadour boys and girls in their part-songs; and the foreign element retained in their characters and manner of living reminds me of some of the happiest days of my life. Lucille, the second daughter, is curiously like Phillis Holman.”

In vain I said to myself that it was probably this likeness that made him take pleasure in the society of the Ventadour family. In vain I told my anxious fancy that nothing could be more natural than this intimacy, and that there was no sign of its leading to any consequence that ought to disturb me. I had a presentiment, and I was disturbed; and I could not reason it away. I dare say my presentiment was rendered more persistent and keen by the doubts which would force themselves into my mind, as to whether I had done well in repeating Holdsworth's words to Phillis. Her state of vivid happiness this summer was markedly different to the peaceful serenity of former days. If in my thoughtfulness at noticing this I caught her eye, she blushed and sparkled all over, guessing that I was remembering our joint secret. Her eyes fell before mine, as if she could hardly bear me to see the revelation of their bright glances. And yet I considered again, and comforted myself by the reflection that, if this change had been anything more than my silly fancy, her father or her mother would have perceived it. But they went on in tranquil unconsciousness and undisturbed peace.

A change in my own life was quickly approaching. In the July of this year my occupation on the ——— railway and its branches came to an end. The lines were completed, and I was to leave ——— shire, to return to Birmingham, where there was a niche already provided for me in my father's prosperous business. But before I left the north it was an understood thing amongst us all that I was to go and pay a visit of some weeks at the Hope Farm. My father was as much pleased at this plan as I was; and the dear family of cousins often spoke of things to be done, and sights to be shown me, during this visit. My want of wisdom in having told "that thing" (under such ambiguous words I concealed the injudicious confidence I had made to Phillis) was the only drawback to my anticipations of pleasure.

The ways of life were too simple at the Hope Farm for my coming to them to make the slightest disturbance. I knew my room, like a son of the house. I knew the regular course of their days, and that I was expected to fall into it, like one of the family. Deep summer peace brooded over the place; the warm golden air was filled with the murmur of insects near at hand, the more distant

sound of voices out in the fields, the clear far-away rumble of carts over the stone-paved lanes miles away. The heat was too great for the birds to be singing; only now and then one might hear the wood-pigeons in the trees beyond the ash-field. The cattle stood knee-deep in the pond, flicking their tails about to keep off the flies. The minister stood in the hay-field, without hat or cravat, coat or waistcoat, panting and smiling. Phillis had been leading the row of farm-servants, turning the swathes of fragrant hay with measured movement. She went to the end—to the hedge, and then, throwing down her rake, she came to me with her free sisterly welcome.

"Go, Paul!" said the minister; "we need all hands to make use of the sunshine to-day. 'Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' It will be a healthy change of work for thee, lad; and I find my best rest in change of work."

So off I went, a willing laborer, following Phillis's lead; it was the primitive distinction of rank; the boy who frightened the sparrows off the fruit was the last in our rear. We did not leave off till the red sun was gone down behind the fir-trees bordering the common. Then we went home to supper—prayers—to bed; some bird singing far into the night, as I heard it through my open window, and the poultry beginning their clatter and cackle in the earliest morning. I had carried what luggage I immediately needed with me from my lodgings, and the rest was to be sent by the carrier. He brought it to the farm betimes that morning and along with it he brought a letter or two that had arrived since I had left. I was talking to Cousin Holman—about my mother's ways of making bread, I remember Cousin Holman was questioning me, and had got me far beyond my depth—in the house place, when the letters were brought in by one of the men, and I had to pay the carrier for his trouble before I could look at them. A bill—a Canadian letter! What instinct made me so thankful that I was alone with my dear, unobservant cousin? What made me hurry them away into my coat-pocket I do not know. I felt strange and sick, and made irrelevant answers, I am afraid. Then I went to my room, ostensibly to carry up my boxes. I sat on the side of my bed and opened my letter from Holdsworth. It seemed

to me as if I had read its contents before, and knew exactly what he had got to say. I knew he was going to be married to Lucille Ventadour; nay, that he *was* married; for this was the 5th of July, and he wrote word that his marriage was fixed to take place on the 29th of June. I knew all the reasons he gave, all the raptures he went into. I held the letter loosely in my hands, and looked into vacancy, yet I saw a chaffinch's nest on the lichen-covered trunk of an old apple-tree opposite my window, and saw the mother-bird come fluttering in to feed her brood,—and yet I did not see it, although it seemed to me afterwards as if I could have drawn every fibre, every feather. I was stirred up to action by the merry sound of voices and the clomp of rustic feet coming home for the mid-day meal. I knew I must go down to dinner; I knew, too, I must tell Phillis; for, in his happy egotism, his new-fangled foppery, Holdsworth had put in a P.S., saying that he should send wedding-cards to me and some other Hornby and Eltham acquaintances, and “to his kind friends at Hope Farm.” Phillis had faded away to one among several “kind friends.” I don't know how I got through dinner that day. I remember forcing myself to eat, and talking hard; but I also recollect the wondering look in the minister's eyes. He was not one to think evil without cause; but many a one would have taken me for drunk. As soon as I decently could I left the table, saying I would go out for a walk. At first I must have tried to stun reflection by rapid walking, for I had lost myself on the high moorlands far beyond the familiar, gorse-covered common, before I was obliged for very weariness to slacken my pace. I kept wishing—oh! how fervently wishing—I had never committed that blunder; that the one little half-hour's indiscretion could be blotted out. Alternating with this was anger against Holdsworth; unjust enough, I dare say. I suppose I stayed in that solitary place for a good hour or more, and then I turned homewards, resolving to get over the telling Phillis at the first opportunity, but shrinking from the fulfilment of my resolution so much that when I came into the house and saw Phillis (doors and windows open wide in the sultry weather) alone in the kitchen, I became quite sick with apprehension. She was standing by the dresser, cutting up a great household loaf

into hunches of bread for the hungry laborers who might come in any minute, for the heavy thunder-clouds were overspreading the sky. She looked round as she heard my step.

“You should have been in the field, helping with the hay,” said she, in her calm, pleasant voice. I had heard her as I came near the house softly chanting some hymn-tune, and the peacefulness of that seemed to be brooding over her now.

“Perhaps I should. It looks as if it was going to rain.”

“Yes; there is thunder about. Mother has had to go to bed with one of her bad headaches. Now you are come in—”

“Phillis,” said I, rushing at my subject and interrupting her, “I went a long walk to think over a letter I had this morning—a letter from Canada. You don't know how it has grieved me.” I held it out to her as I spoke. Her color changed a little, but it was more the reflection of my face, I think, than because she formed any definite idea from my words. Still she did not take the letter. I had to bid her read it, before she quite understood what I wished. She sat down rather suddenly as she received it into her hands, and, spreading it on the dresser before her, she rested her forehead on the palms of her hands, her arms supported on the table, her figure a little averted, and her countenance thus shaded. I looked out of the open window; my heart was very heavy. How peaceful it all seemed in the farmyard! Peace and plenty. How still and deep was the silence of the house! Tick-tick went the unseen clock on the wide staircase. I had heard the rustle once, when she turned over the page of thin paper. She must have read to the end, yet she did not move, or say a word, or even sigh. I kept on looking out of the window, my hands in my pockets. I wonder how long that time really was? It seemed to me interminable—unbearable. At length I looked round at her. She must have felt my look, for she changed her attitude with a quick, sharp movement, and caught my eyes.

“Don't look so sorry, Paul,” she said. “Don't, please. I can't bear it. There is nothing to be sorry for. I think not, at least. You have not done wrong, at any rate.” I felt that I groaned, but I don't think she heard me. “And he,—there's no wrong in his marrying, is there? I'm sure

I hope he'll be happy. Oh! how I hope it!" These last words were like a wail: but I believe she was afraid of breaking down, for she changed the key in which she spoke, and hurried on. "Lucille—that's our English Lucy, I suppose? Lucille Holdsworth! It's a pretty name; and I hope—I forget what I was going to say. Oh! it was this. Paul, I think we need never speak about this again; only remember you are not to be sorry. You have not done wrong; you have been very, very kind; and if I see you looking grieved I don't know what I might do; I might break down, you know."

I think she was on the point of doing so then, but the dark storm came dashing down, and the thunder-cloud broke right above the house, as it seemed. Her mother, roused from sleep, called out for Phillis; the men and women from the hayfield came running into shelter, drenched through. The minister followed, smiling, and not unpleasantly excited by the war of elements; for, by dint of hard work through the long summer's day, the greater part of the hay was safely housed in the barn in the field. Once or twice in the succeeding bustle I came across Phillis, always busy, and, as it seemed to me, always doing the right thing. When I was alone in my own room at night I allowed myself to feel relieved; and to believe that the worst was over, and was not so very bad after all. But the succeeding days were very miserable. Sometimes I thought it must be my fancy that falsely represented Phillis to me as strangely changed, for surely, if this idea of mine was well founded, her parents—her father and mother—her own flesh and blood—would have been the first to perceive it. Yet they went on in their household peace and content; if anything, a little more cheerfully than usual, for the "harvest of the first-fruits," as the minister called it, had been more bounteous than usual, and there was plenty all around in which the humblest laborer was made to share. After the one thunder-storm, came one or two lovely serene summer days, during which the hay was all carried; and then succeeded long soft rains filling the ears of corn, and causing the mown grass to spring afresh. The minister allowed himself a few more hours of relaxation and home enjoyment than usual during this wet spell; hard earth-bound frost was his winter holiday; these wet days, after the hay harvest, his summer

holiday. We sat with open windows, the fragrance and the freshness called out by the soft-falling rain filling the house-place; while the quiet, ceaseless patter among the leaves outside ought to have had the same lulling effect as all other gentle perpetual sounds, such as mill-wheels and bubbling springs, have on the nerves of happy people. But two of us were not happy. I was sure enough of myself, for one. I was worse than sure,—I was wretchedly anxious about Phillis. Ever since that day of the thunder-storm there had been a new, sharp, discordant sound to me in her voice, a sort of jangle in her tone; and her restless eyes had no quietness in them; and her color came and went without a cause that I could find out. The minister, happy in ignorance of what most concerned him, brought out his books, his learned volumes and classics. Whether he read and talked to Phillis, or to me, I do not know; but feeling by instinct that she was not, could not be, attending to the peaceful details, so strange and foreign to the turmoil in her heart, I forced myself to listen, and if possible to understand.

"Look here!" said the minister, tapping the old vellum-bound book he held; "in the first *Georgic* he speaks of rolling and irrigation; a little further on he insists on choice of the best seed, and advises us to keep the drains clear. Again, no Scotch farmer could give shrewder advice than to cut light meadows while the dew is on, even though it involve nightwork. It is all living truth in these days." He began beating time with a ruler upon his knee, to some Latin lines he read aloud just then. I suppose the monotonous chant irritated Phillis to some irregular energy, for I remember the quick knotting and breaking of the thread with which she was sewing. I never hear that snap repeated now, without suspecting some sting or stab troubling the heart of the worker. Cousin Holman, at her peaceful knitting, noticed the reason why Phillis had so constantly to interrupt the progress of her seam.

"It is bad thread, I'm afraid," she said, in a gentle, sympathetic voice. But it was too much for Phillis.

"The thread is bad—everything is, bad—I am so tired of it all!" And she put down her work, and hastily left the room. I do not suppose that in all her life Phillis had ever shown so much temper before. In many

a family the tone, the manner, would not have been noticed; but here it fell with a sharp surprise upon the sweet, calm atmosphere of home. The minister put down ruler and book, and pushed his spectacles up to his forehead. The mother looked distressed for a moment, and then smoothed her features and said, in an explanatory tone, "It's the weather, I think. Some people feel it different to others. It always brings on a headache with me." She got up to follow her daughter, but half-way to the door she thought better of it, and came back to her seat. Good mother! she hoped the better to conceal the unusual spirit of temper; by pretending not to take much notice of it. "Go on, minister," she said; "it is very interesting what you are reading about, and when I don't quite understand it, I like the sound of your voice." So he went on, but languidly and irregularly, and beat no more time with his ruler to any Latin lines. When the dusk came on, early that July night because of the cloudy sky, Phillis came softly back, making as though nothing had happened. She took up her work, but it was too dark to do many stitches; and she dropped it soon. Then I saw how her hand stole into her mother's, and how this latter fondled it with quiet little caresses, while the minister, as fully aware as I was to this tender pantomime, went on talking in a happier tone of voice about things as uninteresting to him, at the time, I verily believe, as they were to me; and that is saying a good deal, and shows how much more real what was passing before him was, even to a farmer, than the agricultural customs of the ancients.

I remember one thing more,—an attack which Betty the servant made upon me one day as I came in through the kitchen where she was churning, and stopped to ask her for a drink of buttermilk.

"I say, Cousin Paul" (she had adopted the family habit of addressing me generally as Cousin Paul, and always speaking of me in that form), "something's amiss with our Phillis, and I reckon you've a good guess what it is. She's not one to take up wi' such as you" (not complimentary, but that Betty never was, even to those for whom she felt the highest respect), "but I'd as lief yon Holdsworth had never come near us: So there you've a bit o' my mind."

And a very unsatisfactory bit it was. I did not know what to answer to the glimpse

at the real state of the case implied in the shrewd woman's speech; so I tried to put her off by assuming surprise at her first assertion.

"Amis with Phillis! I should like to know why you think anything is wrong with her. She looks as blooming as any one can do."

"Poor lad! you're but a big child after all; and you've likely never heard of a fever-flush. But you know better nor that; my fine fellow! so don't think for to put me off wi' blooms and blossoms and suchlike talk. What makes her walk about for hours and hours o' nights when she used to be abed and asleep? I sleep next room to her, and hear her plain as can be. What makes her come in panting and ready to drop into that chair,"—nodding to one close to the door,—"and it's 'O Betty, some water, please'? That's the way she comes in now, when she used to come back as fresh and bright as she went out. If yon friend o' yours has played her false, he's a deal for t' answer for; she's a lass who's as sweet and as sound as a nut, and the very apple of her father's eye, and of her mother's, too, only wi' her she ranks second to the minister. You'll have to look after yon chap, for I, for one, will stand no wrong to our Phillis."

What was I to do, or to say? I wanted to justify Holdsworth, to keep Phillis's secret, and to pacify the woman all in the same breath. I did not take the best course I'm afraid.

"I don't believe Holdsworth ever spoke a word of—of love to her in all his life. I'm sure he didn't."

"Ay, ay! but there's eyes, and there's hands, as well as tongues; and a man has two o' th' one and but one o' t'other."

"And she's so young; do you suppose her parents would not have seen it?"

"Well! if you axe me that, I'll say out boldly 'No.' They've called her 'the child' so long—'the child' is always their name for her when they talk on her between themselves, as if never anybody else had a ewe-lamb before them—that she's grown up to be a woman under their very eyes, and they look on her still as if she were in her long clothes. And you ne'er heard on a man falling in love wi' a babby in long clothes?"

"No!" said I, half laughing. But she went on as grave as a judge.

"Ay! you see you'll laugh at the bare thought on it—and I'll be bound th' minister, though he's not a laughing man, would ha' sniggled at th' notion of falling in love wi' the child. Where's Holdsworth off to?"

"Canada," said I, shortly.

"Canada here, Canada there," she replied, testily. "Tell me how far he's off, instead of giving me your gibberish. Is he a two days' journey away? or a three? or a week?"

"He's ever so far off—three weeks at the least," cried I, in despair. "And he's either married or just going to be. So there!" I expected a fresh burst of anger. But no; the matter was too serious. Betty sat down, and kept silence for a minute or two. She looked so miserable and downcast, that I could not help going on, and taking her a little into my confidence.

"It is quite true what I said. I know he never spoke a word to her. I think he liked her, but it's all over now. The best thing we can do—the best and kindest for her—and I know you love her, Betty—"

"I nursed her in my arms; I gave her little brother his last taste o' earthly food," said Betty, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Well! don't let us show her we guess that she is grieving; she'll get over it the sooner. Her father and mother don't even guess at it, and we must make as if we didn't. It's too late now to do anything else."

"I'll never let on; I know naught. I've known true love mysel', in my day. But I wish he'd been farred before he ever came near this house, with his 'Please Betty' this, and 'Please Betty' that, and drinking up our new milk as if he'd been a cat; I hate such beguiling ways!"

I thought it was as well to let her exhaust herself in abusing the absent Holdsworth; if it was shabby and treacherous in me I came in for my punishment directly.

"It's a caution to a man how he goes about beguiling. Some men do it as easy and innocent as cooing doves. Don't you be none of 'em, my lad. Not that you've got the gifts to do it, either; you're no great shakes to look at, neither for figure, nor yet for face, and it would need be a deaf adder to be taken in wi' your words, though there may be no great harm in 'em." A lad of nineteen or twenty is not flattered by such an out-spoken opinion even from the oldest and

ugliest of her sex; and I was only too glad to change the subject by my repeated injunctions to keep Phillis's secret. The end of our conversation was this speech of hers:—

"You great gaupus, for all you're called cousin o' th' minister,—many a one is cursed wi' fools for cousins,—d'ye think I can't see sense except through your spectacles? I give you leave to cut out my tongue, and nail it up on th' barn-door for a caution to magpies, if I let out on that poor wench, either to herself, or any one that is hers, as the Bible says. Now you've heard me speak Scripture language, perhaps you'll be content, and leave me my kitchen to myself."

During all these days, from the 5th of July to the 17th, I must have forgotten what Holdsworth had said about sending cards. And yet I think I could not have quite forgotten; but, once having told Phillis about his marriage, I must have looked upon the after consequence of cards as of no importance. At any rate, they came upon me as a surprise at last. The penny-post reform, as people call it, had come into operation a short time before; but the never-ending stream of notes and letters which seem now to flow in upon most households had not yet begun its course; at least in those remote parts. There was a post-office at Hornby and an old fellow, who stowed away the few letters in any or all his pockets, as it best suited him, was the letter-carrier to Heathbridge and the neighborhood. I have often met him in the lanes thereabouts, and asked him for letters. Sometimes I have come upon him, sitting on the hedge bank resting; and he has begged me to read him an address, too illegible for his spectacled eyes to decipher. When I used to inquire if he had anything for me, or for Holdsworth (he was not particular to whom he gave up the letters, so that he got rid of them somehow, and could set off homewards), he would say he thought that he had, for such was his invariable safe form of answer; and would fumble in breast-pocket, waistcoat pockets, breeches pockets, and, as a last resource, in coat-tail pockets; and at length try to comfort me, if I looked disappointed, by telling me "Hoo had missed this toime, but was sure to write to-morrow;" "Hoo" representing an imaginary sweetheart.

Sometimes I had seen the minister bring home a letter which he had found lying for

him at the little shop that was the post-office at Heathbridge, or from the grander establishment at Hornby. Once or twice Josiah, the carter, remembered that the old letter-carrier had trusted him with an epistle to "Measter," as they had met in the lanes. I think it must have been about ten days after my arrival at the farm, and my talk to Phillis cutting bread and butter at the kitchen dresser, before the day on which the minister suddenly spoke at the dinner-table, and said,—

"By the by, I've got a letter in my pocket. Reach me my coat here, Phillis." The weather was still sultry, and for coolness and ease the minister was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. "I went to Heathbridge about the paper they had sent me,—which spoils all the pens,—and I called at the post-office, and found a letter for me, unpaid, and they did not like to trust it to old Zekiel. Ay! here it is! Now we shall hear news of Holdsworth,—I thought I'd keep it till we were all together." My heart seemed to stop beating, and I hung my head over my plate, not daring to look up. What would come of it now? What was Phillis doing? How was she looking? A moment of suspense,—and then he spoke again. "Why! what's this? Here are two visiting tickets with his name on, no writing at all. No! it's not his name on both. MRS. Holdsworth! The young man has gone and got married." I lifted my head at these words; I could not help looking just for one instant at Phillis. It seemed to me as if she had been keeping watch over my face and ways. Her face was brilliantly flushed; her eyes were dry and glittering; but she did not speak; her lips were set together almost as if she were pinching them tight to prevent words or sounds coming out. Cousin Holman's face expressed surprise and interest.

"Well!" said she, "who'd ha' thought it! He's made quick work of his wooing and wedding. I'm sure I wish him happy. Let me see,"—counting on her fingers,— "October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July,—at least we're at the 28th,—it is nearly ten months after all, and reckon a month each way off—"

"Did you know of this news before?" said the minister, turning sharp round on me,

surprised, I suppose, at my silence,—hardly suspicious, as yet.

"I knew—I had heard—something. It is to a French Canadian young lady," I went on, forcing myself to talk. "Her name is Ventadour."

"Lucille Ventadour!" said Phillis, in a sharp voice, out of tune.

"Then you knew too!" exclaimed the minister.

We both spoke at once. I said, "I heard of the probability of — and told Phillis." She said, "He is married to Lucille Ventadour, of French descent; one of a large family near St. Maurice; am not I right?" I nodded. "Paul told me,—that is all we know, is not it? Did you see the Howsons, father, in Heathbridge?" and she forced herself to talk more than she had done for several days, asking many questions, trying, as I could see, to keep the conversation off the one raw surface, on which to touch was agony. I had less self-command; but I followed her lead. I was not so much absorbed in the conversation but what I could see that the minister was puzzled and uneasy; though he seconded Phillis's efforts to prevent her mother from recurring to the great piece of news, and uttering continual exclamations of wonder and surprise. But with that one exception we were all disturbed out of our natural equanimity, more or less. Every day, every hour, I was reproaching myself more and more for my blundering officiousness. If only I had held my foolish tongue for that one half-hour; if only I had not been in such impatient haste to do something to relieve pain! I could have knocked my stupid head against the wall in my remorse. Yet all I could do now was to second the brave girl in her efforts to conceal her disappointment and keep her maidenly secret. But I thought that dinner would never, never come to an end. I suffered for her even more than for myself. Until now everything which I had heard spoken in that happy household were simple words of true meaning. If we had aught to say, we said it; and if any one preferred silence, nay if all did so, there would have been no spasmodic, forced efforts to talk for the sake of talking, or to keep off intrusive thoughts, or suspicions.

At length we got up from our places, and prepared to disperse; but two or three of us

had lost our zest and interest in the daily labor. The minister stood looking out of the window in silence, and when he roused himself to go out to the field where his laborers were working, it was with a sigh; and he tried to avert his troubled face as he passed us on his way to the door. When he had left us, I caught sight of Phillis's face, as, thinking herself unobserved, her countenance relaxed for a moment or two into sad, woful weariness. She started into briskness again when her mother spoke, and hurried away to do some little errand at her bidding. When we two were alone, Cousin Holman recurred to Holdsworth's marriage. She was one of those people who like to view an event from every side of probability, or even possibility; and she had been cut short from indulging herself in this way during dinner.

"To think of Mr. Holdsworth's being married! I can't get over it, Paul. Not but what he was a very nice young man! I don't like her name, though; it sounds foreign. Say it again, my dear. I hope she'll know how to take care of him, English fashion. He is not strong, and if she does not see that his things are well aired, I should be afraid of the old cough."

"He always said he was stronger than he had ever been before, after that fever."

"He might think so, but I have my doubts. He was a very pleasant young man, but he did not stand nursing very well. He got tired of being coddled, as he called it. I hope they'll soon come back to England, and then he'll have a chance for his health. I wonder, now, if she speaks English; but, to be sure, he can speak foreign tongues like anything, as I've heard the minister say."

And so we went on for some time, till she became drowsy over her knitting, on the sultry summer afternoon; and I stole away for a walk, for I wanted some solitude in which to think over things, and, alas! to blame myself with poignant stabs of remorse.

I lounged lazily as soon as I got to the wood. Here and there the bubbling, brawling brook circled round a great stone, or a root of an old tree, and made a pool; otherwise it coursed brightly over the gravel and stones. I stood by one of these for more than half an hour, or, indeed, longer, throwing bits of wood or pebbles into the water, and wondering what I could do to remedy the present state of things. Of course all my

meditation was of no use; and at length the distant sound of the horn employed to tell the men far afield to leave off work, warned me that it was six o'clock, and time for me to go home. Then I caught wafts of the loud-voiced singing of the evening psalm. As I was crossing the ash-field, I saw the minister at some distance talking to a man. I could not hear what they were saying, but I saw an impatient or dissentient (I could not tell which) gesture on the part of the former, who walked quickly away, and was apparently absorbed in his thoughts, for, though he passed within twenty yards of me, as both our paths converged towards home, he took no notice of me. He passed the evening in a way which was even worse than dinner-time. The minister was silent, depressed, even irritable. Poor Cousin Holman was utterly perplexed by this unusual frame of mind and temper in her husband; she was not well herself, and was suffering from the extreme and sultry heat, which made her less talkative than usual. Phillis, usually so reverently tender to her parents, so soft, so gentle, seemed now to take no notice of the unusual state of things, but talked to me—to any one, on indifferent subjects, regardless of her father's gravity, of her mother's piteous looks of bewilderment. But once my eyes fell upon her hands, concealed under the table, and I could see the passionate, convulsive manner in which she laced and interlaced her fingers perpetually, wringing them together from time to time, wringing till the compressed flesh became perfectly white. What could I do? I talked with her, as I saw she wished; her gray eyes had dark circles round them, and a strange kind of dark light in them; her cheeks were flushed, but her lips were white and wan. I wondered that others did not read these signs as clearly as I did. But perhaps they did; I think from what came afterwards, the minister did.

Poor Cousin Holman! she worshipped her husband; and the outward signs of his uneasiness were more patent to her simple heart than were her daughter's. After a while she could bear it no longer. She got up, and, softly laying her hand on his broad, stooping shoulder, she said,—

"What is the matter, minister? Has any thing gone wrong?"

He started as if from a dream. Phillis hung her head, and caught her breath in ter-

ror at the answer she feared. But he, looking round with a sweeping glance, turned his broad, wise face up to his anxious wife, and forced a smile, and took her hand in a reassuring manner.

"I am blaming myself, dear. I have been overcome with anger this afternoon. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but I turned away Timothy Cooper. He has killed the Ribstone pippin at the corner of the orchard; gone and piled the quicklime for the mortar for the new stable wall against the trunk of the tree—stupid fellow! killed the tree outright—and it loaded with apples!"

"And Ribstone pippins are so scarce," said sympathetic Cousin Holman.

"Ay! But Timothy is but a half-wit; and he has a wife and children. He had often put me to it sore, with his slothful ways, but I have laid it before the Lord, and striven to bear with him. But I will not stand it any longer; it's past my patience! And he has notice to find another place. Wife, we won't talk more about it." He took her hand gently off his shoulder, touched it with his lips; but relapsed into a silence as profound, if not quite so morose in appearance, as before. I could not tell why, but this bit of talk between her father and mother seemed to take all the factitious spirit out of Phillis. She did not speak now, but looked out of the open casement at the calm, large moon, slowly moving through the twilight sky. Once I thought her eyes were filling with tears; but, if so, she shook them off, and arose with alacrity when her mother, tired and dispirited, proposed to go to bed immediately after prayers. We all said good-night in our separate ways to the minister, who still sat at the table with the great Bible open before him, not much looking up at any of our salutations; but returning them kindly. But when I, last of all, was on the point of leaving the room, he said, still scarcely looking up,—

"Paul, you will oblige me by staying here a few minutes. I would fain have some talk with you."

I knew what was coming, all in a moment. I carefully shut to the door, put out my candle, and sat down to my fate. He seemed to find some difficulty in beginning, for, if I had not heard that he wanted to speak to me, I should never have guessed it, he seemed so

much absorbed in reading a chapter to the end. Suddenly he lifted his head up and said,—

"It is about that friend of yours—Holdsworth! Paul, have you any reason for thinking he has played tricks upon Phillis?"

I saw that his eyes were blazing with such a fire of anger at the bare idea, that I lost all my presence of mind, and only repeated,—

"Played tricks on Phillis!"

"Ay! you know what I mean: made love to her, courted her, made her think that he loved her, and then gone away and left her. Put it as you will, only give me an answer of some kind or another—a true answer, I mean—and don't repeat my words, Paul."

He was shaking all over as he said this. I did not delay a moment in answering him.

"I do not believe that Edward Holdsworth ever played tricks on Phillis, ever made love to her; he never, to my knowledge, made her believe that he loved her."

I stopped; I wanted to nerve up my courage for a confession, yet I wished to save the secret of Phillis's love for Holdsworth as much as I could; that secret which she had so striven to keep sacred and safe; and I had need of some reflection before I went on with what I had to say.

He began again before I had quite arranged my manner of speech. It was almost as if to himself, "She is my only child; my little daughter! She is hardly out of childhood; I have thought to gather her under my wings for years to come; her mother and I would lay down our lives to keep her from harm and grief." Then, raising his voice, and looking at me he said, "Something has gone wrong with the child; and it seemed to me to date from the time she heard of that marriage. It is hard to think that you may know more of her secret cares and sorrows than I do,—but perhaps you do, Paul, perhaps you do,—only, if it be not a sin, tell me what I can do to make her happy again; tell me!"

"It will not do much good, I am afraid," said I, "but I will own how wrong I did; I don't mean wrong in the way of sin, but in the way of judgment. Holdsworth told me just before he went that he loved Phillis, and hoped to make her his wife, and I told her."

There! it was out; all my part in it, at least; and I set my lips tight together, and waited for the words to come. I did not see

his face; I looked straight at the wall opposite; but I heard him once begin to speak, and then turn over the leaves in the book before him. How awfully still that room was! The air outside, how still it was! The open windows let in no rustle of leaves, no twitter or movement of birds—no sound whatever. The clock on the stairs—the minister's hard breathing—was it to go on forever? Impatient beyond bearing at the deep quiet, I spoke again,—

“I did it for the best as I thought.”

The minister shut the book to hastily, and stood up. Then I saw how angry he was.

“For the best, do you say? It was best, was it, to go and tell a young girl what you never told a word of to her parents, who trusted you like a son of their own!”

He began walking about, up and down the room close under the open windows, churning up his bitter thoughts of me.

“To put such thoughts into the child's head,” continued he; “to spoil her peaceful maidenhood with talk about another man's love; and such love, too,” he spoke scornfully now,—“a love that is ready for any young woman. Oh, the misery in my poor little daughter's face to-day at dinner—the misery, Paul! I thought you were one to be trusted—your father's son, too, to go and put such thoughts into the child's mind; you two talking together about that man wishing to marry her!”

I could not help remembering the pinafore, the childish garment which Phillis wore so long, as if her parents were unaware of her progress towards womanhood. Just in the same way the minister spoke and thought of her now, as a child, whose innocent peace I had spoiled by vain and foolish talk. I knew that the truth was different, though I could hardly have told it now; but, indeed, I never thought of trying to tell; it was far from my mind to add one iota to the sorrow which I had caused. The minister went on walking, occasionally stopping to move things on the table, or articles of furniture, in a sharp, impatient, meaningless way; then he began again,—

“So young, so pure from the world! how could you go and talk to such a child, raising hopes, exciting feelings—all to end thus? and best so, even though I saw her poor piteous face look as it did. I can't forgive you, Paul; it was more than wrong—

it was wicked—to go and repeat that man's words.”

His back was now to the door, and, in listening to his low, angry tones, he did not hear it slowly open, nor did he see Phillis, standing just within the room, until he turned round; then he stood still. She must have been half undressed; but she had covered herself with a dark winter cloak, which fell in long folds to her white, naked, noiseless, feet. Her face was strangely pale; her eyes heavy in the black circles round them. She came up to the table very slowly, and leaned her hand upon it, saying, mournfully,—

“Father, you must not blame Paul. I could not help hearing a great deal of what you were saying. He did tell me, and perhaps it would have been wiser not, dear Paul! But—oh, dear! oh, dear! I am so sick with shame! He told me out of his kind heart, because he saw—that I was so very unhappy at *his* going away.”

She hung her head, and leaned more heavily than before on her supporting hand.

“I don't understand,” said her father; but he was beginning to understand. Phillis did not answer till he asked her again. I could have struck him for his cruelty; but then I knew all.

“I loved him, father!” she said at length, raising her eyes to the minister's face.

“Had he ever spoken of love to you? Paul says not!”

“Never.” She let fall her eyes, and drooped more than ever. I almost thought she would fall.

“I could not have believed it,” said he, in a hard voice, yet sighing the moment he had spoken. A dead silence for a moment. “Paul, I was unjust to you. You deserved blame, but not all that I said.” Then again a silence. I thought I saw Phillis's white lips moving, but it might be the flickering of the candle-light—a moth had flown in through the open casement, and was fluttering round the flame; I might have saved it, but I did not care to do so; my heart was too full of other things. At any rate, no sound was heard for long, endless minutes. Then he said, “Phillis, did we not make you happy here? Have we not loved you enough?”

She did not seem to understand the drift of this question; she looked up as if bewildered, and her beautiful eyes dilated with a painful,

ortured expression. He went on, without noticing the look on her face; he did not see it, I am sure.

"And yet you would have left us—left your home—left your father and your mother, and gone away with this stranger, wandering over the world!"

He suffered, too; there were tones of pain in the voice in which he uttered this reproach. Probably the father and daughter were never so far apart in their lives, so unsympathetic. Yet some new terror came over her, and it was to him she turned for help. A shadow came over her face, and she tottered towards her father, falling down, her arms across his knees, and moaning out,—

"Father, my head! my head!" and then she slipped through his quick-enfolding arms, and lay on the ground at his feet.

I shall never forget his sudden look of agony while I live; never! We raised her up; her color had strangely darkened; she was insensible. I ran through the back-kitchen to the yard pump, and brought back water. The minister had her on his knees, her head against his breast, almost as though she were a sleeping child. He was trying to rise up with his poor precious burden, but the momentary terror had robbed the strong man of his strength, and he sank back in his chair with sobbing breath.

"She is not dead, Paul! is she?" he whispered, hoarse, as I came near him.

I, too, could not speak, but I pointed to the quivering of the muscles round her mouth. Just then Cousin Holman, attracted by some unwonted sound, came down. I remember I was surprised at the time at her presence of mind; she seemed to know so much better what to do than the minister, in the midst of the sick affright which blanched her countenance, and made her tremble all over. I think now that it was the recollection of what had gone before: the miserable thought that possibly his words had brought on this attack, whatever it might be, that so unmanned the minister. We carried her upstairs, and while the women were putting her to bed, still unconscious, still slightly convulsed, I slipped out, and saddled one of the horses, and rode, as fast as the heavy-trotting beast could go to, Hornby, to find the doctor there, and bring him back. He was out, might be detained the whole night. I remember saying, "God help us all!" as I

sat on my horse, under the window, through which the apprentice's head had appeared to answer my furious tugs at the night-bell. He was a good-natured fellow. He said,—

"He may be at home in half an hour, there's no knowing; but I dare say he will. I'll send him out to the Hope Farm directly he comes in. It's that good-looking young woman, Holman's daughter, that's ill, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It would be a pity if she was to go. She's an only child, isn't she? I'll get up, and smoke a pipe in the surgery, ready for the governor's coming home. I might go to sleep if I went to bed again."

"Thank you, you're a good fellow!" and I rode back almost as quickly as I came.

It was a brain fever. The doctor said so, when he came in the early summer morning. I believe we had come to know the nature of the illness in the night-watches that had gone before. As to hope of ultimate recovery, or even evil prophecy of the probable end, the cautious doctor would be entrapped into neither. He gave his directions, and promised to come again; so soon, that this one thing showed his opinion of the gravity of the case.

By God's mercy she recovered; but it was a long, weary time first. According to previously made plans, I was to have gone home at the beginning of August. But all such ideas were put aside now, without a word being spoken. I really think that I was necessary in the house, and especially necessary to the minister at this time; my father was the last man in the world, under such circumstances, to expect me home.

I say, I think I was necessary in the house. Every person (I had almost said every creature, for all the dumb beasts seemed to know and love Phillis) about the place went grieving and sad, as though a cloud were over the sun. They did their work, each striving to steer clear of the temptation to eye-service, in fulfilment of the trust reposed in them by the minister; for the day after Phillis had been taken ill, he had called all the men employed on the farm into the empty barn; and there he had entreated their prayers for his only child; and then and there he had told them of his present incapacity for thought about any other thing in this world but his little daughter, lying nigh unto death, and

he had asked them to go on with their daily labors as best they could, without his direction. So, as I say, these honest men did their work to the best of their ability, but they slouched along with sad and careful faces, coming one by one in the dim mornings to ask news of the sorrow that overshadowed the house ; and receiving Betty's intelligence, always rather darkened by passing through her mind, with slow shakes of the head, and a dull wistfulness of sympathy. But, poor fellows, they were hardly fit to be trusted with hasty messages, and here my poor services came in. One time I was to ride hard to Sir William Bentinck's, and petition for ice out of his ice-house, to put on Phillis's head. Another it was to Eltham I must go, by train, horse, anyhow, and bid the doctor there come for a consultation, for fresh symptoms had appeared, which Mr. Brown, of Hornby, considered unfavorable. Many an hour have I sat on the window-seat, half-way up the stairs, close by the old clock, listening in the hot stillness of the house for the sounds in the sick-room. The minister and I met often, but spoke together seldom. He looked so old—so old ! He shared the nursing with his wife ; the strength that was needed seemed to be given to them both in that day. They required no one else about their child. Every office about her was sacred to them ; even Betty only went into the room for the most necessary purposes. Once I saw Phillis through the open door ; her pretty golden hair had been cut off long before ; her head was covered with wet cloths, and she was moving it backwards and forwards on the pillow, with weary, never-ending motion, her poor eyes shut, trying in the old accustomed way to croon out a hymn tune, but perpetually breaking it up into moans of pain. Her mother sat by her tearless, changing the cloths upon her head with patient solicitude. I did not see the minister at first, but there he was in a dark corner, down on his knees, his hands clasped together in passionate prayer. Then the door shut, and I saw no more.

One day he was wanted ; and I had to summon him. Brother Robinson and another minister, hearing of his " trial," had come to see him. I told him this upon the stair-landing in a whisper. He was strangely troubled.

" They will want me to lay bare my heart.

I cannot do it. —Paul, stay with me. They mean well ; but as for spiritual help at such a time—it is God only—God only—who can give it."

So I went in with him. They were two ministers from the neighborhood ; both older than Ebenezer Holman, but evidently inferior to him in education and worldly position. I thought they looked at me as if I were an intruder, but remembering the minister's words I held my ground, and took up one of poor Phillis's books (of which I could not read a word) to have an ostensible occupation. Presently I was asked to " engage in prayer," and we all knelt down ; Brother Robinson " leading," and quoting largely as I remember from the book of Job. He seemed to take for his text, if texts are ever taken for prayers, " Behold thou hast instructed many ; but now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest ; it toucheth thee and thou art troubled." When we others rose up, the minister continued for some minutes on his knees. Then he, too, got up, and stood facing us, for a moment, before we all sat down in conclave. After a pause Robinson began,—

" We grieve for you, Brother Holman, for your trouble is great. But we would fain have you remember you are as a light set on a hill ; and the congregations are looking at you with watchful eyes. We have been talking as we came along on the two duties required of you in this strait—Brother Hodgson and me. And we have resolved to exhort you on these two points. First, God has given you the opportunity of showing forth an example of resignation." Poor Mr. Holman visibly winced at this word. I could fancy how he had tossed aside such brotherly preachings in his happier moments ; but now his whole system was unstrung, and " resignation " seemed a term which presupposed that the dreaded misery of losing Phillis was inevitable. But good, stupid Mr. Robinson went on. " We hear on all sides that there are scarce any hopes of your child's recovery ; and it may be well to bring you to mind of Abraham ; and how he was willing to kill his only child when the Lord commanded. Take example by him, Brother Holman. Let us hear you say, ' The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord ! ' "

There was a pause of expectancy. I verily believe the minister tried to feel it ; but he

could not. Heart of flesh was too strong. Heart of stone he had not.

"I will say it to my God, when he gives me strength,—when the day comes," he spoke at last.

The other two looked at each other and shook their heads. I think the reluctance to answer as they wished was not quite unexpected. The minister went on: "There are hopes yet," he said, as if to himself. "God has given me a great heart for hoping, and I will not look forward beyond the hour." Then turning more to them, and speaking louder he added, "Brethren, God will strengthen me when the time comes, when such resignation as you speak of is needed. Till then I cannot feel it; and what I do not feel I will not express; using words as if they were a charm." He was getting chafed, I could see.

He had rather put them out by these speeches of his; but after a short time and some more shakes of the head, Robinson began again,—

"Secondly, we would have you listen to the voice of the rod, and ask yourself for what sins this trial has been laid upon you; whether you may not have been too much given up to your farm and your cattle; whether this world's learning has not puffed you up to vain conceit and neglect of the things of God; whether you have not made an idol of your daughter?"

"I cannot answer—I will not answer!" exclaimed the minister. "My sins I confess to God. But if they were scarlet (and they are so in his sight," he added, humbly), "I hold with Christ that afflictions are not sent by God in wrath as penalties for sin."

"Is that orthodox, Brother Robinson?" asked the third minister, in a deferential tone of inquiry.

Despite the minister's injunction not to leave him, I thought matters were getting so serious that a little homely interruption would be more to the purpose than my continued presence, and I went round to the kitchen to ask for Betty's help.

"'Od rot 'em!" said she; "they're always a-coming at ill-convenient times; and they have such hearty appetites, they'll make nothing of what would have served master and you since our poor lass has been ill. I've but a bit of cold beef in th' house; but I'll

do some ham and eggs, and that 'll rout 'em from worrying the minister. They're a deal quieter after they've had their victual. Last time as old Robinson came, he was very reprehensible upon master's learning, which he couldn't compass to save his life, so he needn't have been afeard of that temptation, and used words long enough to have knocked a body down; but after me and missus had given him his fill of victual, and he'd had some good ale and a pipe, he spoke just like any other man, and could crack a joke with me."

Their visit was the only break in the long, weary days and nights. I do not mean that no other inquiries were made. I believe that all the neighbors hung about the place daily till they could learn from some out-comer how Phillis Holman was. But they knew better than to come up to the house, for the August weather was so hot that every door and window was kept constantly open, and the least sound outside penetrated all through. I am sure the cocks and hens had a sad time of it; for Betty drove them all into an empty barn, and kept them fastened up in the dark for several days, with very little effect as regarded their crowing and clacking. At length came a sleep which was the crisis, and from which she awakened up with a new, faint life. Her slumber had lasted many, many hours. We scarcely dared to breathe or move during the time; we had striven to hope so long that we were sick at heart, and durst not trust in the favorable signs: the even breathing, the moistened skin, the slight return of delicate color into the pale, wan lips. I recollect stealing out that evening in the dusk, and wandering down the grassy lane, under the shadow of the over-arching elms to the little bridge at the foot of the hill, where the lane to the Hope Farm joined another road to Hornby. On the low parapet of that bridge I found Timothy Cooper, the stupid, half-witted laborer, sitting, idly throwing bits of mortar into the brook below. He just looked up at me as I came near, but gave me no greeting, either by word or gesture. He had generally made some sign of recognition to me, but this time I thought he was sullen at being dismissed. Nevertheless I felt as if it would be a relief to talk a little to some one, and I sat down by him. While I was thinking how to begin, he yawned wearily.

"You are tired, Tim?" said I.

"Ay," said he. "But I reckon I may go home now."

"Have you been sitting here long?"

"Welly all day long. Leastways sin' seven i' th' morning."

"Why, what in the world have you been doing?"

"Naught."

"Why have you been sitting here, then?"

"T' keep carts off." He was up now, stretching himself, and shaking his lubberly limbs.

"Carts! what carts?"

"Carts as might ha' wakened yon wench! It's Hornby market-day. I reckon yo're no better nor a half-wit yoursel'." He cocked his eye at me as if he were gauging my intellect.

"And have you been sitting here all day to keep the lane quiet?"

"Ay. I've naught else to do. Th' minister has turned me adrift. Have yo' heard how th' lass is faring to-night?"

"They hope she'll waken better for this long sleep. Good-night to you, and God bless you, Timothy," said I.

He scarcely took any notice of my words, as he lumbered across a stile that led to his cottage. Presently I went home to the farm. Phillis had stirred, had spoken two or three faint words. Her mother was with her, dropping nourishment into her scarce conscious mouth. The rest of the household were summoned to evening prayer for the first time for many days. It was a return to the daily habits of happiness and health. But in these silent days our very lives had been an unspoken prayer. Now we met in the house-place, and looked at each other with strange recognition of the thankfulness on all our faces. We knelt down; we waited for the minister's voice. He did not begin as usual. He could not; he was choking. Presently we heard the strong man's sob. Then old John turned round on his knees, and said,—

"Minister, I reckon we have blessed the Lord wi' all our souls, though we've ne'er talked about it; and maybe he'll not need spoken words this night. God bless us all, and keep our Phillis safe from harm! Amen."

Old John's impromptu prayer was all we had that night.

"Our Phillis," as he had called her, grew

better day by day from that time. Not quickly; I sometimes grew desponding, and feared that she would never be what she had been before; no more she has, in some ways.

I seized an early opportunity to tell the minister about Timothy Cooper's unsolicited watch on the bridge during the long summer's day.

"God forgive me!" said the minister. "I have been too proud in my own conceit. The first steps I take out of this house shall be to Cooper's cottage."

I need hardly say Timothy was reinstated in his place on the farm; and I have often since admired the patience with which his master tried to teach him how to do the easy work which was henceforward carefully adjusted to his capacity.

Phillis was carried down-stairs, and lay for hour after hour quite silent on the great sofa, drawn up under the windows of the house-place. She seemed always the same, gentle, quiet, and sad. Her energy did not return with her bodily strength. It was sometimes pitiful to see her parents' vain endeavors to rouse her to interest. One day the minister brought her a set of blue ribbons, reminding her with a tender smile of a former conversation in which she had owned to a love of such feminine vanities. She spoke gratefully to him, but when he was gone she laid them on one side, and languidly shut her eyes. Another time I saw her mother bring her the Latin and Italian books that she had been so fond of before her illness,—or, rather, before Holdsworth had gone away. That was worst of all. She turned her face to the wall, and cried as soon as her mother's back was turned. Betty was laying the cloth for the early dinner. Her sharp eyes saw the state of the case.

"Now, Phillis!" said she, coming up to the sofa; "we ha' done a' we can for you, and th' doctors has done a' they can for you, and I think the Lord has done a' he can for you, and more than you deserve; too, if you don't do something for yourself. If I were you, I'd rise up and snuff the moon, sooner than break your father's and your mother's hearts wi' watching and waiting till it pleases you to fight your own way back to cheerfulness. There, I never favored long preachings, and I've said my say."

A day or two after Phillis asked me, when we were alone, if I thought my father and mother would allow her to go and stay with them for a couple of months. She blushed a little as she faltered out her wish for change of thought and scene.

"Only for a short time, Paul. Then—we will go back to the peace of the old days. I know we shall; I can, and I will!"

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. MORGAN was in the garden watering her favorite ferns when her husband returned home to dinner on the day of Mr. Wodehouse's death. The rector was late, and she had already changed her dress, and was removing the withered leaves from her prettiest plant of maidenhair, and thinking, with some concern of the fish, when she heard his step on the gravel; for the cook at the Rectory was rather hasty in her temper, and was apt to be provoking to her mistress next morning when the rector chose to be late. It was a very hot day, and Mr. Morgan was flushed and uncomfortable. To see his wife looking so cool and tranquil in her muslin dress rather aggravated him than otherwise, for she did not betray her anxiety about the trout, but welcomed him with a smile, as she felt it her duty to do, even when he was late for dinner. The rector looked as if all the anxieties of the world were on his shoulders, as he came hurriedly along the gravel; and Mrs. Morgan's curiosity was sufficiently excited by his looks to have overcome any consideration but that of the trout, which, however, was too serious to be trifled with; so, instead of asking questions, she thought it wiser simply to remind her husband that it was past six o'clock. "Dinner is waiting," she said, in her composed way; and the rector went up-stairs to wash his hands, half-disposed to be angry with his wife. He found her already seated at the head of the table when he came down after his rapid ablutions; and though he was not particularly quick of perception, Mr. Morgan perceived by the looks of the servant as well as the mistress, that he was generally disapproved of throughout the household for being half an hour too late. As for Thomas, he was at no pains to conceal his sentiments, but conducted himself with distant politeness towards his master, expressing the feelings of the household with all the greater freedom that he had been in possession of the Rectory since Mr. Bury's time, and felt himself more secure in his tenure than any incumbent, as was natural to a man who had already outlived two of these temporary tenants. Mr. Morgan was disposed to be conciliatory when he saw the strength of the opposite side.

"I am a little late to-day," said the polite rector. "Mr. Leeson was with me, and I did not want to bring him home to dinner. It was only on Wednesday he dined

with us, and I know you don't care for chance guests."

"I think it shows a great want of sense in Mr. Leeson to think of such a thing," said Mrs. Morgan, responding by a little flush of anger to the unlucky curate's name. "He might understand that people like to be by themselves now and then. I am surprised that you give in to him so much as you do, William. Good-nature must stop somewhere, and I think it is always best to draw a line."

"I wish it were possible for everybody to draw a line," said the rector, mysteriously, with a sigh. "I have heard something that has grieved me very much to-day. I will tell you about it afterwards." When he had said this, Mr. Morgan addressed himself sadly to his dinner, sighing over it, as if that had something to do with his distress.

"Perhaps, ma'am," suggested Thomas, who was scarcely on speaking terms with his master, "the rector mayn't have heard as Mr. Wodehouse has been took very bad again, and aint expected to see out the night?"

"I am very sorry," said the rector. "Poor ladies! it will come very hard upon them. My dear, I think you should call and ask if you can do anything. Troubles never come singly, it is said. I am very sorry for that poor young creature; though, perhaps, things have not gone so far as one imagined." The rector sighed again, and looked as though his secret, whatever it might be, was almost too much for him. The consequence, of course, was, that Thomas prolonged his services to the last possibility, by way of hearing what had happened; as for Mrs. Morgan, she sat on thorns, though her sense of propriety was too great to permit her to hurry over the dinner. The pudding, though it was the rector's favorite pudding, prepared from a receipt only known at All-Souls, in which the late respected Head of that learned community had concentrated all his genius, was eaten in uneasy silence, broken only by the most transparent attempts on both sides to make a little conversation. Thomas hovered sternly over his master and mistress all the time, exacting with inexorable severity every usage of the table. He would not let them off the very smallest detail, but insisted on handing round the peaches, notwithstanding Mrs. Morgan's protest. "They are the first out of the new orchard-house," said the rector's wife. "I want your opinion of them. That will do, Thomas; we have

got everything now, I think." Mrs. Morgan was a little anxious about the peaches, having made a great many changes on her own responsibility in the gardening department; but the rector took the downy fruit as if it had been a turnip, and, notwithstanding her interest in the long-delayed news, his wife could not but find it very provoking that he took so little notice of her exertions.

"Roberts stood out against the new flue as long as he could," said Mrs. Morgan. "Mr. Proctor took no interest in the garden, and everything had gone to ruin; though I must say it was very odd that anybody from your college, William, should be careless about such a vital matter," said the rector's wife, with a little asperity. "I suppose there must be something in the air of Carlingford which makes people indifferent." Naturally it was very provoking, after all the trouble she had taken, to see her husband slicing that juicy pulp as if it had been any ordinary market fruit.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mr. Morgan; "I was thinking of this story about Mr. Wentworth. One is always making new discoveries of the corruption of human nature. He has behaved very badly to me; but it is very sad to see a young man sacrifice all his prospects for the indulgence of his passions; though that is a very secular way of looking at the subject," said the rector, shaking his head mournfully. "If it is bad in a worldly point of view, what is it in a spiritual? and in this age, too, when it is so important to keep up the character of the clergy!" Mr. Morgan sighed again more heavily than ever as he poured out the single glass of port, in which his wife joined him after dinner. "Such an occurrence throws a stigma upon the whole Church, as Mr. Leeson very justly remarked."

"I thought Mr. Leeson must have something to do with it," said the rector's wife. "What has Mr. Wentworth been doing? When you keep a Low-Church curate, you never can tell what he may say. If he had known of the All-Souls pudding he would have come to dinner, and we should have had it at first hand," said Mrs. Morgan, severely. She put away her peach in her resentment, and went to a side-table for her work, which she always kept handy for emergencies. Like her husband, Mrs. Morgan had acquired some little "ways" in the long ten years of

their engagement, one of which was a confirmed habit of needlework at all kinds of unnecessary moments, which much disturbed the rector when he had anything particular to say.

"My dear, I am very sorry to see you so much the victim of prejudice," said Mr. Morgan. "I had hoped that all our long experiences—" and here the rector stopped short, troubled to see the rising color in his wife's face. "I don't mean to blame you, my dear," said the perplexed man; "I know you were always very patient;" and he paused, not knowing what more to say, comforting himself with the thought that women were incomprehensible creatures, as so many men have done before.

"I am not patient," said the rector's wife; "it never was my nature. I can't help thinking sometimes that our long experiences have done us more harm than good; but I hope nothing will ever make me put up with a curate who tells tales about other people, and flatters one's self, and comes to dinner without being asked. Perhaps Mr. Wentworth is very sinful, but at least he is a gentleman," said Mrs. Morgan; and she bent her head over her work, and drove her needle so fast through the muslin she was at work upon, that it glimmered and sparkled like summer lightning before the spectator's dazzled eyes.

"I am sorry you are so prejudiced," said the rector. "It is a very unbecoming spirit, my dear, though I am grieved to say so much to you: Mr. Leeson is a very good young man, and he has nothing to do with this terrible story about Mr. Wentworth. I don't wish to shock your feelings; but there are a great many things in the world that one can't explain to ladies. He has got himself into a most distressing position, and a public inquiry will be necessary. One can't help seeing the hand of Providence in it," said the rector, playing reflectively with the peach on his plate.

It was at this moment that Thomas appeared at the door to announce Mr. Leeson, who had come to talk over the topic of the day with the rector—being comfortably obtuse in his perceptions, and quite disposed to ignore Mrs. Morgan's general demeanor towards himself. "I am sure she has a bad temper," he would say to his confidants in the parish; "you can see it by the redness in her face; but I

never take any notice when she says rude things to me." The redness was alarming in Mrs. Morgan's face as the unlucky man became visible at the door. She said, audibly, "I knew we should be interrupted!" and got up from her chair. "As Mr. Leeson is here, you will not want me, William," she added, in her precisest tones. "If anything has happened since you came in, he will be able to tell you about it; and perhaps I had better send you your coffee here, for I have a great many things to do." Mr. Morgan gave a little groan in his spirit as his wife went away. To do him justice, he had a great deal of confidence in her, and was unconsciously guided by her judgment in a great many matters. Talking it over with Mr. Leeson was a totally different thing; for whatever might be said in his defence, there could not be any doubt that the curate professed Low-Church principles, and had been known to drink tea with Mr. Beecher, the new minister of Salem Chapel. "Not that I object to Mr. Beecher because he is a Dissenter," Mr. Morgan said, "but because, my dear, you know, it is a totally different class of society." When the rector was left alone to discuss parish matters with this doubtful subordinate, instead of going into the subject with his wife, the good man felt a pang of disappointment; for though he professed to be reluctant to shock her, he had been longing all the time to enter into the story, which was certainly the most exciting which had occurred in Carlingford since the beginning of his incumbency. Mrs. Morgan, for her part, went upstairs to the drawing-room with so much indignation about this personal grievance that she almost forgot her curiosity. Mr. Leeson hung like a cloud over all the advantages of Carlingford; he put out that new flue in the greenhouse, upon which she was rather disposed to pique herself, and withered her ferns, which everybody allowed to be the finest collection within a ten miles' circuit.

This sense of disgust increased upon her as she went into the drawing-room, where her eye naturally caught that carpet which had been the first cross of her married life. When she had laid down her work, she began to plan how the offensive bouquets might be covered with a pinafore of linen, which looked very cool and nice in summer-time. And then the rector's wife reflected that in winter a floor covered with white looked chilly,

and that a woollen drugget of an appropriate small pattern would be better on the whole; but no such thing was to be had without going to London for it, which brought her mind back again to Mr. Leeson and all the disadvantages of Carlingford. These subjects occupied Mrs. Morgan to the exclusion of external matters, as was natural; and when she heard the gentlemen stir down-stairs, as if with ideas of joining her in the drawing-room, the rector's wife suddenly recollected that she had promised some tea to a poor woman in Grove Street, and that she could not do better this beautiful evening than take it in her own person. She was very active in her district at all times, and had proved herself an admirable clergywoman; but perhaps it would not have occurred to her to go out upon a charitable errand that particular evening, had it not been for the presence of Mr. Leeson down-stairs.

It was such a very lovely night that Mrs. Morgan was tempted to go farther than she intended. She called on two or three of her favorites in Grove Street, and was almost as friendly with them as Lucy Wodehouse was with the people in Prickett's Lane; but being neither pretty nor young, like Lucy, nor yet a mother with a nursery, qualified to talk about the measles, her reception was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been. Somehow, it would appear as though our poor neighbors loved most the ministrations of youth, which is superior to all ranks in the matter of possibility and expectation, and inferior to all ranks in the matter of experience; and so holds a kind of balance and poise of nature between the small and the great. Mrs. Morgan was vaguely sensible of her disadvantages in this respect as well as in others. She never could help imagining what she might have been had she married ten years before at the natural period. "And even then not a girl," she said to herself in her sensible way, as she carried this habitual thread of thought with her along the street, past the little front gardens, where there were so many mothers with their children. On the other side of the way the genteel houses frowned darkly with their staircase windows upon the humility of Grove Street; and Mrs. Morgan began to think within herself of the Miss Hemmings and other spinsters, and how they got along upon this path of life, which, after all, is never very

lightsome to behold, except in the future or the past. It was dead present with the rector's wife just then, and many speculations were in her mind, as was natural. "Not that I could not have lived unmarried," she continued within herself, with woman's pride; "but things looked so different at five-and-twenty!" and in her heart she grudged the cares she had lost, and sighed over this wasting of her years.

It was just then that the youngest Miss Hemmings saw Mrs. Morgan, and crossed over to speak to her. Miss Hemmings had left five-and-thirty behind a long time ago, and thought the rector's wife a happy woman in the bloom of youth. When she had discovered conclusively that Mrs. Morgan would not go in to have a cup of tea, Miss Hemmings volunteered to walk with her to the corner; and it is not necessary to say that she immediately plunged into the topic which at that moment engaged all minds in Carlingford. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should not have believed it," said Miss Hemmings. "I should have thought it a got-up story: not that I ever could have thought it *impossible*, as you say—for alas! I know well that without grace every wickedness is more than possible—but I saw them with my own eyes, my dear Mrs. Morgan; she standing outside, the bold little thing, and he at the door,—as if it was right for a clergyman to open the door like a manservant,—and from that moment to this she has not been seen by any living creature in Carlingford; who can tell what may have been done with her?" cried the horrified eye-witness. "She has never been seen from that hour!"

"But that was only twenty-four hours ago," said Mrs. Morgan; "she may have gone off to visit some of her friends."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Morgan, twenty-four hours is a long time for a girl to disappear out of her own home," said Miss Hemmings; "and all her friends have been sent to, and no word can be heard of her. I am afraid it will go very hard with Mr. Wentworth; and I am sure it looks like a judgment upon him for all his candlesticks and flowers and things," she continued, out of breath with the impetuosity of her tale.

"Do you think, then, that God makes people sin in order to punish them?" said Mrs. Morgan, with some fire, which shocked

Miss Hemmings, who did not quite know how to reply.

"I do so wish you would come in for a few minutes and taste our tea; my sister Sophia was just making it when I came out. We get it from our brother in Assam, and we think a great deal of it," said Miss Hemmings; "it can't possibly be adulterated you know, for it comes direct from his plantation. If you can't come in just now, I will send you some to the Rectory, and you will tell us how you like it. We are quite proud of our tea. My brother has a large plantation, and he hopes—"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Morgan, "but the rector will be waiting for me, and I must go. It must be very nice to have your tea direct from the plantation; and I hope you will change your mind about Mr. Wentworth," she continued, without much regard for punctuation, as she shook hands at the corner. Mrs. Morgan went down the narrow street which led to Grange Lane, after this interview, with some commotion in her mind. She took Mr. Wentworth's part instinctively, without asking any proofs of his innocence. The sun was just setting, and St. Roque's stood out dark and picturesque against all the glory of the western sky as the rector's wife went past. She could not help thinking of him, in his youth and the opening of his career, with a kind of wistful interest. If he had married Lucy Wodehouse, and confined himself to his own district (but then he had no district), Mrs. Morgan would have contemplated the two, not, indeed, without a certain half-resentful self-reference and contrast, but with natural sympathy. And now, to think of this dark and ugly blot on his fair beginning disturbed her much. When Mrs. Morgan recollected that she had left her husband and his curate consulting over this matter, she grew very hot and angry, and felt humiliated by the thought. Was it her William, her hero, whom she had magnified for all these ten years, though not without occasional twinges of enlightenment, into something great, who was thus sitting upon his young brother with so little human feeling and so much middle-aged jealousy? It hurt her to think of it, though not for Mr. Wentworth's sake. Poor Mrs. Morgan, though not at all a sentimental person, had hoarded up her ideal so much after the ordinary date, that it came all the harder upon

her when everything thus merged into the light of common day. She walked very fast up Grange Lane, which was another habit of her maidenhood not quite in accord with the habit of sauntering acquired during the same period by the Fellow of All-Souls. When Mrs. Morgan was opposite Mr. Wodehouse's, she looked across with some interest, thinking of Lucy ; and it shocked her greatly to see the closed shutters, which told of the presence of death. Then, a little farther up, she could see Elsworthy in front of his shop, which was already closed, talking vehemently to a little group round the door. The rector's wife crossed the street, to avoid coming in contact with this excited party ; and, as she went swiftly along under the garden walls, came direct, without perceiving it, upon Mr. Wentworth, who was going the opposite way. They were both absorbed in their own thoughts, the Perpetual Curate only perceiving Mrs. Morgan in time to take off his hat to her as he passed ; and to tell the truth, having no desire for any further intercourse. Mrs. Morgan, however, was of a different mind. She stopped instantly, as soon as she perceived him. " Mr. Wentworth, it is getting late—will you walk with me as far as the Rectory ? " she said, to the curate's great astonishment. He could not help looking at her with curiosity as he turned to accompany her. Mrs. Morgan was still wearing her wedding things, which were not now in their first freshness—not to say that the redness, of which she was so painfully sensible, was rather out of accordance with the orange blossoms. Then she was rather flurried and disturbed in her mind ; and, on the whole, Mr. Wentworth ungratefully concluded the rector's wife to be looking her plainest, as he turned with very languid interest to see her safely home.

" A great many things seem to be happening just now," said Mrs. Morgan, with a good deal of embarrassment ; " I suppose the people in Carlingford are grateful to anybody who gives them something to talk about."

" I don't know about the gratitude," said the Perpetual Curate ; " it is a sentiment I don't believe in."

" You ought to believe in everything as long as you're young," said Mrs. Morgan. " I want very much to speak to you, Mr. Wentworth ; but then I don't know how you will receive what I am going to say."

" I can't tell until I know what it is," said the curate, shutting himself up. He had an expressive face generally, and Mrs. Morgan saw the shutters put up and the jealous blinds drawn over the young man's countenance as clearly as if they had been tangible articles. He did not look at her, but kept swinging his cane in his hand, and regarding the pavement with downcast eyes ; and if the rector's wife had formed any expectations of finding in the Perpetual Curate an ingenuous young heart, open to sympathy and criticism, she now discovered her mistake.

" If I run the risk, perhaps you will forgive me," said Mrs. Morgan. " I have just been hearing a dreadful story about you ; and I don't believe it in the least, Mr. Wentworth," she continued, with a little effusion ; for, though she was very sensible, she was only a woman, and did not realize the possibility of having her sympathy rejected, and her favorable judgment received with indifference.

" I am much flattered by your good opinion. What was the dreadful story ? " asked Mr. Wentworth, looking at her with careless eyes. They were just opposite Elsworthy's shop, and could almost hear what he was saying, as he stood in the midst of his little group of listeners, talking loud and vehemently. The Perpetual Curate looked calmly at him across the road, and turned again to Mrs. Morgan, repeating his question, " What was the dreadful story ? One gets used to romances," he said, with a composure too elaborate to be real ; but Mrs. Morgan did not think of that.

" If you don't care about it, I need not say anything," said the rector's wife, who could not help feeling affronted. " But I am so sorry that Mr. Morgan and you don't get on," she continued, after a little pause. " I have no right to speak ; but I take an interest in everything that belongs to the parish. If you would put a little confidence in my husband, things might go on better ; but, in the mean time, I thought I might say to you, on my own account, that I had heard this scandal, and that I don't believe in it. If you do not understand my motive, I can't help it," said the rector's wife, who was now equally ready for friendship or for battle.

" Thanks ; I understand what you mean," said Mr. Wentworth, who had come to him—

self. "But will you tell me what it is you don't believe in?" he asked with a smile, which Mrs. Morgan did not quite comprehend.

"I will tell you," she said, with a little quiet exasperation. "I don't think you would risk your prospects, and get yourself into trouble, and damage your entire life for the sake of any girl, however pretty she might be. Men don't do such things for women now-a-days, even when it is a worthy object," said the disappointed optimist. "And I believe you are a great deal more sensible, Mr. Wentworth." There was just that tone of mingled approval and contempt in this speech which a woman knows how to deliver herself of without any appearance of feeling; and which no young man, however *blasé*, can hear with composure.

"Perhaps not," he said with a little heat and a rising color. "I am glad you think me so sensible." And then there ensued a pause, upon the issue of which depended the question of peace or war between these two. Mr. Wentworth's good angel, perhaps, dropped softly through the dusky air that moment, and jogged his perverse charge with the tip of a celestial wing. "And yet there might be women in the world for whom—" said the curate; and stopped again. "I dare say you are not anxious to know my sentiments on the subject," he continued, with a little laugh. "I am sorry you think so badly—I mean so well of me."

"I don't think badly of you," said Mrs. Morgan, hastily. "Thank you for walking with me; and whatever happens, remember that I for one don't believe a word of it," she said, holding out her hand. After this little declaration of friendship, the rector's wife returned to the Rectory, where her husband was waiting for her, more than ever prepared to stand up for Mr. Wentworth. She went back to the drawing-room, forgetting all about the carpet, and poured out the tea with satisfaction, and made herself very agreeable to Mr. Finial, the architect, who had come to talk over the restorations. In that moment of stimulation she forgot all her experience of her husband's puzzled looks, of the half comprehension with which he looked at her, and the depths of stubborn determination which were far beyond the reach of her hastier and more generous spirit, and so went on with more satisfaction and gayety than she had

felt possible for a long time, beating her drums and blowing her trumpets, to the encounter in which her female forces were so confident of victory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. WENTWORTH went upon his way, after he had parted from Mrs. Morgan, with a moment's gratitude; but he had not gone half a dozen steps before that amiable sentiment yielded to a sense of soreness and vexation. He had almost acknowledged that he was conscious of the slander against which he had made up his mind to present a blank front of unconsciousness and passive resistance, and he was angry with himself for his susceptibility to this unexpected voice of kindness. He was going home; but he did not care for going home. Poor Mrs. Hadwin's anxious looks of suspicion had added to the distaste with which he thought of encountering again the sullen, shabby rascal to whom he had given shelter. It was Saturday night, and he had still his sermon to prepare for the next day; but the young man was in a state of disgust with all the circumstances of his lot, and could not make up his mind to go in and address himself to his work as he ought to have done. Such a sense of injustice and cruelty as possessed him was not likely to promote composition, especially as the pulpit addresses of the Curate of St. Roque's were not of a declamatory kind. To think that so many years' work could be neutralized in a day by a sudden breath of scandal, made him not humble or patient, but fierce and resentful. He had been in Wharfside that afternoon, and felt convinced that even the dying woman at No. 10 Prickett's Lane had heard of Rosa Elsworthy; and he saw, or imagined he saw, many a distrustful, inquiring glance thrown at him by people to whom he had been a kind of secondary Providence. Naturally, the mere thought of the failing allegiance of the "district" went to Mr. Wentworth's heart. When he turned round suddenly from listening to a long account of one poor family's distresses, and saw Tom Bowman, the gigantic bargeman, whose six children the curate had baptized in a lump, and whose baby had been held at the font by Lucy Wodehouse herself, looking at him wistfully with rude affection, and something that looked very much like pity, it is impossible to describe the bitterness that welled up in the mind of

the Perpetual Curate. Instead of leaving Wharfside comforted as he usually did, he came away wounded and angry, feeling to its full extent the fickleness of popular sympathy. And when he came into Grange Lane and saw the shutters closed, and Mr. Wodehouse's green door shut fast, as if never more to open, all sources of consolation seemed to be shut against him. Even the habit he had of going into Elsworth's to get his newspaper, and to hear what talk might be current in Carlingford, contributed to the sense of utter discomfort and wretchedness which overwhelmed him. Men in other positions have generally to consult the opinion of their equals only; but all sorts of small people can plant thorns in the path of a priest who has given himself with fervor to the duties of his office. True enough, such clouds blow by, and sometimes leave behind a sky clearer than before; but that result is doubtful, and Mr. Wentworth was not of the temper to comfort himself with philosophy. He felt ingratitude keenly, as men do at eight-and-twenty, even when they have made up their minds that gratitude is a delusion; and still more keenly, with deep resentment and indignation, he felt the horrible doubt which had diffused itself around him, and seemed to be looking at him out of everybody's eyes. In such a state of mind one bethinks one's self of one's relations—those friends not always congenial, but whom one looks to instinctively, when one is young, in the crises of life. He knocked at his aunt's door almost without knowing it, as he went down Grange Lane, after leaving Mrs. Morgan, with vague sentences of his sermon floating in his mind through all the imbroglia of other thoughts. Even Aunt Dora's foolish affection might have been a little comfort at the moment, and he could not but be a little curious to know whether they had heard Elsworth's story, and what the patronesses of Skelmersdale thought of the matter. Somehow, just then, in the midst of his distresses, a vision of Skelmersdale burst upon the Perpetual Curate like a glimpse of a better world. If he could but escape there out of all this sickening misconception and ingratitude—if he could but take Lucy into his protecting arms, and carry her away far from the clouds that were gathering over her path as well as his own. The thought found vent in an impatient, long-drawn sigh, and was then expelled contemptuously from the young man's

bosom. If a hundred Skelmersdales were in his power, here, where his honor had been attacked, it was necessary to remain, in the face of all obstacles, till it was cleared.

The Miss Wentworths had just come up to the drawing-room after dinner when their nephew entered. As for Miss Dora, she had seated herself by the window, which was open, and, with her light little curls fluttering upon her cheek, was watching a tiny puff of smoke by the side of the great laurel, which indicated the spot occupied at this moment by Jack and his cigar. "Dear fellow, he does enjoy the quiet," she said, with a suppressed little sniff of emotion. "To think we should be in such misery about poor dear Frank, and have Jack, about whom we have all been so unbelieving, sent to us for a consolation. My poor brother will be so happy," said Miss Dora, almost crying at the thought. She was under the influence of this sentiment when the curate entered. It was perhaps impossible for Mr. Wentworth to present himself before his three aunts at the present crisis without a certain consciousness in his looks; and it was well that it was twilight, and he could not read distinctly all that was written in their countenances. Miss Cecilia held out her lovely old hand to him first of all. She said, "How do you do, Frank?" which was not very original, but yet counted for a good deal in the silence. When he came up to her, she offered him her sweet old cheek with a look of pity which touched, and yet affronted, the Perpetual Curate. He thought it was the wisest way to accept the challenge at once.

"It is very good of you, but you need not be sorry for me," he said, as he sat down by her. And then there was a little pause—an awful pause; for Miss Wentworth had no further observations to offer, and Miss Dora, who had risen up hastily, dropped into her chair again in a disconsolate condition, when she saw that her nephew did not take any notice of her. The poor little woman sat down with miserable sensations, and did not find the comfort she hoped for in contemplation of the smoke of Jack's cigar. After all, it was Frank who was the original owner of Miss Dora's affections. When she saw him, as she thought, in a state of guilt and trouble, received with grim silence by the dreaded Leonora, the poor lady began to waver greatly, divided between a longing to return to her

old allegiance, and a certain pride in the new bonds which bound her to so great a sinner as Jack. She could not help feeling the distinction of having such a reprobate in her hands. But the sight of Frank brought back old habits, and Miss Dora felt at her wits' end, and could not tell what to do.

At length Miss Leonora's voice, which was decided contralto, broke the silence. "I am very glad to see you, Frank," said the strong-minded aunt. "From something we heard, I supposed you had gone away for a time, and we were rather anxious about your movements. There are so many things going on in the family just now, that one does not know what to think. I am glad to see you are still in Carlingford."

"I never had the least intention of going away," said Mr. Wentworth; "I can't imagine who could tell you so."

"Nobody told us," said Miss Leonora; "we drew that conclusion from other things we heard. Dora, give Frank the newspaper with that paragraph about Gerald. I have prophesied from the first which way Gerald was tending. It is very shocking of him, and I don't know what they are to do, for Louisa is an expensive little fool; and if he leaves the Rectory, they can't have enough to live on. If you knew what your brother was going to do, why didn't you advise him otherwise? Besides, he will be wretched," said the discriminating woman. "I never approved of his ways, but I could not say anything against his sincerity. I believe his heart was in his work; a man may be very zealous, and yet very erroneous," said Miss Leonora, like an oracle out of the shadows.

"I don't know if he is erroneous or not—but I know I should like to punch this man's head," said the curate, who had taken the paper to the window, where there was just light enough to make out the paragraph. He stood looming over Miss Dora, a great black shadow against the fading light. "All the mischief in the world comes of these villanous papers," said Mr. Wentworth; "though I did not think anybody nowadays believed in the *Chronicle*. Gerald has not gone over to Rome, and I don't think he means to go. I dare say you have agitated yourself unnecessarily about more than one supposed event in the family," he continued, throwing the paper on the table. "I don't know anything very alarming that has hap-

pened as yet, except perhaps the prodigal's return," said the Perpetual Curate, with a slight touch of bitterness. His eye had just lighted on Jack sauntering through the garden with his cigar; and Mr. Wentworth was human, and could not entirely refrain from the expression of his sentiments.

"But, O Frank, my dear, you are not angry about poor Jack?" said Miss Dora. "He has not known what it was to be at home for years and years. A stepmother is so different from an own mother, and he never has had any opportunities; and, O Frank, don't you remember that there is joy in heaven?" cried the anxious aunt—"not to say that he is the eldest son. And it is such a thing for the family to see him changing his ways in such a beautiful spirit!" said Miss Dora. The room was almost dark by this time, and she did not see that her penitent had entered while she spoke.

"It is very consoling to gain your approval, Aunt Dora," said Jack. "My Brother Frank doesn't know me. If the Squire *will* make a nursery of his house, what can a man do? But a fellow can't be quite ruined as long as he has—" aunts, the reprobate was about to say, with an inflection of laughter intended for Frank's ear only in his voice; but he fortunately remembered in time that Miss Leonora had an acute intelligence, and was not to be trifled with—"As long as he has female relations," said Jack, in his most feeling tone. "Men never sympathize with men;" he seemed to be apologizing for Frank's indifference, as well as for his own sins. He had just had a very good dinner,—for the Miss Wentworths' cook was the best in Carlingford,—and Jack, whose digestion was perfect, was disposed to please everybody, and had, in particular, no disposition to quarrel with Frank.

"O my dear, you see how humble and forgiving he is," said Miss Dora, rising on tiptoe to whisper into the curate's ear; "and always takes your part whenever you are mentioned," said the injudicious aunt. Meantime the other sisters were very silent, sitting each in the midst of her own group of shadows. Then Miss Leonora rose with a sudden rustling of all her draperies, and with her own energetic hand rang the bell.

"Now the lamp is coming," said Jack, in a tone of despair, "a bright, blank, pitiless globe like the world; and instead of this de-

licious darkness, where one can see nothing distinctly, my heart will be torn asunder for the rest of the evening by the sight of suicide. Why do we ever have lights?" said the exquisite, laying himself down softly on a sofa. When the lamp was brought in, Jack became visible stretched out in an attitude of perfect repose and tranquillity, with a quiet conscience written in every fold of his scrupulous apparel. As for Frank, on the contrary, he was still in morning-dress, and was biting his nails, and had a cloud upon his brow which the sudden light disclosed like a traitor before he was prepared for it. Between the two brothers such a contrast was visible that it was not surprising if Miss Dora, still wavering in her allegiance, went back with relief to the calm countenance of her penitent, and owned to herself with trembling that the curate looked pre-occupied and guilty. Perhaps Miss Leonora came to a similar conclusion. She seated herself at her writing-table with her usual air of business, and made a pen to a hard point by the light of the candles which were sacred to her particular use.

"I heard some news this morning which pleased me very much," said Miss Leonora. "I dare say you remember Julia Trench? You two used to be a great deal together at one time. She is going to be married to Mr. Shirley's excellent curate, who is a young man of the highest character. He did very well at the university, I believe," said the patroness of Skelmersdale; "but I confess I don't care much for academical honors. He is an excellent clergyman, which is a great deal more to the purpose, and I thoroughly agree with his views. So, knowing the interest we take in Julia, you may think how pleased we were," said Miss Leonora, looking full into her nephew's face. He knew what she meant as distinctly as if she had put it in words.

"When is old Shirley going to die?" said Jack from the sofa. "It's rather hard upon Frank, keeping him out of the living so long; and if I were you I'd be jealous of this model curate," said the fine gentleman, with a slight civil yawn. "I don't approve of model curates upon family livings. People are apt to make comparisons," said Jack, and then he raised his head with a little energy—"Ah, there it is," said the Sybarite, "the first moth. Don't be precipitate, my dear fellow. Aunt Dora, pray sit quietly where you are,

and don't disturb our operations. It is only a moth, to be sure; but don't let us cut short the moments of a creature that has no hereafter," said Jack, solemnly. He disturbed them all by this eccentric manifestation of benevolence, and flapped his handkerchief round Miss Dora, upon whose white cap the unlucky moth, frightened by its benefactor's vehemence, was fluttering wildly. Jack even forgot himself so far as to swear at the frightened insect as it flew wildly off at a tangent, not to the open window, but to Miss Leonora's candles, where it came to an immediate end. But nobody understood what was implied in the *accident*. Miss Leonora sat rather grimly looking on at all this by-play. When her elegant nephew threw himself back once more upon his sofa, she glanced from him to his brother with a comparison which perhaps was not so much to the disadvantage of the Perpetual Curate. But even Miss Leonora, though so sensible, had her weaknesses; and she was very evangelical, and could put up with a great deal from the sinner who had placed himself for conversion in her hands.

"We have too great a sense of our responsibility to treat Skelmersdale simply as a family living," she said. "Besides, Frank of course is to have Wentworth Rectory. Gerald's perversion is a great blow; but still, if it is to be, Frank will be provided for at least. As for our parish—"

"I beg your pardon," said the curate; "I have not the least intention of leaving Carlingford. At the present moment neither Skelmersdale nor Wentworth would tempt me. I am in no doubt as to where my work lies, and there is enough of it to satisfy any man." He could not help thinking, as he spoke, of ungrateful Wharfside, for which he had done so much, and the recollection brought a little flush of indignant color to his cheek.

"O Frank, my dear," said Miss Dora in a whisper, stealing up to him, "if it is not true, you must not mind. O my dear boy, nobody will mind it if it is not true." She put her hand timidly upon his arm as she reached up to his ear, and at the same time the poor little woman, who was trying all she could to serve two masters, kept one eye upon Jack, lest her momentary return to his brother might have a disastrous effect upon the moral reformation which she was nursing with so much care. As for the curate, he

gave her a hasty glance, which very nearly made an end of Miss Dora. She retired to her seat with no more courage to say anything, unable to make out whether it was virtuous reproach or angry guilt which looked at her so sternly. She felt her headache coming on as she sank again upon her chair. If she could but have stolen away to her own room, and had a good comforting cry in the dark, it might have kept off the headache; but then she had to be faithful to her post, and to look after the reformation of Jack.

"I have no doubt that a great work might be done in Carlingford," said Miss Leonora, "if you would take my advice and organize matters properly, and make due provision for the lay element. As for Sisters of Mercy, I never had any belief in them. They only get young clergymen into mischief," said the strong-minded aunt. "We are going to have tea, Frank, if you will have some. Poor Mr. Shirley has got matters into very bad order at Skelmersdale, but things will be different under the new incumbent, I hope," said Miss Leonora, shooting a side glance of keen inspection at the curate, who bore it steadily.

"I hope he will conduct himself to your satisfaction," said Mr. Wentworth, with a bland but somewhat grim aspect, from the window, "but I can't wait for tea. I have still got some of my work to do for to-morrow; so good-night."

"I'll walk with you, Frank," said his elder brother. "My dear aunts, don't look alarmed; nothing can happen to me. There are few temptations in Grange Lane; and, besides, I shall come back directly. I cannot do without my tea," said Jack, by way of consoling poor Miss Dora, who had started with consternation at the proposal. And the two brothers went out into the fresh evening air together, their Aunt Dora watching them from the window with inexpressible anxiety; for perhaps it was not quite right for a clergyman to saunter out of doors in the evening with such a doubtful member of society as Jack; and perhaps Frank, having himself fallen into evil ways, might hinder or throw obstacles in the way of his brother's re-establishment in the practice of all the virtues. Miss Dora, who had to carry them both upon her shoulders, and who got no sympathy in the present case from her hard-hearted sisters, was fain at last to throw a shawl over her head and steal out to that summer-house

which was built into the garden-wall, and commanded Grange Lane from its little window. There she established herself in the darkness, an affectionate spy. There ought to have been a moon that night, and accordingly the lamps were not lighted at that end of Grange Lane, for the authorities in Carlingford bore a frugal mind. But the sky had become cloudy, and the moon shone only by intervals, which gave a certain character of mystery and secrecy to the night. Through this uncertain light the anxious woman saw her two nephews coming and going under the window, apparently in the most eager conversation. Miss Dora's anxiety grew to such a height that she opened softly a chink of the window in hope of being able to hear as well as to see, but that attempt was altogether unsuccessful. Then, when they had walked about for half an hour, which looked like two hours to Miss Dora, who was rapidly taking one of her bad colds at the half-open window, they were joined by another figure which she did not think she had ever seen before. The excitement was growing tremendous, and the aspect of the three conspirators more and more alarming, when the poor lady started with a little scream at a noise behind her, and, turning round, saw her maid, severe as a pursuing Fate, standing at the door. "After giving me your word as you wouldn't come no more!" said the reproachful despot who swayed Miss Dora's soul. After that she had to make the best of her way indoors, thankful not to be carried to her room and put into hot water, which was the original intention of Collins. But it would be impossible to describe the emotions of Miss Dora's mind after this glimpse into the heart of the volcano on which her innocent feet were standing. Unless it were murder or high treason, what could they have to plot about? or was the mysterious stranger a disguised Jesuit, and the whole business some terrible Papist conspiracy? Jack, who had been so much abroad, and Gerald, who was going over to Rome, and Frank, who was in trouble of every description, got entangled together in Miss Dora's disturbed imagination. No reality could be so frightful as the fancies with which she distracted herself after that peep from the summer-house; and it would be impossible to describe the indignation of Collins, who knew that her mistress would kill herself some day, and was aware

that she, in her own person, would get little rest that night.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I DON'T know what is the exact connection between tea and reformation," said Jack Wentworth, with a wonderful yawn. "When I consider that this is all on account of that stupid beast Wodehouse, I feel disposed to eat him. By the way, they have got a capital cook; I did not think such a *cuisine* was the sort of thing to be found in the bosom of one's family, which has meant boiled mutton up to this moment, to my uninstructed imagination. But the old ladies are in a state of excitement which, I presume, is unusual to them. It appears you have been getting into scrapes like other people, though you are a parson. As your elder brother, my dear Frank—"

"Look here," said the Perpetual Curate; "you want to ask about Wodehouse. I will answer your questions, since you seem to have some interest in him; but I don't speak of my private affairs to any but my intimate friends," said Mr. Wentworth, who was not in a humor to be trifled with.

The elder brother shrugged his shoulders. "It is curious to remark the progress of the younger members of one's family," he said, reflectively. "When you were a little boy, you took your drubbings dutifully; but never mind, we've another subject in hand. I take an interest in Wodehouse, and so do you—I can't tell for what reason. Perhaps he is one of the intimate friends with whom you discuss your private affairs? but that is a matter quite apart from the subject. The thing is, that he has to be taken care of—not for his own sake, as I don't need to explain to you," said Jack. "I hear the old fellow died to-day, which was the best thing he could have done, upon the whole. Perhaps you can tell me how much he had, and how he has left it? We may have to take different sides, and the fellow himself is a snob; but I should like to understand exactly the state of affairs between you and me, as gentlemen," said the heir of the Wentworths. Either a passing spasm of compunction passed over him as he said the word, or it was the moon, which had just flung aside the last fold of cloud and burst out upon them as they turned back facing her. "When we know how the affair stands, we can either negotiate or fight," he

added, puffing a volume of smoke from his cigar. "Really a very fine effect—that little church of yours comes well against that bit of sky. It looks like a Constable, or rather it would look like a Constable, thrusting up that bit of a spire into the blue, if it happened to be daylight," said Jack, making a tube of his hand, and regarding the picture with great interest. Miss Dora at her window beheld the movement with secret horror and apprehension, and took it for some mysterious sign.

"I know nothing about Mr. Wodehouse's property," said the curate: "I wish I knew enough law to understand it. He has left no will, I believe;" and Mr. Wentworth watched his brother's face with no small interest as he spoke.

"Very like a Constable," said Jack, still with his hands to his eyes. "These clouds to the right are not a bad imitation of some effects of his. I beg your pardon, but Constable is my passion. And so old Wodehouse has left no will? What *has* he left? some daughters? Excuse my curiosity," said the elder brother. "I am a man of the world, you know. If you like this other girl well enough to compromise yourself on her account (which, mind you, I think a great mistake), you can't mean to go in at the same time for that pretty sister, eh? It's a sort of sport I don't attempt myself—though it may be the correct thing for a clergyman, for anything I can tell to the contrary," said the tolerant critic.

Mr. Wentworth had swallowed down the interruptions that rushed to his lips, and heard his brother out with unusual patience. After all, perhaps Jack was the only man in the world whom he could ask to advise him in such an emergency. "I take it for granted that you don't mean to insult either me or my profession," he said, gravely; "and, to tell the truth, here is one point upon which I should be glad of your help. I am convinced that it is Wodehouse who has carried away this unfortunate girl. She is a little fool, and he has imposed upon her. If you can get him to confess this, and to restore her to her friends, you will lay me under the deepest obligation," said the Perpetual Curate, with unusual energy. "I don't mind telling you that such a slander disables me, and goes to my heart." When he had once begun to speak on the subject,

he could not help expressing himself fully; and Jack, who had grown out of acquaintance with the nobler sentiments, woke up with a slight start through all his moral being to recognize the thrill of subdued passion and scorn and grief which was in his brother's voice. Innocent Miss Dora, who knew no evil, had scarcely a doubt in *her* mind that Frank was guilty; but Jack, who scarcely knew what goodness was, acquitted his brother instantaneously, and required no other proof. Perhaps if he had been capable of any impression beyond an intellectual one, this little incident might, in Miss Dora's own language, have "done him good."

"So you have nothing to do with it?" he said, with a smile. "Wodehouse! but then the fellow hasn't a penny. I see some one skulking along under the walls that looks like him. Hist! Smith—Tom—what do they call you? We want you here," said Jack, upon whom the moon was shining full. Where he stood in his evening coat and spotless breadth of linen, the heir of the Wentworths was ready to meet the eye of all the world. His shabby subordinate stopped short, with a kind of sullen admiration, to look at him. Wodehouse knew the nature of Jack Wentworth's pursuits a great deal better than his brother, and that some of them would not bear much investigation; but when he saw him stand triumphant in gorgeous apparel, fearing no man, the poor rascal, whom everybody kicked at, rose superior to his own misfortunes. He had not made much of it in his own person, but that life was not altogether a failure which had produced Jack Wentworth. He obeyed his superior's call with instinctive fidelity, proud, in spite of himself, to be living the same life and sharing the same perils. When he emerged into the moonlight, his shaggy countenance looked excited and haggard. Notwithstanding all his experiences, he was not of a constitution which could deny nature. He had inflicted every kind of torture upon his father while living, and had no remorse to speak of now that he was dead; but, notwithstanding, the fact of the death affected him. His eyes looked wilder than usual, and his face older and more worn, and he looked round him with a kind of clandestine, skulking instinct as he came out of the shadow into the light.

This was the terrible conjunction which Miss Dora saw from her window. The anxious woman did not wait long enough to be aware that the curate left the other two to such consultations as were inevitable between them, and went away very hastily to his own house, and to the work which still awaited him—"When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways, and doeth that which is lawful and right." Mr. Wentworth, when he came back to it, sat for about an hour over his text before he wrote a single syllable. His heart had been wrung that day by the sharpest pangs which can be inflicted upon a proud and generous spirit. He was disposed to be bitter against all the world—against the dull eyes that would not see, the dull ears that could shut themselves against all suggestions either of gratitude or justice. It appeared to him, on the whole, that the wicked man was every way the best off in this world, besides being wooed and besought to accept the blessings of the other. And the curate was conscious of an irrepressible inclination to exterminate the human vermin, who made the earth such an imbroglio of distress and misery; and was sore and wounded in his heart to feel how his own toils and honest purposes availed him nothing, and how all the interest and sympathy of bystanders went to the pretender. These sentiments naturally complicated his thoughts, and made composition difficult; not to say that they added a thrill of human feeling warmer than usual to the short and succinct sermon. It was not an emotional sermon, in the ordinary sense of the word; but it was so for Mr. Wentworth, who carried to an extreme point the Anglican dislike for pulpit exaggeration in all forms. The Perpetual Curate was not a natural orator. He had very little of the eloquence which gave Mr. Vincent so much success in the Dissenting connection during his short stay in Carlingford, which was a kind of popularity not much to the taste of the Churchman. But Mr. Wentworth had a certain faculty of concentrating his thoughts into the tersest expression, and of uttering in a very few words, as if they did not mean anything particular, ideas which were always individual, and often of distinct originality—a kind of utterance which is very dear to the English mind. As was natural, there was but a limited amount of people

able to find him out ; but those who did so were rather fond of talking about the "restrained power" of the Curate of St. Roque's.

Next morning was a glorious summer Sunday—one of those days of peace on which this tired old earth takes back her look of innocence, and deludes herself with thoughts of Eden. To be sure, there were tumults enough going on over her surface—vulgar merry-makings and noises, French drums beating, all kinds of discordant sounds going on here and there, by land and sea, under that tranquil impartial sun. But the air was very still in Carlingford, where you could hear the bees in the lime blossoms as you went to church in the sunshine. All that world of soft air in which the embowered houses of Grange Lane lay beatified, was breathing sweet of the limes ; but notwithstanding the radiance of the day, people were talking of other subjects as they came down under the shadow of the garden-walls to St. Roque's. There was a great stream of people—greater than usual ; for Carlingford was naturally anxious to see how Mr. Wentworth would conduct himself in such an emergency. On one side of the way Mr. Wodehouse's hospitable house, shut up closely, and turning all its shuttered windows to the light, which shone serenely indifferent upon the blank frames, stood silent, dumbly contributing its great moral to the human holiday ; and on the other, Elsworthy's closed shop, with the blinds drawn over the cheerful windows above, where little Rosa once amused herself watching the passengers, interposed a still more dreadful discordance. The Carlingford people talked of both occurrences with composure as they went to St. Roque's. They were sorry and shocked and very curious ; but that wonderful moral atmosphere of human indifference and self-regard which surrounds every individual soul, kept their feelings quite within bounds. Most people wondered much what people would say ; whether he would really venture to face the Carlingford world ; whether he would take refuge in a funeral sermon for Mr. Wodehouse ; or how it was possible for him to conduct himself under such circumstances. When the greater part of the congregation was seated, Miss Leonora Wentworth, all by herself, in her iron-gray silk, which rustled like a breeze along the narrow passage, although she wore no crinoline, went up to a seat immediately in front,

close to Mr. Wentworth's choristers, who just then came trooping in in their white surplices, looking like angels of unequal height, and equivocal reputation. Miss Leonora placed herself in the front row of a little group of benches arranged at the side, just where the curate's wife would have been placed had he possessed such an appendage. She looked down blandly upon the many lines of faces turned towards her, accepting their inspection with perfect composure. Though her principles were evangelical, Miss Leonora was still a Wentworth, and a woman. She had not shown any sympathy for her nephew on the previous night ; but she had made up her mind to stand by him, without saying anything about her determination. This incident made a great impression on the mind of Carlingford. Most likely it interfered with the private devotions, from which a few heads popped up abruptly as she passed ; but she was very devout and exemplary in her own person, and set a good example, as became the clergyman's aunt.

Excitement rose very high in St. Roque's when Mr. Wentworth came into the reading-desk, and Elsworthy, black as a cloud, became visible underneath. The clerk had not ventured to absent himself, nor to send a substitute in his place. Never, in the days when he was most devoted to Mr. Wentworth, had Elsworthy been more determined to accompany him through every particular of the service. They had stood together in the little vestry, going through all the usual preliminaries, the curate trying hard to talk as if nothing had happened, the clerk going through all his duties in total silence. Perhaps there never was a church service in Carlingford which was followed with such intense interest by all the eyes and ears of the congregation. When the sermon came, it took Mr. Wentworth's admirers by surprise, though they could not at the moment make out what it was that puzzled them. Somehow, the perverse manner in which for once the curate treated that wicked man who is generally made so much of in sermons, made his hearers slightly ashamed of themselves. As for Miss Leonora, though she could not approve of his sentiments, the thought occurred to her that Frank was not nearly so like his mother's family as she had supposed him to be. When the service was over, she kept her place, steadily watching all the wor-

shippers out, who thronged out a great deal more hastily than usual to compare notes, and ask each other what they thought. "I can't fancy he looks guilty," an eager voice here and there kept saying over and over. But on the whole, after they had got over the momentary impression made by his presence and aspect, the opinion of Carlingford remained unchanged; which was—that, notwithstanding all the evidence of his previous life, it was quite believable that Mr. Wentworth was a seducer and a villain, and ought to be brought to condign punishment; but that in the mean time it was very interesting to watch the progress of this startling little drama, and that he himself, instead of merely being the Curate of St. Roque's had become a most captivating enigma, and had made church-going itself half as good as a play.

As for Miss Leonora, she waited for her nephew, and, when he was ready, took his arm and walked with him up Grange Lane to her own door, where they encountered Miss Wentworth and Miss Dora returning from church, and overwhelmed them with astonishment. But it was not about his own affairs that they talked. Miss Leonora did not say a word to her nephew about himself. She was talking of Gerald most of the time, and inquiring into all the particulars of the squire's late "attack." And she would very fain have found out what Jack's motive was in coming to Carlingford; but as for Rosa Elsworthy and her concerns, the strong-minded woman ignored them completely. Mr. Wentworth even went with her to lunch, on her urgent invitation; and it was from his aunt's house that he took his way to Wharfside, pausing at the green door to ask after the Miss Wodehouses, who were, John said with solemnity, as well as could be expected. They were alone, and they did not feel equal to seeing anybody—even Mr. Wentworth; and the Perpetual Curate, who would have given all he had in the world for permission to soothe Lucy in her sorrow, went away sadly from the hospitable door, which was now for the first time closed to him. He could not go to Wharfside, to "the district" through which they had so often gone together, about which they had talked, when all the little details discussed were sweet with the love which they did not name, without going deeper and deeper into that sweet shadow of Lucy which was upon his way

wherever he went. He could not help missing her voice when the little choir, which was so feeble without her, sang the Magnificat, which, somehow, Mr. Wentworth always associated with her image. He read the same sermon to the Wharfside people which he had preached in St. Roque's, and saw, with a little surprise, that it drew tears from the eyes of his more open-hearted hearers, who did not think of the proprieties. He could see their hands stealing up to their faces, and a great deal of persistent winking on the part of the stronger members of the congregation. At the close of the service Tom Bowman came up to the curate with a downcast countenance. "Please, sir, if I've done ye injustice in my own mind, as went sore against the grain, and wouldn't have happened but for the women, I axes your pardon," said the honest bargeman, which was balm and consolation to Mr. Wentworth. There was much talk in Prickett's Lane on the subject as he went to see the sick woman in No. 10. "There aint no doubt as he sets our duty before us clear," said one family mother; "he don't leave the men no excuse for their goings-on. He all but named the Bargeman's Arms out plain, as it was the place all the mischief came from." "If he'd have married Miss Lucy, like other folks, at Easter," said one of the brides whom Mr. Wentworth had blessed, "such wicked stories couldn't never have been made up."

"A story may be made up, or it mayn't be made up," said a more experienced matron; "but it can't be put out of the world unbeknowst no more nor a babby. I don't believe in stories getting up that aint true. I don't say as he don't do his duty; but things was different in Mr. Bury's time, as was the real rector; and as I was a-saying, a tale's like a babby—it may come when it didn't ought to come, or when it aint wanted, but you can't do away with it anyhow as you like to try." Mr. Wentworth did not hear this dreary prediction as he went back again into the upper world. He was in much better spirits, on the whole. He had calmed his own mind and moved the hearts of others, which is to every man a gratification, even though nothing higher should be involved. And he had regained the moral countenance of Tom Bowman, which most of all was a comfort to him. More than ever he longed to go and tell Lucy as he passed by the green door. Tom Bow-

man's repentant face recalled Mr. Wentworth's mind to the fact that a great work was doing at Wharfside, which, after all, was more worth thinking of than any tantalizing vision of an impossible benefice. But this very thought, so consoling in itself, reminded him of all his vexations, of the public inquiry into his conduct which was hanging over him, and of his want of power to offer to Lucy the support and protection of which she might so soon stand in need; and having thus drawn upon his head once more his whole burden of troubles, Mr. Wentworth went in to eat his dinner with what appetite he could.

The Perpetual Curate sat up late that night, as indeed was his custom. He sat late, hearing, as everybody does who sits up alone in a hushed and sleeping household, a hundred fantastic creaks and sounds which did not mean anything, and of which he took no notice. Once, indeed, when it was nearly midnight, he fancied he heard the garden-gate close hurriedly, but explained it to himself as people do when they prefer not to give themselves trouble. About one o'clock in the morning, however, Mr. Wentworth could no longer be in any doubt that some stealthy step was passing his door and moving about the house. He was not alarmed, for Mrs. Hadwin had occasional "attacks," like most people of her age; but he put his pen down and listened. No other sound was to be heard except this stealthy step, no opening of doors, nor whisper of voices, nor commotion of any kind; and after a while Mr. Wentworth's curiosity was fully awakened. When he heard it again, he opened his door suddenly, and threw a light upon the staircase and little corridor into which his room opened. The figure he saw there startled him more than if it had been a midnight robber. It was only Sarah, the housemaid, white and shivering with terror, who fell down upon her knees before him. "O Mr. Wentworth, it aint my fault," cried Sarah. The poor girl was only partially dressed, and trembled pitifully. "They'll say it was my fault; and, O sir, it's my character I'm a-thinking of," said Sarah, with a sob; and the curate saw behind him the door of Wodehouse's room standing open, and the moonlight streaming into the empty apartment. "I daren't go down-stairs to see if he's took anything," cried poor Sarah, under her breath; "there might be

more of them about the place. But, O Mr. Wentworth, if missis finds out as I gave him the key, what will become of me?" Naturally, it was her own danger which had most effect upon Sarah. Her full, good-humored face was all wet and stained with crying, her lips quivering, her eyes dilated. Perhaps a thrill of private disappointment mingled with her dread of losing her character. "He used to tell me all as he was a-going to do," said Sarah; "but, O sir, he's been and gone away, and I daren't go down-stairs to look at the plate, and I'll never more sleep in quiet if I was to live a century. It aint as I care for *him*; but it's the key and my character as I'm a-thinking of," cried the poor girl, bursting into audible sobs that could be restrained no longer. Mr. Wentworth took a candle and went into Wodehouse's empty room, leaving her to recover her composure. Everything was cleared and packed up in that apartment. The little personal property he had, the shabby boots and worn habiliments had disappeared totally; even the rubbish of wood-carving on his table was cleared away. Not a trace that he had been there a few hours ago remained in the place. The curate came out of the room with an anxious countenance, not knowing what to make of it. And by this time Sarah's sobs had roused Mrs. Hadwin, who stood, severe and indignant, at her own door in her night-cap to know what was the matter. Mr. Wentworth retired into his own apartments after a word of explanation, leaving the mistress and maid to fight it out. He himself was more disturbed and excited than he could have described. He could not tell what this new step meant, but felt instinctively that it denoted some new development in the tangled web of his own fortunes. Some hidden danger seemed to him to be gathering in the air over the house of mourning, of which he had constituted himself a kind of guardian. He could not sleep all night, but kept starting at every sound, thinking now that the skulking rascal, who was Lucy's brother, was coming back, and now that his departure was only a dream. Mr. Wentworth's restlessness was not soothed by hearing all the night through, in the silence of the house, suppressed sobs and sounds of weeping proceeding from the attic overhead, which poor Sarah shared with her fellow-servant. Perhaps the civilities of "the gen-

tleman" had dazzled Sarah, and been too much for her peace of mind; perhaps it was only her character, as the poor girl said. But as often as the curate started from his uneasy and broken snatches of sleep, he heard the murmur of crying and consoling up-stairs. Outside the night was spreading forth those sweetest unseen glories of the starlight and the moonlight, and the silence which Nature reserves for her own enjoyment, when the weary human creatures are out of the way and at rest;—and Jack Wentworth slept the sleep of the righteous, uttering delicate little indications of the depth of his slumber, which it would have been profane to call by any vulgar name. *He slept sweetly while his*

brother watched and longed for daylight; impatient for the morrow which must bring forth something new. The moonlight streamed full into the empty room, and made mysterious combinations of the furniture, and chased the darkness into corners which held their secret. This was how Mrs. Hadwin's strange lodger, whom nobody could ever make out, disappeared as suddenly as he had come, without any explanations; and only a very few people could ever come to understand what he had to do with the after-events which struck Grange Lane dumb, and turned into utter confusion all the ideas and conclusions of society in Carlingford.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.—It may not be uninteresting, on this occasion, to say a few words concerning "morganatic" marriages, a matter about which a good deal of misapprehension prevails. Morganatic marriages are of very old origin, so old, in fact, that the very meaning of the word has been lost. The term is commonly explained as deriving from the German word *Morgengabe*, a morning gift, the elucidation being, that the husband gave to his morganatic bride a present the day after the nuptials, instead of making her the partner of his whole fortune on the marriage itself. But this explanation is evidently somewhat far-fetched, besides being quite devoid of historical proof. Certain it is, that the word is of Lombard growth; for the expression *matrimonia ad legem morganaticam contracta* is frequently to be met with in documents of North Italian families, long before it came into use in Germany. The thing itself is clearly of Roman origin, being nothing else than a revival of the *coemptio*, in fashion among the conquerors of the world. It is well known that the ancient Romans had three forms of marriage—the *confarreatio*, the *coemptio*, and the *usus*. The first, a civil as well as religious contract, was concluded before a priest and ten witnesses, and conferred on the offspring the rights and honors of *nairimi et matrimi*; while the second was a mere civil engagement, with far lesser privileges to the children; and the third constituted but a civil partnership, sanctified by nothing else but the legal proof of twelve months' uninterrupted cohabitation. The absence of a law of primogeniture in nearly all the fiefs of the Holy Roman Empire, made it necessary that some means should be devised to check the too great division of territories, and there seemed nothing readier than the *matrimonia ad legem morganaticam contracta*. An instance of the application of this remedy exists in the case of the descendants of Duke William of Brunswick-Luneburg, one of the ancestors of Queen Victoria, who died in 1490. He left seven

sons, among whom, according to custom, the very moderate-sized duchy was to be divided. But the sons, as usual, quarrelled in the division, and, after some preliminary fighting, ended with an agreement that one of the seven should be the heir of all the territory, and perpetuate the family, and the rest should take refuge in morganatic alliances. Chance was to decide the question of succession, and the seven sons of Duke William drew lots accordingly. The great prize fell to the sixth son, Prince George, who at once took possession of the duchy, and married an illustrious princess of the house of Saxony. The eldest of the seven brothers remained a bachelor all his life, and the others went into the wars, with the exception of the fourth, Prince Frederick, who wooed and won the daughter of his private secretary—"a pearl of sweet blessed beauty," say the quaint old historians—and outlived all his brothers in fourscore years of happy existence. The descendants of the morganatic alliance of Prince Frederick flourish to this day in Germany as Barons von Luneburg.—*Spectator*.

PRESERVATION OF CORN.—An experiment was lately made in Paris for the preservation of corn from fermentation and the attack of insects by enclosing it in a metal vessel and exhausting the air. The experiment was made in the presence of numerous persons, and is said to have succeeded perfectly. Ten hectolitres of wheat were placed in a metal vessel, and the air was exhausted. The vessel was opened after fifteen days, and the weevils, which were quite lively when the wheat was placed in the vessel, had quitted their cells and were dead. They were warmed, but did not stir. Being placed on white paper, they were crushed and reduced to powder, without leaving any stain on the paper. From various experiments made on wheat under glass, it was found that the weevil retains life longer than any other insect when deprived of air.

From The Reader.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE

THE season for Illustrated Books has again come round, and already scores of such are out in anticipation of Christmas. "Although the Christmas Books of this season," says the current number of the *Publishers' Circular*, "do not possess much novelty, they have the merit of great variety. The Sacred Writings, History, Architecture, Poetry, Books of Travels, and Works of Fiction are all pressed into the service, and appear in best holiday attire. Nearly every class of Art is represented, including the masterpieces of the fifteenth century and the photography of the present day." Our contemporary then proceeds to give, in about four pages of close letter-press, a descriptive list of the chief of these Christmas Books of the season, either expressly set forth as such, or fitted to be such by their costliness or their artistic character; and, to aid this descriptive list, there appear among the advertisements, swelling the present number of the *Circular* to twice its usual size, fifty-two pages of toned paper, giving specimen illustrations, lent by the publishers, from a large number of the books mentioned. Altogether there will be no lack this winter of gift-books to suit all purses and all tastes. Some there are that, either for their splendor and elaborateness or the peculiarity of artistic aim and genius displayed in them, stand out from the rest; and others there are that belong to the riff-raff made to catch the eyes of the groundlings, whom any picture, in a shop-window or on a railway-bookstall, of a noble-haired young man with his arm round a coy beauty's waist, or of a Sir Roger de Coverley dance in a hall under the mistletoe, drives into such rapture that a shilling or half-crown is of no consequence. Nothing quite of this latter kind appears in the advertising pages of our contemporary; but, in turning over the literature already provided for the coming Christmas, we have come upon such heart-warming illustrations for themselves.

This whole matter of illustrated books is really becoming of some importance. It will have to be overhauled. Of Sensation Literature we hear talk enough; but we are beginning to be overwhelmed also with what may be called a Sensuous Literature,—a literature in which the eye is appealed to at every step in aid of the intelligence or the fancy, in which wood-cut and engraving assist or dom-

inate the text. Principles will have to be laid down in this department of publishing activity—not because they will be immediately attended to so as to arrest the rush of what is bad, but because, if notions of what is legitimate and what is illegitimate in this department are at once diffused, they will be useful in the long run. And this is the more necessary, because the movement is of decidedly healthy origin. There is no object in common use on which all the resources of Art may be more properly expended than on a classic book. A superbly bound, superbly printed, and superbly illustrated copy of Chaucer, or Spenser, or Shakspeare, or of any other great writer of England or the world, or of any one work of such a writer, is as fit a production of Art as one can fancy to lie as an ornament on one's own table, or to be made a gift to a friend. But the question is, what are the limits of just illustration in literature?

One class of illustrated books is beyond the question—those in which the illustrations themselves are all in all, and the text is nothing, or avowedly subordinate. Here you are buying designs, or copies of masterpieces of pictorial art, for their own sake, pleased to have them accessible in a book-form. The painter, or designer, is the author you want; the author, usually so-called, is merely the commentator or explainer. The multiplication of this class of illustrated books, putting the public in possession, at an easier rate and in larger abundance than before, of copies of acknowledged masterpieces—say Raphael's cartoons or Hogarth's plates—deserves nothing but encouragement.

There is a legitimate kind of illustration of books which is symbolical or otherwise purely decorative—that is to say, in which the artist, receiving the book from the author's hands, views it as an object on which he may confer additional beauty by an exercise of his art independently of any strict or exact relation to the contents of the book, though with regard to a certain general harmony with its nature and purport. Arabesques, designed borders of pages, and the like are illustrations of this kind. They are decorative; if they are good they add beauty where we are pleased to see it added. And some such decorations may be symbolical—that is, they may stand so far in intellectual relation to the contents of the book they illus-

trate that the reader, passing, let us say, from the poem or chapter to the wood-cut attached, shall feel that somehow, though exact mutual interpretation is not intended, the one suits and is in key with the other. After a melancholy poem there may be, by way of tail-piece, some bit of a moor at sunset, or other dreary and desolate scene, although in the poem there may have been nothing implying the vision of a moor or other such imagery. The artist has put himself in the same mood as the author; but that is all. He has let the mood invent its own expression in the language of his particular art, and he simply adds beauty to the book by attaching this expression, which is wholly his own, to the poet's text. Some of the finest and most effective illustrations we have seen in books have been of this kind—little added scenes of wood-cuts not professing in the least to be ocular renderings of anything in the text, and yet very impressive by their harmony with the whole meaning. In the symbolical vignettes sometimes prefixed to books as indications of their nature, there may be even more of studied intellectual relation between the illustration and the book. The scope or purpose of the book then becomes the artist's subject, and he has to invent something pictorial that shall fitly and beautifully define the book.

Again, all that kind of Illustration of Books which may be called Historical Illustration is undoubtedly legitimate and of high value. Where it is possible, by an illustration, to give the real image of anything spoken about in a book, it is a boon to the reader to give it. If a battle-field is spoken of, or some natural object, or some house or street, or the scene round some old abbey, it gives a world of help and of pleasure to the reader to attach to the verbal description or allusion some clear actual drawing or sketch of the scene or object. Hence the use, in historical and biographical works, of portraits, wood-cuts of buildings and landscapes, representations of old armor and costume, fac-similes of handwriting, etc., etc. We venture to say, for example, that the most desirable copy of such a book as Boswell's Johnson would be one which, however shabby it might be in other respects, should have the text illustrated with passable portraits of the persons that figure in the book, and with bits of engraving representing Tem-

ple Bar with the heads on it when Johnson and Boszy approached it from the Strand, and the like. But for the expense, we believe this plan of illustration of historical works might, with advantage, be carried much farther than it is; and, if any one wants a hobby, he cannot do better than select some rich historical work and devote his leisure hours to the collection and arrangement of authentic portraits and engravings to illustrate it. But it is not only to historical works that the method of historical illustration is applicable. The sort of illustrated Shakspeare we should probably prefer to all others would be one illustrated on this principle—in which every illustration introduced should be for the elucidation of some matter of fact of the text, some usage or antiquity or other particular capable of being imaged with tolerable exactness to the reader's eye. As there would be scope for landscape illustration even here, there would be no lack of artistic beauty in the book. The large one-volume copy of Scott's Poetical Works with Turner's illustrations is a well-known instance of such an illustrated book. You have not the fight between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu and suchlike imagined incidents of the poems represented to you; but you have the Scottish scenes amid which Scott's stories were cast. The illustrations are truly poetical; but they are, in the deepest sense, historical.

It is when we come, however, to what may be called Interpretative Illustration that the difficulties arise. By this we mean illustration in which the artist waits upon the imagination of the writer, and seeks, more or less dutifully, to give visible interpretations of his conceptions—whether they be ideal scenes, ideal physiognomies and characters, or ideal incidents. What splendid performances of art there have been of this order it is needless to say. It has always been the delight of artists to take for their subjects the conceptions of great poets; there are scenes and situations of our great poems and great works of prose-fiction which have become stock-subjects for our artists; and in every exhibition a large number of the pictures are new attempts of this kind. But established as the practice is, and signally as all very successful efforts of the kind justify themselves, and overbear, as works of genius must, the objections that might be offered beforehand, we are not sure

but it is in this very department of interpretative illustration that limits to the existing practice are most desirable. It is, perhaps, a pity that artists do not make themselves more independent of authors, do not more habitually find or invent their own subjects out of the facts and suggestions of contemporary nature and society, or out of that history of the past, so full of exploits and picturesque moments, which is as open to them as to others. If either of the two should wait upon the other, it is perhaps rather the writer that should wait upon the artist than the artist upon the writer.

The literary interpretation of a picture into story is likely to be more accurate to the meaning of the artist than can be any pictorial interpretation of a written fantasy to the intention of the writer. Exceptions may be found. When a novelist is his own illustrator, as Mr. Thackeray has frequently been, there is a security for a certain identity between the illustration and the writer's conception of the thing or incident to be illustrated, which makes the conjunction of sketches for the eye with the text, whatever may be the artistic merit of the sketches, unusually satisfactory. When, too, as in Mr. Dickens's case, the illustrations and the fictitious incidents they illustrate meet the public eye together, so that the artist's *Pickwick* dictates from the first the reader's notion of the *Pickwick* of the text, then—whatever adjustment of differences may have to be made between the author and the artist—the public is not likely, if the illustrations are meritorious in themselves, to feel any necessity for complaint. But, when poems and works of fiction have passed into the imagination of the public—when every reader, on the mere free instruction of the text, has found his own ideal portraits and pictures to correspond with what he has read with delight—then only in very rare instances will an artist's rendering of the same come before him without disturbance and discomfort. There may be much in the artist's interpretation more exquisite and minute than was previously thought of, and, if the illustration had come before the reader as an independent work, it might have been to him a study no less worthy than that thought of the poet to which, in the actual circumstances, it seems untrue or inadequate. On the whole, we would have our finer imaginative litera-

ture come before the lieges in clean, clear print, and on good white or toned paper, so that the text, unrestricted by accompanying illustrations, save of the symbolic and purely decorative, or of the historical kind, may set agoing in a thousand spontaneous directions the thought and the fancy of those who read, and exercise their faculties to the utmost. That highest literature of the past, indeed, which belongs to all the world, does furnish, as well as the history of the world, situations and moments so imperiously fascinating to the universal imagination that the highest Art may claim them, and go on rendering them forever. Such, to name only one class of examples, are those Biblical Scenes and Parables which have been illustrated by the great masters.

From The Times.

WHY IT WISHES OUR DESTRUCTION.

WHEN Mr. M. Gibson gives his unreserved and unqualified homage to the Federal cause, he knows not how much of a sort is his wisdom and that of the "model Republic," as it used to be called the other day. The United States were a system complete in itself; a new world disclaiming all affinity and sympathy with the old; a new bond of union that was to destroy all other unions, and absorb their materials. The new volcano was to eat out the heart of the ancient mountain, and rear its uniform geometrical cone to the skies. Wherever, by inevitable chance, the new creation came in contact with the old, with old feelings, old rights, old habits, old opinions, there was no compromise, no joining of the broken bones, no healing of the sore, but simply life, health, and universal extension to the new, and defiance, destruction, confusion, abolition, extermination, death to the old. Truth and justice are the common ground and mean between all nations, but not between the United States and the rest of the world. In all differences the only measure of their demands was, what they were likely to get by playing on the fears, or the scruples of other States. Their territorial maxims had no other reason than the will of the tyrant. Their future was terrible, gigantic, universal, crushing and overwhelming, till the vision itself became an incubus, and thoughtful men began to see that if this was the American future, then America had no future. Such was

the Republic in its unbroken "integrity," as Mr. M. Gibson calls it. This was the dream which began to frighten the Old World, and which Mr. M. Gibson thinks it most unreasonable that the Southern States should contemplate with dismay. It was the dream of an Alnaschar, which he himself dispelled with a kick. The Southerners were daily told of a universal organization in which the sovereign will of a majority should override all constitutions, all international law, all institutions, every right and interest that stood in its way. They dreaded, and it must be said they might justly dread, the full brunt of that tyranny which they had long known and, which, no doubt, they had helped to create, but which now they saw about to be turned upon themselves. Can we, who know the utter unscrupulousness and the boundless aggressiveness of American politics, wonder at the apprehensions of those who found they were speedily to be done by as they had done, and that when the balance of power passed from the South to the North, the South would find it was to be trodden under foot?

Mr. M. Gibson clings to this compact and uniform scheme of universal federation, a tyrant majority, and general assimilation of habits and opinions. He hopes it may still be realized, or, if not quite in our time, yet put again in the way to be realized. The calamities of the States are a loss to us, he says, and if we don't fret ourselves about them it is from apathy towards the sufferings of our own people. The Confederates, too, he says, have betrayed the blackness of their policy, and made a glory of their shame. They have avowed that they intended, and still intend, to establish a mighty slave republic which shall restore slavery and perpetuate it to all time. For this matter, the Confederates have had no choice but to set up a positive policy, for it would have been impossible otherwise to conduct the war and maintain a standing-ground in the opinion of mankind. As to the feelings of this country, it is true, we are not justified in regarding with exultation or satisfaction so terrible a calamity as that which has befallen so many millions of our own race. Nobody of common feeling does hear of the mutual slaughter and other sufferings entailed by the war without commiseration. But while the republic was overtopping and overshadowing

us, while it stretched its limbs and raised its tones to the scale of a giant, it was impossible but that our sympathy should be weakened. We feel for men, not for giants, for monsters, for madmen, for those altogether out of our rank and species. But grant that the commercial injury is great, and that the general derangement of trade threatens to inflict even more serious injuries, yet it is impossible to prevent political considerations from intruding themselves, and even making a set-off the other way.

Mr. M. Gibson cannot, surely, demand from us that we should absolutely wish the United States to retain their "integrity," or now recover it, so as to make a vast political unity of the kind Mr. Bright describes? That would be to wish our own abasement and our own destruction. Does he think that, merely in the interest of philanthropy and commercial prosperity, we wish all the continent of Europe to become united under one government, and be administered by one majority, or one man? Where should we be in that case? Where would Europe itself be? Yet few can doubt that Europe would use its aggregate power more justly and more generously than a vast American federation. England does not wish the disunion of its neighbors, so long as they are indeed its neighbors; but it cannot possibly help wishing the disunion of those who are uniting with a view to universal dominion or ascendancy.

But this is the far horizon which Mr. M. Gibson scarcely allows to appear in his very pretty picture of the world as it should be. Glibly and dapperly he gathers us into a circle, and joins us hand in hand, telling us we have nothing to do but to buy and sell, let every one do as he pleases, and make one another happy. We are only to dance round him, keeping our hands still joined, and doing what everybody else wants us to do. Why should not so pleasant an occupation last forever, and who so wicked as to be glad when it stops? But, unfortunately, the game which Mr. M. Gibson laments to see so rudely interrupted was one in which not only the Southern States of America, but England, and eventually all nations, were to act a part contrary to their nature and principles. They were to be crushed, absorbed, and reduced to a moral submission worse than slavery itself. Even if the Southerners and the British public are mistaken in this view of the case, this, and not mere envy and jealousy, makes them acquiesce in American disunion.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1033.—19 March, 1864.

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We are sorry that Cousin Phillis has come to so sudden an end. Perhaps we may hear again from the same author.

With the first number of the next Volume, No. 1035, we shall begin, and continue, week after week, the excellent story of "Lindisfarn Chase," by Thomas A. Trollope.

NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons. While the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessities of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF BINDING.—The Covers for *The Living Age* are made up of Cotton Cloth and Pasteboard; and the manufacturers advanced their prices—nearly doubled them—some time ago. We ought then to have increased our charge for binding, but neglected to do so. But for all Volumes bound by us hereafter, the price will be sixty-five cents.

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From the German. By Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D.

"WARUM SOLLT' ICH DENN MICH
GRAMEN?"

BY PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.

WHEREFORE, then, should I be gloomy?
Still have I Jesus nigh:
Who shall take him from me?
Who shall rob me of the heaven
Which God's Son For me won,
And through faith has given?

I began our life-scene trying,
Poor and bare; No strength there;
Only want and crying.
Naught can I of all its heaping
Bear away In that day
When to earth I'm creeping.

Goods, nor blood, nor frame, nor living,
Are my own: God alone
Glads me in their giving.
What he gave when he erases,
Part or whole, Heart and soul
Still shall hymn his praises.

Should he give a cross to carry,
Send amain Woe and pain,
Ought my trust to vary?
He will rule them in the sending:
He well knows How to choose
What shall be the ending.

God has oft with many a blessing
Crowned my lot: Shall I not
Feel some burdens pressing?
Good is he, not always chiding:
His decree Works for me
Comforting and guiding.

Death has not the power to slay us;
Does but snatch From their catch
When life's ills waylay us;
Shuts the door of bitter grieving,
And makes way For the day
Of the heavens' receiving.

What is all we here inherit
But a hand Full of sand,
Weariness of spirit?
There, there, is the noblest treasure:
Shepherd-wise, Christ supplies
Without end or measure.

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

TILL HE COME.

BY REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"TILL he come"—oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only "till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only whisper "till He come."

ONE DAY.

I WILL tell you when they met;
In the limpid days of spring;
Elder boughs were-budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing
And build with right good-will.

I will tell you when they parted:
When plenteous autumn sheaves were brown,
Then they parted heavy-hearted;
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in the days before;
Only they had lost a crown;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in paradise:
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
Forever, yesterday, to-day;
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer, "Yea."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed:
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed:
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "good-night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is
begun!"

R. M. MILNES.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *Ernest Renan. Vie de Jésus.* Sixième Edition. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1863.
2. *Eighteen Sermons of S. Leo the Great, on the Incarnation; Translated, with Notes and with the Tome of S. Leo in the Original.* By William Bright, M.A. Fellow and Assistant Tutor of University College, Oxford.
3. *The Light of the World.* By the Rev. Adolph Saphir. (In "Good Words" for A.D. 1861; p. 24.)
4. *Sancti Athanasii Archiepiscopi Alexandrini Opera Dogmatica Selecta. Ex Recens. Bern. de Montfaucon.* — Præfatus est Joannes Carolus Thilo, Phil. et Theol. in Acad. Halensi Professor. Lipsiæ; T. O. Weigel, MDCCCLIII.
5. *Paper ascribed to Napoleon Buonaparte, and said to have been dictated by him at St. Helena.* English Translation in the "Gospel Messenger." Vol. V. p. 284. Burntisland, 1857. French original cited in the following.
6. *La personne de Jésus Christ.* Par Augustus Nicolas. (Etudes Philosoph. sur le Christianisme.) 3ième Partie. Chap. II.
7. *Observations on the attempted Application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel.* By W. H. Mill, D.D. Cambridge; Deighton. 1840.
8. *Papers on the Gospels.* By Prince Albert de Broglie. English Translation in the "Panoply" for Nov., 1858 (Vol. II. p. 337). Burntisland. Original French at the end of Vol. I. of "L'Eglise et L'Empire Roman au quatrième Siècle."
9. *Examen Critique de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan.* Par M. L'Abbé Freppel, Professeur d'Eloquence sacrée à la Sorbonne. 3ième Edition. Paris: A. Bray.
10. *Observations sur la Vie de Jésus de M. Ernest Renan.* Par Raoul Lecœur. Rouen: Cagniard.
11. *M. Renan et son Ecole. Reflexions sur la Vie de Jésus.* Par Volusien Pages. Paris: Dentu, 1863.
12. *L'Evangile selon Renan.* Par Henri Lasserre. 5ième Edition. Paris: Palmé, 1863.

MORE than eighteen hundred years have passed away since there stood before the tribunal of a Roman governor of Judea, One who, to all outward appearance, resembled the rest of the sons of men. The bare historical fact would be known to us even if we had no more than ordinary narratives composed by the annalists of the age; for a

writer, born only some thirty years after the event, and consequently contemporary with men who might have actually witnessed it, had occasion to speak of the origin of the appellation given to the much-hated, much-enduring Christians. "The Originator of that name," says Tacitus, "was Christ, who was put to death in the reign of Tiberius, by the Procurator, Pontius Pilate." *Auctor nominis ejus Christus qui, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.**

Words accepting and reiterating, in different forms, the fact thus stated by the Roman historian, are being constantly read in a myriad homes in almost every quarter of the most civilized portions of the earth, are being repeated by children of tender years, and proclaimed aloud in buildings erected for the worship of the Most High. Forever, until time itself shall be no more, the name of the judge and the judged One stand side by side. It is everywhere "Jesus Christ . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate."

But those who do not rest content with the meagre outline supplied by heathen narrators, look elsewhere for fuller information; and in the only records that supply any details whatever respecting the circumstances of that trial, they read how the Victim, even in that his hour of humiliation, made announcement to those around him of another day when he should sit on the right hand of power, and come in the clouds of heaven. "Certainly," says one who comments upon that declaration—"certainly it is a great demonstration of the justice of God, so highly to reward that Son of man as to make him Judge of all the world, who came into the world and was judged here; to give him absolute power of absolution and condemnation, who was by us condemned to die, and died that he might absolve us; to cause all the sons of men to bow before his throne, who did not disdain for their sakes to stand before the tribunal and receive that sentence, *Let him be crucified.*"† And the fulfilment of that most just and righteous award we Christians all await. Before that throne we believe that we must all of us fall down, either as conquered rebels or as pardoned sinners. And we pray, in this our day of grace, that it may be granted to us for his sake, to hear the

* Annal. lib. xv. cap. xxxiv.

† Bishop Pearson on the Creed.—Article vii.

sentence that assures forgiveness, not the awful one of condemnation.

Centuries elapse between the first advent, which is matter of history, and the second, which is the subject of prophecy; and from time to time during that long interval there have arisen, and there will arise, men who again attempt to sit in judgment upon their future Judge. All of us, alas! in so far as we are sinners, contribute, by our daily offences of thought and word and deed, to crucify Christ afresh; but those to whom we now more particularly advert, take upon them to criticise the history of his life and death, in precisely the same temper as they might discuss that of any among their ordinary fellow-men; to deny his sinlessness, his Messiahship, his divinity—nay, possibly, in some instances, to insinuate doubts respecting his very existence as man on earth.

One such critic is at this moment creating a sensation in France, and throughout the civilized world; a sensation, as we believe, ephemeral, and calculated to die out, at no distant period, from sheer innate weakness. Nevertheless, it is a duty incumbent on a review like this, to try and point out wherein that weakness consists; and thus, so far as may be, to hasten the decline and extinction of M. Renan's line of argument. But before proceeding to any detailed criticism upon this latest "Life of Jesus," we shall invite the attention of our readers to a few general considerations, which will be found to have an important bearing on the problem now presented to us.

If man asks any question whatever respecting the existence of something greater than himself, the answer must inevitably take one of four forms; namely, Atheism, Polytheism, Pantheism, or Monotheism. And if, further, he should profess, not only to have decided upon his own reply, but to desire to become an instructor of his fellow-men in the matter of religion, we have a right to demand from him an explicit avowal of his sentiment as a primary condition of our gaining such a position as may enable us to judge the remainder of his teaching. It is easy to mention books which announce on their very front some one of these four replies. Thus, for instance, the famous poem of Lucretius, "De Rerum Naturâ," is a proclamation of Atheism; the "Iliad" is the production of a high-priest

of Polytheism; the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" of Spinoza, is the great modern repertory of the doctrines of Pantheism; the "Koran" of Mahomet puts forth, despite all its faults and erroneous claims, a vigorous, and even, at times, an impassioned, assertion of Monotheism. And of all these works it may be said, that they do not practise any concealment, nor speak with flattering and hesitating accents. If we accept the fundamental teaching of any one of them respecting the divine nature, we do it with our eyes open; we know with whom we are throwing our lot. It will be desirable, before we proceed, to say a few brief words upon each of these four assertions respecting the supernatural order of things.

Our subject happily demands only a passing reference to Atheism. Whatever may have been the extravagances of individuals, such as the unhappy Epicurean poet above-named, it may be safely asserted that Atheism never has possessed, and never will possess, any enduring hold upon the human heart. If any tribe or race (as, for example, the Kaffirs) can, with propriety, be termed Atheists, we may predict, without danger, that they will prove to be among the very lowest specimens of humanity. To be "without God in the world" is, indeed, upon even temporal grounds, a degraded and a miserable lot.

Polytheism stands on somewhat different grounds. It does, at any rate, admit the existence of that which is divine. Not only was it the religion of the two greatest nations of antiquity, but it has at moments won a passing glance of sympathy and admiration, though hardly, perhaps, of serious consideration, from one or two sets of thinkers at various epochs in European history. Such was the Medicean set in Florence, at the revival of letters; such the mood, at moments, of Goethe, and even of Schiller; * such, perhaps, the spirit of some of the actors, especially among the Girondists, in the great and comprehensive drama of the French Revolution. But these exhibitions have been but

* The heathenized tone of the Renaissance has been much dwelt upon by living writers, as, for instance, by Mr. Ruskin, Canon Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and the author of "Romola." Goethe's pagan tastes come out in many of his poems, more especially in the "Bride of Corinth." Schiller's (we may hope more momentary) lapse in his "Gods of Greece" has been finely and poetically rebuked in Mrs. Browning's poem of "The Dead Pan."

transitory, nor does it seem probable that any nations which have accepted Monotheism are in serious danger of relapsing into Polytheism. Certainly, we hear of no such tendencies on the part of the Turks or Arabs; far less, despite the idiosyncracies of some few persons, in any portion of the realms of Christendom. Still, cases of apparent sympathy with Polytheism do meet the eye, and to one such we shall be compelled to pay attention in the course of our present criticism.

The grossness, however, of certain portions of Polytheism shocked many of the finer minds among the very heathen themselves. Thus Plato, in a well-known part of the second Book of his "Republic," rebukes Homer for several unworthy representations of the deities. Pindar had already preceded Plato in the same path.* At a later period various allegorical explanations of the Homeric mythology were introduced. But the great resource of those who were repelled by the coarse anthropomorphism of Polytheism was to take refuge in the apparent spirituality of Pantheism.

Pantheism, more or less completely, identifies the Creator with the universe which he has created. The personality of God degenerates into the impersonality of a mere *anima mundi*. Moreover this doctrine leads, as its most logical adherents grant, to the sapping of all sound foundations of morality. For if (to employ the language of the Hindoo philosophers) Siva is everything, and each man's soul only a part of Siva, just as the water in a cup may be a portion of the mighty Ganges, then, as the Deity cannot do wrong, no act of man can be essentially wrong; for it is a part of the divinity that is acting in each man. Hence it follows, as the Hindoos do not scruple to teach, that the distinction between good and evil, however necessary as a convenience for this life, must be pronounced unreal and illusory. We have never wished to shut our eyes to the palliations which may be urged on behalf of those Pantheists whom no nobler and loftier teaching may have reached. In many cases Pantheism, as has been said before in this review, is probably a groping after two great truths; namely, that in Him who made us we all "live and move and have our being," and that man's highest bliss must consist in union with God. But

* Nemean Odes (vii. 31). Strauss calls attention to these passages of Plato and Pindar.

however tenderly we may be disposed to feel towards the victims of this error, a grievous and miserable error it must still remain; sad when adopted because nothing better is known, sadder far when accepted by those on whom the light of a holier faith has beamed; for Pantheism is in fact the denial of a true and living God, and the denial at the same time of the immutable character of morality.

There remains, then, the faith of the Monotheist. He and he alone can be truly said to believe in God. He does not, with the Atheist, deny him; nor with the Pantheist relegate him to a practical nonentity; nor with the Polytheist reduce his sovereign attributes to chaos by supposing them to be distributed among "gods many and lords many." To him is God known "not as a Law, but as a Person to be adored and loved."*

How much, how very much, is implied in this doctrine we must not now pause to consider. But it is necessary to remark that, whatever else Theism involves, it includes *inter alia* a belief in the possibility of miracles. Jews, Mahometans, Christians, and all real Theists are agreed in this. A writer who cannot, we fear, be claimed as a Christian, Mr. John Stuart Mill, has justly remarked that a belief in miracles is impossible apart from belief in a personal God. And it is only by abuse of the word God—only by making him a sort of constitutional monarch without real authority over creation, that a disbelief in miracles can be sustained.

When, however, we cast a glance at the condition of the world at the time of the birth of Christ, the region in which the true doctrine of Monotheism was being effectively taught must be allowed by all to have been a very limited one. Only in Palestine, or in cities like Alexandria, where Judaism had been circulated by the dispersion of the race, can we feel any confidence that people were

* Mansel's Bampton Lectures. Lect. I.: Prof. Mansel's opponent, Prof. Goldwin Smith, agrees herein with Mr. Mansel, saying: "In vindicating the representation of God given in the Bible, he [Mr. Mansel] demolishes the *figment*, much in vogue among exclusively scientific minds, of an insensible, inflexible, immovable,—in a word, of a scientific, as opposed to a moral, God." (Postscript to Inaugural Lectures in the Study of History.) We have much pleasure in calling attention to this agreement between two combatants so highly gifted. Mr. Goldwin Smith's words embody, as we hope to show, the fundamental difference between believers in the Gospel and rationalists, such as Strauss and Renan.

enjoying the blessing of a knowledge of the one true and living God. What marvel if, on this ground alone, men were to claim inspiration for the writings put forth by the teachers of a race thus favored. It is not the shadow of a reply to point out here and there in classic writings of the West, or in books deemed sacred in the East, some noble and elevating exceptions, such as the hymn by the Stoic Cleanthes, or even the injunction of the love of God taught in the "hymn of the Sikh Goroos to the God Ram:" the fact remains, that in no other literature but that of the Hebrews do we find men really speaking as those who not only enjoined on others the love of God, but exemplified that love in the very turn of their expressions as well as in their lives.

"What," asks a modern writer,—“what is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion*, which pervades it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive principle; a mere organizing intellect removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a Being of like passions with themselves, requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection, because capable of feeling and returning it. Awful, indeed, are the thunders of his utterance, and the clouds that surround his dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him; but to his chosen people, and especially to the men ‘after his own heart,’ whom he anoints from the midst of them, his ‘still, small voice,’ speaks in sympathy and loving-kindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favored race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an ‘exceeding weight of glory’ was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn

pomp of ministration, was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his feet, and knew all his thoughts long before. Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human affection. Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognized, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of passionate individual attachment, which, in the Hebrew authors, always mingles with, and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books in the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.”

Gladly, with reservation as to a single phrase,* do we appropriate for the moment, these remarkable words; and still more gladly do we proceed to cite from the same author, the following continuation of the passage, both for its own sake, and as a natural means of transition to our more immediate subject:—

“But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, ‘*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*’ In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, there exists in the doctrine of the cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings. The idea of the Θεάνθρωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption

* The words, “a Being of like passions with themselves,” as descriptive of the Hebrew idea of God, are surely liable to a dangerous sense, though capable of an innocent one. Side by side with passages which may seem, at first sight, to justify the expression, such as, *e.g.*, 1 Samuel 17, must be taken such other texts as 1 Samuel 15: 29.

as an earthly temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity; *this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination.* It is the *πρὸς σῶ* which alone was wanting to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make virtue the object of passion, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart, with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love. The written word and Established Church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved 'in Christ alone.' The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to One who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more holy and more real than any other."

Such were the thoughts of one whom we, in our ignorance, call prematurely snatched away. And yet surely if Arthur Hallam had left nothing else behind him than the pages on which the reader's eye has just rested, he could not be said to have lived in vain.

But, as has recently been urged in this review, "however much the fact embodied in the doctrine of the Incarnation may answer to a want and longing in the heart—and however much the thought of it may thrill our nature to its very depth, this is no proof of its truth." And our fellow-reviewer proceeded to urge that we need evidence that our Lord "lived and died, that his life was

blameless, and that he spake as never man spake," before proceeding to the proof of his divinity.* Happily, two out of three points here named are admitted by those against whom our present argument is directed. The human existence and death of Jesus Christ, and the superiority of his teaching not only to all that has been known, but to all that ever can be known, is admitted to the very fullest extent in this latest rationalistic biography. The doctrine of the impeccability of our Lord stands upon somewhat different grounds. But, so far as we have seen, this last-named question turns entirely upon the truth of our Lord's Godhead. If his awful claim in this respect be nothing less than truth, then do we understand the force of this unanswered appeal, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and the repeated assertion of St. Paul and of St. John, that "He knew no sin."† But, with reverence be it said, we do not on any other hypothesis understand these expressions. For how can One, who answered in the affirmative to the tremendous question, whether he were indeed the Christ the Son of God, be sinless, if he were saying what he was well aware was not the truth. We repeat it, then, the question of his divine personality is prior to any discussion concerning his sinlessness as man. Before, however, appealing to the Holy Scriptures, we shall first indulge in some of those general reflections, of which many (though not all) have been so forcibly presented in some of the books which are mentioned at the commencement of this article.

At the moment at which we write, there are certain portions of the globe which lay claim to a higher state of civilization than the rest. And although a certain kind of passive and morose civilization does undoubtedly distinguish some non-Christian nations,—as for example, the Chinese,—yet, on the whole, it may be fairly said, that the highest forms of civilization exist in those countries, and in those only, wherein Christ is worshipped as God. Further, though the prizes of this earth are not the special blessings of Christianity, yet so beneficent is the

* Vide our October Number. [*Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. 46., pp. 257, etc.] Art. *Miracles*.

† St. John 8: 46. 2 Cor. 5: 21. 1 St. John 3: 5. Also Heb. 4: 15, 9: 28, and 1 St. Peter 2: 22.

operation of this faith upon the lower destinies of man, that even political economists have remarked that the wealth of Christian nations is far in excess of the non-Christian. One country, indeed, there is in Europe where the doctrine of the Incarnation is not taught, but repelled as falsehood; and what is the condition of that country? Its moral condition is such that we cannot venture to speak openly upon the subject, but must simply refer the reader to the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. As for the intellectual *status* of Turkey, it is simply below contempt. Lastly, in a political point of view, it is so utterly moribund that nothing, save the jealousies of the great powers, can contrive to impart to it a feeble and quasi-galvanic existence. It is true (as we have shown in former years in this review) that the Turks are by no means the finest specimens of Mahometans: but look where we will, to Egypt, India, or Persia, the gradual decline of that creed is very palpable. The words of the poet, whether believed or not by himself, will assuredly prove correct:—

“The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:

While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.”*

And, while we are on the subject of morality, we should like to ask any of our readers who have had opportunities of examining eye-witnesses, what conclusions they have formed respecting the morality of Hindoos, Chinese, or the uncivilized insular tribes. We have been at some pains in this respect and the result of our examination is such as we should shrink from publishing. It will, we think, be found that a standard of morality, which all Christians would agree in thinking painfully low, would be regarded in non-Christianized countries as exorbitantly and unreasonably high.†

2. We pass to a second consideration. The history of the world is, in some reasonable degree, known to us, for a period of some thousands of years: if we say for five

* Shelley's “Hellas.” For the evidence of this tendency, see the concluding chapter of Dollinger's “Muhammed's Religion.” Ratisbon, 1838.

† The palmy state of physical science, of scholarship and criticism, in Christian, as distinguished from non-Christian ones, is also a phenomenon well worth consideration.

thousand years M. Renan will not quarrel with us.*

During all that period, we have seen one man claim for himself to be worshipped as Almighty God, and succeed in having that claim acknowledged, not by those of some one state or nation, over which he had possessed temporal sway, but by myriads of men of the most varied climes and ages. We have seen one man accomplish this, *and one only*.

Surely, the comment once cited in these pages is just, by whomsoever uttered. “There is no God in heaven if a mere man has been able to conceive and execute with full success the gigantic design of securing for himself supreme worship, by usurping the name of God.†

3. In the various departments of human excellence it is seldom possible to point out any one of such predominance that a second name of nearly, if not quite equal merit, cannot be placed beside the first. Hannibal is a marvellous master of the art of war; but do not the claims of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Buonaparte stand at least as high? We are justly proud in England of the name of Newton; but the Danes have a perfect right to extol as equal, if not superior, that of Kepler. How difficult is it to adjust the heights of the three poetic thrones occupied by Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare. The very existence of such a work as Plutarch's “Lives” is sufficient to establish the conviction of that eminent writer respecting the parallel character of the greatness displayed by a long series of Greek and of Roman heroes. Louis IX. of France is the model of a saintly king; but is our own Alfred so very far below him? The statues of Michael Angelo have merits of their own which make them vie, to say the least, with the *chef d'œuvres* of classic art that yet remain to us. Nor, indeed, can any department in the wide range of earthly achievement be said to have had such a *coryphæus* among its votaries, as to afford any security that his superior, if he has not yet risen, may not arise some future day.

There is some foundation of truth in the well-known lines:—

“Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;
He is, or has been, or shall be.”

* *Période historique . . . comprenant environ cinq mille ans*—M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for 15 Octobre, 1863.—P. 769.

† Paper ascribed to Napoleon.

We say of earthly achievement; for there is a work not of the earth, but breathed upon by a Divine Spirit, which will never be forgotten or outworn, whose author will never be surpassed. This is no mere assertion made by those alone who worship Jesus as their God and Saviour. The leading rationalist of Germany, the most talked-of rationalist of France, they both employ in this respect language analogous to that of Christians. "No one," says Mr. Farrar of Strauss, "can be more inimical to the dogmatic and historical Christianity of the Church than he; yet he asserts firmly that Christ and Christianity is the highest moral ideal to which the world can ever expect to attain."* "Whatever," says M. Renan, "may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His religion will forever grow young again. His sufferings will mollify the best hearts: all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there has not been born a greater than Jesus." It is with rationalists that our present argument is concerned; and such admissions save us the trouble of arguing against men who would insinuate that because the work of Pythagoras and Zoroaster has passed away, and that of Mahomet is on the wane, therefore that of Christ is destined to share a similar declension.

4. With regard to the theory that the character of our blessed Lord as portrayed in the Gospels may be due to the imagination of the writers, it is sufficient to cite the well-known sentiment of Rousseau, that "the person who could invent such a character would be more astonishing than the actual hero of the narrative."†

5. Great men, though often much in advance of their contemporaries, seldom fail to bear in many respects the stamp of their age and country. Alexander manifests the tokens of his Macedonian origin and his Greek culture, and is by no means left unscathed by the evil influences of oriental flattery. Socrates, with all his moral grandeur and noble death, is still an unmistakable Athenian.

* Bampton Lectures for 1862. P. 502. Note: Mr. Farrar appeals to the *soliloquies* of Strauss (E. P. 1845; § 27-30). Having thus made use of Mr. Farrar's work, it is only right to state our conviction of its great usefulness and value, although we may occasionally dissent from its decisions.

† *L'inventeur en serait plus étonnant que le héros.* (Emile liv. iv.) Cit ap. M. Nicolas, to whom we also stand greatly indebted in respect of considerations 2, 4, and 5.

Cicero is from first to last the *civis Romanus*. Hillel and Gamaliel display the broad phylactery of the Jewish Rabbi. Dante, even in the *Paradiso*, remains the exiled citizen of Florence; and Shakspeare, amidst all his almost inexhaustible variety, is still a genuine, however wondrous, product of the England of Queen Elizabeth. The same may be said of religious teachers. No one could mistake the author of the "*Bhagvat Geeta*" for anything but a Hindoo; while he who penned the *Koran* constantly proclaims himself an Arab of the Arabs.

But does any man, do even our rationalistic adversaries, maintain that this is the case with Jesus Christ? Do they not on the contrary most fully recognize and admit that he is by no means the product of Judaism, of his age and country? Assuredly M. Renan, amongst the many admissions to which we shall have to call attention, most fully grants thus much; though his conclusions, thus far just in themselves, are not always drawn from correct premises. "In this he is in no wise of his race; nothing in Judaism had given him the model of this delightful style of instruction (the parable). He is its creator. The very people disdained by orthodox Judaism were his favorites."*

6. It is worthy of observation that some of the finest ideal types of humanity do in their nobler features remind us of the Christian type. The "*Prometheus*" of *Æschylus* seems (as Coleridge and others have remarked) to take its origin from two distinct and contrariant echoes of traditionary lore. In so far as he is a rebel, *Prometheus* reminds us of the fallen archangel; but in that he is the benefactor of man, and suffers for his goodness, we perceive the idea of a Redeemer. In our own century, an unbelieving poet conceived the bold plan of filling up one of the lost parts of the *Æschylean* trilogy and presenting us with a "*Prometheus Unbound*." It speaks highly for the greatness of Shelley's powers, that in such an attempt he should have achieved so large a measure of success as has repaid his efforts. But not, we think, from any merely pagan, still less from any infidel source, did the poet gain such a notion of heroism as is portrayed by him in the conclusion of his drama:—

"Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance

* "*Vie de Jesus.*"—Pp. 77, 167, 184-5.

Which bars the pit over destruction's strength.

These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.
To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night.

To love and bear. . . .

This like thy glory, Titan ! is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory ! "

Yes ; this ideal has indeed been set before us, but in reality, not in fabled story.

7. Without entering into the origin* of other legends sung in the mythologies of various lands, it is certain that numbers of them do find in Christ the fulfilment of the ideas which they seem to adumbrate. "Over all the realms of heathendom lay dim shadows of a suffering Redeemer. Among the Greeks and the Egyptians were tales of one Epaphus, who should be born miraculously of a virgin named Io, to deliver an enchained man from a gnawing vulture. Or, again, of a god named Orus, who should slay a serpent called Typhon ; of a hero Hercules, who by killing a dragon was to give to men the golden fruits of a marvellous garden (or paradise) from which they were shut out. The Persians told of Mithra, a mediator and conqueror of Ahriman, the power of evil, who should come to cause and procure the deliverance of man, and 'rest himself in his work,' said they, 'but not too long for a god.' Among the Hindoos is there belief in Vishnu, a god who should become incarnate and remedy the evils wrought by a great serpent named Kaliga. The Mexicans have looked for a god, Gartoolt by name, who should bring about a blessed change and combat the adder, who seduced the mother of our race. A native American tribe were taught to expect one Puru, who was to cause a serpent which devoured the people to enter back again into hell. Among the Northmen was the famous god Thor, who should wage a mortal combat with the great serpent Migdard, and lose his life whilst he won the victory."†

* Notwithstanding our great respect for the learning and the tone of Professor Max Muller, we are quite unable to follow him in his attempt to derive the classic legends from philology (Oxford Essays for 1856), and are somewhat surprised at the degree of countenance which Mr. Farrar seems inclined to lend to this view.

† This passage on Gentile types and adumbrations of Christ has appeared before in a sermon sent by the writer to a Scotch magazine. But the summary was originally made by M. Nicolas.

8. It is well known that Strauss, in his elaborate work, the "Life of Jesus," tries to lead on his readers to the following conclusion : "where the Church places *Jesus* for the *subject*, and certain miraculous acts for the *predicate* of a proposition, true philosophy substitutes for *Jesus* the abstract term *humanity*. If, piercing the shell of the Gospel legends, you would arrive at the kernel of truth enshrined therein, say, *Humanity dies, rises again, and ascends up on high*. The individual *Jesus* is of little moment saving in so far as he may have contributed to bring out the idea."

We have at this point only one question to put in connection with the above theory. Strauss says, for *Jesus* read *humanity*. Now would Strauss, would any of his fellow-workers in the cause of rationalism, ever dream of suggesting this exchange in connection with any other name that is known to the sons of men? Would the life of Confucius or Socrates, of Mahomet or Charlemagne, or of any other mortal man, ever suggest the idea of humanity at large, in such wise as that *their* acts should be taken for a *predicate* of which humanity was in reality the proper *subject*? Firmly convinced are we that this question admits but of one reply. Not even Baur nor Strauss nor Renan would ever dream of substituting humanity for an individual man in any other case than this ; and we argue from it that this life is something singular, unique, different from any other that is on record. Strauss has indeed presumed in one passage to speak of some other men as persons of whom Christ need not disdain the company. He mentions Moses and Mahomet, Thales and Parmenides, Socrates and Plato, Alexander and Cæsar, Raphael and Mozart. Well, when Dr. Strauss has composed a subtle and labored treatise to prove that the acts ascribed to any one of these persons ought in reality to be understood, not of that individual, but of humanity, then, but not till then, shall we imagine that he supposes himself to discern some degree of parallelism between cases so unutterably distinct. Most justly has the Straussian hypothesis been described as "that extraordinary mythical theory of Scripture, which assuredly no man would ever have adduced to explain away its marvels, unless in despair of so doing by any other means."*

* "The Testimony of Jesus." A sermon preached

9. Our attitude, confronting rationalism, compels us at moments to put forward suppositions which, if meant seriously, would be blasphemous. But we share this difficulty with all apologists from the earliest times; and, like them, we see no other way of putting the case fairly. The assumption now to be made (it is remarkably well put by M. Nicolas) is this. *If* Jesus were not in reality God, the Eternal Son, and had wished to represent himself, with the aid of the evangelists, as such, what course would he have adopted? Surely, all marks of physical weakness and weariness, everything that offended and still offends an incredulous world, would have been carefully dissembled in the narrative, and the semblance of all that heathendom or Judaism imagined to be most majestic and superhuman would alone be presented to us. In such case St. Luke would have taken care not to represent the death of St. Stephen as having been calmer than that of Him to whom the proto-martyr committed his spirit. That four evangelists should have all agreed in a picture of the death of him who is God, so contrary, in most of its leading features, to what either Greek or Hebrew intelligence would have imagined, so opposite to all earthly *à priori* expectations, is precisely one of those marks both of fidelity and of the absence of pre-conceived notions being foisted into the history, that would of itself go far to satisfy us of its truth.

10. The above considerations present a few, and a few only, of the arguments which militate against the Socinian view of the Person and Office of Christ. But we cannot too emphatically insist upon the point that it is against Rationalism, and not against Socinianism, that we are at present engaged in arguing. The entire case against Socinianism may be stated, if necessary, on some other occasion. But we greatly doubt the need. We may be mistaken; but Socinianism proper seems to us to be a heresy that is dead and buried. If any man could have saved it, it would have been Channing. That many palliations for his unfortunate errors may have existed in the state of things around him is what we can

easily imagine, and are only too glad to hope and believe. But deadly errors they remain; and not all his moral courage, the lofty purity of his ethical standard, or his sympathy with forms of goodness the most alien from his own, can redeem his creed from the charge of being as inconsistent and untenable in the eyes of genuine rationalists, as it is in those, who, with all their hearts and mind, believe in the creed of Nice. Seldom as it is that we can agree with the line of argument adopted by M. Renan, we find ourselves for once thoroughly with him in the following sentences from his article on "Unitarianism in the United States:" "Does Channing avoid any better than Catholic theologians the objections of incredulity? Alas! no. He admits the resurrection of Jesus Christ and does not admit his divinity; he admits the Bible and does not admit hell. He employs all the subtleties of a schoolman to establish against Trinitarians the sense in which Christ is, and the sense in which he is not the Son of God. Now if one grants that there has been an existence real and miraculous from one end to the other, why not frankly call it divine? The one demands no greater effort of belief than the other. In fact, in this course *il n'y a que le premier pas que coûte*; one must not make compromises with the supernatural; faith must be complete (*va d'une seule pièce*), and, the sacrifice once made, it is not becoming to reclaim in detail rights of which one has made once for all an entire cession. Herein lies, in my judgment, the narrow and inconsistent side of Channing. *What is a rationalist who admits miracles, prophecies, or Revelation?*"*

It is likewise worthy of observation that, while on the one hand the intellectual position of Channing is thus (we hold most justly) pronounced untenable, so on the other hand did the cold utterances of Socinian religion prove utterly insufficient for his heart; indeed, so insufficient, as to lead him to look for solace in the writings of men the very furthest removed from his own school. Channing actually sympathized in many respects with the Oxford movement of 1833, and his favorite religious author was Fenelon! In this inability to find spiritual food in the arid pastures of his own sect, he by no means stands alone among Socinians. Some few years since, the ablest of English Unitarians,

* *Revue des deux Mondes.*

before the University of Oxford by the Rev. Coker Adams, M.A., Fellow of New College. (Parker, 1861.) Mr. Adams presently adds, most suggestively: "Perhaps the mythical system itself presents but the 'lean and flashy' semblance of a nature in them [the Scriptures] which is richly and profoundly mystical throughout."

Mr. James Martineau, expressed himself as follows :—

“I am constrained to say, that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions, of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors most in favor with them. In biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustin, Tayler, Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold.”

Again, he adds :—

“I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded on reason and nature, and is already widely spread among us.”

Once more, Mr. Martineau says :—

“*Better insight into the origin and meaning of the Trinitarian scheme, more philosophical appreciation of its leading terms,—e.g., Substance, Personality, Nature, etc.,—and more sympathetic approach to the minds of living believers in it, have greatly modified our estimates, and disinclined many of us to make the rejection of the doctrine, any more than its acceptance, a condition of Church communion.*”*

Such is at present the position of Unitarianism. Many of its professors are turning their glances upward; many, more especially in America, have become Trinitarians. But those who do not thus advance are in few, if any, cases standing still; only too logically they are descending into the depths of a rationalistic Pantheism.

11. There appear, then, to be five main classes of those who have attacked the Church's

* Quoted from Mr. Martineau's letter to Mr. Macdonald, on The Unitarian Position. Price 1d. London: Whitfield, 1859. Requoted in a letter by Dr. Rowland Williams, which appeared in the *Cambrian*, a Swansea journal, for Dec. 3, 1859, and in the London *Guardian* of Dec. 7, 1859. Also in Dr. Fairbairn's careful and candid Appendix to the concluding volume of the English translation of Dorner on the Person of Christ.

teaching concerning the person and office of Christ.

I. Those who pronounce him to be an impostor. This class includes the Jews, the heathen assailants, such as Celsus, Julian and Porphyry; and we presume, modern infidels of the school of Voltaire.

II. Those who allow him to be something more than human, to be the greatest of all religious teachers, the One through whom the human race has received the best and highest culture, but who in some way detract from the fulness of his divinity or of his manhood, or who confound or separate the two natures. This class includes the great mass of heretical teachers, such as Arians, Nestorians, and the like. But it excludes Mahometans, Socinians, and perhaps Ebionites and some other Gnostics.

III. Those who acknowledge him as a true prophet, miraculously conceived as the son of Mary; the worker under of God of great and holy miracles, even to the raising of the dead unto life again, and taken up into heaven. This is the teaching of Mahomet in the Koran. Its Moslem commentators go somewhat beyond this, and are probably justified in so doing, by fair inference from the language of the Koran as well from traditions accepted by the majority.

IV. Those who represent him to be a mere man, but the greatest of all religious teachers, the author of real miracles, and miraculously raised again to life. This is the teaching of Socinians, properly so called, as, for example, Dr. Channing.

V. Those who, while proclaiming (or, at any rate, not denying) the actual human existence of Jesus, not only teach that he is merely man, but deny all that is miraculous in his life.

It is with the fifth and last of these positions alone that we are just now especially concerned. A refutation of the teaching of Judaism or Arianism, of Mahomet or Socinus, respecting the sacred person of our Lord may be required again hereafter; though none of such tasks appear likely to be called for immediately among the civilized nations of Christendom, either in Europe or America.

Now, the considerations above suggested are of course, we fully grant, as nothing apart from the teaching of the New Testament, upon which they all mediate or immediately repose. Most true, we preach Christ Jesus

as the Eternal Son, the second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, made perfect man like unto us in all things (sin alone except) some 1864 years since, combining thenceforth in his adorable Personality forever and indivisibly, without separation or confusion, two whole and perfect natures, the Godhead and the Manhood; and as having condescended not only to be born, but to suffer and to die for us men and for our salvation.

We place upon the table the volume commonly accepted as the New Testament, and demand who are they who would unhesitatingly proclaim their conviction that the statements just made are taught therein and may be proved from it? And from amidst the vast throng of myriads who have lived and died in that faith, which answer this query in the affirmative, we may imagine some forms to stand peculiarly prominent, not as having necessarily been more sincere or ardent in their conviction, but as having been in a position to announce it to their brethren. In that band stand Polycarp and Cyprian, Athanasius and Augustine, Bernard and Aquinas, Theodosius and Alfred, Louis IX. of France and Gustavus Adolphus, Luther and Loyola, Xavier and Heber, Fenelon and Thomas Chalmers, the framers of the Nicene Creed, of the Augsburg Confession, of the Westminster Confession, of the Tridentine Decrees and the Anglican Articles; Nikon of Russia and Vladimir, Bishop Andrewes and Hugh Miller, Cowper and Dante, Haydn and Handel, Vitorringa and Estius, Alexander Vinet and Arthur Hallam. We pause, lest our list become too long; yet, even as it stands, it is surely neither unvaried nor insignificant. Differing in much else, the persons just named were thoroughly agreed in this. Apart from that belief their life would have been unmeaning; for it was faith in that truth that gave vigor and animation to the whole.

Thus much as to the impression made by the New Testament on the overwhelming majority of Christians, whose very differences upon other doctrines must, by every law of evidence, be considered rather to strengthen than to diminish the weight and importance of their agreement here. With other forms of discussion we are not, as we have said, concerned. We proceed to ask, what is the impression made by this same volume on the mind of rationalists, such as Strauss, or Baur of Tübingen?

There cannot, we think, be any doubt but that Strauss most fully admits that, if you allow the possibility of the miraculous—if you admit as conceivable the idea of two natures subsisting in one person,—then that “the Christology of the orthodox system” is (to say the very least) in no wise contrary to the teaching of the sacred volume. “Its fundamental principles are found,” he says, “in the New Testament;” and after a proof, so elaborate as to show that this is an understatement, he adds, “How richly fraught with blessing and elevation, with encouragement and consolation, were the thoughts which the early Church derived from this view of Christ!”* This reflection is followed by two pages of eloquent disquisition, by way of exhibiting in the detail the correctness of this general assertion. The reconciliation between heaven and earth, effected by this marvellous Life and Death; the guarantee of God’s love to man and the revelation of the brightest hopes for the believer; the brotherhood and co-heirship of men with the Son of God; the redemption from the curse of the law; the overthrow of the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile; the justifying nature of faith, that living, loving faith, which creates even in this life a spiritual resurrection, and will lead hereafter to a resurrection of the mortal body, through Christ; the pledge of this ultimate triumph afforded to the believer, by the victory of the Saviour over death, and Hades and the dread powers of Satan; the consolation of having, meanwhile, an Intercessor on high who knows our weakness, for that he himself, though sinless, was subjected to temptation; all this, and more than this, is described at length by Strauss, and shown to rest upon an array of well-chosen and convincing texts. Oh, deplorable spectacle of one who can see and understand and portray these blessed truths, and then turn away from the living, breathing form to the cold idol of a baseless theory, whose foundation is dust and ashes, and its atmosphere the blast of death!

And yet in turning aside for a time from the volumes of Strauss we cannot too earnestly beg of any doubting mind that it would ponder well upon the dilemma placed before us in this extraordinary work. That

* Strauss, “Life of Jesus.” Concluding Dissertation (Vol. iii. pp. 400–1. in the English translation).

dilemma, as conceived by Strauss, may, we believe, be stated with perfect fairness as follows: "Either my mythical theory is true, or else the orthodox Christology is true. There is no middle course. The early Church was perfectly justified, both by the baptismal formula and by many texts in the Epistles,* in forming a creed. She was justified in rejecting Ebionites and Docetæ, and in condemning the more subtle divergences of Arius and of Appollinaris, of Eutyches and the Monothelites. Nor have modern attempts to stop short of the mythical theory, and yet hold less than the early Church, proved at all more successful than those of the early heretics. Socinians, or rationalists, like Henke, who remove the person and work of Jesus from the essence of religion; Schleiermacher with his eclectic Christology; Kant and De Wette with their symbolical interpretations; Schelling with his speculative doctrine of an incarnation, meaning the human consciousness as distinguished from the infinite; these theories are each in turn brought forward, tried, and rejected." And when we think over the final and solemn dilemma just stated, then, blasphemously irreverent as it must sound to Christian ears, we dare not say that there is no grain of truth whatever in the concluding sentence of the Latin preface prefixed by Strauss to the English translation, in which he applies to his work that which was originally spoken of its subject. "And as heretofore in Germany, so presently in Britain, let this book lie *for the fall and rising again of many, and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.*"

But the work of Strauss, says a French rationalist, M. Reville, "is now generally considered as a failure (*une tentative manquée*)."[†] It allured while the Hegelian philosophy was at its zenith of popularity; but began to fall, directly the prestige of that system began to wax faint. But having spoken of the impression made by the New Testament upon other schools, we turn for a moment to ask what is the account given by the new school of Tübingen, and its recently deceased leader, Dr. Baur. Enough for our present purpose to observe that Baur strikes out from the Canon the Gospel of St.

John, and would adjudge away from St. Paul the authorship of the Epistles to the Ephesians, to the Colossians, to Timothy and Titus. We agree with Mr. Farrar,* that the four Pauline Epistles left unchallenged by the most extreme doubters of this school (namely, those addressed to the Romans, to the Galatians, and the two to the Corinthians) would still be sufficient to establish the main articles of the creeds. But when we consider, in reference to the divinity of our Lord, the teaching of the fourth Gospel, from first to last, and the language of the first chapter of Colossians with the parallel passages in those other Epistles which the Tübingen school refuses to accept, it is difficult to believe that these clear manifestations of doctrine are not the main ground of opposition. If calm inquirers should arrive at the same conclusion, then must not Baur and his associates be regarded as additional witnesses to the confession, that the New Testament, as commonly received, *does* proclaim the mystery of the Holy Incarnation?

We trust that the very form of the title prefixed to this paper will have partially prepared the reader for some general remarks, before arriving at any detailed criticism on the new "Vie de Jésus" by M. Renan. But these prefatory observations have been extended much further than we had originally anticipated, and we must sincerely apologize for their great and, we fear, wearisome length. It may, perhaps, prove some excuse for the delay thus occasioned, that we shall hope to render more brief, and at the same time more clear, the objections which we have to urge against the work in question.

And first, on hearing of a fresh sceptical book upon this solemn theme, it may occur to some thinkers to ask, why should not a writer, who is bent upon doubting, simply avow a persistent and complete scepticism with respect, firstly to the whole range of natural, and then subsequently to the entire cycle of supernatural knowledge. The reply is, *firstly*, that such a course is barely possible for any one single mind, however peculiarly constituted or trained; and, *secondly*, that even if such a condition could be attained, the teacher would inevitably fail in founding any enduring scheme of secular philosophy or of religion. Sir William Hamilton is

* Bampton's Lectures for 1862, Lect. viii.

* Strauss quotes especially Romans 1: 3, 8: 34, and 1 Tim. 3: 16.

† *Revue des deux Mondes* for 1 Mai, 1863.—P. 113.

surely not guilty of an over-statement when, after urging the propriety and need of doubt within certain limits, he adds: "Philosophical doubt is not an end but a mean. We doubt in order that we may believe; we begin, that we may not end, with doubt. . . . indeed, were the effect of philosophy the establishment of doubt, the remedy would be worse than the disease. Doubt, as a permanent state of mind, would be, in fact, little better than an intellectual death. The mind lives as it believes—it lives in the affirmation of itself, of nature, and of God; a doubt upon any one of these would be a diminution of its life—a doubt upon the three, were it possible, would be tantamount to a mental annihilation.* Pyrrho has so far succeeded in this line of teaching, as to give rise to the name of Pyrrhonists for sceptics. But how really uninfluential does he appear, when named beside Plato or Aristotle; or even beside less eminent teachers, such as Seneca or Epictetus. Who ever appeals to the name of Pyrrho as an authority for anything? And yet even he placed some limits to his doubts; for he seems to have held firmly to the foundation of morals, however much he may have doubted, or fancied that he doubted, the evidence of his senses.

But, turning from philosophical to religious scepticism, we may now state what appears to us to be the rock upon which, sooner or later, all attacks upon the truth of the "Life of Jesus," as read and accepted by the holders of the orthodox Christology, must inevitably founder.

The author of any sceptical biography of Christ must be prepared either to admit nothing, or to admit something. If he admits nothing, he has no starting-point from which to commence operations, and the world simply refuses to give him a hearing. But if he admits something, that something involves a second admission, and that again another; and so adamant are the links that bind together the Gospel history, that the assailant is ever in doubt where he had best attempt to sever them, and is constantly compelled to change his method of attack. In the case of Strauss, we question whether any single edition of his book has appeared without most important modifications, insertions, and withdrawals of entire sets of paragraphs. In the case of M. Renan, so hesitating and uncertain

is his tone, that it is utterly impossible at moments to comprehend what he really does hold and teach.

In commencing to discuss the problems at issue between us and M. Renan, two questions strike us as important at the very outset. They are these: *Firstly*, does M. Renan believe in Monotheism? *Secondly*, what admissions is he willing to make respecting the events of the Life of our Lord Jesus?

We have, we trust, explained what we mean by belief in Monotheism; not the belief in "the figment, much in vogue among exclusively scientific minds, of an insensible, inflexible, immovable, in a word, of a scientific, as opposed to a moral God,"* but faith in a true and living Creator and Governor of the universe. These opposite views have often been set in contrast, but seldom, we think, with more clearness than in the following statement from the pen of Strauss:—

"In the ancient world (that is in the East) the religious tendency was so preponderating, and the knowledge of nature so limited, that the law of connection between earthly, finite beings was very loosely regarded. At every link there was a disposition to spring into the infinite, and to see God as the immediate cause of every change in nature or the human mind. In this mental condition the biblical history was written. Not that God is here represented as doing all and everything himself,—a notion which, from the manifold evidence of the fundamental connection between finite things, would be impossible to any reasonable mind,—but there prevails in the biblical writers a ready disposition to derive all things, down to the minutest details, as soon as they appear particularly important, immediately from God. *He is who gives the rain and the sunshine; he sends the east wind and the storm; he dispenses war, famine, and pestilence; he hardens hearts and softens them, suggests thoughts and resolutions.* And this is particularly the case with regard to his chosen instruments and beloved people. In the history of the Israelites we find traces of his immediate agency at every step. Through Moses, Elias, Jesus, *he performs things which never would have happened in the ordinary course of nature.*

"Our modern world, on the contrary, after many centuries of tedious research, has attained a conviction, that all things are linked together by a chain of causes and effects which suffers no interruption. It is true that single facts, and groups of facts, with their condition and processes of change, are not so circumscribed as to be unsusceptible

* Lectures on Metaphysics. Lect. v. vol. i. pp. 91-2.

* Professor Goldwin Smith. Cited before.

ble of external influence; for the action of one existence or kingdom in nature intrenches on that of another; human freedom controls natural development, and material laws react on human freedom. Nevertheless, the totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought with the modern world, that, in actual life, the belief in a supernatural manifestation, and immediate divine agency, is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. It has been carried to the extreme in that modern explanation, which, *in a spirit exactly opposed to that of the Bible*, has either totally removed the divine causation, or has so far restricted it, that it is immediate in the act of creation alone, but mediate from that point onwards—i.e., God operates on the world only in so far as he gave to it this fixed direction at the creation. From this point of view, at which nature and history appear as a compact tissue of finite causes and effects, it was impossible to regard the narratives of the Bible, in which this tissue is broken by innumerable instances of divine interference, as historical.

*"It must be confessed, on nearer investigation, that this modern explanation, although it does not exactly deny the existence of God, yet puts aside the idea of him, as the ancient view did the idea of the world; for this is, as it has been often and well remarked, no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite artist who acts immediately upon his work only during its first production, and then leaves it to itself—who becomes excluded, with this full energy, from one particular sphere of existence."**

The admission here is evident. Strauss does not believe in the God revealed by the *Old Testament*, how is it then possible that he can believe in the Mediator revealed in the *New Testament*? He who does not worship the Eternal Father, the Creator, how can we expect him to fall down before the Eternal Son as the Redeemer? In all this Strauss is more honest or more clear-sighted than many who in heart are with him. *Three-fourths of the present disbelief in Christ arises from an undercurrent of disbelief in a true and living God.* Once adopt the conception of God, which is so frankly admitted by Strauss to be anti-biblical, and unbelief in miracles, unbelief in the holy angels, unbelief in evil spirits, unbelief in the Incarnation, all follow logically as a matter of course. It is, then, all important, thus at the outset, to put this question to M. Renan. Do you, or do you

* Strauss' "Life of Christ," Introduction, § 14 (vol. i. pp. 70-72, in English translation).

not, believe in the God of the *Old Testament*?* Strauss has given us a plain reply. Let us now hear yours.

What M. Renan's sentiments on this vital question really are there is, we imagine, little reason to doubt. He seems to us to be more decidedly Pantheistic than Strauss himself but he is far less bold and explicit in his avowal. We do not deny that a stray admission of a slightly counter-tendency may be once found in one of his earlier articles, but his latest contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* more than confirms the impression made upon his French opponents by the "*Vie de Jésus*;" namely, that M. Renan is a decided Pantheist.

This unhappy form of error has an intimate connection with our second inquiry. Not only does Pantheism lead, by necessary consequence, to a rejection of the central dogma of the Christian faith, but it deserves to be sincerely considered whether this vague and dreamy creed be not incompatible with the true historic sense. One thing is certain (and it is admitted as fully by M. Renan as by our great English theologian, Dr. Mill), that in India, the classic land of that form of belief, Pantheism has all but wholly extinguished history and crushed it out of being.

We now proceed, by way of answer to our second question, to select some specimens of the admissions of M. Ernest Renan. This is however, a task by no means free from difficulty. We earnestly desire to be fair, and in the case of a large proportion of books that come under our notice, we do not experience any great difficulty in ascertaining the position of the author. French writers more especially, from their admirable power of arrangement, are usually in this respect much more easily handled than German, or even than English authors. But with M. Renan's book all seem perplexed. In homely, but expressive phrase, there is no knowing where to have him. Apparently, frank admissions are made, and then seem to be repented of, modified, and perhaps explained away. All that we can at present assert is, that the following statements do really occur in his work, and that we have tried to avoid making anything like garbled extracts:—

* We say here "*The Old Testament*" to avoid ambiguity. If we said "*The Bible*," an opponent might urge that we were including the doctrine of the Trinity as well as the Unity of the Godhead.

[Admissions of M. Renan.]

"In short (*en somme*), I admit, as authentic, the four canonical Gospels.* . . . It will be observed that I have not made any use of the apocryphal Gospels. *These compositions ought not to be in any wise placed on the same level with the canonical Gospels.* They are weak (*plates*) and puerile amplifications, having the canonical Gospels for their basis, and adding to them nothing that is of any value.† . . . I have travelled in all directions over the Gospel country. I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria. Scarcely any locality of importance in the history of Jesus has escaped my notice. All this history, which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of a world without reality, thus gained a body, a solidity, which astonished me. *The striking agreement between the texts and the places, the marvellous harmony between the evangelic ideal and the scenery which served as a frame for it, were for me a complete revelation.* I had before my eyes a fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible; and thenceforth, through the narratives of Matthew and of Mark, instead of an abstract Being, whom one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move.‡ . . . Many will no doubt regret the biographical form which my work has thus taken. When I first conceived a history of the sources of Christianity, what I wished to produce was certainly in fact a history of doctrines, wherein men would have had scarcely any part. Jesus would hardly have been named. One would have taken especial pains to show how the ideas which have been produced under his name germinated and covered the world. But I have since learned to see that history is no mere game of abstractions, and that men are of more account in it than doctrines. . . . To write the history of Jesus, of St. Paul, of St. John, is to write the history of the sources (*des origines*) of Christianity.§ . . . He who was beheaded by Herodias opened the era of the Christian martyrs. He was the first witness of the new conscience. The worldlings, who recognized in him their real enemy, could not suffer him to live. His mutilated corpse, cast upon the threshold of Christianity, traced the blood-stained path wherein so many others were destined to follow him. . . . In morals, truth gains no worth if it does not pass into the state of sentiment, and it does not attain its full value except when it is realized in the world as an actual fact. Men of a mediocre morality have written extremely good maxims. Very virtuous men, on the other hand, have done nothing to continue in the world the tradition of virtue. *The palm rests with*

him who has been powerful in words and in works—who has felt what is good, and has made it triumph at the price of his blood. Jesus, in this double point of view, is without peer. His glory remains complete, and will ever be renewed. . . . Each one of us owes to Jesus all that is best in him. (Chacun de nous lui doit ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui.)† . . . It is not possible to doubt that he himself chose, among his disciples, those whom they called par excellence the 'Apostles,' or 'the twelve,' because, immediately after his death (*au lendemain de sa mort*),‡ we find them filling up by election the vacancies produced in their body. . . . At this point of time (the day before Christ's death) every minute becomes solemn, and has reckoned more than entire centuries in the history of humanity.§ . . . The total absence of religious and philosophic proselytism among the Romans of this epoch made them regard devotion to truth as a chimera.|| . . . A thousand times more loved than during the days of Thy sojourn here, Thou wilt become so thoroughly the cornerstone of humanity, that to tear Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its very foundations.¶ . . . Christianity has thus become almost synonymous with religion. All that shall be transacted outside of this great and good Christian tradition will prove barren.** . . . This sublime Person, who still presides perpetually over the destiny of the world.†† . . . In the midst of this uniform commonplace level, there are pillars which rise to the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the loftiest of those pillars, which show man whence he comes and whither he ought to tend. In him was concentrated all that is good and elevated in our nature."§§*

Such, reader, are a few of the admissions made by M. Renan. We might, in many parts of his work (as, for example, in the history of Christ's trial and death), have extracted entire pages of all but unimpeachable correctness. But to confine ourselves, for the present, to what has just been cited. Let any defenders of M. Renan do what they can, if they are so minded, to explain those sentences away. We can only repeat that we have tried to quote and translate them with perfect fairness, and will gladly listen

* Pp. 92-3.

† P. 283.

‡ P. 290. We pass over, for the moment, the exceeding inaccuracy of this expression. It will be seen presently that the stern requirements of M. Renan's theory almost necessitate, in this case as in many others, incorrectness of detail.

§ P. 383. || P. 404. ¶ P. 426. ** Pp. 445-6.

†† P. 457. We here pause at a comma, as the sentence proceeds to deny his true divinity.

§§ P. 360.

* P. 37. † P. 43. ‡ P. 54. § Pp. 54-55.

to any objections that can be made on this score. But, at this point, we would fain pause a moment and meditate.

Here is the latest and newest specimen of infidelity published in the year of grace 1863, in the capital city of a great nation, perhaps inferior to none in civilization and in intellectual energy. This, we say, is unbelief. And yet how much—how very much—does even this latest sample of scepticism leave untouched! The real existence and humanity of Jesus, and the time of his birth and death, are admitted as unquestionable. Even doubt itself has learned to say: "I believe in Jesus . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried." Oh that it may only advance, be it day by day, and step by step, until it fill up all the Articles of the Creed!

To other admissions we shall have to call attention, as we proceed. But we must first linger for a moment more over those already cited. We have seen in the above extracts some of the leading points which, according to M. Renan, we are at liberty to believe. We reflect upon them with much wonderment, marvelling whether there has been any other Man, since the world began, concerning whom such sentences could be penned, without the most manifest hyperbole and absurdity. Who else is there to whom each of us owes all that is best in us; in the closing scenes of whose life each minute outweighs in value ordinary centuries; whose teaching is almost identical with religion: who still presides always and each day over the world's destiny? The rumor that some Parisian unbelievers have been led from a state of carelessness to one of interest and inquiry, and so to belief, by this "Life of Jesus," is certainly by no means destitute of probability.

But it is time to turn to the more painful side of the question. What is there that M. Renan does *not* think tenable by those who would desire to hold the truth? Alas! for the present, it assuredly outweighs both in bulk and importance the amount of the *credenda* in his system. We are *not* to believe that Jesus is the Son of God, Very God of Very God. We are *not* to believe that he was miraculously conceived—miraculously born of a pure Virgin. We are *not* to believe that he was, according to the flesh, of the seed of David—*not* to believe that he wrought any miracle—*not* to believe that he rose again from the dead. It is, however, to be admitted that in at least one case, that of Lazarus, "there did happen at Bethany something that was regarded as a resurrection;" and it seems that we are to infer that although Jesus in reality wrought no miracles, yet that he suffered his friends and disciples to believe that he had wrought them, and to proclaim their belief to the world.

And now, having before us certain *data*, both positive and negative, from the work of M. Renan, let us proceed, as calmly as we can, to draw the legitimate conclusions, and see to what kind of creed they would conduct us.

We are called upon to believe that a Man born into the world like all the rest of us, One of most humble parentage, with no claims to royal descent, with no power of working miracles, with no more knowledge than his own genius and the education of his age and country could supply; One who was not strictly honest and truthful, but who (indirectly, if not directly) put forth claims which he knew to be perfectly untrue; who was put to death as a malefactor, and was never afterwards seen again, has yet succeeded in the most extraordinary enterprise that ever mortal undertook. For, without the aid of a miracle, he has achieved what far surpasses any miracle recorded in the Gospels. He has won for himself the adoring love of mankind for ages; he is worshipped by the wisest and most cultivated nations as their God; in his name are sacraments administered; in him the benefactors of their race, who are the salt of the earth, place their trust; on his merits do myriads rely for the pardon of their sins, and their future bliss; and yet this exalted Being was, after all, we are now taught, a mere dead man, grossly ignorant and by no means honest. A greater demand upon our credulity it is not easy to imagine. The lines of Dante (perhaps suggested by St. Augustin) form a natural comment upon such a theory:—

"That all the world, said I, should have been turned

To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,
Would in itself be such a miracle,
The rest were not an hundredth part so great." *

That M. Renan's theory is momentarily adapted to a particular state of the public mind; that it is presented in an artistic form; that the writer's style displays much grace and beauty; that he has abstained from some particular forms of slander of a gross and repulsive character; and that he has won, in mere point of sale, an immense and extraordinary success, is certainly undeniable. But that such an extravagant hypothesis can endure for more than a few years we cannot conceive. At the close of that time, the book will probably share the fate of the sensation novels of the period; and the replies to it will be equally unheeded, because the views put forth in it will hardly have been deemed worthy of any serious or elaborate refutation.

* Cary, whose note on the passage is worth reading. The original lines are—

"Se 'l mondo si rivolse al Christianesimo,
Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno
E tal, che gli altri non sono 'l centesimo."

—Paradiso, Canto xxiv. pp. 106-8.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

From The Examiner.

Life of William Hickling Prescott. By George Ticknor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IN the form of a dainty little modern-antique quarto, a drawing-room book of which the aspect is very delightful to the student's eye, this is one of the most genuine biographies that has been published in our day. It is fresh, natural, warm with the recollection of a life-long friendship based on a rare fullness of sympathy; an adequate sketch of a most interesting life by the one man who was most competent to write it. Mr. Ticknor—the recent new edition of whose “History of Spanish Literature” we by no means intend to leave undiscussed—was the friend by whom Prescott was set on the path of study in which he earned his brilliant success. What memoir there might be of him it was Mr. Prescott's desire that his friend Ticknor should write; and here it is, so written that it will live together with the works of which it tells the tale.

William Hickling Prescott was born at Salem, New England, May 4th, 1796; his father, handsome and gentle, then thirty-four years old, was already a successful barrister; his mother, five years younger, was joyous and full of womanly activity. He was the second born but the first living son; a bright, merry, sensitive boy, with a strong memory, who loved play better than books. Trained to freespokenness by the indulgence of a happy home, happy also in his first schoolmistress, who called herself “schoolmother” of her flock, he was at school full of life and mischief, ready and able to do what work he was obliged to do, but careful not to do more than his task. He read at random, as a natural boy should; delivered his fancy captive to Southey's version of “Amadis of Gaul;” established a school friendship with the son of his teacher, fought with him mock combats, and beguiled the time with him by alternate invention of romantic stories as they went along the streets. He was simply, in fact, the fortunate son of a happy house, advancing by the natural way to a bright, healthy manhood. At the age of fifteen the youth was admitted to the Sophomore class in Harvard College, and entered gayly upon college life with more knowledge of Greek and Latin than some students carry away with them after graduation; for in these studies he had been well trained. Of math-

ematics he knew nothing, and declared that he could learn nothing effectively. By help of his memory he did for a little while satisfy college forms, and learned to say by rote what he could not understand; but at last he appealed frankly to his teacher, confessed his real and hopeless ignorance, offered to go on learning by heart if it were wished of him, and was thereafter excused from the study, though he could not be excused from the form of attendance in the class-room.

The young student had a strange humor for living and working by rule, and he had then, as he had through life, an extraordinary aptitude for making good resolutions which he would break and mend, and of which his frank speech always displayed to his associates the whole process of breaking and mending. One day he confessed to his old school crony, Mr. Gardiner, that he had just made a new resolution, which was never to make another resolution as long as he lived. The same friend tells of him that he “was careful never to attend any greater number of college exercises, nor any less number of evening diversions in Boston, than he had bargained for with himself. Then, if he found out by experience the particular circumstances which served as good excuses for infraction of his rule, he would begin to complicate his accounts with himself by introducing sets of fixed exceptions, stringing on amendment, as it were, after amendment to the general law, until it became extremely difficult for himself to tell what his rule actually was in its application to the new cases which arose; and, at last, he would take the whole subject, so to speak, into a new draft, embodying it in a brand-new resolution. And what is particularly curious is, that all the casuistry attending this process was sure to be published, as it went along, to all his intimates.”

Such was the frank and happy student who was in due time to join and succeed his father in the practice of the law, and who would have made law instead of literature the business of his life but for the accident that made him what he afterwards became. In Prescott's junior year,—he was then but sixteen years old,—there was one day after dinner such rough frolicking and pelting among the undergraduates in Common Hall as sometimes occurred when the college officers had left their tables before the room was cleared.

When Prescott, who was going out at the door, turned his head quickly to see what was going on, a large hard piece of bread that had been thrown at random, and would otherwise have hit the back of his head, struck his left eye. It struck upon the open surface of the eye, before the lid had time to close for its protection. He fell, with the nerve of the eye paralyzed beyond recovery, and his whole system reduced as by the shock of a concussion of the brain. He was too ill to sit up in bed. Much bodily privation and suffering became through this accident a part of Prescott's life, but to the crust of bread thus thrown at random in a boyish romp we owe the histories of "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Philip the Second," and "The Conquest of Peru."

After a period of prostration in a dark room Prescott went back to college, with no apparent defect in the eye that had been struck, though there passed through it to his mind, then and thereafter, only a faint glimmering of light. Of that eye he was thenceforth blind. From his days of seclusion, cheerfully endured, he had come out more anxious to pass creditably through his college career, and succeeded so well in Latin and Greek that his defect in mathematics and several other of the severer studies was overlooked when, at the close of his college course, he received his degree. On that occasion he recited, on a hot, clear day in August, 1814, a Latin poem upon Hope, after which his happy and prosperous parents celebrated the occasion by giving a dinner under a marquee to five hundred persons.

During the four or five months after leaving college, at the age of nineteen, Mr. Prescott was a student of law in his father's office. But then there appeared in his one sound eye an inflammation that became excessive, wholly depriving the patient of sight while it lasted, and affecting the whole system. When it left the eye it fastened on the knee, and proved to be acute rheumatism. The rheumatism which thus made its attack on the youth's one remaining eye continued in many forms to afflict him during the rest of his life. For sixteen weeks this first attack kept hold upon him, during which time he could not walk a step, and twice the disease shifted back to the eye, each time accompanied with total blindness. But the cheerfulness of Prescott's mind remained invincible.

His friend, Mr. Ticknor, who is now telling his life, had been his familiar companion at school, and at home from the time when he was twelve years old, and he now found him in his dark chamber, "quite unchanged, either in the tones of his voice or the animation of his manner. He was perfectly natural and very gay; talking unwillingly of his own troubles, but curious and interested concerning an absence of several years in Europe which, at that time, I was about to commence. I found him, in fact, just as his mother afterwards described him to Dr. Frothingham, when she said: 'I never, in a single instance, groped my way across the apartment, to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer;—not a single instance,—as if we were the patients, and his place were to comfort us.'"

As summer wore away winter was dreaded; it was resolved, therefore, to send him to St. Michael's, where his Grandfather Hickling was Consul of the United States, and after wintering there he was to visit London and Paris for the benefit of the best medical advice, and, if he were able, proceed to recruit his health in Italy. In the year 1815 the voyage from Boston to St. Michael's could only be by a small sailing vessel. He was three weeks at sea, but he carried his kind gladness of heart into the miserable cabin, where his inflammation of the eye was brought back, and he must diet himself on rye-pudding, with no sauce but salt. He reported home that he had been treated with every attention, and made as comfortable as possible by captain and crew, "but this cabin was never designed for rheumatics. The companion-way opens immediately upon deck, and the patent binnacle illuminators, *vice* windows, are so ingeniously and impartially constructed, that for every ray of light we have half a dozen drops of water." He landed with a slight renewal of the trouble in his eye, and, again to be happily housed, was welcomed warmly into Yankee Hall, the comfortable home of a genial and hale grandfather of seventy-two, who by a second wife, had children, of whom some were of like age and humor with their nephew or cousin. Here, he said, "every one is *sans souci*, the air of the place is remarkably propitious both to good spirits and good appetites." In a fortnight his eye was again seriously attacked,

and for three months he was a prisoner to the dark room, where he would lie, singing aloud, with unabated cheer. "There have been few days," he wrote home, "in which I could not solace my sorrows with a song. I preserved my health by walking on the piazza with a handkerchief tied over a pair of goggles, which were presented to me by a gentleman here, and by walking some hundreds of miles in my room, so that I emerged from my dungeon, not with the emaciated figure of a prisoner, but in the florid bloom of a *bon-vivant*. Indeed, everything has been done which could promote my health and happiness." The joyous, grateful heart of the young man won on the whole of his grandfather's household. The young people used their bright eyes for him in reading to him, in his prison, Scott, Shakspeare, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; the old people wept at parting from him, and the grandfather, as he pressed him often in his arms upon the beach, said, "God knows it never cost me more to part from any of my own children."

Early in April, 1816, his age then being twenty, Prescott left St. Michael's for London, where he took the best reputed professional advice, and learned that there was no hope of recovery of sight in the eye first injured, and that little could be done for the other except to add to its strength by strengthening the whole physical system. He was then unable to read the books he bought for future use; he might not attend, sorely as they tempted him, the farewell performances of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble; but of the few things he did see he enjoyed most the *Cartoons of Raffaele* and the *Elgin Marbles*. Of the *Elgin Marbles* he said, "there are few living beings in whose society I have experienced so much real pleasure." From August until October in that year the youth was in Paris, and then, travelling with an old school-fellow and friend, he wintered as a traveller in Italy. In the spring he returned to Paris, where his friend who is now his biographer found him ill. His illness suddenly became dangerous, and, says Mr. Ticknor,—

"I went personally for his physician, and brought him back with me, fearing, as it was already late at night, that there might otherwise be some untoward delay. The result showed that I had not been unreasonably anxious. The most active treatment was instantly adopted, and absolute quiet prescribed. I watched with him that night; and as I had

yet made no acquaintances in Paris, and felt no interest there so strong as my interest in him, I shut myself up with him, and thought little of what was outside the walls of our hotel till he was better. I was, in fact, much alarmed. Nor was he insensible to his position, which the severity of the remedies administered left no doubt was a critical one. But he maintained his composure throughout, begging me, however, not to tell him that his illness was dangerous unless I should think it indispensable to do so. In three or four days my apprehensions were relieved. In eight or ten more, during which I was much with him, he was able to go out, and in another week he was restored. But it was in that dark room that I first learned to know him as I have never known any other person beyond the limits of my immediate family, and it was there that was first formed a mutual regard over which, to the day of his death,—a period of above forty years,—no cloud ever passed."

Returning to London in May, the young invalid travelled a little in England, and at midsummer embarked for home with unstrengthened eyes. At home nothing was wanting that might give him health and happiness. His sister, three years younger than himself, became his comrade, and shut herself up with him to read to him for six or even eight hours at a stretch, until the father and mother, for her own health's sake, intervened to restrain and regulate her loving zeal. It was out of question now that he should practise as a lawyer. As much out of question that he should lead an idle life. Experience of the little benefit derived from seclusion caused him, except when there was some especial inflammation of the eye, now to gratify his always strong relish for society, and the result of this was very soon his marriage to Miss Susan Amory, the daughter of a successful and cultivated merchant. "*Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori*," he said, when his old schoolfellows joked him upon his desertion from their bachelor ranks. In May, 1820, his age being then twenty-four, the cherished son's young wife was received into the household of the Prescotts. In that marriage, as in all other domestic relations, Prescott's life was one of unclouded love. At the time of his wedding, says his friend:—

"He was tall, well-formed, manly in his bearing, but gentle, with light brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy

flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked upon. As he grew older, he stooped a little. His father's figure was bent at even an earlier age, but it was from an organic infirmity of the chest, unknown to the constitution of the son, who stooped chiefly from a downward inclination which he instinctively gave to his head so as to protect his eye from the light. But his manly character and air were always, to a remarkable degree, the same. Even in the last months of his life, when he was in some other respects not a little changed, he appeared at least ten years younger than he really was. As for the gracious, sunny smile that seemed to grow sweeter as he grew older, it was not entirely obliterated even by the touch of death."

At the time of his marriage he had arranged with young friends of like tastes—half of them since credibly known as authors—a social Literary Club, which gathered some of its productions into a few numbers of a short-lived magazine, called *The Club Room*, which Prescott edited. The Club itself was not short-lived, and its members grew up together in familiar intercourse, Prescott being known among them first as "the Gentleman," when he alone had no distinct calling in life, then as "the Editor," and at last as "the Historian."

By what stages the gentleman passed into the historian, Mr. Ticknor now proceeds to show. His father's means were easy, and the question was not how to procure a livelihood, but how to find an occupation for a life that was to be almost the life of a blind man. Young Prescott chose deliberately literature as his pursuit, and proceeded to put himself into a course of thorough training. He studied, like a schoolboy, Lindley Murray and Blair's Rhetoric and the prefatory matter to Johnson's Dictionary. Then he began and proceeded systematically to make himself acquainted with the best English writers, noticing the style of each, from Ascham, Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, Raleigh, and Milton, down to our own times; giving at the same time an hour a day to the old Latin authors, in whom he noticed not so much their style as their sentiments. Having finished this course in about a year, he turned to French, and dealt with that language as he had dealt with English. But except in Lafontaine and Molière, he found

French literature less rich, vigorous, and original. While seriously studying French literature during parts of the years 1822 and 1823 Prescott listened also to much reading of miscellaneous history, was going through a somewhat complete course of the English drama, and was attending, as far as he had opportunity, to the old English romantic literature. In the autumn of 1823, his age then being twenty-seven, the labor of preparation for a literary life proceeded into studies of Italian literature, which made a deep impression on him, and into which his mind could enter far more thoroughly than into the literature of France. After a year's work at Italian he pursued the plan he had laid down for himself by attacking German. Two years earlier he had written, "I am now twenty-six years of age nearly. By the time I am thirty, God willing, I propose, with what stock I have already on hand, to be a very well-read English scholar; to be acquainted with the classical and useful authors, prose and poetry, in Latin, French, and Italian, and especially in history; I do not mean a critical or profound acquaintance. The two following years I may hope to learn German, and to have read the classical German writers; and the translations, if my eyes continue weak, of the Greek. And this is enough for general discipline." But over German he broke down, and perhaps the unsettlement of mind which now lasted for about a twelvemonth may have been the cause rather than the consequence of a failure that Mr. Ticknor attributes to the greater difficulty of the language. But while the study of German lay in abeyance, Prescott's mind was directed strongly towards Spanish. His friend and biographer had then been for two or three years exclusively devoting himself to Spanish literature, and had been lecturing on Spanish literary history in Harvard College. To amuse and occupy Prescott in that season of irresolute listlessness, Mr. Ticknor read to him on successive evenings his college lectures upon Spanish literature, and the biographer now touches lightly and modestly upon the fact that they set Mr. Prescott's mind to work on a new course of study. He began to study Spanish with M. Jossé's Grammar and Solís's "*Conquista de Mexico*" for his first reading-book. Mr. Ticknor was away from home during the next winter, but Prescott, left with free range of the Spanish

books in his library, proceeded with his Spanish studies, and on his friend's return began to write notes in Spanish, borrowing and returning books, and sometimes giving his opinion of those he sent home.

Having advanced thus far in his preliminary training for the profession he had chosen, Mr. Prescott began to search for a particular subject that he might, in continuation of his studies, fit himself to write about. He conceived and considered such topics for his first book as Spanish History from the Invasion of the Arabs to the Consolidation of the Monarchy under Charles V.; a history of the Revolution of ancient Rome that converted the Republic into a Monarchy; a history or general examination of Italian Literature; American History; a biographical sketch of eminent geniuses, with criticisms on their productions, and on the character of their times; a history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. To the last-named subject he made up his mind in January, 1826, and he was preparing for a thorough course of special study, with the help of books procured from Spain, when the strain over a letter, carefully written for the furtherance of this desire, produced what he spoke of as "a new disorder" in the eye, which seemed to him to add an injury to the nerve, from which he never afterwards recovered. The marks made on his temples by the cuppings he then underwent he carried with him to the grave. But his spirits never failed. Only it seemed to him for a time that he might, for want of a suitable person to read foreign languages to him, have to postpone his Spanish subject, and then he proposed to occupy himself "with an Historical Survey of English Literature. The subject has never been discussed as a whole, and therefore would be somewhat new, and, if well conducted, popular." But a month's consideration satisfied him that it would take five years to do anything satisfactory to himself with so broad a subject as English literature, and he resolved finally, at the age of thirty, to work altogether for his proposed history of Ferdinand and Isabella. So he began by listening patiently to several volumes of Spanish, read to him by a person who understood not a word of what he was reading. He was resolved to make his ears do the work of his eyes, and presently his friend, Mr. Ticknor, found for him, in Harvard College, a student, Mr. James L. English, who agreed

to study law in the office of Mr. Prescott, senior, and his son-in-law Mr. Dexter, and at the same time to read or write for the son five or six hours every day. "It was," says Mr. Ticknor, "the happy beginning of a new order of things for the studies of the historian, and one which, with different secretaries or readers, he was able to keep up to the last."

In working to a special end, as in his laying of a broad foundation for all future work, Mr. Prescott went resolutely and slowly through an arranged mass of study. He studied general history and the philosophy of history, had the Spanish grammar read over to him that he might feel sure-footed in the language, learned Spanish topography from books of travels, and as he approached his particular subject, went afresh over the concluding parts of Mariana's History, the best general outline that might serve as basis for his own work, and proceeded then to the special authorities for special portions of his subject. So he worked with the reader or secretary, by whose eyes he was to be served. A green screen darkened that part of the room towards which he turned his face. The window behind him was fitted with a series of blue muslin curtains, of which he knew the strings as a sailor knows his ropes, and with which he would adjust the degree of his light, even to the change made by the passing of a cloud. In his grate, when there was a fire, it was a coke fire that gave out no flame, while even then a screen shut off from his eyes the glare of the embers. Sometimes his own eyes could read a little, but usually he sat holding the ivory style of a "noctograph" apparatus for writing by the blind, which he had brought from England, making occasional notes with it, asking that certain passages read should be marked for re-reading or future reference, and listening intently, with the aid of the unusually good memory that could now serve him in his need, from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, and from about six to eight in the evening. The intervening time he spent in digesting all that he had heard.

While he was thus working Mr. Prescott lost the eldest of his two children, a pet daughter of four or five years old, who had always been a welcome intruder in his study. A fortnight after the death of his child he resolved to begin, and began, with the assistance of his father as a man skilled in the

scrutiny of evidence, a course of inquiry into the evidence of Christianity. This only confirmed a living faith in the Gospels and a reverence for Scripture, that he resolved never to cloud with a word of levity, "but he did not find in the Gospels, or in any part of the New Testament, the doctrines commonly accounted orthodox, and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them." Meanwhile Prescott was writing every year one literary article for the *North American Review*, and three years and a half after he had fixed his choice upon a subject, after three months' reading and taking notes for his first chapter, he began to write. It was a month before that first chapter was written, and afterwards it was re-written. In two months more, he had reached the end of the third chapter, and was alarmed at the extent to which he had overrun the space marked out in his synopsis. Yet it was long before he abandoned his first purpose of confining the work to two volumes. He admitted a third volume, but kept his resolve to abide within that limit. Constantly exceeding his allowance of space, he as constantly rewrote and abridged his work so as to keep within it. In his manner of constructing a history he was much guided by the treatise of Mabley, "*Sur l'Etude de l'Histoire.*" Still the old joyous, gentle nature sustained him in all his struggle against the impediment set in his way by physical infirmity. "There is no happiness," he wrote after he had proceeded for several years with his work—"there is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labor. . . . As this must be my principal material for happiness, I should cultivate those habits and amusements most congenial with it, and these will be the quiet domestic duties—which will also be my greatest pleasures—and temperate social enjoyments, not too frequent, and without excess. . . . Seek to do some good to society by an interest in obviously useful and benevolent objects. Preserve a calm, philosophical, elevated way of thinking on all subjects connected with the action of life. Think more seriously of the consequences of conduct. Cherish devotional feelings of reliance on the Deity." So he wrote at the age of thirty-nine. In that year he finished his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, having allowed himself for the closing chapter which reviewed the whole subject five months

of labor, and having taken seven. The completed labor of ten years was then before him. As the work proceeded, he had caused four copies to be printed for his private use, in large type and upon only one side of each leaf. In such a copy his eyes might be sometimes able to revise his work, and he could add on the blank pages his corrections. If he published in London, there was a fair copy to print from. But should he publish? He paused in dread. His father advised him that "the man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward." He caused, therefore, the whole work to be stereotyped. The first chapter was written out three times and printed twice before it was finally left to be stereotyped as it now stands, and the complete work was published at Boston by the American Stationers' Company, who received the stereotyped plates and engravings that had been made at the author's charge, and agreed to print 1,250 copies at their own charge, five years being allowed to dispose of them. In a few months, more copies were sold than had been supposed salable within the five years. In four months the History was admitted in its own country to the same rank it now occupies, no work of equal size and gravity having ever before obtained in America so brilliant a success. The success began in Boston, where the charming author of the book was personally a prodigious favorite. When it was known in Boston, only a short time before its publication, that a book by William Hickling Prescott was about to appear,—

• "The fact," says his friend, Mr. Gardiner, "excited the greatest surprise, curiosity, and interest. The day of its appearance was looked forward to and talked of. It came, and there was a perfect rush to get copies. A convivial friend, for instance, who was far from being a man of letters,—indeed, a person who rarely read a book,—got up early in the morning, and went to wait for the opening of the publisher's shop, so as to secure the first copy. It came out at Christmas, and was at once adopted as the fashionable Christmas and New Year's present of the season. . . . Such is the history of this remarkable sale at its outbreak. Love of the author gave the first impetus. That given, the extraordinary merits of the work did all the rest."

Meanwhile in England, declined by Mr. Murray, the elder, and by Messrs. Longman,

Mr. Prescott's work was accepted by Mr. Bentley, who became its English publisher, and sent word to its author that he was "proud of having published such a book, and thought it would prove the best he had ever brought out." Its success was soon everywhere as complete as it deserved to be.

We have traced thus far, by help of his friend's delightful record, the story of the formation of the best historian America has yet produced. When his first work appeared he was in his forty-second year, his character was formed, the way of his life was fixed, and in a little while his fame was established. The rest of his career, until his sudden death by apoplexy, in January, 1859, we leave to be read in Mr. Ticknor's pages, lively with minute and pleasant detail that adds to the reader's knowledge of a man whom it is liberal education to know well. There is the

same bright, kindly, joyous nature running through all, even to the last word Prescott spoke. The biography includes also correspondence, in which letters to or from friends and acquaintances of mark in England and America have been selected with sound judgment. The book, in short, is all that could be wished. It is illustrated with a portrait on steel from a photograph taken in 1856, with a steel engraving of a photograph from Mr. Prescott's bust by Greenough, with sketches of different houses that were Mr. Prescott's temporary homes, interior views of his study, and of the library in Beacon Street, Boston; besides head-pieces and initial letters worthy of a piece of Messrs. Welsh & Bigelow's American printing that quite equals the best work of the press of Mr. Whittingham.

COAL IN BRAZIL.—An important coal-field has recently been discovered in one of the southern provinces of Brazil. A rumor was circulated in 1859 that coal had been seen on the surface in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, and the report was quoted in an article in the *Quarterly Review* in 1860, and in Mr. E. Hull's well-known work on "British Coal-fields." In 1862, Mr. Plant proceeded to the district which embraced the rivers Iguaro, Candiota, and Tigre. These streams drain the whole coal-field, and run into one of the coast lakes by which the Atlantic is entered from the port of San Pedro, and thus there is a natural carriage-way from the ocean to the very heart of the coal-field. In some places the coal-beds outcrop over miles of pampas, and are sixty-five feet thick. To the north of this there exist two smaller fields, one in Rio Grande do Sul, said to be very valuable, and the other in San-Catarina. The discovery must prove most valuable to the Brazilian Government, which annually imports 250,000 tons of coal at 49s. per ton. From these coal fields they could be supplied at 18s.; and depots could also be established for the supply of our steamers to India and Australia. The coal is said to be as good as any from British mines; and it is stated it has been tried for steam purposes with success, although it does not answer so well for ordinary burning. It has been tried for gas in Rio de Janeiro, and reported to answer well.

to be called the Eagle, in honor of the emperor, with whose arms it is to be decorated. Four gigantic eagles are to extend their wings over its vast circumference. The wings of each eagle measure 51 feet in extent. The circular wicker car is 12 feet in diameter. A stove 6 feet in diameter is placed in the centre, which is to heat the air by which the balloon is to be raised. Twenty people may sit at ease in the car, which is to be attached to the balloon by chains and not by ropes. The seams of the balloon are not less than 17 miles long, and 100 women have been employed in stitching them for two months. The balloon is to be exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, but it cannot be fully inflated, as it would be twice as high as the building.

MR. PERKIN has taken out a patent for the use of arsenious acid as a mordant for the now familiar coal-tar dyes. The printed or dyed goods are fixed by steaming, and washed in the usual manner to separate the excess. It is remarkable that the compound of arsenic showed some such important ends, both in the production and fixation of these colors.

NEWSTEAD PRIORY.—Near the site of this once-famous place there have been discovered the portions of a statue of a warrior of the time of Henry III., in chain mail of the period; an ancient free-stone floor, probably of an ambulatory; a great quantity of window tracery of the 14th, and some jamb-shafts of the 13th, centuries.

NEW GIANT BALLOON.—The papers mention that a huge balloon is being constructed in Paris,

PART V.—CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE ABBEY.

"Who said that Tony Butler had come back?" said Sir Arthur, as they sat at breakfast on the day after his arrival.

"The gardener saw him last night, papa," said Mrs. Trafford; "he was sitting with his mother on the rocks below the cottage; and when Gregg saluted him, he called out, 'All well at the Abbey, I hope?'"

"It would have been more suitable if he had taken the trouble to assure himself of that fact by a visit here," said Lady Lyle. "Don't you think so, Mr. Maitland?"

"I am disposed to agree with you," said he, gravely.

"Besides," added Sir Arthur, "he must have come over in the *Foyle*, and ought to be able to bring me some news of my horses. Those two rough nights have made me very uneasy about them."

"Another reason for a little attention on his part," said her ladyship, bridling; and then, as if anxious to show that so insignificant a theme could not weigh on her thoughts, she asked her daughter when Mark and Isabella purposed coming home.

"They spoke of Saturday, mamma; but it seems now that Mrs. Maxwell has got up—or somebody has for her—an archery meeting for Tuesday, and she writes a most pressing entreaty for me to drive over, and, if possible, persuade Mr. Maitland to accompany me."

"Which I sincerely trust he will not think of."

"And why, dearest mamma?"

"Can you ask me, Alice? Have we not pushed Mr. Maitland's powers of patience far enough by our own dulness, without subjecting him to the stupidities of Tilney Park?—the dreariest old mansion of a dreary neighborhood."

"But he might like it. As a matter of experimental research, he told us how he passed an autumn with the Mandans and ate nothing but eels and wood-squirrels."

"You are forgetting the prairie rats, which are really delicacies."

"Nor did I include the charms of the fair Chachinhontas, who was the object of your then affections," said she, laughingly, but in a lower tone.

"So then," said he, "Master Mark has been playing traitor and divulging my confidence. The girl was a marvellous horse-

woman, which is a rare gift with Indian women. I've seen her sit a drop-leap—I'll not venture to say the depth, but certainly more than the height of a man—with her arms extended wide, and the bridle loose and flowing."

"And you followed in the same fashion?" asked Alice, with a roguish twinkle of the eye.

"I see that Mark has betrayed me all through," said he, laughing. "I own I tried it, but not with the success that such ardor deserved. I came head-foremost to the ground before my horse."

"After all, Mr. Maitland, one is not obliged to ride like a savage," said Lady Lyle.

"Except when one aspires to the hand of a savage princess, mamma. Mr. Maitland was ambitious in those days."

"Very true," said he, with a deep sigh; "but it was the only time in my life in which I could say that I suffered my affections to be influenced by mere worldly advantages. She was a great heiress; she had a most powerful family connection."

"How absurd you are!" said Lady Lyle, good-humoredly.

"Let him explain himself, mamma; it is so very seldom he will condescend to let us learn any of his sentiments on any subject. Let us hear him about marriage."

"It is an institution I sincerely venerate. If I have not entered into the holy estate myself, it is simply from feeling I am not good enough. I stand without the temple, and only strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of the sanctuary."

"Does it appear to you so very awful and appalling, then?" said my lady.

"Certainly it does. All the efforts of our present civilization seem directed to that end. We surround it with whatever can inspire terror. We call in the Law as well as the Church—we add the Statutes to the Liturgy; and we close the whole with the most depressing of all festivities—a wedding-breakfast."

"And the Mandans, do they take a more cheerful view of matters?" asked Alice.

"How can you be so silly, Alice?" cried Lady Lyle.

"My dear mamma, are you forgetting what a marvellous opportunity we enjoy of learning the geography of an unknown sea, from one of the only voyagers who has ever traversed it?"

"Do you mean to go to Tilney, Alice?" asked her mother, curtly.

"If Mr. Maitland would like to add Mrs. Maxwell to his curiosities of acquaintance."

"I have met her already. I think her charming. She told me of some port, or a pair of coach-horses, I can't be certain which, her late husband purchased forty-two years ago; and she so mingled the subjects together, that I fancied the horses were growing yellow, and the wine actually frisky."

"I see that you *have* really listened to her," said Mrs. Trafford. "Well, do you consent to this visit?"

"Delighted. Tell me, by way of parenthesis, is she a near neighbor of the worthy commodore with the charming daughters? Gambier Graham I think his name is."

"Yes; she lives about twelve miles from his cottage: but why do you ask?"

"I have either promised, or he fancies I have promised, to pay him a flying visit."

"Another case of a savage princess," whispered Mrs. Trafford, and he laughed heartily at the conceit. "If we take the low road—it's very little longer and much prettier—we pass the cottage; and if your visit be not of great length—more than a morning call, in fact—I'll go there with you."

"You overwhelm me with obligations," said he, bowing low, to which she replied by a courtesy so profound as to throw an air of ridicule over his courtly politeness.

"Shall we say to-morrow for our departure, Mr. Maitland?"

"I am at your orders, madam."

"Well, then, I'll write to dear old Aunt Maxwell—I suppose she'll be your aunt, too, before you leave Tilney (for we all adopt a relation so very rich, and without an heir)—and delight her by saying that I have secured Mr. Maitland, an announcement which will create a flutter in the neighborhood by no means conducive to good archery."

"Tell her we only give him up till Wednesday," said Lady Lyle, "for I hope to have the Crayshaws here by that time, and I shall need you all back to receive them."

"More beauties, Mr. Maitland," exclaimed Mrs. Trafford. "What are you looking so grave about?"

"I was thinking it was just possible that I might be called away suddenly, and that there are some letters I ought to write; and last of all, whether I shouldn't go and make

a hurried visit to Mrs. Butler; for in talking over old friends in Scotland, we have grown already intimate."

"What a mysterious face for such small concerns!" said Mrs. Trafford. "Didn't you say something, papa, about driving me over to look at the two-year-olds?"

"Yes; I am going to inspect the paddock, and told Giles to meet me there."

"What's the use of our going without Tony?" said she, disconsolately; "he's the only one of us knows anything about a colt."

"I really did hope you were beginning to learn that this young gentleman was not an essential of our daily life here," said Lady Lyle, haughtily. "I am sorry that I should have deceived myself."

"My dear mamma, please to remember your own ponies that have become undrivable, and Selim, that can't even be saddled. Gregg will tell you that he doesn't know what has come over the melon-bed—the plants look all scorched and withered; and it was only yesterday papa said that he'd have the schooner drawn up till Tony came back to decide on the new keel and the balloon jib!"

"What a picture of us to present to Mr. Maitland! but I trust, sir, that you know something of my daughter's talent for exaggerated description by this time, and you will not set us down for the incapables she would exhibit us." Lady Lyle moved haughtily away as she spoke, and Sir Arthur, drawing Mrs. Trafford's arm within his own, said, "You're in a fighting mood to-day. Come over and torment Giles."

"There's nothing I like better," said she. "Let me go for my hat and a shawl."

"And I'm off to my letter-writing," said Maitland.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE COTTAGE.

WHAT a calm, still, mellow evening it was, as Tony sat with his mother in the doorway of the cottage, their hands clasped, and in silence, each very full of thought indeed, but still fuller of that sweet luxury, the sense of being together after an absence—the feeling that home was once more home, in all that can make it a centre of love and affection.

"I began to think you weren't coming back at all, Tony," said she, "when first you said Tuesday, and then it was Friday, and then it came to be the middle of another

week. "Ah, me!" said I to the doctor, "he'll not like the little cottage down amongst the tall ferns and the heather, after all that grand town and its fine people."

"If you knew how glad I am to be back here," said he, with a something like choking about the throat—"if you knew what a different happiness I feel under this old porch, and with you beside me!"

"My dear, dear Tony, let us hope we are to have many such evenings as this together. Let me now hear all about your journey, for as yet you have only told me about that good-hearted country fellow whose bundle has been lost. Begin at the beginning, and try and remember everything."

"Here goes, then, for a regular report. See, mother, you'd not believe it of me, but I jotted all down in a memorandum-book, so that there's no trusting to bad memory—all's in black and white."

"That *was* prudent, Tony. I'm really glad that you have such forethought. Let me see it."

"No, no. It's clean and clear beyond your reading. I shall be lucky enough if I can decipher it myself. Here we begin: 'Albion, Liverpool. Capital breakfast, but dear. Wanted change for my crown-piece, but chaffed out of it by pretty bar-maid, who said—Oh, that's all stuff and nonsense,' said he, reddening. "'Mail-train to London: not allowed to smoke first class; travelled third, and had my 'bacey.' I needn't read all this balderdash, mother; I'll go on to business matters. Skeffy, a trump, told me where he buys 'birds'-eye' for one and nine the pound; and, mixed with cavendish, it makes grand smoking. Skeffy says he'll get me the first thing vacant.'"

"Who is Skeffy? I never heard of him before."

"Of course you've heard. He's private secretary to Sir Harry, and gives away all the office patronage. I don't think he's five feet five high, but he's made like a Hercules. Tom Sayers says Skeffy's deltoid—that's the muscle up here—is finer than any in the ring, and he's such an active devil. I must tell you of the day I held up the *Times* for him to jump through; but I see you are impatient for the serious things—well, now for it.

"Sir Harry, cruel enough, in a grand sort of overbearing way, told me my father was called Watty. I don't believe it; at least

the fellow who took the liberty must have earned the right by a long apprenticeship."

"You are right there, Tony; there were not many would venture on it."

"Did any one ever call him Wat Tartar, mother?"

"If they had, they'd have caught one, Tony, I promise you."

"I thought so. Well, he went on to say that he had nothing he could give me. It was to the purport that I was fit for nothing, and I agreed with him."

"That was not just prudent, Tony; the world is prone enough to disparage without helping them to the road to it."

"Possibly—but he read me like a book, and said that I only came to him because I was hopeless. He asked me if I knew a score of things he was well aware that I must be ignorant of, and groaned every time I said No! When he said, 'Go home and brush up your French and Italian,' I felt as if he said, 'Look over your rent-roll and thin your young timber.' He's a humbug, mother."

"O Tony, you must not say that!"

"I will say it; he's a humbug, and so is the other."

"Who is the other you speak of?"

"Lord Ledgerton, a smartish old fellow, with a pair of gray eyes that look through you, and a mouth that you can't guess whether he's going to eat you up or to quiz you. It was he that said, 'Make Butler a messenger.' They didn't like it. The office fellows looked as sulky as night; but they had to bow and snigger, and say, 'Certainly, my lord;' but I know what they intend, for all that. They mean to pluck me; that's the way they'll do it; for when I said I was nothing to boast of in English, and something worse in French, they grinned and exchanged smiles, as much as to say, 'There's a rasper he'll never get over.'"

"And what is a messenger, Tony?"

"He's a fellow that carries the despatches over the whole world—at least wherever there is civilization enough to have a minister or an envoy. He starts off from Downing Street with half a dozen great bags as tall as me, and he drops one at Paris, another at Munich, another at Turin, and perhaps the next at Timbuctoo. He goes full speed—regular steeplechase pace—and punches the head of the first postmaster that delays him; and as he is well paid, and has noth-

ing to think of but the road, the life isn't such a bad one."

"And does it lead to anything—is there any promotion from it?"

"Not that I know, except to a pension; but who wants anything better? Who asks for a jollier life than rattling over Europe in all directions at the queen's expense! Once on a time they were all snobs, or the same thing; now they are regular swells, who dine with the Minister, and walk into the Attachés at billiards or blind hookey; for the Dons saw it was a grand thing to keep the line for younger sons, and have a career where learning might be left out, and brains were only a burden!"

"I never heard of such a line of life," said she, gravely.

"I had it from the fellows themselves. There were five of them in the waiting-room, tossing for sovereigns and cursing the first clerk, whoever he is; and they told me they'd not change with the first Secretaries of any Legation in Europe. But who is this, mother, that I see coming down the hill!—he's no acquaintance of ours, I think!"

"Oh, it's Mr. Maitland, Tony," said she, in some confusion: for she was not always sure in what temper Tony would receive a stranger.

"And who may Mr. Maitland be?"

"A very charming and a very kind person, too, whose acquaintance I have made since you left this: he brought me books and flowers, and some geranium slips; and, better than all, his own genial company."

"He's not much of a sportsman, I see—that short gun he carries is more like a walking-stick than a fowling-piece." And Tony turned his gaze seaward, as though the stranger was not worth a further scrutiny.

"They told me I should find you here, madam," said Maitland, as he came forward, with his hat raised, and a pleasant smile on his face.

"My son, sir," said the old lady, proudly—"my son Tony, of whom I have talked to you."

"I shall be charmed if Mr. Butler will allow me to take that place in his acquaintance which a sincere interest in him gives me some claim to," said Maitland, approaching Tony, intending to shake his hand, but too cautious to risk a repulse, if it should be meditated.

Tony drew himself up haughtily, and said, "I am much honored, sir; but I don't see any reason for such an interest in me."

"O Tony!" broke in the widow; but Maitland interrupted and said, "It's easy enough to explain. Your mother and myself have grown, in talking over a number of common friends, to fancy that we knew each other long ago. It was, I assure you, a very fascinating delusion for me. I learned to recall some of the most cherished of my early friends, and remember traits in them which had been the delight of my childhood. Pray forgive me, then, if in such a company your figure got mixed up, and I thought or fancied that I knew you."

There was a rapid eagerness in the manner he said these words that seemed to vouch for their sincerity, but their only immediate effect was to make Tony very ill at ease and awkward.

"Mr. Maitland has not told you, as he might have told you, Tony, that he came here with the offer of a substantial service. He had heard that you were in search of some pursuit or occupation."

"Pray, madam, I entreat of you to say nothing of this now; wait at least until Mr. Butler and I shall know more of each other."

"A strange sort of a piece you have there," said Tony, in his confusion, for his cheek was scarlet with shame—"something between an old duelling-pistol and a carbine."

"It's a short Tyrol rifle, a peasant's weapon. It's not a very comely piece of ordnance, but it is very true and easy to carry. I bought it from an old chamois-hunter at Maltz; and I carried it with me this morning with the hope that you would accept it."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it; I beg you to excuse me. I'm much obliged; in fact, I never do—never did—take a present."

"That's true, sir. Tony and I bear our narrow means only because there's a sort of rugged independence in our natures that saves us from craving for whatever we can do without."

"A pretty wide catalogue too, I assure you," said Tony, laughing, and at once recovering his wonted good-humor. "We have made what the officials call the extraordinary a very small column. There!" cried he, suddenly; "is the sea-gull on that point of rock yonder out of range for your rifle?"

"Nothing near it. Will you try?" asked Maitland, offering the gun.

"I'd rather see you."

"I'm something out of practice latterly. I have been leading a town life," said Maitland, as he drew a small eye-glass from his pocket and fixed it in his eye. "Is it that fellow there you mean? There's a far better shot to the left, that large diver that is sitting so calmly on the rolling sea. There he is again."

"He's gone now—he has dived," said Tony; "there's nothing harder to hit than one of these birds—what between the motion of the sea and their own wariness. Some people say that they scent gunpowder."

"That fellow shall!" said Maitland as he fired; for just as the bird emerged from the depth he sighted him, and with one flutter the creature fell dead on the wave.

"A splendid shot—I never saw a finer!" cried Tony, in ecstacy, and with a look of honest admiration at the marksman. "I'd have bet ten—ay, twenty—to one you'd have missed. I'm not sure I'd not wager against your doing the same trick again."

"You'd lose your money then," said Maitland; "at least, if I were rogue enough to take you up."

"You must be one of the best shots in Europe then!"

"No, they call me the second in the Tyrol. Hans Godrel is the first. We have had many matches together, and he has always beaten me."

The presence of a royal prince would not have inspired Tony with the same amount of respect as these few words, uttered negligently and carelessly; and he measured the speaker from head to foot, recognizing for the first time his lithe and well-knit, well-proportioned figure.

"I'll be bound you are a horseman too!" cried Tony.

"If you hadn't praised my shooting, I'd tell you that I ride better than I shoot."

"How I'd like to have a brush across country with you!" exclaimed Tony, warmly.

"What easier?—what so easy? Our friend Sir Arthur has an excellent stable; at least, there is more than one mount for men of our weight, I suspect Mark Lyle will not join us; but we'll arrange a match—a sort of home steeplechase."

"I'd like it well," broke in Tony; "but I have no horses of my own, and I'll not ride Sir Arthur's."

"This same independence of ours has a something about it that won't let us seem very amiable, Mr. Maitland," said the old lady, smiling.

"Pardon me, madam; it has an especial attraction for me. I have all my life long been a disciple of that school; but I must say that in the present case it is not applicable. I have been for the last couple of weeks a guest at Lyle Abbey, and if I were asked whose name came most often uppermost, and always in terms of praise, I should say—your son's."

"I have met with great kindness from Sir Arthur and his family," said Tony, half-sternly, half-sorrowfully. "I am not likely ever to forget it."

"You have not seen them since your return, I think," said Maitland, carelessly.

"No, sir," broke in the old lady; "my son has been so full of his travels, and all the great people he met, that we have not got through more than half of his adventures. Indeed, when you came up, he was just telling me of an audience he had with a Cabinet Minister—"

"Pooh, pooh, mother! don't bore Mr. Maitland with these personal details."

"I know it is the privilege of friendship to listen to these," said Maitland, "and I am sincerely sorry that I have not such a claim."

"Well, sir, you ought to have that claim, were it only in consideration of your own kind offer to Tony."

"Oh, pray, madam, do not speak of it," said Maitland, with something nearer confusion than so self-possessed a gentleman was likely to exhibit. "When I spoke of such a project, I was in utter ignorance that Mr. Butler was as much a man of the world as myself, and far and away beyond the reach of any guidance of mine."

"What, then, were your intentions regarding me?" asked Tony, in some curiosity.

"I entreat of you, madam," said Maitland, eagerly, "to forget all that we said on that subject."

"I cannot be so ungrateful, sir. It is but fair and just that Tony should hear of your generous plan. Mr. Maitland thought he'd

just take you abroad—to travel with him—to go about and see the world. He'd call you his secretary."

"His what!?" exclaimed Tony, with a burst of laughter. "His what, mother?"

"Let me try and explain away, if I can, the presumption of such a project. Not now, however," said Maitland, looking at his watch, "for I have already overstayed my time; and I have an appointment for this evening—without you will kindly give me your company for half a mile up the road, and we can talk the matter over together."

Tony looked hesitatingly for a moment at his mother, but she said, "To be sure, Tony. I'll give Mr. Maitland a loan of you for half an hour. Go with him, by all means."

With all that courtesy of which he was a master, Maitland thanked her for the sacrifice she was making, and took his leave.

"You have no objection to walk fast, I hope," said Maitland; "for I find I am a little behind my time."

Tony assented with a nod, and they stepped out briskly—the device of the speed being merely assumed to give Maitland an opportunity of seeing a little more of his companion before entering upon any serious converse. Tony, however, was as impenetrable in his simplicity as some others are in their depth; and after two or three attempts to draw him on to talk of commonplaces, Maitland said, abruptly: "You must have thought it a great impertinence on my part to make such a proposal to your mother as she has just told you of; but the fact was, I had no other way of approaching a very difficult subject, and opening a question which to her, certainly, I could not explain myself fully upon. I heard a good deal about you up at the Abbey, and all that I heard confirmed me in the notion that you were just the man for an enterprise in which I am myself deeply interested. However, as I well knew, even if I succeeded in inducing you to become my comrade, it would be necessary to have a sort of narrative which would conceal the project from your mother, it occurred to me to get up this silly idea of a secretaryship, which I own freely may have offended you."

"Not offended; it only amused me," said Tony, good-humoredly. "I can't imagine a man less fitted for such an office than myself."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Maitland, "though I'm quite certain it would be a very

unprofitable use to make of you. You are, like myself, a man of action—one to execute and do, and not merely to note and record. The fellows who write history very seldom make it; isn't that true?"

"I don't know. I can only say, I don't think I'm very likely to do one or the other."

"We shall see that. I don't concur in the opinion, but we shall see. It would be rather a tedious process to explain myself fully as to my project, but I'll give you two or three little volumes."

"No, no; don't give me anything to read: if you want me to understand you, tell it out plainly, whatever it is."

"Here goes then, and it is not my fault if you don't fully comprehend me; but mind what I am about to reveal to you is strictly on honor, and never to be divulged to any one. I have your word for this?" They pressed hands, and he continued. "There is a government on the Continent so undermined by secret treachery that it can no longer rely upon its own arms for defence, but is driven to enlist in its cause the brave and adventurous spirits of other countries—men who, averse to ignoble callings or monotonous labor, would rather risk life than reduce it to the mere condition of daily drudgery. To this government, which in principle has all my sympathies, I have devoted all that I have of fortune, hope, or personal energy. I have, in a word, thrown my whole future into its cause. I have its confidence in return; and I am enabled not only to offer a high career and a noble sphere of action, but all that the world calls great rewards, to those whom I may select to join me in its defence."

"Is it France?" asked Tony; and Maitland had to bite his lip to repress a smile at such a question.

"No, it is not France," said he, calmly; "for France, under any rule, I'd not shed one drop of my blood."

"Nor I either!" cried Tony. "I hate Frenchmen; my father hated them, and taught me to do the same."

"So far from enlisting you to serve France, it is more than probable that in the cause I speak of you'll find yourself arrayed against Frenchmen."

"All right; I'd do that with a heart and a half; but what is the State? Is it Austria?—is it Russia?"

"Neither. If you only give me to believe

that you listen favorably to my plan, you shall hear everything; and I'll tell you, besides, what I shall offer to you personally—the command of a company in an Irish regiment, with the certainty of rapid advancement, and ample means to supply yourself with all that your position requires. Is that sufficient?"

"Quite so, if I like the cause I'm to fight for."

"I'll engage to satisfy you on that head. You need but read the names of those of our own countrymen who adopt it, to be convinced that it is a high and a holy cause. I don't suppose you have studied very deeply that great issue which our century is about to try—the cause of order *versus* anarchy—the right to rule of the good, the virtuous, and the enlightened, against the tyranny of the unlettered, the degraded, and the base."

"I know nothing about it."

"Well, I'll tax your patience some day to listen to it all from me; for the present, what say you to my plan?"

"I rather like it. If it had only come last week, I don't think I could have refused it."

"And why last week?"

"Because I have got a promise of an appointment since that."

"Of what nature?—a commission in the army?"

"No," said he, shaking his head.

"They're not going to make a clerk of a fellow like you, I trust?"

"They'd be sorely disappointed if they did."

"Well, what *are* they going to do with you?"

"Oh, it's nothing very high and mighty. I'm to be what they call a queen's messenger."

"Under the foreign office?"

"Yes."

"Not bad things these appointments—that is to say, gentlemen hold them, and contrive to live on them. How they do so, it's not very easy to say; but the fact is there, and not to be questioned."

This speech, a random shot as it was, hit the mark, and Maitland saw that Tony winced under it, and he went on.

"The worst is, however, that these things lead to nothing. If a man takes to the law, he dreams of the great seal, or at least of

the bench. If he be a soldier, he is sure to scribble his name with lieutenant-general before it. One always has an eye to the upper branches, whatever be the tree; but this messenger affair is a mere bush, which does not admit of climbing. Last of all, it would never do for you."

"And why not do for me?" asked Tony half fiercely.

"Simply because you could not reduce yourself to the mere level of a piece of mechanism—a thing wound up at Downing Street, to go 'down' as it reached Vienna. To you life should present, with its changes of fortune, its variety, its adventures, and its rewards. Men like you confront dangers, but are always conquered by mere drudgery. Am I right?"

"Perhaps there is something in that."

"Don't fancy that I am talking at hazard; I have myself felt the very thing I am telling you of; and I could no more have begun life as a Cabinet postboy, than I could have taken to stone-breaking."

"You seem to forget that there is a class of people in this world whom a wise proverb declares are not to be choosers."

"There never was a sillier adage. It assumes that because a man is poor he must remain poor. It presumes to affirm that no one can alter his condition. And who are the successful in life? the men who have energy to will it—the fellows who choose their place, and insist upon taking it. Let me assure you, Butler, you are one of these, if you could only throw off your humility and believe it. Only resolve to join us, and I'll give you any odds you like that I am a true prophet; at all events, turn it over in your mind—give it a fair consideration; of course, I mean your own consideration, for it is one of those things a man cannot consult his mother upon; and when we meet again, which will not be for a few days, as I leave for a short absence to-morrow, you'll give me your answer."

"What day do you expect to be back here?"

"I hope by Saturday; indeed, I can safely say by Saturday."

"By that time I shall have made up my mind. Good-by."

"The mind is made up already," muttered Maitland, as he moved away; "I have him."

CHAPTER XVIII.
ON THE ROAD.

A GREAT moralist and a profound thinker has left it on record that there were few pleasanter sensations than those of being whirled rapidly along a good road at the top speed of a pair of poststers. Whether, had he lived in our age of express-trains, the "rail" might not have qualified the judgment, is not so sure. One thing is, however, certain—the charm of a brisk drive on a fine breezy morning, along a bold coast, with a very beautiful woman for a companion, is one that belongs to all eras, independent of broad gauges and narrow, and deriving none of its enjoyment from steam or science.

Maitland was to know this now in all its ecstasy, as he drove off from Lyle Abbey with Mrs. Trafford. There was something of gala in the equipage—the four dappled grays with pink roses at their heads, the smartly-dressed servants, and, more than all, the lovely widow herself, most becomingly dressed in a costume which, by favor of the climate, could combine furs with lace—that forcibly struck him as resembling the accompaniments of a wedding; and he smiled at the pleasant conceit.

"What is it amuses you, Mr. Maitland?" said she, unable to repress her curiosity.

"I am afraid to tell you—that is, I might have told you a moment ago, but I can't now."

"Perhaps I guess it?"

"I don't think so."

"No matter; let us talk of something else. Isn't that a very beautiful little bay? It was a fancy of mine once to build a cottage there. You can see the spot from here, to the left of those three rocks."

"Yes; but there are walls there—ruins, I think."

"No, not exactly ruins. They were the outer walls of my intended villa, which I abandoned after I had begun it; and there they stand, accusers of a change of mind, sad reminders of other days and their projects."

"Were they very pleasant days, that you sigh over them, or are they sad reminiscences?"

"Both one and the other. I thought it would be such a nice thing to retire from the world and all its vanities, and live there very secluded and forgotten."

"And how long ago was this?"

"Oh, very long ago—fully a year and a half."

"Indeed!" cried he, with a well-feigned astonishment.

"Yes," said she, resuming. "I was very tired of being flattered and fêted, and what people call 'spoiled;' for it is by no means remembered how much amusement is afforded to those who play the part of 'spoilers' in the wilfulness and caprice they excite; and so I thought, 'I'll show you all how very easy it is to live without you. I'll let you see that I can exist without your homage.'"

"And you really fancied this?"

"You ask as if you thought the thing incredible."

"Only difficult—not impossible."

"I never intended total isolation, mind. I'd have had my intimates, say two or three—certainly not more—dear friends, to come and go and stay as they pleased."

"And do you know how you'd have passed your time, or shall I tell you?"

"Yes. Let me hear your version of it."

"In talking incessantly of that very world you had quitted, in greedily devouring all its scandals, and canvassing all its sins, criticising, very possibly, its shortcomings and condemning its frivolities, but still following with a wistful eye all its doings, and secretly longing to be in the thick of them."

"Oh, how wrong you are, how totally wrong! You know very little about him who would have been my chief adviser and Grand Vizier."

"And who, pray, would have been so fortunate as to fill that post?"

"The son of that old lady to whom you devoted so many mornings—the playfellow of long ago, Tony Butler."

"Indeed! I only made his acquaintance yesterday, and it would be rash to speak on such a short experience, but I may be permitted to ask has he that store of resources which enliven solitude? is he so full of life's experiences that he can afford to retire from the world and live on the interest of his knowledge of mankind?"

"He knows nothing whatever of what is called life—at least what Mr. Maitland would call life. He is the most simple-hearted young fellow in the world, with the finest nature and the most generous."

"What would I not give for a friend who would grow so enthusiastic about me!"

"Are you so sure you'd deserve it?"

"If I did, there would be no merit in the praise. Credit means trust for what one may or may not have."

"Well I am speaking of Tony as I know him; and, true to the adage, there he is, coming down the hill. Pull up, George."

"Mr. Butler's making me a sign, ma'am, not to stop till I reach the top of the hill."

The moment after the spanking team stood champing their bits and tossing their manes on the crest of the ridge.

"Come here, Tony, and be scolded!" cried Mrs. Trafford, while the young fellow, instead of approaching the carriage, busied himself about the horses.

"Wait a moment till I let down their heads. How could you have suffered them to come up the long hill with the bearing-reins on, Alice?" cried he.

"So, then, it is I that am to have the scolding," said she in a whisper; then added aloud, "Come here and beg pardon. I'm not sure you'll get it, for your shameful desertion of us. Where have you been, sir? and why have not you reported yourself on your return?"

Tony came up to the side of the carriage with an attempt at swagger that only increased his own confusion, and made him blush deeply. No sooner, however, had he seen Maitland, of whose presence up to that he had been ignorant, than he grew pale, and had to steady himself by catching hold of the door.

"I see you're ashamed," said she; "but I'll keep you over for sentence. Meanwhile, let me present you to Mr. Maitland."

"I know him," said Tony, gulping out the words.

"Yes," chimed in Maitland, "we made acquaintance yesterday; and if Mr. Butler be but of my mind, it will not be a mere passing knowledge we shall have of each other."

"Get in, Tony, and come a mile or two with us. You know all the short cuts in the mountains, and can get back easily."

"There's the short cut I mean to take now," said Tony, sternly, as he pointed to a path that led down to the seashore. "I am going home."

"Yes, sir," resumed she with a well-

feigned air of severity—"but mine is a command."

"I have left the service—I have taken my discharge," said he, with a forced laugh.

"At least, you ought to quit with honor—not as a deserter," said she, softly, but sadly.

"Perhaps he could not trust his resolution, if he were to see again the old flag he had served under," said Maitland,

"Who made you the exponent of what I felt, sir?" said he, savagely—"I don't remember that in our one single conversation we touched on these things."

"Tony!" cried Alice, in a low voice, full of deep feeling and sorrow—"Tony!"

"Good-by, Alice; I'm sorry to have detained you, but I thought—I don't know what I thought. Remember me to Bella—good-by!" He turned away—then suddenly, as if remembering himself, wheeled round and said, "Good-morning, sir," with a short, quick nod of his head. The moment after he had sprung over the low wall at the roadside, and was soon lost to view in the tall ferns.

"How changed he is! I declare I can scarcely recognize him," said Mrs. Trafford, as they resumed their journey. "He used to be the gentlest, easiest, softest of all natures. Never put out—never crossed by anything."

"And so I've no doubt you'd have found him to-day if I had not been here."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely, you remarked the sudden change that came over his face when he saw me. He thought you were alone. At all events, he never speculated on finding me at your side."

"Indeed!" said she, with an air of half-offended pride; "and are you reputed to be such a very dangerous person, that to drive out with you should inspire all this terror?"

"I don't believe I am," said Maitland, laughing; "But perhaps your rustic friend might be pardoned if he thought so."

"How very subtle that is! Even in your humility you contrive to shoot a bolt at poor Tony."

"And why poor? Is he poor who is so rich in defenders? Is it a sign of poverty when a man can afford to dispense with all the restraints that attach to others, and say and do what he likes, with the certainty that it will be all submitted to? I call that wealth

unbounded, at least. It is the one prize that money confers, and if one can have it without the dross, I'd say, give me the privilege and keep the title-deeds."

"Mr. Maitland," said she, gravely, "Tony Butler is not in the least like what you would represent him. In my life I never knew any one so full of consideration for others."

"Go on," said he, laughing. "It's only another gold mine of his you are displaying before me. Has he any other gifts or graces?"

"He has a store of good qualities, Mr. Maitland; they are not, perhaps very showy ones."

"Like those of some other of our acquaintance," added he, as if finishing her speech for her. "My dear Mrs. Trafford, I would not disparage your early friend—your once play-fellow—for the world. Indeed, I feel, if life could be like a half-holiday from school, he'd be an admirable companion to pass it with: the misfortune is, that these men must take their places in the common tournament with the rest of us, and then they are not so certain of making a distinguished figure as when seen in the old playground with bat and ball, and wicket."

"You mean that such a man as Tony Butler will not be likely to make a great career in life?"

His reply was a shrug of the shoulders.

"And why not, pray?" asked she, defiantly.

"What if you were to ask Mark this question? Let him give you his impressions on this theme."

"I see what it is," she cried, warmly. "You two fine gentlemen have conspired against this poor simple boy; for really, in all dealings with the world, he is a boy; and you would like us to believe that if we saw him under other circumstances, and with other surroundings, we should be actually ashamed of him. Now, Mr. Maitland, I resent this supposition at once, and I tell you frankly I am very proud of his friendship."

"You are pushing me to the verge of a great indiscretion; in fact, you have made it impossible for me to avoid it," said he, seriously. "I must now trust you with a secret, or what I meant to be one. Here it is. Of course, what I am about to tell you is strictly to go no further; never, never to be divulged. It is partly on this young man's

account—chiefly so—that I am in Ireland. A friend of mine—that same Caffarelli of whom you heard—was commissioned by a very eccentric old Englishman who lives abroad, to learn if he could hear some tidings of this young Butler; what sort of person he was; how brought up; how educated; how disciplined. The inquiry came from the desire of a person very able indeed to befriend him materially. The old man I speak of is the elder brother of Butler's father; very rich and very influential. This old man, I suppose, repenting of some harshness or other to his brother in former days, wants to see Tony—wants to judge of him for himself—wants, in fact, without disclosing the relationship between them, to pronounce whether this young fellow is one to whom he could rightfully bequeath a considerable fortune, and place before the world as the head of an honored house; but he wants to do this without exciting hopes or expectations, or risking perhaps disappointments. Now I know very well by repute something of this eccentric old man, whose long life in the diplomatic service has made him fifty times more lenient to a moral delinquency than to a solecism in manners, and who could forgive the one and never the other. If he were to see your diamond in the rough, he'd never contemplate the task of polishing—he'd simply say, 'This is not what I looked for; I don't want a gamekeeper, or a boatman, or a horse-breaker.'"

"O Mr. Maitland!"

"Hear me out. I am representing, and very faithfully representing, another; he'd say this more strongly, too, than I have, and he'd leave him there. Now, I'm not very certain that he'd be wrong; permit me to finish. I mean to say, that in all that regards what the old minister plenipotentiary acknowledges to be life, Master Tony would not shine. The solid qualities you dwelt on so favorably are like rough carvings; they are not meant for gilding. Now, seeing the deep interest you and all your family take in this youth, and feeling as I do a sincere regard for the old lady, his mother, in whose society I have passed two or three delightful mornings, I conceived a sort of project which might possibly give the young fellow a good chance of success. I thought of taking him abroad—on the Continent—showing him something of life and the world in a sphere

in which he had not yet seen it; letting him see for himself the value men set upon tact and address, and making him feel that these are the common coinage daily intercourse requires, while higher qualities are title-deeds that the world only calls for on emergencies."

"But you could never have persuaded him to such a position of dependence."

"I'd have called him my private secretary; I'd have treated him as my equal."

"It was very generous; it was nobly generous."

"When I thought I had made him presentable anywhere—and it would not take long to do so—I'd have contrived to bring him under his uncle's notice,—as a stranger, of course: if the effect were favorable, well and good; if it proved a failure, there was neither disappointment nor chagrin. Mrs. Butler gave me a half assent, and I was on the good road with her son till this morning, when that unlucky meeting has, I suspect, spoiled everything."

"But why should it?"

"Why should anything happen as men's passions or impulses decide it? Why should one man be jealous of the good fortune that another man has not won?"

She turned away her head and was silent.

"I'd not have told you one word of this, Mrs. Trafford, if I had not been so sore pressed that I couldn't afford to let you, while defending your friend, accuse me of want of generosity and unfairness. Let me own it frankly—I was piqued by all your praises of this young man; they sounded so like insidious criticisms on others less fortunate in your favor."

"As if the great Mr. Maitland could care for any judgments of mine," said she; and there was in her voice and manner a strange blending of levity and seriousness.

"They are the judgments that he cares most for in all the world," said he, eagerly. "To have heard from your lips one-half the praise—one-tenth part of the interest you so lately bestowed on that young man—"

"Where are we going, George? What river is this?" exclaimed she, suddenly.

"To Tilney Park, ma'am; this is the Larne."

"But it's the upper road, and I told you to take the lower road, by Captain Graham's."

"No, ma'am; you only said Tilney."

"Is it possible? and didn't you tell him, Mr. Maitland?"

"I? I knew nothing of the road. To tell you the truth," added he, in a whisper, "I cared very little where it led, so long as I sat at your side."

"Very flattering, indeed! Have we passed the turn to the lower road very far, George?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's a good five miles behind us, and a bad bit of road too—all fresh stones."

"And you were so anxious to call at the cottage?" said she, addressing Maitland with a smile of some significance.

"Nothing of the kind. I made some sort of silly promise to make a visit as I passed. I'm sure I don't know why, or to gratify whom."

"O cruel Mr. Maitland—false Mr. Maitland! how can you say this? But are we to go back?—that is the question; for I see George is very impatient, and trying to make the horses the same."

"Of course not. Go back? it was all the coachman's fault—took the wrong turning, and never discovered his blunder till we were—I don't know where."

"Tilney, George—go on," said she; then turning to Maitland, "And do you imagine that the charming Sally Graham or the fascinating Rebecca will understand such flimsy excuses as these, or that the sturdy old commodore will put up with them?"

"I hope so, for their sakes at least; for it will save them a world of trouble to do so."

"Ungrateful as well as perfidious. You were a great favorite with the Grahams. Beck told me, the night before they left the Abbey, that you were the only 'élégant'—exquisite she called it—she ever met that wasn't a fool."

"The praise was not extravagant. I don't feel my cheek growing hot under it."

"And Sally said that if she had not seen with her own eyes, she'd never have believed that a man with such a diamond ring, and such wonderful pendants to his watch, could hook an eight-pound salmon, and bring him to land."

"That indeed touches me," said he, laying his hand over his heart.

"And old Graham himself declared to my father that if one of his girls had a fancy that

way, though you weren't exactly his style of man, nor precisely what he'd choose—"

"Do spare me! I beseech you, have *some* pity on me!"

"That he'd not set himself against it; and that, in fact, with a good certificate as to character, and the approved guarantee of respectable people, who had known you some years—"

"I implore you to stop!"

"Of course I'll stop when you tell me the theme is one too delicate to follow up; but, like all the world, you let one run into every sort of indiscretion, and only cry halt when it is too late to retire. The Grahams, however, are excellent people—old G. G., as they call him, a distinguished officer. He cut out somebody or something from under the guns of a Spanish fort, and the girls have refused—let me see whom they have not refused: but I'll make them tell you, for we'll certainly call there on our way back."

The malicious drollery with which she poured out all this had heightened her color and given increased brilliancy to her eyes. Instead of the languid delicacy which usually marked her features, they shone now with animation and excitement, and became in consequence far more beautiful. So striking was the change, that Maitland paid little attention to the words, while he gazed with rapture at the speaker.

It must have been a very palpable admiration he bestowed, for she drew down her veil with an impatient jerk of the hand, and said, "Well, sir, doesn't this arrangement suit you, or would you rather make your visit to Port Graham alone?"

"I almost think I would," said he, laughing. "I suspect it would be safer."

"Oh, now that I know your intentions—that you have made me your confidant—you'll see that I can be a marvel of discretion."

"Put up your veil again, and you may be as *maligne* as you please."

"There! yonder is Tilney," said she, hastily, "where you see those fine trees. Are the horses distressed, George?"

"Well, ma'am, they've had enough of it."

"I mean, are they too tired to go round by the river-side and the old gate?"

"It's a good two miles round, ma'am?"

"Oh, I know what that means," said she, in a whisper. "If there should be anything amiss for the next three months, it will be

that cruel day's work down at Tilney will be charged with it. Go in by the new lodge," added she aloud; "and as they have innumerable carriages here, Mr. Maitland, I'll take you a drive over there to-morrow. It's a very nice thing, isn't it, to be as rich as old Mrs. Maxwell, and to be always playing the part of 'Good Fairy,' giving splendid banquets, delicious little country parties to all the world; offering horses to ride, boats to sail in? What are you looking at so fixedly?"

"I think I recognize a conveyance I once had the happiness to travel in. Isn't that the Graham equipage before us?"

"I declare it is!" cried she, joyfully. "O lucky Mr. Maitland! they are going to Tilney."

As she spoke, George, indignant at being dusted by a shambling old mare with long fetlocks, gathered up his team in his hand, and sent them "spinning" past the lumbering jaunting-car, giving the Grahams only time to recognize the carriage and its two occupants.

CHAPTER XIX.

TONY'S TROUBLES.

WHEN Tony Butler met Mrs. Trafford's carriage he was on his road, by a cross path, to the back entrance of Lyle Abbey. It was not his intention to pay a visit there at that moment, though he was resolved to do so later. His present errand was to convey a letter he had written to Maitland, accepting the proposal of the day before.

He had not closed his eyes all night thinking of it. There was a captivation in its promise of adventure that he felt to be irresistible. He knew too well the defects of his nature and of his intelligence not to be aware that, in any of the ordinary and recognized paths in life, he must see himself overtaken and left behind by almost all. What were called the learned professions were strictly debarred to him. Had he even the means for the study, he would not have the qualities to pursue them. He did not feel that he could take willingly to a trade; as little could he be a clerk. To be sure, he had obtained this appointment as messenger, but how disparagingly Maitland had spoken of it! He said, it is true, they "weren't bad things"—that "gentlemen somehow or other managed to live on them;" but he hinted that these were gentlemen whose knowledge

of life had taught them a variety of little accomplishments—such as whist, billiards, and écarté—which form the traffic of society, and a very profitable traffic, too, to him who knows a little more of them than his neighbors. Worst of all, it was a career, Maitland said, that led to nothing. You can become an “old messenger,” if you live long enough, but nothing more; and he pictured the life of a traveller who had lost every interest in the road he journeyed—who, in fact, only thought of it with reference to the time it occupied—as one of the dreariest of all imaginable things. “This monotony,” added he, “will do for the fellow who has seen everything and done everything—not for the fresh spirit of youth, eager to taste, to learn, and to enjoy. A man of your stamp ought to have a wider and better field—a sphere wherein his very vitality will have fair play. Try it; follow it if you can, Butler,” said he; “but I’m much mistaken in you, if you’ll be satisfied to sit down with a station that only makes you a penny-postman magnified.” Very few of us have courage to bear such a test as this—to hear the line we are about to take, the service we are about to enter, the colony we are about to sail for, disparaged, unmoved. The unknown has always enough of terror about it without the dark forebodings of an evil prophet.

“I like Maitland’s project better,” said Tony, after a long night’s reflection. “At all events, it’s the sort of thing to suit *me*. If I should come to grief, it will be a sad day for poor mother; but the same might happen me when carrying a despatch-bag! I think he ought to have been more explicit, and let me hear for whom I am to fight, though perhaps it doesn’t much signify. I could fight for any one but Yankees! I think I’ll say ‘done.’ This Maitland is a great ‘Don’—has apparently fortune and station. It can’t be a mistake to sail in the same boat with *him*. I’ll certainly say ‘done.’” With this resolve he jumped out of bed, and wrote the following brief note:—

“BURNSIDE, *Tuesday Morning*.

“DEAR SIR,—I’ll not take the three days you gave me to consider your offer; I accept it at once.

Yours truly,

“TONY BUTLER.

“Norman Maitland, Esq., Lyle Abbey.”

“I’ll have to write to Skeffy,” said he to himself, “and say, You may tell my noble

patron that I don’t want the messengership, and that when next I call at the office I’ll kick Willis for nothing. I don’t suppose that this is the formal way of resigning, but I take it they’ll not be sorry to be quit of me, and it will spare the two old coves in white cravats all the trouble of having me plucked at the examination. Poor Skeffy won’t be pleased, though; he was to have ‘coached me’ in foreign tongues and the Rule of Three. Well, I’m glad I’m in for a line of life where nobody asks about Colenso’s Arithmetic, nor has so much as heard of Olendorf’s Method. Oh, dear! how much happier the world must have been when people weren’t so confoundedly well-informed! so awfully brimful of all knowledge as they now are! In those pleasant days, instead of being a black sheep, I’d have been pretty much like the rest of the flock.”

The speculations on this topic—this golden age of ignorance and bliss—occupied him all the way, as he walked over the hills to leave his letter at the gate-lodge for Mr. Maitland.

Resisting all the lodge-keeper’s inducements to talk—for he was an old friend of Tony, and wanted much to know where he had been and what doing of late, and why he wasn’t up at the Abbey every day as of yore—Tony refused to hear of all the sad consequences that had followed on his absence; how the “two three-year-olds had gone back in their training;” how “Piper wouldn’t let a saddle be put on his back;” how the carp were all dying in the new pond, nobody knew why—there was even something wrong with the sun-dial over the stable, as though the sun himself had taken his departure in dudgeon, and wouldn’t look straight on the spot since. These were, with many more, shouted after him as he turned away, while he, laughing, called out, “It will be all right in a day or two, Mat. I’ll see to everything soon.”

“That I’ll not,” muttered he to himself when alone. “The smart hussar—the brave captain—may try his hand now. I’d like to see him on Piper. I only wish that he may mount him with the saddle tightly girthed; and if he doesn’t cut a somerset over his head, my name isn’t Tony! Let us see, too, what he’ll do with those young dogs; they’re wild enough by this time! I take it he’s too great a swell to know anything about gardening or grafting—so much the worse for my lady’s

flower-plot! There's one thing I'd like to be able to do every morning of my life," thought he, in sadder mood—"just to give Alice's chestnut mare one canter, to make her neck flexible and her mouth light, and to throw her back on her haunches! And then, if I could only see Alice on her! just to see her as she bends down over the mane and pats the mare's shoulder to coax her not to buck-leap! There never was a picture that equalled it! the mare snorting, and with eyes flashing, and Alice all the while caressing her, and saying, 'How silly you are, Maida! come, now, do be gentle!'"

These thoughts set others in motion—the happy, happy days of long ago; the wild, half-reckless gallops over the fern-clad hills in the clear, bright days of winter—or the still more delightful saunterings of a summer's eve on the seashore!—none of them—not one—ever to come back again. It was just as his reveries had reached so far that he caught sight of the four dappled grays—they were Alice's own—swinging smoothly along in that long, easy stride, by which thoroughbreds persuade you that work is no distress to them. It was only as they breasted the hill that he saw that the bearing-reins were not let down—a violation of a precept on which he was inexorable; and he hastened, with all the speed he could, to catch them ere they gained the crest of the ridge.

To say the truth, Tony was somewhat ashamed of himself for his long absence from the Abbey. If it were not ingratitude, it had a look of it. *They* knew nothing of what had passed between Mark and himself, and could only pronounce upon his conduct as fickleness, or worse; and he was glad of an opportunity to meet them less formally than by a regular morning visit. Either Alice and her sister, or Alice alone, were certain to be in the carriage; for Lady Lyle was too timid to trust herself with those "grays;" and so he bounded forward, his heart full of expectancy, and burning once more to hear that voice whose very chidings were as music to him.

He was close to the carriage before he saw Maitland; indeed, the sight of Alice, as he drew near, had so entranced him that he saw nothing else; but when his eyes did fall on her companion, a pang shot through him as though he had been stabbed. In the raging jealousy of the moment everything was for-

gotten but his passion—his hatred of that man. He'd have given his right hand to be able to hurl at him a mortal defiance—to have dared him to the death. Indeed, so far as the insolence of his stare could convey his meaning, it declared an open war between them. Nor did Maitland's attitude assuage this anger; he lay back with a cool assumption of superiority—an air of triumphant satisfaction—that seemed to say, Each of us is in the place that befits him.

So overcome was he by passion, that even Alice's invitation to get into the carriage sounded like an outrage to his ears. It was bitter enough to cast him off without making him witness the success of another. Maitland's daring to apologize for him—to explain away why he had or had not done this, that, or t'other—was more than his endurance could brook; and as he hurried away from the spot, dashing recklessly down cliff and crag, and sprang from rock to rock without a thought of the peril, he almost accused himself of cowardice and cold-bloodedness for not having insulted him on the instant, and, by some open outrage, forced upon him a quarrel from which there could be no retreating. "If I'd insulted him before her," cried he, "he never could have evaded me by calling me an angry boy."

"I'll have no companionship with him, at all events," said he, suddenly checking himself in his speed; "he shall neither be leader nor comrade of mine. I'll get my letter back before it reach him." With this resolve he turned his steps back again to the Abbey. Although he knew well that he must reach the lodge before they could return from their drive, he hurried along as though his life depended on it. The keeper was out, but Tony dashed into the lodge, and found, as he expected, the letter on the chimney; he tore it into fragments, and turned away.

The day was already drawing to a close as he descended the little path to the Burnside, and saw his mother awaiting him in the porch. As he came nearer, he perceived that she held up a letter in her hand. "Something important, Tony dear," cried she. "It is printed at top, 'on H. M.'s Service,' and marked 'Immediate' underneath. I have been very impatient all the day for your return."

Although Tony's mood at the moment did not dispose him to be on the very best terms

with the world at large, nor even with himself, he felt a strange sort of vainglorious glow through him at being addressed on a great square-shaped envelope, "On Her Majesty's Service," and with a huge seal, the royal arms, affixed. It imparted a sense of self-importance that was very welcome at such a moment. It was a spoonful of brandy to a man not far from fainting.

With all this, he didn't like his mother to see how much this gratified or interested him; and he tossed the letter to one side, and said, "I hope the dinner isn't far off; I'm very hungry."

"It will be on the table in a few minutes, Tony; but let us hear what her majesty wants with you."

"It's nothing that wont keep till I have eaten my dinner, mother; at all events, I don't mean to inquire."

"I suppose I may break the seal myself, then," said she, in a half-pique.

"If you like—if you have any curiosity in the matter."

"That I have," said she, tearing open the envelope.

"Why, it's nothing, after all, Tony. It's not from her majesty at all. It begins 'Dear Butler.'"

"It's from Skeffy," cried he, taking it from her hands, "and is far more interesting to me than if it came from the premier."

Mrs. Butler sat down, disappointed and sad. It was a reminiscence of long ago, that formally shaped document, with its big seal, reminding her of days when the colonel—her colonel—used to receive despatches from the War Office—grave documents of which he seldom spoke, but whose importance she could read in the thoughtful lines of his face, and which always impressed her with his consequence. "Ah, dear!" sighed she, drearily,—"who would have thought it?"

So is it very often in this same world of ours, that the outsides of things are only solemn cheats. The orderly who terrifies the village, as he dashes past at speed, is but the bearer of an invitation to dine. The ambassador's bag is filled not with protocols and treaties, but with fish-sauce or pickled walnuts; the little sack—marked "most important"—being choke-full of Russian cigarettes. Even lawn and lawyers' wigs are occasionally the external coverings to qualities that fall short of absolute wisdom; so

that, though Mrs. Butler exclaimed, "Who would have thought it?" one more conversant with life would have felt less surprise and less disappointment. A laugh from Tony—almost a hearty laugh—startled her from her musings. "What is it, Tony dear?" asked she—"what is it that amuses you?"

"I'll read it all for you, mother. It's from Skeffy, and you'd think you heard him talking, it's so like him.

"F. O., *Sunday Morning.*

"DEAR BUTLER,—What a fright you have given us all, old fellow, to have levanted so suddenly, leaving your traps with the waiter, as we first thought, but as we afterwards discovered exchanging them with one Rory Quin, who, apparently sorry for his bargain, came for three successive mornings to the hotel to find out your present whereabouts."

"Do you understand him, mother?" asked Tony at this.

"Partly—go on."

He resumed—"Rory, however, would seem to have a private scrape of his own to occupy him now, for I found to-day that a policeman was waiting all the morning to arrest him, of which he seems to have had timely notice, for he did not appear, and 'R. 960' says, with much solemnity, he wont come no more."

"What does that mean, Tony?"

"I can make nothing of it. I hope and trust that I am not the cause of the poor fellow's troubles. I'll write about this at once. 'More of all this, however, when we meet, which I rejoice to say will be soon. I have got fourteen days' leave, and am going over to your immediate neighborhood, to visit an aunt, or a cousin, or a grandmother—if she likes—a certain Mrs. Maxwell of Tilney, who has lots of cash and no one to leave it to—five thousand a year in estate; I don't know what in the Threes; and is, they tell me, weighing all her relatives, real or imaginary, in the balance of her esteem, to decide who is to be the lord of Tilney, and which of us would most worthily represent her name and house. Preaching for a call is nothing to this—and a C. S. examination is cakes and gingerbread to it. Just fancy a grand competitive dinner of both sexes, and the old lady watching who ate of her favorite dish, or who passed the decanter she 'affectioned.' Imagine yourself talking, moving, sneezing,

smiling, or blowing your nose, with five thousand a year on the issue. Picture to your mind the tortures of a scrutiny that may take in anything from your complexion to your character, and which, though satisfied with your morals, might discover "something unpleasant about your mouth."

"Worst news of all, I hear that the great Norman Maitland is somewhere in your vicinity, and of course will be invited wherever anything is going on. If he cares to do it, I suppose he'll cut us all out, and that the old lady would rather fancy she made a graceful exit from life if this illustrious swell were to play chief mourner to her. By the way, do you know the man I'm talking of? He's a monstrous clever fellow, and a great mystery to boot. I know him very slightly; indeed, so slightly that I'm not sure he knows *me*."

"As it would be invaluable to me to have a word of counsel from you, knowing nothing, or next to nothing, of my dear relative, I mean to start directly for you at once, and have one day with you before I go on to Tilney. Will this bore you, or inconvenience you? Is your house full? Most houses are at this time o' year."

At this Tony laid down the letter and laughed immoderately; not so, however, his mother. She turned her head away, and sat, with her hands closely locked, in silence.

"Isn't it good?—isn't it downright droll, mother, to ask if our house be so full of guests, we have no room for another? I declare, though it has a sore side to it, the question overcomes me with its absurdity."

"That's not the way I'm looking at it, Tony," said she, sadly.

"But there's no other way to look at it. If one can't take that view of it, one would—" He stopped suddenly, for he saw the old lady lift her handkerchief to her eyes, and hold it there. "But you are right, mother," said he, quickly. "To bear it well one needn't laugh at it. At all events, what answer are we to make him?"

"Finish the letter first."

"Ah, this is all about putting him up—anywhere—in a dressing-room or a closet. 'At Carlscourt last year they had nothing to give me but a bath-room. They used to quiz me about sleeping in "marble halls," for I lay in the bath.'"

"He seems a good-tempered creature," said the old lady, who could not repress a laugh this time.

"The best in the world; and such spirits! I wish you saw him do the back-somersets over a chair, or the frog's leap across a table. For all that, mother," said he, with a change of tone, "he's a perfect gentleman; and though he's very short—only so high!—he looks a gentleman too."

"I am not likely to forget all his kindness to you, Tony," said she, feelingly. "If we could only receive him suitably, I'd be happy and proud to do it; as it is, however, the man, being a gentleman, will put up all the better with our humble entertainment: so, just tell him to come, Tony; but tell him also what he's coming to. His room will be pretty much like the bath-room, and the company he'll meet afterwards very unlike what he saw at the fine house."

"He'll take all in good part, or I'm much mistaken in him. So here goes for the answer:—

"DEAR SKEFF,—We live in a cottage with five rooms. We have one maid-servant, and we dine at two. If you have courage to face all this, you'll have the heartiest of welcomes from my mother and your sincere friend,
TONY BUTLER."

"The mail will drop you at Coleraine, and I'll be on the look-out for you every morning from this forward."

"Wont that do, mother?" asked he.

"I think you might have done it better; but I suppose you young folk understand each other best in your own fashion, so let it be."

From The Spectator, 13 Feb.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.*

VERY few Englishmen will, we fear, condescend to read a eulogistic life of General Benjamin Butler. Arriving at a moment when the country was sympathizing fiercely with the South, yet half ashamed of its sympathy, his famous Order 28 at New Orleans gave the required excuse; no inquiry was made, no defence allowed, but General Butler was at once set down as the type and flower of all that was evil in Yankee training, Yankee manners, and Yankee disposition towards its foes. The Northern friends of secession caught back the cry from England, General Butler was considered a safe mark, and for months he was attacked as the incarnation of spite, despotism, and corruption. It was not till he quitted New Orleans that a reaction set in, and even now, though his countrymen have forgiven him, it is with a sense that there was much to forgive, which has stirred up Mr. Parton to this biography. It is worth reading; for Mr. Parton has before him a character which he, the biographer of Andrew Jackson, thoroughly understands, and though he writes as a eulogist he is so far truthful that his hero's acts may be judged by indifferent readers pretty readily from unconscious admissions. General Butler appears in his pages very much what his portrait would indicate—a stern, efficient, straightforward tyrant, without the smallest disposition to cruelty, but with an inflexible determination to make his own cause succeed, upright as a politician, and personally kind, but with a certain coarseness of fibre in his moral composition offensive to men of more refined or softer habits of thought. For instance, he recommended Mr. Buchanan to arrest the commissioners who announced the vote of secession as traitors, and try them before the Supreme Court, as a means of testing the validity of the ordinance. The act would have been legal enough, the Supreme Court being the one tribunal with power to decide between a State and the Union, but finer-nerved men felt instinctively that the commissioners were in reality men bearing a flag of truce, and that their

* "General Butler in New Orleans." History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in the Year 1862; with an Account of the Capture of New Orleans, and a Sketch of the Previous Career of the General, Civil and Military. By James Parton. New York: Mason Brothers. 1864.

arrest would be considered by North and South a gross breach of honorable faith. General Butler did not see it, and replied to the indignant question of Mr. Ord, "Would you hang us?" by the grim joke, "Certainly not, unless you were found guilty." That is the man; always efficient, always within the law, but obtuse to those considerations which involve a mingling of morality and taste; and Jacobin in the lengths to which he would carry his resolves.

General Butler is the grandson of an old soldier of the War of Independence, Captain Zephaniah Butler, of Connecticut, who had fought under General Wolfe at Quebec, and the son of John Butler, of New Hampshire, who enlisted in the volunteers who followed Jackson at New Orleans. Losing his father at an early age, he went to the district school, and afterwards to Waterville, a Baptist college, where a student was expected to train himself for the ministry, but also to do three hours' manual labor as a contribution towards his expenses. The labor was expended on chair-making, and the professors seem all to have been clergymen of the very narrowest type. Young Butler, however, was not of the lads whom professors mould, and he grew up with a powerful frame, a keen, self-willed Yankee spirit, and a sense of half-scorn for almost all above him of which we must quote one comic and characteristic instance. It was the custom of Waterville to compel the students to attend morning prayer by a fine, which Butler, being exceedingly poor, felt as a hardship. One day one of the professors preached a sermon full of Jonathan Edwards's theology.

"1. The Elect, and the Elect alone, will be saved. 2. Of the people commonly called Christians, probably not more than one in a hundred will be saved. 3. The heathen have a better chance of salvation than the inhabitants of Christian countries who neglect their opportunities. Upon these hints the young gentleman spake. He drew up a petition to the faculty, couched in the language of profound respect, asking to be excused from further attendance at prayers and sermons, on the grounds so ably sustained in the discourse of the preceding Sunday. If, he said, the doctrine of that sermon was sound, of which he would not presume to entertain a doubt, he was only preparing for himself a future of more exquisite anguish by attending religious services. He begged to be allowed to remind the faculty that the church in which

the sermon was preached had usually a congregation of six hundred persons, nine of whom were his revered professors and tutors; and as only one in a hundred of ordinary Christians could be saved, three even of the faculty, good men as all of them were, were inevitably damned. Could he, a mere student, and not one of the most exemplary, expect to be saved before his superiors? Far be it from him a thought so presumptuous. Shakespeare himself had intimated that the lieutenant cannot expect salvation before his military superior. Nothing remained, therefore, for him but perdition. In this melancholy posture of affairs it became him to beware of heightening his future torment by listening to the moving eloquence of the pulpit, or availing himself of any of the privileges of religion. But here he was met by the college laws, which compelled attendance at chapel and church; which imposed a pecuniary fine for non-attendance, and entailed a loss of the honors due to his scholarship. Threatened thus with damnation in the next world, bankruptcy and disgrace in this, he implored the merciful consideration of the faculty, and asked to be excused from all further attendance at prayers and at church."

The professors treated this cool logic as irreverent, but did not expel the logician, who after several furious contests against dogmatic theology quitted college, "weighing only ninety-seven pounds," but resolved to become a lawyer. He went first, however, on a two years' cruise to the cod fishery off Labrador, an occupation which completely restored his health, and then returning to Lowell, read law, fought the mill-girl suits, taught in a school, and by eighteen hours' work a day managed to keep body and soul together. A Yankee readiness and adroitness, a keen wit and inexhaustible contentiousness, soon, however, brought him practice. He became a leading barrister, studied every trade, machine, interest, and science with which he came in contact, gradually came to be regarded as the soul and chief of the Hunker Democrats of Massachusetts, i.e., Democrats who would let slavery alone, and was the Breckinridge candidate for the governorship of the State. This, when the war broke out, marked him out for command. He claimed as a brigadier-general of militia to lead his brigade, and Governor Andrew, not sorry, perhaps, to be rid of a possible rival, gave him the commission. We have no space to follow General Butler's career in Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and need only mention that his counsel was always for

decided and rapid action, and that the famous expression, "Slaves are contraband of war," which commenced the work of emancipation, was his. He was selected to command the expedition against New Orleans as the only man who honestly believed it could be taken, and took it, greatly assisted by Commodore Farragut, commanding the attacking fleet.

New Orleans, however, though captured was not subdued. The city had been for years the head-quarters and focus of all Southern rowdyism. An immense crowd of "loafers," many without regular occupation or means, infested the streets, controlled the ballot-boxes, nominated the judges, selected the police, and affected to rule every one except a few immensely wealthy planters, who governed them by money. These rowdies had gradually dissolved society till New Orleans had become the most bloodthirsty city in the world—a city where every man went armed, where a sharp word was invariably answered by a stab, and where the average of murdered men taken to one hospital was three a day. The mob were bitter advocates of slavery, held all Yankees in abhorrence, and, guided by the astute brain of Pierre Soulé, whilom ambassador to Spain, resolved to contest with General Butler the right to control the city. They might as well have contested it with Bonaparte. The first order issued by the general indicated a policy from which he never swerved. The mob had surrounded the St. Charles Hotel, threatening an attack on the building, then the general's head-quarters, and General Williams, commanding the troops round it, reported that he would be unable to control the mob. "General Butler, in his serenest manner, replied, 'Give my compliments to General Williams, and tell him if he finds he cannot control the mob to open upon them with artillery.'" The mob did that day endeavor to seize Judge Summers, the Recorder, and he was only saved by the determined courage of Lieutenant Kinsman, in command of an armed party. From this moment the general assumed the attitude he never abandoned, that of master of New Orleans, intending and often doing justice, but making his own will the law. He at first retained the municipal organization, but finding the officials incurably hostile he sent them to Fort Lafayette, and thenceforward ruled alone, feeding the people, re-establishing trade, maintaining public order, and seeing that negroes obtained some reasonable measure of security. Their evidence was admitted, "Louisiana having, when she went out of the Union, taken her black code with her," the whipping-house was abolished, and all forms of torture sternerly prohibited. That he was occasionally severe seems certain, but not so certain as that noth-

ing but severity could have restrained New Orleans. There never was, since Gomorrah fell, such another city. We have spoken of the rowdies, these were the respectables:—

“A lieutenant searched a certain house in New Orleans, in which Confederate arms were reported to be concealed. Arms and tents were found stowed in the garret, which were removed to that grand repository of contraband articles, the Custom House. A gentleman of venerable aspect, with long white hair, and a form bent with premature old age, was the occupant of the house from which the arms and tents were taken. In the twilight of an evening soon after the search the most fearful screams were heard proceeding from the yard of the house, as if a human being were suffering there the utmost that a mortal can endure of agony. A sentinel who was pacing his beat near by ran into the yard, where he beheld a hideous spectacle. A young mulatto girl was stretched upon the ground on her face, her feet tied to a stake, her hands held by a black man; her back uncovered from neck to heels. The venerable old gentleman with the flowing white hair was seated in an arm-chair by the side of the girl; at a distance convenient for his purpose. He held in his hand a powerful horse-whip, with which he was lashing the delicate and sensitive flesh of the young girl. Her back was covered with blood. Every stroke of the infernal instrument of torture tore up her flesh in long dark ridges. The soldier, aghast at the sight, rushed to the guard-house, and reported what he had seen to his sergeant, and the sergeant ran to head-quarters and told the general. General Butler sent him flying back to stop the old miscreant, and ordered him to bring the torturer and his victim to head-quarters the next morning.”

The single defence offered by the white-haired old gentleman, who had in the mean while pickled the girl's back, was that he had a right to do as he liked with his own servant. Butler sent him to Fort Jackson where, says Mr. Parton, in a burst of that anger which a man does right to feel, “I am happy to say he died within a month.” Still worse stories were investigated by the general, and his contact with slavery seems gradually to have worked all pro-slavery tenets out of his mind. At all events, he levied three regiments of colored men, compelled the planters to treat the slaves as hired freemen, so subjugated the mob that New Orleans became as safe as Boston, and while feeding the people, made the city healthy by a well-devised drainage. No one after reading Mr. Parton's account can doubt that he was a benefactor to New Orleans.

There remain the four great charges against General Butler—the execution of Mumford for hauling down the flag, the “woman order,” the treatment of Mrs. Philips, and personal corruption. On the first charge any soldier who reads the evidence will pronounce an instant acquittal, Mumford's act being, in truth, the final attempt of the mob to override the authority which represented law and order. On the second, Mr. Parton has not changed our opinion. There never was the slightest intention that any woman should be outraged, but the wording of the order was intended to place any woman who insulted the Union, i.e., displayed strong political feeling, on a level with street-walkers, and was a needless insult, betokening grievous want of tact, judgment, and delicacy of feeling. It succeeded, like every other measure of General Butler's, and his troops were New Englanders who do not insult women; but it was discredit alike to him and to the men whose irritation at female contempt induced him to issue it. In the case of Mrs. Philips, the general must be pronounced harsh, arbitrary, and unjust. She had laughed, he said, when the remains of a Yankee officer went by, a mere bit of woman's spite at worst, and one which she strenuously denied, and the general sentenced her, in an order calling her a bad, dangerous woman, to Ship Island. She was, however, allowed a servant, and released after a few weeks' detention. We must add that the story circulated in London by Northerners to explain the act, an attack on Mrs. Philips's character, was a blunder made also in New Orleans, a very notorious person of the same name having been mistaken for her. Lastly, as to the charge of corruption, we can give no decided opinion. It seems proved that General Butler never in any case of any kind took money for official acts, and the only question is whether his official power helped his brother to the accumulation of the very great fortune which Mr. Parton admits he made in a very short time. Our own impression is that the general was not corrupt in the ordinary sense of the term, but that with his usual obtuseness to the finer delicacies of life he did not object to his brother using the immense consideration the connection gave him to further his own speculations. However that may be, this biography leaves on our minds no doubt that the Union possesses in General Butler a man of rare and original capacity, extraordinarily fitted for constructive administration, and without any tendency to cruelty, though with that indifference to the feelings of others so often marked in very strong men. Of all the men who fill our European history the one he is most like—strangely like—is Frederick the Great.

THE MOTHER AND HER COLONIES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Finding, the other day in a rural pastor's library, a copy of the original history of the "Boston Massacre," I was struck with some conjectures in which the author indulged respecting the growth of "these Colonies," and their prospective value to the British Crown.

As they come down to 1866, I thought they might well occupy a place in your secular columns; and at my request the pastor's young daughter kindly copied them for me, and for you and your readers.

Yours, J. W. C.

PORTLAND, FEB. 2, 1864.

EXTRACT.

The value of the exports from Great Britain to the Colonies in 1766, which was less than in 1765, stood thus:—

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| To New England, | £409,642 |
| New York, | 330,829 |
| Pennsylvania, | 327,314 |
| Virginia and Maryland, | 372,548 |
| Carolina, | 296,732 |
| | £1,737,065 |

This* is taken from "The Present State of the Nation," in which there is an account of the said exports for the years 1765 and 1766 only.

Now, supposing the observation just, that the colonists (whose number by the said pamphlet is estimated at two millions) double every twenty years, and the exports from Great Britain to the colonists should increase in that proportion, the value of the said exports and the number of the colonists, at the end of five such periods after 1766, will stand thus:—

Value of Exports.

| | | | | | |
|----------|------------|-----|------------|----|------------|
| In 1766, | £1,737,065 | for | 2,000,000 | of | Colonists. |
| 1786, | 3,474,130 | " | 4,000,000 | " | " |
| 1806, | 6,948,260 | " | 8,000,000 | " | " |
| 1826, | 13,896,520 | " | 16,000,000 | " | " |
| 1846, | 27,793,040 | " | 32,000,000 | " | " |
| 1866, | 55,586,680 | " | 64,000,000 | " | " |

The last-mentioned numbers are so large, that it is likely the principles on which they are formed may be called into question.

Let us, therefore, take only one-quarter part of these numbers; and then the value of exports from Britain to the colonists, in 1866,

will be more than thirteen millions sterling for sixteen millions of colonists. It is highly probable by that time there will be at least that number of colonists in the British Colonies on this continent. Now, in case there be no interruption of the union and harmony that ought to subsist between Great Britain and her colonies, and which it is their mutual interest should subsist and be maintained, what good reason can be given why such exports should not bear as great a proportion to the number of the colonists as they do at this time? If they should, the value of such exports (which will be continually increasing) will be at least thirteen millions per annum, —a sum far surpassing the value of all the exports from Great Britain at this day.

In what proportion so vast a trade with the colonies would enlarge the other branches of her trade; how much it would increase the number of her people, the rents and value of her lands, her wealth of every species, her internal strength, her naval power, and particularly her revenue (to enhance which in a trifling degree has occasioned the present uneasiness between her and the colonies), are matters left to the calculation and decision of the political arithmeticians of Great Britain. —*N. Y. Observer.*

THE BAROMETER.

MANY private persons consult the barometer, and see it daily, and are surprised to find that they cannot rely on its indications, especially on those of the unscientific wheel barometer, with a face like an underdone clock. The fault, however, is not with the instrument, but with those who use it improperly; "th' ap'ratus," as Salem Scudder observes, "can't lie." A few words on the practical use of the weather-glass may be useful. It is an invaluable fact, and too often overlooked, that the state of the air does not show the present but the coming weather, and that the longer the interval between the barometric sign of change and the change itself, the longer and more strongly will the altered weather prevail; so, the more violent the impending storm, the longer warning does it give of its approach. Indications of approaching change of weather are shown less by the height of the barometer than by its rising or falling. Thus the barometer begins to rise considerably before the conclusion of a gale,

and foretells an improvement in the weather, though the mercury may still stand low, nevertheless, a steady height of more than thirty inches is mostly indicative of fine weather and moderate winds.

Either steadiness or *gradual* rising of the mercury indicates settled weather, and continued steadiness with dryness foretell very fine weather, lasting some time. A *rapid* rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather; a *gradual* fall of one-hundredth of an inch per hour indicates a gradual change in the weather, and moderate rising of the wind; several successive falls to the amount of one-tenth of an inch, indicate a storm *eventually* but not a sudden one: and a gale if the fall continues. These storms are not dangerous,

as they can be foretold; but a sudden fall one-tenth of an inch betokens the quick approach of a dangerous tempest. Alternate rising and sinking (oscillating) indicates unsettled and threatening weather. When the barometer sinks considerably, wind and rain will follow—from the northward, if the thermometer is low for the season; from the southward, if high. For observing barometric chances, the barometer should be placed at the eye-level, out of the reach of sunshine and of artificial heat, as of fires, and out of the way of gusts of wind. It should be set regularly twice a day by a competent person. A card should be accessible close by, and on it should be registered the indication at each setting.—*Chambers's Journal*.

RETARDATION OF THE RESPIRATION OF PLANTS.

—The transpiration of water through a plant is very remarkably hindered when lime or potash are present in the absorbed liquid. This fact was observed by Mr. Lawes, in 1850, and brought again more strikingly into notice by Dr. Sachs, and appears of importance in the theory of manures. Dr. Sachs experimented on plants,—viz., beans, squashes, tobacco, and maize,—and observed their transpiration with weak solutions of nitre, common salt, gypsum and sulphate of ammonia, phosphate and silicate of potash, sulphate of lime and magnesia, and free nitric acid and free potash. The glass vessel containing the plant and solution was closed around the stem of the plant by glass plates and cement, so that no loss of water could occur except through the plant itself. The result was, that the solutions mentioned, except that of free nitric acid, uniformly retarded transpiration, to a degree varying from ten to ninety per cent, while the free acid accelerated it in a corresponding manner.

As the processes of elaboration—the chemical and structural metamorphoses within the cells of the plant—require time for their performance, a too rapid upward current of liquid, by diluting the juices, might measurably interfere with the assimilation of the food, and the presence of a retarding substance may be no less useful by its regulating influence on the circulation of the water, than by contributing an ingredient necessary for the formation of the substance of the plant itself. It is obvious that, if anything added to the soil retard the transpiration of water through vegetation, a given store of hygroscopic moisture in the soil will serve the needs of that vegetation longer. Dr. Sachs found that gypsum exerted the greatest effect in preventing

loss of water; and this observation gives a scientific ground for the opinion long maintained by farmers, but rejected by men of science, that gypsum has the influence of a body that attracts moisture.

FERTILIZING ACTION OF GYPSUM.—M. Deherain, in a paper before the French Academy, has given the results of some new studies on this much discussed question. His results do not corroborate the idea that plaster favors the production of nitre in the soil. He also finds that gypsum is without influence in assisting the formation of ammonia, and unlike caustic lime, does not favor the solution of phosphates. Observing that those crops most benefited by plastering were the Leguminosæ, which contain a large amount of potash, he sought to determine whether gypsum exercised any solvent effect upon this substance in the soil. A variety of soils were examined in their natural state, and after mixture with ten per cent of gypsum; this large quantity being employed to bring out the results more sensibly. Some of the soils were also limed, but while in the plastered soils a decided quantity of potash was made soluble in cold water, in the limed soils no such effect was produced. M. Deherain considers these experiments fully prove that gypsum acts by liberating potash, and that they explain why wood-ashes are often substituted for plaster with advantage, for they afford a direct supply of potash. The reason of the utility of sowing plaster on the growing crops, is that the potash is rendered soluble at the time when the plant can take it up, and it is not therefore washed out of the soil as it might be if the latter were not occupied by vegetation.

IN THE PEIRÆUS.

A REVERIE.

THE young moon's shadowy line of silver light
 Scarce glitters on the surface of the deep ;
 Orion's gemlike stars shine through the night,
 Far spreading o'er the blackness, as they
 creep
 Up to the vaulted height.

The Pleiades their softening glimmer lend
 In gentle beauty to the peaceful scene ;
 The millions of the Milky Way extend
 To where the heavens on land and water lean
 And all together blend.

The tall masts taper to the swarthy sky,
 Rigid as wrought in iron, shrouds and stays
 In network tracery beguile the eye,
 Until it turns bewildered from the maze,
 To watch the gray clouds fly.

The tideless sea rocks with no rippling swell
 The huge ships borne upon its gloomy breast ;
 No sound disturbs the silence save the bell
 Which marks the hour ; and answering to the
 rest,
 The sentry's cry, All's well !

Around, the rocky shore, where ruined walls
 Tell of the glory which has passed away,
 Now dimly seen, that glorious past recalls,
 And bids the fancy for a moment stay
 There, where the moonlight falls,

Upon yon flat-topped terraced hill, where stood
 The foremost in the struggle to be free ;
 Where 'Phrasybulus quenched in tyrant's blood
 The flames that swept from mountain to the
 sea,
 And reached his stronghold rude.

Or where, beyond those colored lights which
 guide
 The modern seamen to the ancient port,
 The Persian galleys, far on either side,
 Showed their fierce beaks, and ranged in hos-
 tile sort,
 The fate of battle tried.

Where heroes, Greeks, for homes and altars bled ;
 Where Athens, Corinth, and Ægina strove ;
 Where quailed the barbarous hordes from Asia
 led,
 Whilst kings looked on, and from the heights
 above
 Saw the wide ruin spread.

And all around, where every stone might tell
 Of some grand deed it witnessed in its prime,
 Ere factious demagogues struck freedom's knell,
 Ere fair-haired soldiers from a northern clime
 Hailed to the hours, All's well !

And is all well, when in a land like this,
 These midnight watches foreign soldiers keep ?
 When freedom, order, all that sacred is,

From Marathon, where ghostly murmurs
 creep,
 From rugged Salamis,

Flies to seek shelter with a foreign power ?
 Trusts for its safety to a foreign fleet ?
 When violence, robbery, murder darkly lower ;
 When traitors smile, when venal flatteries
 cheat
 The favorite of the hour ?

Was it for this that in the days of yore
 Miltiades his close-ranged phalanx hurled
 Against the Mede, who crossed the waters o'er,
 To conquer fame and win the western world,
 But fell upon its shore ?

Was it for this their warriors scorned to flee
 Before the Persian from their chosen ground ?
 For this disdained as slaves to bow the knee,
 And hemmed by countless thousands, myriads,
 round,
 Died at Thermopylæ ?

Was it for this each hero dared to sell
 His one for hundreds of his foemen's lives ?
 That now his children should not shame to tell
 They trust as surety for their homes and
 wives
 The English hail, All's well !

Yet all is well where England's banner waves,
 Where stalwart hearts and hands uphold the
 right ;
 That flag no smiles, no help from strangers
 craves,
 But boasts its glory and its unscathed might,
 E'en whilst it danger braves.

Far o'er the sea, wherever man can roam,
 Where ship can spread its sails to woo the wind,
 Wherever prow has cleft the surging foam,
 There lives some glorious history to bind
 Us to our island home.

So let the hours pass on ; strike loud the bell,
 To mark how time unfettered glides along ;
 And let the echo o'er the waters swell,
 Waking the night with tones that, clear and
 strong,
 Foretell our lot—All's well !

And still, whatever course our fate may hold,
 Leading us on o'er yet more distant seas,
 Our flag shall boast its glories as of old,
 Dear emblem of our homes, whilst to the
 breeze
 It waves each haughty fold.

And whilst each hour the ringing echoes tell
 The lapse of time throughout the sleepless
 night,
 Still shall they call up thoughts that love to
 dwell
 Nobly amid the past, or future bright,
 With trust that All is Well. F
 —Fraser's Magazine.

TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD!

EARNESTLY INSCRIBED TO THE THIRTY-EIGHTH
CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

Take no step backward! The eternal Ages
Look down upon you from their heights sublime,
And witness the events which History's pages
Shall class among the noblest of all time.
Right onward! now the path of duty lieth,
Though it may lead to dangers that appall.
"Right onward! onward!" Justice sternly crieth,
And Mercy joins with Justice in the call.

II.

Take no step backward! Centuries of oppression
Are culminating 'midst our Nation's throes;
And wrong that might have stood, with fair concession,
Yields to the force of self-inflicted blows.
The hand grown horny in the lifelong labor,
That clothed and pampered those who held it bound,
Now grasps the gun, or wields the flashing sabre,
And wins and wears its honors on the ground.

III.

Take no step backward! Contraband, or chattel,
Or slave, or "person"—what you will—
they're men;
And if we stand or fall in this dread battle,
Gop leads the bondman from his thrall again.
The pillar of a cloud by day is hazing
The atmosphere where'er the battles lie:
The pillar of a fire by night is blazing
Where conflagration paints yon Southern skies.

IV.

Take no step backward! Ye have sorely smitten,
At hip and thigh, the Evil and the Wrong.
What ye have said, now verify! what written,
Seal with the seal of action, broad and strong.
Be not alarmed at apparitions dire
Of flaming swords that hurtle into view:
The element that purifies is fire:
Pass firmly in, and resolutely through.

V.

Take no step backward! Ye, whom God now uses
To solve the problems of Man's destiny,
To rectify his wrongs, right his abuses,
The grand accomplishment ye may not see:
But in the future—in the years of glory
That peace restored shall bring our land again—
Your names shall glitter in the noblest story
That celebrates the deeds of noblest men.
Kentucky, Jan. 8, 1864.

W. D. G.

—Tribune.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ.

The ladye mused at her lattice high,
Watching the summer moon sail by,
And counting the sighs of the sea:
"Weak heart of mine! wilt thou not say,
Which of the twain that wooed to-day
Is nearer and dearer to thee!"

First came the Baron of rank and race,
Stalwart of limb, and ruddy of face,
With brown eyes, frank and true;
The lightest foot in a saraband,
The starkest grip on axe or brand,
And ever he rode at the king's right hand,
When the Lion-Heart's trumpets blew.
Merry his halloo in good greenwood,
When the red stag stood at bay;
But cheerier yet his war-cry rose
Over the clangor of changing blows,
Over the rattle of barbed steeds,
When his mace made tall crests bend like reeds
In the heart of the mad *melée*.

Next came the Clerk, so meek of speech,
Learned in lore, that sages teach
In their schools beyond the seas;
His form had the grace of the willow frail,
And over his cheek, toil-worn and pale,
The dark locks drooped like a silken veil;
But when he spoke, or when he sung,
'Twas as though the south wind had given a
tongue
To leaves of whispering trees.

One night Earl Baldwin feasted free,
His eye was bright with the malvoisie,
And flushed his cheek with pride;
The pulses of his liegemen all
Leapt up, as to a clarion call,
As he rose in his place, and cried,
"Pledge me to Edith of Brentholme's health,
Fair luck to the morrow's bride!"

The level ray of a morning sun
Glinted on spear-head and morion
As the train of the bridegroom gay
Reined up at the gate of an empty tower—
Another had plucked the passion flower
Before the east was gray:
Till their spurs dropped blood, they pressed the
chase;
But, north or south, they found no trace
Of the bride that had gone astray;
For the scholar's voice, deep-toned and clear,
Was murmuring low in Edith's ear,
As she blushed, rose-red, betwixt love and fear,
On the eve of their wedding-day.

Old tales, if minstrel's rede spake sooth,
And women's lips, would they own the truth,
The riddle might reveal:
The silver tongue, since the world was young,
Is stronger than sword of steel.

G. L.

—Fraser's Magazine.


THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1034.—26 March, 1864.

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| 3. The Debate on the Steam Rams. <i>Examiner,</i> | 612 |
| 4. A Nation under Amputation. <i>Spectator,</i> | 614 |
| * * Title Page and Index of Volume 80. | |

POETRY.—“Far Away,” 578. Consolation, 578. Australian Poet, 616. Shadows, 616.

 The next No. of *The Living Age* will contain an article upon Thackeray, said to be written by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. To make room for this, we have postponed the beginning of “Lindisfarn Chase.”

Cousin Phillis is attributed to Miss Thackeray.

NEW BOOKS.

“The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.” By John Foster Kirk. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

“The Rebellion Record.” A Diary of American Events, 1860–1864. Edited by Frank Moore, author of “Diary of the American Revolution.” G. P. Putnam, New York. Part 39, containing portraits of Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore, and Gen. Samuel R. Zook.

The same work, Part 40, containing portraits of Gen. George Stoneman, and Gen. I. E. B. Stuart.

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NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons. While the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who “ministers to you in holy things,” present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

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"FAR AWAY."

"The land that is very far off."—Isaiah 33; 17.

Upon the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play:
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide
Far out and wide
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CONSOLATION.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

December 30, 1863.

Translated by Mrs. Bushby.

AH! no one can tell what a day may disclose!
That, only the God of omnipotence knows;
But whenever o'er Denmark the black clouds
have bent,
Assistance, salvation, from him have been sent!

Our country lay prostrate, and nearly crushed,
when
'Twas roused to fresh vigor by NIELS EBBESEN.*
The Lord was our guardian when ATTERDAG's†
might
To Denmark restored both her land and her right.

The night it is stormy, and high swell the waves,
Our poor little bark Ocean's fiercest wrath braves,
But the Lord, our preserver, will watch o'er our
course,
And he can withstand all inimical force.

Ah, no one can tell what a day may disclose!
That, only the God of omnipotence knows;
But whenever o'er Denmark the black clouds
have bent,
Assistance, salvation, from him have been sent!
—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

* *Niels Ebbesen.* A patriotic and valiant Danish hero, a nobleman of Jutland. During the interregnum of seven years which occurred between the death of King Christopher the Second, and the accession to the throne of Valdemar the Third, Denmark had been overrun by marauding German barons, or counts, and other unprincipled adventurers. These despotic intruders—perhaps robbers might be a more appropriate name—caused such evils in the Danish provinces that a champion for Denmark happily arose in the person of Niels Ebbesen, a man of great courage, ability, and good sense. When the Count of Holsteen's tyranny was at its height, Ebbesen, with only sixty followers, entered the town, garrisoned by a thousand men, where the German pretender resided, and made his way into his very bedroom; the count, starting from his sleep, beheld his enemy standing over him with a drawn sword in his hand. Humbly he prayed for life, and numerous were the fair promises which he made, but the sword was not a knife in a child's hand. The count and two others were killed, and Ebbesen left the town as safely as he had entered it. The count's death occasioned great consternation in his army, and his sons sought safety where they could. However, they gathered troops and rallied, and a bloody battle was fought on November 2, 1346, wherein the noble Ebbesen fell, but fell victorious, for the greater part of the Holsteen army were annihilated.

† *Atterdag.* Valdemar Christophersen, the Third, was one of the victorious Valdemars, whose names are so revered in Denmark. He expelled the lawless German invaders, and restored the kingdom to its integrity and rights. He acquired the name of "Atterdag" from a habit he had of saying, "To-morrow we will have another day." What he could not accomplish in one day he expected to finish in two.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST.—ERNEST RENAN.

[Concluded from No. 1033.]

THE call to decide between these two positions, either that Jesus is what the Church Universal teaches, or else an impostor and the greatest teacher of idolatry the world has ever known, is thus once again presented to the mind of Christendom. For this is the question, and nothing less. It is idle for M. Renan and his supporters to say: "You misunderstand us; we do not intend to charge him with anything so grave as imposture; the East has measures of sincerity differing from ours," and the like. Such excuses are of no avail. He who permits others to believe and teach that he has wrought a marvel which he knows that he has not wrought, is an impostor. The only possible apology is to attribute such a one's conduct to mental hallucination, and in the case before us this apology is quite out of the question, and, indeed, is not alleged by our author.

Although the mere statement of the chief point at issue must, with the great majority of readers, seem to necessitate but one reply, it may be well to look a little more closely into the following topics, which all bear upon the question of M. Renan's fitness for the solemn task which he has undertaken. 1. The author's views upon Polytheism and upon the influence of race. 2. Upon the supernatural. 3. His degree of sympathy with the evangelists. 4. The accuracy of his citations and inferences from Holy Scripture. 5. The relation of his work to that of Strauss, of Ewald, and to the mind of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively.

1. M. Renan's views of Polytheism. On this, as on other subjects on which we are at issue with our author, it seems advisable to state briefly what we presume to be the Christian view of Polytheism, in order that we may display the contrast. The God whom the Christian worships is pre-eminently a Being of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. It is clear at a glance that no one of "the gods many and lords many" in the Pantheon of the Polytheist can possibly combine in himself these primary attributes. Consequently, the Polytheist fails to form a right idea of the very meaning of the word "God." It is true that at moments the notion of a sovereignty of Jupiter over the other inhabitants of Olympus seems to gleam

forth: or, in other words, Polytheism is for the time thrust aside as untenable. But this is only momentary. If, in one celebrated passage of the "Iliad," Jupiter announces that his might is superior to that of all the rest combined, yet in others he is compelled to make the most humiliating confessions of the limitations placed upon his designs, either by Fate or by a brother god, such as Neptune.* As for the other gods, they must, by the very nature of the case, interfere with each other's claims to Omnipotence. Thus, for example, in the tenth book of the "Iliad" the protection of Pallas avails to guide her favored knights, Ulysses and Diomed, so far that they succeed in slaying Rhesus by night, and carrying off his snow-white steeds; but when they want to make a prize of the chariot also, Apollo interferes, and, in much wrath, wakes up a cousin of the slain monarch to prevent further damage. Thus, in the first book of the "Æneid," Æolus is recognized as lord of the winds, but is thwarted and reproved by Neptune for sending forth those winds to create a tempest at sea. Thus, when the Spaniards announced to the Mexicans the doctrine of the one God, they were met by some such reply as this: "Your doctrine may be very well suited to your own needs. You may perhaps live in a country which one God is competent to manage. But this is not the case here. We want one God to look after the rivers, another to take charge of the earthquakes, another to see to the crops," and so forth. Is it not obvious that, in such cases, the unfortunate idolaters have failed to grasp the very primary elements of thought implied in the word "God"?

Thus much as regards the defects of Polytheism when confronted with the ideas of perfect wisdom and perfect power.† But its intellectual inconsistency and feebleness looks like an evil of comparatively small dimensions when placed by the side of the apparent inconsistency of practical Polytheism with the idea of perfect goodness. Of its close and intimate connection with profanity, licen-

* *Vide, e.g., Iliad xiii. ll. 347-357.* The whole subject is well and thoroughly discussed in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age."

† "Polytheism, putting the different parts of Nature under the arbitrary dominion of separate gods, conflicts with, and has been overthrown by, Science, which proves that one set of laws, the work of one God, traverses the whole."—Prof. Goldwin Smith, *ubi supra* p. 21.

tiousness, and apparent leagues with the fallen angels, we must not now pause to speak. But it is important to remind the reader of this phase of the Gentile worship, that we may comprehend the question now at issue.

We assert, then, that of this wide and impassable gulf between Polytheism and Monotheism, M. Renan seems to have but a very faint conception. He appears to think the difference slight: he has no horror at the mental association of impure rites with the memory of those dear to him; he looks upon the belief in many gods or in the one true God as being chiefly a matter of race.

For, in one passage of the work before us, M. Renan speaks of Monotheists never appreciating Polytheism. Truly, a strange thing it were, if those who hold a blessed and beneficent truth could under any circumstances be said to *appreciate* a pernicious and deadly error. Then again, sad to relate, in that singular mixture of affection and sentimentality, which forms the dedication of the volume to his departed sister, Henrietta, he says: "Thou now sleepest in the land of Adonis, near the *holy* Byblos and the *consecrated* waters, where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears." Well may the Abbé Freppel demand whether M. Renan "is ignorant of the infamies to which he was making allusion, and refer him to what has been written by another French rationalist, M. Alfred Maury, respecting the *fêtes* of the most obscene divinity of paganism." "It is painful to us," continues M. Freppel, "to see that fraternal piety itself knows not how to preserve our modern pagans from such extraordinary aberrations; and that in wishing to honor the memory of a sister who bore a Christian name, who had received the baptism of the faith, they find nothing on their lips and in their hearts save the names of Adonis, of the holy Byblos, and of the impure mysteries of idolatry."*

And further, Polytheism is regarded as a form of thought proper to the Aryan (or Indo-Germanic) race, while Monotheism is preferred by the Semitic family. It is true that in this matter, as in others, our author

* P. 52. Up to this point we have not made use of M. Freppel's learned and masterly pamphlet; and a chance coincidence of thought leads us to mention that our first three pages were written before it reached us. We shall frequently cite it in what follows as "M. Freppel," with the page.

makes some considerable admissions. It may be worth while to reflect whether the following statements might not be found to cohere perfectly well with the Christian views of Judaism.

M. Renan on the Hebrew Mind.

"If we review, as a whole, the development of the Hebrew mind, we are struck by the high character of perfection which gives its works a right to be regarded as classic, in the same sense as are the productions of Greece, Rome, and of the Latin races. Alone, among all the Orientals, Israel has had the privilege of writing for the whole world. The other literatures of the East can only be read and appreciated by the learned. Hebrew literature is the Bible—the book *par excellence*—the universal study. Millions of men scattered throughout the world know no other poetry. We must, of course, in this marvelous destiny take into consideration the religious revolutions, which (above all, since the sixteenth century) have caused men to regard the Hebrew books as the source of all revelation; but we may affirm that, if these books had not contained something profoundly universal, they would never have attained this condition. Israel had, like Greece, the power of perfectly extricating (*dégager*) its idea—of expressing it in a complete and finished form. Proportion, rhythm, taste, were, in the East, the exclusive privilege of the Hebrew people, and it is from this cause that it succeeded in giving to poetry and sentiment a form universal and acceptable to the entire human race."*

Now on the question of race, as on a multitude of other questions, two very extreme views are just now in fashion. A late unbelieving writer, Mr. Buckle, declared that the element of race seemed to him of the smallest possible consequence, if not absolutely null, in the formation of an estimate of historical affairs. The incorrectness of the *ultra* view of the matter has been admirably exposed by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his "Popular Lectures on Physiology." But it ought to be considered whether some writers of our age are not inclined to press out of its due place and proportion this really important topic; whether they are not in danger (if so undignified a phrase may be permitted) of making it a hobby and then riding it to death. That we are not insensible to its importance may,

* M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for November, 1855; and again, as cited by M. Littre, in the same Review for 1 Juillet, 1857.—(Vols. xii. p. 147, and x. of second series, p. 119.)

we trust, be shown before we conclude: but we are disposed to think that a tendency in this direction is exhibited by M. Augustin Thierry, by Dean Milman, and perhaps by Mr. Disraeli.*

But M. Renan far outruns the writers whom we have just named, and, indeed, all other writers with whom we are acquainted. We are compelled, therefore, to bring his theory to the test of fact; and demand whether it is historically true, or false, that the Semitic race was so essentially Monotheistic that one of its families deserves no very special mention for its tenacious grasp of the doctrine proclaimed to it of old: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

Here as on several other points, we may adduce, in opposition to the theory of the rationalist M. Renan, the criticism of the rationalist M. Littré. We are not compelled to follow M. Littré in the theory which he would fain substitute for that of M. Renan, but we fully appreciate the value of the following remarks:—

M. Littré on M. Renan's theory of Monotheism.

"M. Renan attributes primitive Monotheism to an innate disposition of the race—to a manner of thinking and feeling which belonged to the Semitic family, and which led it directly to the idea of one only God, Creator and Lord of earth and heaven. The scarcity of documents concerning a history so long past prevents our perceiving the process by which ideas and things were produced in the development of nations, and reduces us to difficult and uncertain inductions. M. Renan's hypothesis has the historical fact on its side, that from remote antiquity we observe Israel, which is not distinguished over its neighbors of Tyre, Sidon, or Babylon by any supremacy of science or civilization, stand out strongly against all that pagan world by their belief in Jehovah, by their hatred of Polytheism, by their religious tenacity, and by their pro-

phetic hope of one day seeing all nations come to Monotheism. But grave difficulties seem to me to stand in the way of this interpretation of the historic fact.

"The gravest is, the paganism of several Semitic branches. The Sidonians, the Tyrians, the Cathaginians, the Palmyrenians, the Arabians, the Ethiopians, were all pagan. Naturally, M. Renan has not overlooked this objection, and he replies to it so far as the Phœnicians are concerned by saying, that if they fell into paganism it was in consequence of migrations and foreign influences, which led them into the profane ways of civilization, commerce, and trade; and with respect to the Arabs, by saying that it would be a mistake to look upon Mahomet as having founded Monotheism amongst them, for that the worship of the supreme Allah had always been the basis of Arabian religion. Nevertheless, these *dicta* do not carry conviction to my mind. Where is the historical evidence that the Tyrians (to confine ourselves to them) were ever Monotheists? What is the proof that migrations, or foreign influences, changed their primitive religion and substituted that of many gods? Language is certainly the best test of the purity of a race. Now, in this point of view, the Phœnician language (at least, all that we know of it) presents no sign of those admixtures, of those alterations which by proving an influence exercised by foreign populations, prove a change, for good or for evil, to have taken place in ideas and belief. Nor does the answer touching the Arabs remove all difficulties. I believe readily, with M. Renan, that the notion of a supreme Allah was, with the Arabs, a fundamental one; but that does not suffice to enable us to conclude from it that they were Monotheists any more than we should have a right to declare of the Greeks, because they had a notion of a supreme *Zeus*, father of gods and men; or of the Latins, because they believed in a Jupiter very great and very good—*Jupiter optimus maximus*—that they ought to be excluded from the number of Polytheistic nations. The conclusion does not seem to me to be better applicable to the Arabs; for, if by the side of that supreme Allah they had not had, like the undoubted pagans, other and numerous gods, what did Mahomet's mission signify, which had no other object but to withdraw his people from paganism? M. Renan, in declaring his hypothesis, has left a mist over his conception, usually so clear and precise. 'The desert,' he says, 'is Monotheist.' If it was the desert which inspired the Semitic race with the idea of one only God, they do not owe it to this race."*

* For M. Aug. Thierry, see his "Norman Conquest of England," wherein everything—even the contest between Becket and Henry II.—is regarded as a matter of race—a struggle between Saxon and Norman. With reference to Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity," there seems force uttered in the hint by a *Saturday Reviewer* some few years since, to the effect that Teutonic Austria had remained Roman Catholic, rejecting what Dr. Milman terms "Teutonic Christianity." He might have added that the German part of that empire was the most Roman, while Protestantism finds its strength in Hungary and Bohemia. For Mr. Disraeli (who is, however, probably less extreme) it may be sufficient to refer the reader to "Tancred," and the "Life of Lord G. Bentinck."

* *Revue des deux Mondes*, vol. x. 1857, pp. 127-8. We are obliged to pause abruptly, in the middle of a sentence, for M. Littré, after dealing

It is possible that the language of M. Littré respecting the Arabs may be slightly overstrained; but the main fact remains unimpeachable, that whatever grasp of Monotheism they may have possessed at one period of their career, they did not, like the Israelites, preserve it. And the same might be said of the Tyrians, if a Monotheistic worship among them be susceptible of historic proof.

We are by no means insensible to the amount of curious information contained in M. Renan's paper on the pagan religions of antiquity. But on the entire case the impression left on our minds is this: here is a writer who has no belief in objective truth; who regards Polytheistic or Monotheistic doctrines as opinions, not perhaps quite equally good, but as resting upon similar bases—namely, the tendency of certain races—who has never caught a glimpse of what was so justly said by the poet (whether he believed or not the force of his own words):—

“Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,

* * * * *

The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on
them.” *

He is “insensible to the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins which turned the heart of the Israelite sick in the worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch.”† And therefore, severe as they may sound, we cannot think that the words of M. Freppel are too severe, when he follows up the remarks already cited by saying to M. Renan: “This is painful to reflect on, I admit; and it is not without sadness that I have just written these lines.

Yes, we can understand, that the Gospel has become for you a letter that is sealed, an enigma past deciphering; there the *fêtes* of Adonis are not found, and the women of the ancient mysteries play no part therein.”

II. The next point for consideration is our author's view of the supernatural. And here we may willingly admit the presence of a national element as one of the constituent parts of M. Renan's form of unbelief. Just this forcible blow to his *confrère*, proceeds to suggest a theory of his own, quite as hollow and not one whit more reverent.

* Shelly's “Hellas.”

† Dean Stanley on the Jewish Church, Lect. IX. p. 209. The words quoted form the predicate of a proposition to which “the Gentile accounts of Phœnicia” are the subject.

as Luther is a German reformer, and Calvin a French reformer; as Möhler is a German member, and Fenelon a French member, of the Church of Rome; even so, too, will it appear that the rationalism of Strauss and the rationalism of Renan do respectively bear indubitable marks of having arisen, the one on the eastern, and the other on the western side of the river Rhine. Each, alas! may have his disciples, but of one thing we may feel tolerably certain; and that is, that no man can possibly be at the same time a believer in “the *Leben Jesu*” of Strauss and also a believer in M. Renan's “*Vie de Jésus*.”

With Strauss the idea is everything; the existence of the man Christ Jesus is of the smallest possible importance; and the composition of the Gospels appears * to be relegated to the close of the second century, in order to allow time for the formation of the supposed myths of the miraculous conception, the temptation in the wilderness, the miracles, the resurrection, and the ascension. The wide divergence of M. Renan's theory from this account of the matter may be partially inferred from the passages already cited from his work, and will become more clear as we proceed.

Some of the leading positions held by the great mass of Christians respecting miracles may probably be stated as follows. There are occasions when it has pleased the Creator of the universe, for his own wise purposes, to effect something transcending the ordinary course of events. Whether this is brought about by special interposition, or by the manifestation of some law unknown to us, is usually regarded as a fairly open question.† But although in particular cases we may not always be able to perceive what by us, in our ignorance, would be thought sufficient reason for such a display of divine power, still, in the great majority of instances recorded in Holy Writ, enough is told us to afford at

* We say, “appears,” for on this, as on several other points, Strauss is continually shifting his ground, and some large admission made in one edition of the “*Leben Jesu*,” is found to be withdrawn in the next.

† We may again refer to the article on “Miracles,” contained in our last number. Mr. Mansel appears to incline to the view of special interposition. The opposite view is hinted at by Bp. Butler as possible, and ably supported by Mr. Chretien in his “*Dialogues on Divine Providence*.” M. Nicolas (who is with us in regarding the question as an open one) observes that our Lord's words in St. John 9: 3, seem rather to countenance the last-named view.

least *some* insight into the cause. Thus we can well understand how an extraordinary teacher would need the warrant of extraordinary acts to substantiate his claims. If, indeed, like Abraham, he were the chief of a tribe and founder of a nation, if like David he combined in his own person the royalty with the gift of prophecy, then such subsidiary aid might not be needed. But a Moses leading Israel out of Egypt and inaugurating a new polity, an Elias recalling the ten tribes from the worship of Baal,—such spiritual guides, being engaged in an extraordinary task for which they were not otherwise marked out, received a proportionately extraordinary means of attesting the reality of their claims to a divine mission. Much more on a greater occasion do we suppose that miracles would be vouchsafed by Almighty God. “As the sensible things around and above us are so constituted by him as to represent to the intellectual nature things invisible and spiritual, the words which denote the former being the very instruments for shaping forth and apprehending the latter,—there may be a congruity in the deep reason of things, in the attachment to certain great movements in the moral world of corresponding portentous appearances in the natural.” “No wonder,” says another writer, “if the great framework of nature tremble like a reed when some great moral change is passing over the world. No wonder that that last great cry rent the rocks as well as the veil of the temple. No wonder, to take another aspect of the subject, that the sea was calmed by the voice of its Maker, the loaves were multiplied before Him who feeds all flesh, and the dead arose at the presence of Him whose life was the light of men.”*

Now we have seen that Strauss frankly acknowledges that he does not accept the biblical idea of God. His notion is that of a Being who is no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite Artist! Consequently he is consistent enough in rejecting the miraculous as impossible. And hence arises what must be to most readers, excepting thorough partisans of his school, the oppressive weariness

* These two striking passages are from writers very independent of each other; namely, Dr. Mill (last tract against Strauss, p. 363 in first edit.), and Mr. Chretien (“Dialogues on Divine Providence,” pp. 43, 44). We may venture to compare with them the remarks of one of our own contributors in pages 272–274 (inclusive) of the paper on “Miracles” in our last number (Oct., 1863).

someness of Strauss’s volumes. Of what use is it to examine whether the account of a particular miracle is mythical, when it has been first assumed as an axiom—that *all* accounts of miracles are mythical? What interest could be felt in the trial of prisoners for a given crime, say that of forgery, if the court before which they were summoned had previously decided that persons accused of this particular crime were always, without exception, guilty? What unbiassed reader would care to peruse a treatise which should pronounce that this and that and the other war had been immoral and unchristian, if the introduction laid it down as an *à priori* unimpeachable proposition, that all war of whatever kind was opposed to the very first principles of sound ethical and Christian doctrine? No wonder that Christian critics of the Straussian hypothesis—we may instance Mr. Henry Rogers and Prince Albert de Broglie—reclaim against this conjunction of a universal major premiss with a number of successive minors; because, however true those minor premises may be, and however logical the conclusion, the major, “that all miracles are impossible,” still remains a bare assumption, alike unproved and incapable of proof.*

We turn to M. Renan. And once more we must calmly, but deliberately, accuse him of uttering the same stammering and uncertain sound on this question, as on the previous one, concerning the nature of the Godhead. Strauss is on both these topics clear and comparatively consistent. Avowedly rejecting the God of the Bible, he of course rejects the miracles recorded in the Bible. And so, at the first glance, M. Renan appears to have adopted a similar principle. Witness the following statements:—

* “Having laid it down as an axiom that a miracle is impossible, Christianity, of course, must be false; and the only wonder is, that anybody who believes this should enter into criticism at all to refute its historic claims, or to prove that what was impossible *per se* was not very probable in any other way.”—Mr. Rogers’s “Defence of Eclipse of Faith,” p. 184.

“The Gospel, it must be allowed, is but one tissue of supernatural events. The Gospel is the supernatural itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin’s son. The Gospel is the resurrection of one dead. It begins and ends in miracle.

“If, therefore, all facts are false, from the simple fact that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false; that is a thing decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to prove that, or to verify dates, or collate manuscripts.”—M. de Broglie, in the paper named at the head of this article.

M. Renan on the Supernatural.

"That the Gospels are in part legendary is quite evident, *because they are full of miracles and of the supernatural.*" *

"The essence of criticism is the negation of the supernatural. . . . Who ever speaks of *above nature*, or *outside nature*, in the order of facts utters a contradiction." †

"The notion of the supernatural being impossible (*la notion du surnaturel avec ses impossibilités*) only appeared on that day when the experimental science of nature arose." ‡

So far, neither Spinoza nor Strauss could speak in a more trenchant style. But in an intervening passage our author adopts a very different line of argument:—

"It is not, then, in the name of this or that system of philosophy; it is in the name of a constant experience that we banish miracles from history. *We do not say 'miracles are impossible;'* we say, 'There has not hitherto been a miracle that is proved.'" §

In a word M. Renan asserts at page li of the Introduction to his "*Vie de Jésus*," that he does *not* say what he *has* said most emphatically in his "*Etudes d'histoire religieuse*;" what he has said at page xv of this same Introduction; what he has said again at page 41 of the actual work.

How is it possible to follow the vagaries of a writer who first deliberately lays down a certain proposition, then unsays it, and presently repeats it again? A witness in a trial may be cross-examined, and asked to declare by which of two contradictory statements he intends to abide. If we could imagine ourselves possessed of such a power in the present instance, our interrogatories would run somewhat as follows: "Do you, M. Ernest Renan, accept the confessedly anti-biblical idea of God taught by Strauss? If so, then you *do* say, once for all, by implication *miracles are impossible*; and it is idle to pretend that you do *not* say it. But if you reject the Straussian Pantheistic notions concerning the Almighty, tell us so plainly, and we can then recommence our argument."

We have said, and we repeat it, that we believe M. Renan in his heart to adopt the former of these alternatives. If so, then indeed, the question is at end. But if, in some

better moment, he throws Spinoza and his followers on one side, he must be prepared, together with his change of views respecting the Godhead, to reconsider likewise his judgment respecting miracles.

The words of Rousseau upon this subject have often been cited. "Is God able to work miracles—that is to say, Is he able to modify the laws (*déroger aux lois*) which he has established? A serious treatment of this question would be impious, if it were not absurd; it would be doing too much honor to him, who should resolve it in the negative, to punish him; it would be sufficient to shut him up. But then what man has ever denied that God is able to work miracles?" *

Now in quitting the *à priori* region and coming to history, in abandoning the Germanic atmosphere for that which is more commonly breathed in France, M. Renan must, of course, allow us also to turn to history, rather than to metaphysical reasoning. Rousseau, accepting the Monotheism taught alike by Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, is quite consistent in regarding him who would limit the power of the Omnipotent as a lunatic rather than a criminal. And M. Renan himself makes an admission on this head, which is hardly less remarkable. For he grants that he who believes in the effect of prayer—he who believes that God may send different weather, or arrest the progress of sickness at the voice of man's entreaty—can have no difficulty in accepting miracles. In a word, all who pray must, to be consequent, admit without hesitation the possibility of miracles. How large a portion of the human race is thus involved in the acceptance of miracles may be suggested by the consideration of the following remarks, made not by a professed theologian, but by the historian and statesman, M. Guizot:—

"Alone, of all living beings here below, man prays. There is not, amongst all his moral instincts, a more natural a more universal, a more invincible one than that of prayer. The child betakes himself to it with ready docility; the aged man returns to it as a refuge amid decay and isolation. Prayer arises spontaneously alike on young lips that scarce can lisp the name of God, and on expiring ones that have scarce strength enough left to pronounce it. Among every people, celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarian, acts and formulæ of invocation meet us at

* Introduction to "*Vie de Jésus*," p. xv.

† "*Etudes d'histoire religieuse*," pp. 139, 207; cit. ap. M. Freppel, p. 40.

‡ "*Vie de Jésus*," p. 41.

§ Introduct. p. li.

* "*Lettres de la Montagne*."

every step. Everywhere where there are living men, under certain circumstances, at certain hours, under certain impressions of the soul, eyes are raised, hands are clasped, and knees are bent, to implore, or to thank, to adore, or to appease. With joy or with terror, publicly, or in the secrecy of his own heart, it is to prayer that man turns, as a last resource, to fill the void places of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his life. It is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails him, a support for his weakness, comfort in his sorrows, and hope for his virtue. . . .

"The natural and universal act of prayer witnesses to a natural and universal faith in the abiding and ever free action of God upon man and his destiny."*

And if, besides the warrant arising from this vast *concensus*, we wish to have the authority of One whom even rationalists admit to be, in some sense, the Head of our race, we need not go beyond the pages of M. Renan's book. For after admitting with M. Guizot, that this view of prayer presupposes "that the entire course of things is the result of the free-will of the 'Godhead,'" he adds, "*this intellectual view was always that of Jesus.*"

Now, we Christians believe, as has been intimated, that God works miracles when he pleases, with a view to his own glory and for the good of the souls which he has created. It is curious to contrast with this belief the kind of demand made by M. Renan, when for the moment he lays aside the theory of the impossibility of all miracles, until such time as it seems to him desirable to re-assume it..

M. Renan's demands are as follows: *First* of all, due notice of the intended miracle is to be given. We must suppose, with one of His French critics, that the Almighty being about to work a miracle by the hand of some favored servant, ought first to announce this intention in the *Paris Moniteur*, the *London Gazette*, and similar official papers. *Secondly*, a commission is to be appointed;

* "L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne," pp. 22, 24. Our study of M. Guizot's book, for another purpose, introduced us to the knowledge of this striking passage. But we have to thank the Bampton Lecturer for 1862 for reminding us of it (Note 8, p. 59). We have much pleasure in citing one out of many parallel passages from Mr. Farrar's own text: "Prayer not only has a reflex value on ourselves, purifying our hearts, dispersing our prejudices, hushing our troubled spirits into peace; but it acts really, though mysteriously, on God."—*Bamp. Lect.* p. 532.

"a commission," to quote M. Renan's own words, "composed of physiologists, naturalists, chemists, and persons practised in historical criticism." *Thirdly*, this commission is to choose the corpse (*choisirait le cadavre*)! So that the Creator is not to restore to life the being whom he wills, but the one whom our commission of *savans* shall select! *Fourthly*, having settled that it is a *bonâ fide* corpse (*que la mort est bien réelle*), the commission is to "select the hall where the question shall be tried, and arrange the whole system of precautions necessary to shut out all doubt."

"If, under such circumstances," continues M. Renan, "the resurrection were accomplished, a probability almost equal to certainty would be gained. As, however, an experience ought always to admit of repetition(!), so that one ought to be able to do again what one has done once; and that in the region of the miraculous there can be no question of ease or difficulty; the *thaumaturge* would be invited to repeat his marvellous act, under different circumstances, on other corpses, in another place. If the miracle succeeded every time, two things would be proved—*firstly*, that supernatural facts do take place in the world; *secondly*, that the power of producing them belongs, or is delegated, to certain persons."

And now, then, we are fully acquainted with the entire case. More often than not, M. Renan holds miracles to be impossible; but when he does not go so far, the above is the evidence that will satisfy him. He is to dictate to his Maker time, place, and circumstances. In all solemnity and reverence be it said, we have never read but of one person who even approximated to this kind of request for a resurrection, and even he did not make it, as M. Renan appears to do, for the mere satisfaction of curiosity. "Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, Father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*"

M. Renan writes, indeed, like one who doubts the truth of those last well-known and

awful words. He seems to imagine that the sight of a miracle, or at any rate of two or three miracles, would, of necessity, be convincing. There cannot be a greater mistake. No miracle had any lasting effect upon the heart of Pharaoh. Even Rousseau can perceive thus much. "However striking," are his words—"however striking a spectacle of this kind [a resurrection] might possibly seem to me, I would not for anything on earth choose to be a witness of it; for how do I know what might be the result? *Instead of making me a believer, I should be much afraid lest it should only drive me mad.*"* The effect of miracles on the minds of particular persons must ever, to a large extent, depend upon their previous preparation of heart. The Jews of our Lord's time witnessed abundance of miracles. What was the effect of the most wondrous one upon their teachers? "The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus."† Here we have one and the same event; making believers of some, and driving others into the very madness of despair. Many a one of that time saw numberless marvels and remained untouched; Nathanael found himself discerned under the thick shade of a fig-tree's foliage, and at once exclaimed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."‡

M. Renan writes as if he really believed, and expected us to believe, that the miracles wrought by Christ were always performed in the presence of none but sympathizing witnesses, who were all desirous of accepting their reality. Strange theory for one who can relate so vividly the closing scene of that august existence! Were those who opposed every act of his ministry, and who ultimately put him to death, persons who wished to acknowledge the genuineness of his wondrous works? We claim the same right of quoting the Gospels, of which M. Renan has so freely availed himself, and without which his book could have no existence; and in St. Luke 6: 7, we read of the Scribes and Pharisees watching Jesus "whether he would heal on the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him." Were *these* friendly

critics? Or turn to the ninth chapter of St. John. Was *that* examination of the man who had been born blind carried on before favoring judges? Surely, M. Renan must know—at any rate, he ought to know—that not one of the early opponents of Christianity ever attempted to deny the reality of Christ's miracles. They invariably admitted the facts, and then attributed it to magic. Thus Celsus, with that perverse ingenuity of which he is so great a master, attributes them to the knowledge acquired by Christ through his residence in Egypt, the very home of such arts and learning. Thus, about B.C. 300, under Diocletian, a Roman proconsul of Bithynia, Hierocles, tried to confront the Gospels, by placing on the same level the marvels related of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus—an attempt renewed by the English freethinkers, Blount and Lord Herbert of Cherbury.* Thus Julian the Apostate, in his scornful way, demands: "And this Christ, what great thing did he do? He healed some blind and impotent men; he exorcised some possessed persons in the villages of Bethsaida and Bethany." †

A word, in passing, may be said upon that authority of men of science to which M. Renan, with many of his school, is so fond of referring as to an ultimate court of appeal. Fully admitting that the entire question of evidence is a very profound one, which cannot be settled in a few paragraphs, we should yet like to call attention to a short tract by Mr. Robert Chambers, entitled "Testimony: its Posture in the Scientific World." Mr. Chambers certainly supplies us with valid reasons for doubting the infallibility of proficients in physical science as judges of the worth of evidence. "A committee of the French Academy of Sciences, including the celebrated Lavoisier, *unanimously* rejected an account of three nearly contemporary descents of meteorolites, which reached them on the

* For the calumny of Celsus, see "Origen cont. Cels." lib. i. § 38. Cf. also § 68, where Origen justly asks, What Egyptian magician ever used his illusions to lead the spectators to virtue? For Apollonius, see articles "Apollonius," "Hierocles," "Philostratus," in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography." Whether Philostratus wrote with a design of attacking Christianity is questioned. Ritter, followed by Professor Jowett, thinks not. John Henry Newman, some thirty or thirty-five years since, discussed this question in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; but we forget his conclusion. Baur has also treated it.

† Cit. ap. M. Nicolas, *ubi supra*.

* "Lettres de la Montagne," cit.

† St. John 12: 10, 11.

‡ St. John 1: 48, 49, ap. M. Nicolas, "Etude Philos." part iii. chap. 5.

strongest evidence. After two thousand years of incredulity, the truth in this matter was forced upon the scientific world about the beginning of the present century."* The Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London displayed the most contemptuous incredulity respecting the case of a patient in the Welton Hospital, Nottinghamshire, who, being thrown into a mesmeric sleep underwent the amputation of his leg without feeling pain. Mr. Hallam, the historian, and his friend the poet Rogers (both, be it remembered, men more likely to err on the side of incredulity than credulity), were so insolently and rudely treated when they related phenomena of animal magnetism, which they had seen and carefully tested in Paris, that they felt obliged to hold their tongues. Then, "as fact after fact came out, one after another became convinced; *till at last even physicians grew grave and silent.*"* These instances of scientific incredulity at least prepare us for listening all the more attentively to the following observations of M. Freppel:—

"And further, Are the learned alone able to judge of the miraculous character of the fact? It would be absurd to wish to maintain this. That there are certain phenomena concerning which science has the right to decide whether they ought to be attributed to natural causes or not, is what no one doubts; but there are also others for which a consultation of this kind would be, to say the least of it, useless. I don't require that a commission of scientific men should come to inform me that, with five loaves and two fishes, it is absolutely impossible to satisfy five thousand men. On this point a mistress of a household knows as much as the Academy of Sciences. It is simple common sense which says that it is not in the power of any man to cure one born blind with a little wet mud—to heal a paralytic with this word, 'Rise and walk!'—to raise a man who had been dead four days, on whom decomposition had actually begun. On such a matter as this the opinion of all the scientific men in the world could add nothing to the general conviction. We may even go further without injury to true science or real scientific men. On questions concerning such facts it is not exactly men of *parti pris* and of a preconceived system who will be the best judges or the safest witnesses. If the evangelists had each had a medical theory, or peculiar ideas on the substance or nature of bodies, I should be much more on my guard against their witness. In fact, we might fear that these scientific hypotheses might have

affected the recital itself. On the contrary, the absence of all theories of this kind in these simple and upright souls is one of the reasons which, joined to so many others, does not allow us to suspect the fidelity of their narration.

"M. Renan appears to believe that the Gospel miracles were admitted blindly, without the least difficulty, and apart from all serious examination. But the reverse of this is the truth. If our opponent had wished to enlighten his readers by a learned discussion, he might have found an excellent occasion for the exercise of his criticism. He need only have looked over the 9th chapter of St. John, which is entirely occupied with the healing of the man born blind. There is the inquiry upon the part of the enemies of Christ, the deposition of the witnesses, the declaration of the fact of the blindness, by the parents themselves, of the blind man, fresh interrogation of the son, reiterated attempts to deny the cure or to explain it naturally, failure to diminish the truth of the miracle—nothing is wanting. It is a formal trial, whose inquiry is carried into the smallest detail. How is it that the author of the 'Life of Jesus' who devotes to the analyzing of miracles a whole chapter of his book, contrives to say not one single word of a narration which occupies so large a place in the evangelic history? Apparently this was a difficulty to his theory which he has made for himself about the public credulity in the time of Jesus Christ. He no doubt preferred to be silent concerning what would have awakened the suspicions of the most confiding reader. Is that sincerity?"

But although M. Renan does not examine this particular miracle, he does now and then say a word concerning *some* of the beneficent and marvellous works recorded in the Gospels. It is high time to turn to them, for in all the rationalistic biographies of Jesus the treatment of particular events of a supernatural character throws a great light upon the general theory of the writer. In one common principle they must, all of them, Paulus, Strauss, Ewald, Renan, and their several disciples, be agreed. They must all deny the reality of each and every miracle recorded in Holy Writ; for to admit that one miracle may have actually taken place is to open the door for the reception of all. But they differ much as to the degree of silence and the method of evasion that is desirable.

We leave it to Strauss to answer, as he does with irresistible force, such naturalistic theories of Paulus and his school as would represent St. Peter as selling the fish for a piece

* Chambers, in Tract above named, pp. 10, 11.

of money, instead of finding the coin inside it, which makes the star of the wise men into a lantern, etc., etc. Strange to say, however, as the credit of Strauss declines, similar theories of no greater wisdom begin to re-appear. Thus, for example, Ewald, in his "History of Christ and his Time," asks us to believe that it was the joyous influence of Christ's spirit that made the guests at Cana of Galilee drink water and suppose it wine! What line has M. Renan taken when his narrative brings him across these events?

His usual plan is to observe an absolute silence. A long list of miracles might be made out which are wholly passed over by our author. At other times he dismisses them with a single line. And, in truth, the same difficulty besets our rationalistic biographers on this topic of miracles, as on their main subject, the life of Christ on earth. To make no admission whatever is the simplest course. But this proceeding has its own inconveniences. It may look like inability to face the question. Consequently, some miracles must be selected from the Gospels and experimented on; with what success in the instance before us we shall presently be enabled to judge.

The miracle of feeding the five thousand "is narrated to us"—we here use the words of Strauss—"with singular unanimity by all the evangelists." To this and to the cognate feeding of the four thousand, Strauss devotes a long section of some twenty pages.* M. Renan dismisses it in three lines. "*Thanks to an extreme frugality*, the holy company lived in the desert; men naturally supposed that they saw in that circumstance a miracle." This is the way in which five loaves and two small fishes more than sufficed for a meal to the five thousand! And who is the authority for the frugality? Not the evangelists; for they expressly assure us that our blessed Lord did not pursue the ascetic regimen of St. John the Baptist, and was reproached for not doing so. Not Celsus, nor Porphyry, nor Julian; for they, as we have already remarked, do not deny the reality of our Lord's miracles. The only authority (if we may so misuse the term) for the frugality theory is Paulus with his school; and Paulus (and consequently by anticipation M. Renan) has already been answered by Strauss. Here, as elsewhere, Strauss practically arrives at this

* "Life of Jesus," Part II. chap. ix. § 102.

conclusion, that if men do not accept his mythical theory, there is no other course open to them but to fall back upon the supernatural. "Here the natural expositor is put to the most extravagant contrivances in order to evade the miracle." Agreeing as we do with Strauss in acceptance of the premises of his dilemma, we are forced to the conclusion that the "frugality" of M. Renan is one of those "extravagant contrivances" which have precisely the same value as the more elaborate ones of Paulus.

We turn to a still greater marvel, the resurrection of Lazarus. Ewald is here concise and simple enough. According to him, the strong assurance produced by the presence of Christ, that all his friends would rise again at the last day, was turned into a narrative of the actual resurrection of a particular person. Strauss, criticising in a single but long and elaborate section three cases, of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son at Nain, and this of Lazarus, of course rejects all three. But he is most dogmatic, as might be expected, on that which is most wonderful, and declares that the whole eleventh chapter, "in connection with those previously examined," is "an indication of the unauthenticity of the fourth Gospel.* It affords some clue to the bitter hostility against his *confrère* in rationalism which has been expressed by Strauss, when we read the language employed by Ewald concerning this Gospel, which Strauss pronounces "unauthentic," and would relegate to at least two centuries after Christ. "Simple and clear for every upright spirit, the Gospel of St. John was certainly composed by the intimate disciple of Christ. . . . That is incontestable. . . . No one but a madman can have any doubt about it. . . . The fourth Gospel is its own complete defence. . . . One may declare that *there does not exist in the whole of antiquity a work of which the authenticity is so certain.*"† We do not feel called upon to judge which of these writers is the more unreasonable, he who would fain adjudge away from the loved disciple a work "of which only a madman can doubt," or he who, thus emphatically asserting its genuine

* "Life of Jesus," Part II. chap. ix. § 100.

† The references are given in the admirable pamphlet of M. Raoul Lecœur. Ewald's grounds for this conviction have been set forth in a recent number of our contemporary, the *National Review*. If we have space, we propose to cite part of it in an appendix.

and authentic character, would idealize and waft into the merest cloud of abstraction its most important contribution to the facts of the Gospel history. We thank God that we are not constrained to throw our lot with either. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

But what course does M. Renan adopt? Of his treatment of the fourth Gospel, as a whole, we hope to say a few words presently. But so far as such things admit of degree, we must aver that his line of argument in the presence of this great and crucial test seems to us more decidedly shocking and repulsive than that of either Strauss or Ewald. It is with more of awe and repugnance than we have felt during any portion of our painful task that we translate as a matter of duty the following passage:—

M. Renan on the Resurrection of Lazarus.

"Weary of the bad reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus longed for a great miracle which should vividly strike the unbelief of Jerusalem. The resurrection of a man known at Jerusalem would naturally seem the most convincing proof possible. We must here call to mind that the essential condition of true criticism is to comprehend the diversity of times, and to divest ourselves of the instinctive repugnance which is the result of a purely reasonable education (! !). We must remember also, that in this impure and oppressive town of Jerusalem *Jesus was no longer himself.*" [We have read elsewhere, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."*] "His conscience, by the fault of men and not by his own, had lost something of its original clearness. Despairing, driven to the last extremity, he was no longer his own master (*il ne s'appartenait plus*). His mission imposed a task upon him; and he yielded to the current. As always happens in great divine careers, he underwent the miracles which opinion exacted of him far more than he wrought them. At this distance of time, and in the presence of only a single authority, displaying evident marks of artifices of composition, *it is impossible to decide* whether, in the instance before us, the whole is fiction, or whether a real fact served as a basis for the rumors spread abroad. We must, however, allow that the turn of [St.] John's narrative has something profoundly different from the accounts of miracles produced by the popular imagination, which fill the synoptical Gospels. Let us add that, John

is the only evangelist who has a precise knowledge of the relations of Jesus with the family of Bethany, and *that one cannot comprehend that a popular creation should come and take its place in a framework of recollections so personal.* It is probable, then, that the marvel in question was not one of those miracles that are entirely legendary (!), and for which no one is responsible. In other words, we think that there did happen at Bethany *something which was looked upon as a resurrection.*"*

The possibilities of the details of this "something" like a resurrection are then set forth. We say the possibilities, for never, perhaps, was there published a book so full of the phrases "it seems," "perhaps," "I dare not be certain," "it is possible that," "one is tempted to believe,"—and the like; all of these phrases, it has been justly observed, betraying the perplexity and uncertainty of the writer. "The family at Bethany was perhaps led on." . . . "It seems that Lazarus was sick." . . . "Joy at the arrival of Jesus may have restored (*put ramener*) Lazarus to health." "Perhaps the ardent desire" of supporting the divine character of Christ's mission led these impassioned friends of his "beyond all bounds." "Perhaps Lazarus, still pale from his illness, *had had himself surrounded with bandages as a dead man, and shut up in his family tomb*"!! . . . "Jesus (*always on the hypothesis above enounced*) desired to see once again him whom he had loved, and the stone having been removed, Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head surrounded by a napkin. This apparition was naturally likely to be looked upon by everybody as a resurrection!"

We agree with Massillon, that the Socinian hypothesis makes our blessed Lord the greatest teacher of idolatry that ever lived on earth. For he, who, being merely man, induces myriads to worship him as God, is assuredly a promulgator of the worst idolatry. M. Renan invites us to go a step further. He asks to believe that One "who will never be surpassed," One "to whom each of us owes all that is best in him," lent himself to a wretched trickery of this sort, and that the weak and foolish creatures who took part in it went forth to win an unbelieving world to faith and righteousness and love!

It has been often said that we are all of us two persons. The very heathen were deeply conscious of this duality of human nature.

* Hebrews 13 : 8.

* "Vie de Jesus," pp. 359, 360.

Xenophon can put into the mouth of one of his characters the declaration that he has two souls, one that loves things good and one that loves things evil: and Plato can describe the harnessed steeds, one white, of fair and beautiful form, obedient to the mere voice of the charioteer; and one black, misshapen, headstrong, that barely yields to the united influence of goads and thong. Yes, we all know those two principles, those ill-matched horses struggling for the mastery; but seldom, indeed, do we see such an exhibition of the contest in another mind as appears to be revealed by the writings of the unhappy author of this so-called "Life of Jesus." He prints sentences full of deadly unbelief; then withdraws or greatly modifies them; and then re-asserts them again in some new form, less gross it may be, but not less substantially erroneous, and, perhaps, more insinuatingly mischievous. Thus in an article on "Liberty of Thought," he wrote as follows: "God, Providence, soul, so many good old words slightly heavy and material (*un peu lourds et matériels*), but which it will never advantageously replace." In the reprint of his papers which forms the volume entitled "Studies of Religious History" he has slightly softened down the blasphemy. In his most recent contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* he has, for all practical purposes, again denied the existence of a true living personal God. And yet this same man, who can write so pantheistically, and in fact atheistically, can at other moments employ such language as to make one of his ablest Christian opponents not unnaturally demand "Why does not M. Renan belong to us?" In the case of almost any other author (unless we except that pair, of dubious sanity, Rousseau and Shelley), it would be almost inconceivable that one and the same person could have written the passage lately cited concerning Lazarus, and that which we are about to quote. Nevertheless, we are assured that the following really does proceed from the pen of Ernest Renan; and though we have not had an opportunity of verifying the extract, we feel little doubt of its entire accuracy:—

M. Renan's Counterview respecting Miracles.

"When I feel my faith in miracle vacillating, I perceive the image of my God also growing weak in my sight. He is ceasing, by little and little, to be for me the free God, the personal God, the living God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a mas-

ter and a friend. And this holy dialogue once interrupted, what remains for us! How sad and disenchanted does life appear! . . . *In ceasing to believe in miracles, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of its divine life.* It is henceforth gliding down towards the abyss. A fall of ever-increasing rapidity hurries it far from God and the holy angels. It loses, one after another, piety, uprightness, genius. Soon it lies upon the earth, yes, and sometimes in the mud."

III. We pass on to our third topic proposed for consideration; namely, the degree of sympathy with the evangelists displayed by M. Renan. And we begin with one or two general propositions, in which we fairly assume that there is no serious amount of difference between ourselves and the object of our criticism.

There has not appeared in the history of literature any biography, or collection of biographies, that has made the slightest impression upon the world which did not fulfil one condition; namely, that the writer should have a keen sympathy with the character and pursuits of him whose life he is portraying. Take up the "Life of Agricola" by Tacitus, or the biographies of Plutarch, Joinville's "Vie de St. Louis," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," this feature is common to them all. Nor is the case materially altered if, for the life of an individual man, we substitute that of a state or nation. The perusal of Livy's celebrated preface suffices to show how deeply he felt the greatness of the nation whose annals he was about to write. Sismondi was penetrated with a proud consciousness of the services wrought for humanity by those "Italian Republics," in one of which was the cradle of the ancient race that died with him.

But this primary condition once satisfied, it must be frankly owned that the reader has to be on his guard against the excesses into which such sympathy may run. Lord Macaulay is fond of warning the readers of his "Essays" on this score, and points, with only too good reason, to an extreme case in Middleton's "Life of Cicero." But less flagrant instances will serve our purpose. Perhaps hardly one of the above-named books can be read without some slight deduction on the score of the author's partiality for his hero or his cause. Livy is not tolerant towards the Samnites and their gallant general, C. Pontius; nor would the mediæval Emperors of Germany, could they revive, allow that

their side of the struggle received its full consideration from Sismondi.

Hence arises a second principle, on which M. Renan would evidently set great store. It is possible that some counter-principle may come in to counteract the one-sided tendency produced by hearty fellow-feeling. Thus, Joinville's own experience of the injury wrought to France by the crusade which he accompanied will not allow him to approve of Louis IX.'s second expedition. Thus, in a recent instance, the biography of a literary man, who was an ardent Tory, has been written by a daughter who married a gentleman of Whig politics, and has consequently enjoyed opportunities of hearing how the contests in which her father was engaged appeared to the opposite party. And it must be owned, we think, that the most impartial history yet known, that of the Peloponnesian war by Thucydides, owes part of its merit to the circumstance that the author, though an Athenian, yet naturally felt his ardor for the cause of his countrymen somewhat cooled by the severity (we should say, *pace* Mr. Grote, the injustice) with which a single military error had been treated.

Thus far we find ourselves somewhat more in accordance with M. Renan than are some of his French opponents. But at this point other considerations come into play, and it will be necessary, before we proceed, to make another extract from the work before us:—

“If the love of a subject can avail to give insight into it, men will also recognize, I trust, my possession of this condition (*que cette condition ne m'a pas manqué*). In order to write the history of a religion, it is necessary, in the first place, to have believed it (without that one cannot be able to understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, no longer to believe in it in an absolute manner, because absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history.”*

Now, the admissions which we have already made may seem, at first sight, to involve an acceptance of the position here laid down. But a little consideration will disclose very important points of difference between the two sets of *data*. To begin with, we grant that some check upon a writer's natural partiality may be a real gain to him and to his readers; but we by no means grant that the ideal historian must be a renegade. On the

* Introduction, p. lx.

contrary, the world, as a rule, distrusts renegade historians, and we think that herein the world is right. Thucydides was an exile from Athens; but he never became a partisan of Sparta. Xenophon, though an Athenian by birth, really did come to prefer Spartan institutions. Does any man on that account pretend that his “Hellenica” is to be named, in respect of fairness, with the work of his great predecessor? On the contrary, is not Dr. Arnold quite justified in speaking of the “superficial party prejudices of Xenophon”?

Religious prepossessions are in no wise less violent than political ones. Can any standard work of reference in ecclesiastical history be named which has been written by a deserter from the camp which he describes? If there be such a work, we must avow ignorance of its existence. If there be not, it would be strange if M. Renan's were the first.

Yes, it would, indeed, be passing strange. For we have been engaged, by way of illustration, in adducing instances from the range of ordinary humanity. Even here the greatest suspicion is felt concerning those who have changed. “A History of the First French Empire,” by Moreau; “An Account of Religion in England,” by Dr. Manning; “An Account of Religion in Spain,” by Blanco White: all would need to be read with the most jealous circumspection. But an account of the one pure and sinless Man from the pen of him who having once worshipped him as God, and even taken some part in his ministry, now denies his Godhead, and accuses his sacred humanity of the most grave and serious faults and the most miserable illusions! How is it in any wise possible that such a narrative could display real insight into the nature of the solemn themes which it presumed to handle?

There are figures standing round the central object of the Holy Gospels, separated from it, indeed, by that vast gulf which severs the Creator from the creature, yet lit up in a very special manner by the rays of glory which beam from the Incarnate Lord. One of these is St. John the Evangelist. We are justified in so styling him, even in the presence of men who admit no authority save that of a rationalist, for we have seen that even Ewald is thus far completely on our side. The diversity, without contradiction, of the teaching of the fourth Gospel, in comparison

with the three preceding ones, was fully admitted by Strauss, in *one* of his editions; as also a very tolerably fair list of the supplementary facts put forth by the same writer. One very conspicuous feature in the writings of St. John is the exceeding reticence concerning himself; just as the very personal character of St. Paul's Epistles is a very prominent mark of nearly all of them. In the first twelve chapters of St. John's Gospel, the evangelist is not once named, and only once referred to. In the 13th chapter, as elsewhere, we hear of him as "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" and we are told of his lying on his Lord's breast at the Last Supper. We further learn from him that he stood at the foot of the cross with the Virgin Mother (where the twain became adopted mother and son, by the express injunction of the dying Saviour), that he outran St. Peter to the sepulchre, and that a question asked by St. Peter concerning St. John was answered (and misunderstood by some) at the latest earthly manifestation of Jesus at the Sea of Tiberias. These are positively the only facts definitely reported by the evangelist concerning himself, out of the number that he must have been able to supply; though we may infer that he is certainly referred to in one passage, and probably in another.* He *never* actually mentions his own name in his Gospel. If any of the twelve be prominent, it is, as Strauss justly points out, St. Peter; as in the narrative of the feet-washing and in the closing chapter. In one of these scenes St. John is not alluded to; in the other, only in a very subordinate manner. And though the fourth evangelist recounts very fully the fall of his brother apostle, yet he, and he alone, recounts the important circumstance that the desire of St. Peter to follow his divine Master was, from the first, accepted, though postponed until the speaker had learned his own weakness, and risen on the wings of repentance to a truer self-knowledge and a deeper reliance on a strength beyond his own. "Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, *but thou shalt follow me afterwards.*"†

How does M. Renan treat the authority of the fourth evangelist? The hesitations and

uncertainties, the visible embarrassments, which strew his path in treating of the resurrection of Lazarus, are all seen previously in his criticism of the Gospel that contains it. We have not time to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of his criticism both of the internal and the external evidence—a task which has been well performed by MM. Freppel and Lecœur, and which might be left to Ewald, if, indeed, he should think it worth the trouble. But the following passage must be cited:—

M. Renan on the Tone of St. John's Gospel.

"At every page is betrayed the intention of fortifying his own authority, of showing that he was the one preferred by Jesus [M. Renan cites three verses, which, in his arithmetic, is perfectly equivalent to *every page*]; that on all solemn occasions (at the Supper, at Calvary, at the tomb) he held the first place. The relations—fraternal in the main, although not excluding a certain rivalry—of the author with Peter, his hatred, on the contrary, against Judas—a hatred, perhaps, anterior to the treason, *seem*, here and there, to pierce through. *One is tempted to believe that John, in his old age, having read the evangelical narratives in circulation, remarked there, on the one hand, divers inexactnesses; on the other hand, was annoyed at seeing that they did not allow him a sufficiently important position; that he then began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, with the intention of showing that, in several instances where there was only mention of Peter, he had figured with and before him.*"*

On such a representation of the sentiments of the Evangelist St. John we need hardly pause to comment. Those who can really accept such portraiture as true are far beyond the reach of any argument from us, or perhaps from mortal man. To others there needs no argument. The miserable statement carries with it its own condemnation. St. John jealous of St. Peter—St. John, the victim of the most mean and petty vanity! And this from a writer who claims to be listened to on the ground of love for the subject he has undertaken. M. Renan has yet to learn the very alphabet of apostolic and evangelic lore.

And he who thus deems of the disciple how shall he understand the Master? What marvel if he stumbles, as he does stumble, at every point of the divine character he has ventured to explain. When he calls our Lord

* Certainly in chap. 18 : 15 ; most probably also in chap. . 37-40.

† St. John 13 : 36.

* "Vie de Jesus," Introd. pp. xxvii., xxviii.

"a charming rabbi;" when he calls the Gospel history "a delicious pastoral" (strange pastoral, it has been well replied, which begins with the preaching of repentance and ends with the cross!); when he finds the sublime discourses of Christ recorded by St. John to be "pretentious tirades, badly written, heavy, confusedly metaphysical," etc.; when he suggests that in his closing awful sorrows, those "unknown woes," as an ancient litany pathetically terms them, Jesus may have regretted the damsels who might have loved him: all this, and abundance more of the same sort, is of a piece with our author's lower self—follows naturally from his estimate of St. John. It may suit, for a season, the trifling sentimentality of "young Paris;" but it does not bear the slightest possible resemblance to the real aspect of the Gospel history.

IV. M. Renan belongs, or at least wishes to belong, to that class of narrators which, for want of a better name, we may venture to term "*the constructive school of historic insight*." Now, we wish to ask those among our readers who have paid attention to the subject, whether, even in secular history, this school is at present occupying a very distinguished position? We may be prejudiced; but we certainly think that it is not by any means leading the van. Some eight years have passed since we expressed in this review our sense of the heavy blows which had been dealt by Sir G. C. Lewis to the authority of Niebuhr.* Since that time, the views adopted by us seem to have gained ground on the whole, though not without a struggle, both in England and in Germany. If high-minded conceptions, couched in vigorous and dignified language, could have saved a book from neglect, Dr. "Arnold's History of Rome" would not be laid aside as it now is. But not content with following Niebuhr in his really successful *disproof* of much that had passed for history, Arnold accepted nearly the whole of what his master claimed to have built up by divination and instinctive sense. The result may now be seen. It is hardly too much to say that Grote, Cornwell Lewis, and Mommsen, are in vogue; that Niebuhr and Arnold are, so far as regards this part of their labors, all but neglected by the students of ancient history.

* "Canons of Historic Credibility." *Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1856.

But even supposing that, for argument's sake, we were to allow the success of the Niebuhrian plan of investigation in things secular, this would by no means involve the admission that it was suited to the criticism of the Holy Gospels. On this head it may suffice to quote the well-known words of Niebuhr himself. "In my opinion, he is not a Protestant Christian who does not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life, *in their literal acceptation, with all their miracles*, as equally authentic with any event recorded in history, and whose belief in them is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter. . . . Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern philosophers and Pantheists, without a personal God, without immortality, without human individuality, without historical faith, is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be a very intellectual, very ingenious faith-philosophy. I have often said that I do not know what to do with a metaphysical God, and that I will have none with the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart with us."*

If these words contain, as has been said, a review of Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*" by anticipation, no less truly may it be asserted that they condemn beforehand the theories of M. Ernest Renan:—

"In such an effort to revive the lofty souls of the past, some amount of divination and conjecture ought to be permitted."

For abundant proofs of the license of the divination here claimed by M. Renan, we must refer the reader to M. Freppel's admirable exposure. Two or three examples, partly suggested by him, must here suffice.

After that wonderful explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus, which converts the whole matter into a *ruse*, M. Renan informs us that "the enemies of Jesus were much irritated at all this disturbance. They attempted, *it is said*, to kill Lazarus. *What is certain* is, that thereupon a council was assembled by the chief priests, and in that council the question was clearly put: Can Jesus and Judaism both live?" Now, the only authority for the assembling of the council is the Gospel of St. John. But the same Gospel tells also, not only of the miracle, but also of the attempt to kill Lazarus. Why is the one assertion a case of *it is said*, and the other a certain fact? Because M.

* Niebuhr's "*Life and Letters*," vol. ii. p. 123.

Renan so divines it. He who some years declared that there was not half a page of real history in the Gospels, now writes a book of four hundred and fifty pages, which is all but entirely based upon the Gospels. Only we must submit to learn at his hands exactly what is fact, what is false, what is probable. The claim seems to us, as we feel sure that it would have done to Niebuhr, the very climax of insufferable arrogance.

Again, St. Luke did not understand Hebrew, though St. Luke Matthew did. The proof? St. Matthew, in giving the name of the Saviour "Jesus," explains its meaning; St. Luke does not. *Ergo*, St. Luke could not have done it. Perhaps we may just venture to remind the reader that the Church owes her three glorious Canticles—the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis—solely, under God, to St. Luke; and that all three are evidently translations from the Hebrew.

We are weary of our task, or we might fill pages with samples of the weak trifling of this nature in which our author has indulged himself, and displayed his powers of "divination"! There is scarcely a single doctrine of the Gospel which he has not travestied; and he has assigned to St. Paul a teaching about marriage which is precisely opposite to the apostle's actual precepts.

V. We regret that we are unable to carry out our intention of comparing M. Renan's hypotheses with other forms of infidelity.*

Thus much, however, may be said. It was the remark of a pious English clergyman (we rather think Mr. Cecil), some half-century since, that perhaps the next device of Satan would be to put forward the difficulties of belief in a perfectly calm, and seemingly candid manner, without abuse, without any violence of expression. That supposition is, we imagine, in process of being realized.

Now, both M. Renan and Strauss do abstain from certain forms of insult common in Jewish lips since the close of the second century, repeated by Gabler and others, and quite recently renewed in a lecture delivered at Wurtemberg.† If, as is really possible, some lingering spark of reverence has with-

* The Review of M. Renan in the *Guardian* (the only English *critique* we have had the opportunity of consulting) justly indicates some leading points of difference between the Voltairian and general eighteenth-century infidelity as compared with that of the school of M. Renan.

† See "Christian Work throughout the World," for May, 1860.

held them from uttering that outrage against Christ and against her whom "all generations shall call blessed," then may he who will not quench the smoking flax arouse that dying flame till it consume the miserable hay and stubble they have heaped up. But in all sorrow we do fear the possibility of a less favorable interpretation. The prediction just quoted haunts us. Alas! for them, if their reticence spring more from a conviction that Judaic calumnies and Voltairian sneers are a mistake, and that a smoother, more polished, more sentimental unbelief is the only one that seems likely to have a chance of prevailing. These forms will, it is true, all perish in their turn, until, it may be, the Antichrist, "the last foe of the fold," shall come. But meanwhile it is a problem beyond our feeble powers of discernment, whether it is so great a gain as it may at first sight seem, that Christ should be patronizingly spoken of as "a charming rabbi," than that he should be denounced as "the wretch." There are those who would be repelled by the one who may not be equally shocked by the other. But those who believe in Christ as their God and future Judge must feel that the desecration is in either case not very dissimilar. Even to call our Creator, the Eternal Word, "a great Man" is a blasphemy, though the degree of guilt is so different in different cases that man cannot presume to measure it.

It is a duty, which we owe to our readers before we close, to say a few words upon our intentions in drawing up the list of books at the head of this article. Our object in mentioning certain works, both ancient and modern, which had appeared before the publication of M. Renan's book, was to suggest what we conceive to be the *kind* of reading with which it would be wise to brace the spirit before plunging into the erratic and inconsistent medley of false reasoning and false sentiment which its author presumes to call a "Life of Jesus." The sermons of St. Leo, excellently translated and annotated by Mr. Bright; the selections from St. Athanasius, with the pleasing preface of their pious Lutheran editor, the lamented Professor Thilo; the high-toned and profoundly learned volume of Dr. Mill; the paper by an English clergyman, Mr. Saphir, a truly noble and dignified composition; the sketch ascribed to Napoleon, and the disquisitions of MM. Nicolas and De Broglie; such

writings form an antidote which tends to neutralize the poison of modern forms of scepticism respecting the central verity of the Christian Faith. There are other writings which might be combined with these, or even employed to some extent in their stead. Mr. Young's "Christ of History," and other books referred to in a useful and well-arranged little work on Evidences by Mr. Drew, may be named; and we presume Archbishop Thomson's paper on our Lord in the new "Dictionary of the Bible."* To him who would dive still more deeply into historic and philosophic questions respecting the mystery of the Incarnation, may be specially recommended Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, the volumes of Petavius *de Dogmatibus Theologicis* which specially treat of the subject, and Dorner's work on the "Person of Christ," which, in the English translation, is supplemented with a thoughtful and useful appendix by Dr. Fairbairn. It is right, however, to remind the student that both of the latter works, though they agree in fundamentals, contain some questionable propositions; and that it is possible that on one question even the conclusions of Bull may be open to some degree of modification. But on the capital point at issue between the great mass of Christians, and the Arians, Socinians, or rationalists, these three are all perfectly agreed.† A more painful duty still remains to be performed. It is impossible for any one to have criticised M. Renan's volume, without the expression of some opinion on the merit or demerit of its author, for having put forth

* We have not had this volume at hand while writing, and the two new volumes of the same work have not yet reached the writer, or he would gladly have consulted Bishop Fitzgerald's paper on "Miracles."

† That the doctrine of the Incarnation, as taught by the Nicene Creed, and more fully expressed in the Athanasian Creed, or in the second Article of the English Church, is God's own truth, is a ground common to Bull, Petau, and Dorner. With very sincere diffidence, and every willingness to be convinced if he is mistaken, the writer would venture to suggest the following *private* opinions of his own, as probable. 1. That Bishop Bull may possibly, in some cases, have been inclined to minimize the differences between this or that Father, and the decisions of Nicæa. 2. That Petau is unduly extreme in the opposite direction, when he accuses Bishop Alexander of exaggeration for calling the doctrine of Arius new and unheard-of. 3. That Dorner, with the older Lutherans, goes *beyond* the Council of Chalcedon, to say the very least, in teaching a *περιχώρησις* or sort of interchange between the divine and human natures of the Saviour. On points 1 and 2, the Presbyterian Dr. Fairbairn seems admirably just. On point 3, see Dr. Mill on Strauss, *sub init.*

such a work. Although many hints of our judgment on this part of the question may have occurred incidentally in the course of our criticism, we think it right, in closing our remarks, to speak once for all, in a manner more distinct and summary.

We have heard it said by one as far removed as ourselves from any sympathy with M. Renan's views, that the "Vie de Jésus" must be regarded rather as a result of the age, than the production of an individual mind. Such a view of the case embodies a large amount of unquestionable truth, and conveys with it a certain measure of apology for the author. Germany, England, and France, all three are obnoxious to the charge of cherishing this spirit of scepticism; and these three countries led the thought of the Old-World regions. Nor is America far behindhand. Germany has been justly described as that "country of Europe which most unites the mental attributes of the East and West,—which combines, in an uncommon degree, the oriental imaginativeness and aptitude for abstract speculation with the power of patient, critical research which is the boast of Christian Europe."*

And Germany is the parent of nineteenth-century infidelity, though oftentimes, like the spear of Achilles, she helps to heal the grievous wounds which she has made. England supports both the *Westminster* and the *National Review*; and though both (but especially the latter) appear to us replete with papers which it is impossible to reconcile with each other, both tend to impart a tone of doubt and hesitation which is largely imparted to many of the monthly and weekly serials. And for France herself, if her leading periodical can be taken as an index, we must confess with regret that the *Revue des deux Mondes* seems to us, during the last twelve years, to have traversed a downward rather than an upward course; to display less of that Christian writing which proceeds from the pens of such contributors as MM. de Carné, Guizot, or De Broglie, and more of the rationalism of other members of its staff, as MM. Taine, Reville, Berthelot, and George Sand. Meanwhile, the United States have reared authors of a somewhat similar stamp. Theodore Parker, Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and, we fear we must add, Professor Holmes, are all as far from being

* Dr. Mill, on Strauss, *sub init.*

worshippers of Christ as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill among ourselves. Yet, however lamentable the state of England, America, and Germany, we doubt whether the following description could at present be written with truth concerning any country but France:—

“ Besides having read M. Bodin, my companion was an *esprit fort*, and believed in nothing. He thought indeed there was a God, but as to Christ, and the angels and devils, they were all devices of the clergy and the governing powers—moral bugbears set up to frighten people and prevent the commission of crime; and it was good policy. As to their reality being proved by the Bible—who made the Bible? *Mén.* I asked him if he had never heard of spirits whose return from the dead proved the truth of the Scripture and the reality of an invisible world.

“ ‘Bah!’ he said, ‘*Contes.* Man was an animal, and died as other animals died—living no more.’

“ ‘A sad creed,’ said I, ‘for the poor and the suffering. Would you not be happier if you believed there was a recompense hereafter for those who had suffered and striven to do right on earth?’

“ ‘*Mais puis qu’il n’y a pas de Ciel?*’ was his reply; and we argued all the way we went, and I could not shed a gleam of hope into his soul. One day he will know better.

“ Let me say that a sad infidelity appears to me the prevalent tone of feeling among the French of all ranks. In the railway-carriages, from officers, merchants, laborers, travellers of all ranks and degrees, when no priest or nun was present, I have heard nothing but sneers at the weakness of those who believed in *la mythologie* of Christianity. The Revolution has left its traces, and a vast proportion of the people are atheists still. The French seem divided into two classes—those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. Even on earth the first are the happiest, for in their sorrows, however dark and rough their path, the sunshine of God shines above the mountain peaks, while the unhappy doubter sees nothing but the bleak rocks and precipices around him. The fulness of all sorrow is to cease to believe.”*

The existence of this *miasma* in the atmosphere must be taken into account when we would judge the case of any individual Frenchman. There is another circumstance that adds to the difficulty in the instance before us. M. Ernest Renan is, as we have seen, to an extraordinary extent, a twofold being.

*Once a Week, No. 223, for October 3, 1863.—Paper on *Saumur*, etc., by Mary Eyre, p. 416,

Which is his truer self? It is not wonderful that the two ablest French replies that have reached us (that of the Abbé Freppel and that of M. Raoul Lecœur) should display, amidst a very substantial agreement in all that concerns doctrine and line of argument, a certain measure of divergency in the line of their personal references to the author; the latter being more hopeful, the former the more condemnatory.

It is true that an earthly verdict is, in all cases, that of sinners upon their fellow-sinners. It may often happen that, in a criminal court, the judge himself is as guilty in God's sight as the felon whom he condemns: and so, too, the author who is charged with heresy or unbelief may be free from many a soil wherewith the soul of him who condemns is bestained. It is well that we should be reminded of these solemn truths: and it reads like the reminiscence of an actual scene when a great living master of fiction describes a batch of criminals receiving the dread sentence of death. “The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the judge; banding both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater judgment that knoweth all things and that cannot err.”*

Nevertheless, such considerations cannot stay, and ought not to stay, the course of justice upon earth. Society cannot wait for the condemnation of the burglar, the homicide, or the traitor, until such time as those who sit in the judgment-seat are themselves immaculately pure. The ruler of men may be sin-defiled above many of those whom he governs, yet “he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.”

“Vengeance is God's:
But he doth oftentimes dispense it here
By human ministration.”

Ad nullum enim pertinet vindictam facere, nisi ad illum qui Dominus est omnium: nam cum terrenæ potestates hoc rectè faciunt, ipse facit Deus, à quo ad hoc ipsum sunt ordinatæ.”†

*“Great Expectations,” *sub fin.*

† St. Anselm, *Cur Deus Homo*, lib. i. cap. 12. The lines immediately preceding are from Henry Taylor's “Philip van Artvelde.”

The day is gone—and we trust, with M. de Montalembert, gone forever—when heresy was included among those faults which the state was called upon to punish with fire and sword. And just because we rejoice at the existence of that comparative secular impunity, the more needful do we esteem it to be, that organs of opinion should speak their sentiments plainly and fearlessly, at the risk of all those hard words (bigotry, intolerance, and the like) which are showered so lavishly by the so-called “votaries of free thought” upon all who display *their* freedom, by venturing to dissent from those conclusions of scepticism which are most in fashion for the hour.

Not forgetting then, we trust, that we are fellow-sinners; not wishing to thrust aside as nothing such palliation as may arise from the mental condition of Europe, and especially of France; not ignoring the virtues of M. Renan and his capacity for sympathy with much that is good,—a capacity which may even yet, by divine mercy, be permitted to guide homeward that wandering heart and will,—we yet feel compelled to say what we think, and commit it to the judgment that is above all. “If we are to excuse all the moral evil that we can account for, and abstain from judging all of which we can suppose that there is some adequate explanation, where are we to stop in our absolutions?”*

Be it avowed, then, that we know not how the author of such a publication as this “*Vie de Jésus*” can be acquitted of having wrought a crime against God and man. A crime against the Father, the denial of whose first attribute of Almightyness is the key-note of the entire strain of the work, its first and last falsehood and fallacy; a crime against the Son, whom it again, as has well been said, betrays with a kiss; in that professing to honor him and to say “Hail, Master,” it in reality represents him as a sinner and as a deceiver of the fallen race he came to save; a crime against the Spirit, in that it treats as legends replete with falsities the ever-blessed fourfold record which he inspired to be the everlasting gospel of our salvation. And surely, too, a crime against man. Humanity, even among the very heathen, has been wont to hold, that not *all* of man’s saddening tale of crime and woe had its source in the depths of our own nature, perverted, corrupted though it be; but that evil angels from without had conspired with man’s passions and worldliness to produce these miserable results. M. Renan, without one line that *attempts* to disprove the existence of the rebellious spirits whom Satan leads, or their

influence upon the human mind, simply denies that influence, denies their very being, and thus tears away from man an excuse which, in so far as it affects the case,—and it is revealed that it *does* affect it,—is certain of acceptance at the mercy-seat of Him who “was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.” And further, Christendom, amidst all its differences, has been wont, with singular unanimity, to teach that the human race has one great glory, one sole hope of salvation; that glory and that hope consisting in the fact that the Eternal Son has condescended to become partaker of flesh and blood; to die for the sons of men, to win for them gifts of the Spirit, and to plead their cause in heaven. To the denial of the Incarnation and Atonement, M. Renan has dedicated those powers of heart and head with which his Maker has endowed him. Assuredly those who join with us in the decision which we have—we earnestly trust not lightly nor uncharitably—formed upon his book, must also feel it to be a duty to breathe one devout and heartfelt prayer that “the thought of his heart may be forgiven him.”

While the world lasts, some form of unbelief or misbelief will be rife, and have its day. Pharaoh and Jezebel, Antiochus and Herod, Julian and Porphyry, Arius and Spinoza, Socinus and Strauss; each has his hour and passes on. And the servants of Christ, they, too, go their way and commit his enemies to the all-merciful Judge, “who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” who knows all the temptations and excuses of each, and the unceasing malice of the Evil One. Even those who believe in him and try to obey his righteous laws, have broken them so often, that their first and last cry must be for mercy. And yet they know that where he bestows pardon, that great gift cannot stand alone; no, not even in this life, far, far less in the world to come.

Even the least serious of heathen lyrists could feel the propriety of asking from an object of his misdirected worship, on the dedication of a temple, something better than Sardinian corn and Calabrian wine, than gold and ivory, or fertile lands; and some of the nobler minded among the pagans have risen to a far loftier standard of desire and prayer. But Christians supplicate their Lord and Master for something higher than the heathen’s most exalted aspirations ever soared to in their fondest dreams. With a daring, only not presumptuous because warranted by his own gracious promises, they press forward to a prize transcending all the choicest glories of the very courts of heaven; they look beyond the gifts for the Giver; the reward which they hope by his mercy to attain—it is not merely created thing, it is *himself*.

* Hy. Taylor. “Notes on Life,” pp. 46, 47.

PART IV.—CHAPTER X.

MR. JORDAN had invited a large party of people to meet the Dowager Countess; but the greatness of the leading light, which was to illustrate his house, had blinded him to the companion stars that were to tremble in her company. The principal people about had consented graciously to be reviewed by her ladyship, who, once upon a time, had been a very great lady and fashionable potentate. A very little fashion counts for much on the shores of the Holy Loch, and the population was moved accordingly. But the young ladies who accompanied the dowager were less carefully provided for. When Miss Frankland, who was unquestionably the beauty of the party, cast a glance of careless but acute observation round her, after all the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, she saw nobody whom she cared to distinguish by her notice. Most of the men about had a flavor of conventionality in their talk or their manner or their whiskers. Most of them were rich, some of them were very well bred and well educated, though the saucy beauty could not perceive it; but there was not an individual among them who moved her curiosity or her interest, except one who stood rather in the background, and whose eyes kept seeking her with wistful devotion. Colin had improved during the last year. He was younger than Miss Frankland, a fact of which she was aware, and he was at the age upon which a year tells mightily. Looking at him in the background, through clouds of complacent people who felt themselves Colin's superiors, even an indifferent spectator might have distinguished the tall youth, with those heaps of brown hair overshadowing the forehead which might have been apostrophized as "domed for thought" if anybody could have seen it: and in his eyes that gleam of things miraculous, that unconscious surprise and admiration, which would have given a touch of poetry to the most commonplace countenance. But Miss Matilda was not an indifferent spectator. She was fond of him in her way as women are fond of a man whom they never mean to love—fond of him as one is fond of the victim who consents to glorify one's triumph. As she looked at him and saw how he had improved, and perceived the faithful allegiance with which he watched every movement she made, the heart of the beauty was touched. Worship is sweet, even

when it is only a country boy who bestows it—and perhaps this country boy might turn out a genius or a poet—not that Matilda cared much for genius or poetry; but she liked everything that bestows distinction, and was aware that in the lack of other titles, a little notability, even in society, might be obtained, if one was brave and knew how to manage it, by these means. And besides all this, honestly, and at the foundation, she was fond of Colin. When she had surveyed all the company, and had made up her mind that there was nobody there in the least degree interesting, she held up her fan with a pretty gesture, calling him to her. The lad made his way through the assembly at that call with a smile and glow of exultation which it is impossible to describe. His face was lighted up with a kind of celestial intoxication. "Who is that very handsome young man?" the Dowager Countess was moved to remark as he passed within her ladyship's range of vision, which was limited, for Lady Hallamshire was, like most other people, short-sighted. "Oh, he is not a handsome young man; he is only the tutor," said one of the ladies of the Holy Loch; but, notwithstanding, she, too, looked after Colin, with aroused curiosity. "I suppose Matty Frankland must have met him in society," said the dowager, who was the most comfortable of *chaperones*, and went on with her talk, turning her eyeglass round and towards her pretty charge. As for the young men, they stared at Colin with mingled consternation and wrath. What was he? a fellow who had not a penny, a mere Scotch student, to be distinguished by the prettiest girl in the room? for the aspiring people about the Holy Loch, as well as in the other parts of Scotland, had come to entertain that contempt for the national universities and national scholarships which is so curious a feature in the present transition state of the country. If Colin had been an Oxford man, the west-country people would have thought it quite natural; but a Scotch student did not impress them with any particular respect.

"I'm so glad to meet you again!" said Matty, with the warmest cordiality, "but so surprised to see you here. What are you doing here? why have you come away from that delicious Ramore, where I am sure I should live for ever and ever if it were mine? What have you been doing with yourself all this time? Come and tell me all about

it, and I do so want to know how everything is looking at that dear castle and in our favorite glen. Don't you remember that darling glen behind the church, where we used to gather basketfuls of primroses—and all the lovely moors? I am dying to hear about everything and everybody. Do come and sit down here, and tell me all."

"Where shall I begin?" said Colin, who, utterly forgetful of his position, and all the humiliations incumbent on him in such an exalted company, had instantly taken possession of the seat she pointed out to him, and had placed himself according to her orders directly between her and the company, shutting her into a corner. Miss Matty could see very well all that was going on in the drawing-room, but Colin had his back to the company, and had forgotten everything in the world except her face.

"Oh, with yourself, of course," said Matty. "I want to know all about it; and, first of all, what are you doing among these sort of people?" the young lady continued, with a little more of her face toward the assembled multitude, some of whom were quite within hearing.

"These sort of people have very little to say to me," said Colin; who suddenly felt himself elevated over their heads; "I am only the tutor;" and the two foolish young creatures looked at each other, and laughed, as if Colin of Ramore had been a prince in disguise, and his tutorship an excellent joke.

"Oh, you are only the tutor?" said Miss Matty; "that is charming. Then one will be able to make all sorts of use of you. Everybody is allowed to maltreat a tutor. You will have to row us on the loch, and walk with us to the glen, and carry our cloaks, and generally conduct yourself as becomes a slave and vassal. As for me, I shall order you about with the greatest freedom, and expect perfect obedience," said the beauty, looking with her eyes full of laughter into Colin's face.

"All that goes without saying," said Colin, who did not like to commit himself to the French. "I almost think I have already proved my perfect allegiance."

"Oh, you were only a boy last year," said Miss Matty, with some evanescent change of color, which looked like a blush to Colin's delighted eyes. "Now you are a man and a tutor, and we shall behave to you accordingly.

How lovely that glen was last spring, to be sure," continued the girl, with a little quite unconscious natural feeling; "do you remember the day when it rained, and we had to wait under the beeches, and when you imagined all sorts of things in the gathering of the shower? Do you write any poetry now? I want so much to see what you have been doing since," said the siren, who, half-touched by nature in her own person, was still perfectly conscious of her power.

"Since!" Colin repeated the word over to himself with a flush of happiness which, perhaps, no such good in existence could have equalled. Poor boy! if he could but have known what had happened "since" in Miss Matty's experience—but, fortunately, he had not the smallest idea what was involved in the season which the young lady had lately terminated, or in the brilliant winter campaign in the country, which had brought adorners in plenty, but nothing worthy of the beauty's acceptance, to Miss Matty's feet. Colin thought only of the beatific dreams, the faithful follies which had occupied his own juvenile imagination "since." As for the heroine herself, she looked slightly confused to hear him repeat the word. She had meant it to produce its effect, but then she was thinking solely of a male creature of her own species, and not of a primitive, innocent soul like that which looked at her in a glow of young delight out of Colin's eyes. She was used to be admired and complimented, and humored to the top of her bent, but she did not understand being believed in, and the new sensation somewhat fluttered and embarrassed the young woman of the world. She watched his look, as he replied to her, and thereby added double, though she did not mean it, to the effect of what she had said.

"I never write poetry," said Colin; "I wish I could—I know how I should use the gift; but I have a few verses about somewhere, I suppose, like anybody else. Last spring I was almost persuaded I could do something better; but that feeling lasts only so long as one's inspiration lasts," said the youth, looking down, in his turn, lest his meaning might be discovered too quickly in his eye.

And then there ensued a pause,—a pause which was more dangerous than the talk, and which Miss Matty made haste to break.

"Do you know you are very much changed?" she said. "You never did any

of this society-talk last year. You have been making friends with some ladies somewhere, and they have taught you conversation. But, as for me, I am your early friend, and I preferred you when you did not talk like other people," said Miss Matty, with a slight pout. "Tell me who has been forming your mind."

Perhaps it was fortunate for Colin at this moment that Lady Hallamshire had become much bored by the group which had gathered round her sofa. The dowager was clever in her way, and had written a novel or two, and was accustomed to be amused by the people who had the honor of talking to her. Though she was no longer a leader of fashion, she kept up the manners and customs of that remarkable species of the human race, and when she was bored, permitted her sentiments to be plainly visible in her expressive countenance. Though it was the member of the county who was enlightening her at the moment in the statistics of the West Highlands, and though she had been in a state of great anxiety five minutes before about the emigration which was depopulating the moors, her ladyship broke in quite abruptly in the midst of the poor-rates with a totally irrelevant observation:—

"It appears to me that Matty Frankland has got into another flirtation; I must go and look after her," said the dowager; and she smiled graciously upon the explanatory member, and left him talking, to the utter consternation of their hostess. Lady Hallamshire thought it probable that the young man was amusing as well as handsome, or Matty Frankland, who was a girl of discretion, would not have received him into such marked favor. "Though I dare say there is nobody here worth her trouble," her *chaperone* thought as she looked round the room; but anyhow a change was desirable. "Matty, mignonne, I want to know what you are talking about," she said, suddenly coming to anchor opposite the two young people; and a considerable fuss ensued to find her ladyship a seat, during which time Colin had a hundred minds to run away. The company took a new centre after this performance on the part of the great lady, and poor Colin, all at once, began to feel that he was doing exactly the reverse of what was expected of him. He got up with a painful blush as he met Mr. Jordan's astonished eye. The poor boy did not know that he had been much more re-

marked before: "flirting openly with that dreadful little coquette, Miss Frankland, and turning his back upon his superiors," as some of the indignant bystanders said. Even Colin's matronly friends, who pitied him and formed his mind, disapproved of his behavior. "She only means to make a fool of you, and you ought not to allow yourself to be taken in by it," said one of these patronesses in his ear, calling him aside. But fate had determined otherwise.

"Don't go away," said Lady Hallamshire. "I like Matty to introduce all her friends to me; and you two look as if you had known each other a long time," said the dowager, graciously, for she was pleased, like most women, by Colin's looks. "One would know him again if one met him," she added, in an audible aside; "he doesn't look exactly like everybody else, as most young men do. Who is he, Matty?" And Miss Frankland's *chaperone* turned the light of her countenance full upon Colin, quite indifferent to the fact that he had heard one part of her speech quite as well as the other. When a fine lady consents to enter the outer world, it is to be expected that she should behave herself as civilized people do among savages, and the English among the other nations of the world.

"Oh, yes! we have known each other a long time," said Matty, partly with a generous, partly with a mischievous, instinct. "My uncle knows Mr. Campbell's father very well, and Harry and he and I made acquaintance when we were children. I am sure you must have heard how nearly Harry was drowned once when we were at Kilchain Castle. It was Mr. Campbell who saved his life."

"Oh!" said Lady Hallamshire; "but I thought that was"—and then she stopped short. Looking at Colin again, her ladyship's experienced eye perceived that he was not arrayed with that perfection of apparel to which she was accustomed; but at the moment her eye caught his glowing face, half pleased, half haughty with that pride of lowliness which is of all pride the most defiant. "I am very glad to make Mr. Campbell's acquaintance,"—she went on so graciously that everybody forgot the pause. "Harry Frankland is a very dear young friend of mine, and we are all very much indebted to his deliverer."

It was just what a distinguished matron would have said in the circumstances in one

of Lady Hallamshire's novels; but, instead of remaining overcome with grateful confusion, as the hero ought to have done, Colin made an immediate reply.

"I cannot take the credit people give me," said the lad, with a little heat. "He happened to get into my boat when he was nearly exhausted—that is the whole business. There has been much more talk about it than was necessary. I cannot pretend even to be a friend of Mr. Frankland," said Colin, with the unnecessary explanatoriness of youth, "and I certainly did not save his life."

With which speech the young man disappeared out of sight amid the wondering assembly, which privately designated him a young puppy and a young prig, and by various other epithets, according to the individual mind of the speaker. As for Lady Hallamshire, she was considerably disgusted. "Your friend is original, I dare say; but I am not sure that he is quite civil," she said to Matty, who did not quite know whether to be vexed or pleased by Colin's abrupt withdrawal. Perhaps on the whole the young lady liked him better for having a mind of his own, notwithstanding his devotion, and for preferring to bestow his worship without the assistance of spectators. If he had been a man in the least possible as a lover, Miss Frankland might have been of a different opinion; but, as that was totally out of possibility, Matty liked, on the whole, that he should do what was ideally right, and keep up her conception of him. She gave her head a pretty toss of semi-defiance, and went across the room to Mrs. Jordan, to whom she was very amiable and caressing all the rest of the evening. But she still continued to watch with the corner of her eye the tall boyish figure which was now and then to be discerned in the distance, with those masses of brown hair heaped like clouds upon the forehead, which Colin's height made visible over the heads of many very superior people. She knew he was watching her and noted every movement she made, and she felt a little proud of the slave, who, though he was only the tutor and a poor farmer's son, had something in his eyes which nobody else within sight had any inkling of. Matty was rather clever in her way, which was as much different from Colin's as light from darkness. No man of a mental calibre like hers could have found him out; but she had a little insight, as a woman, which en-

abled her to perceive the greater height when she came within sight of it. And then poor Colin, all unconsciously, had given her such an advantage over him. He had laid his boy's heart at her feet, and, half in love, half in imagination, had made her the goddess of his youth. If she had thought it likely to do him any serious damage, perhaps Matty, who was a good girl enough, and was of some use to the rector and very popular among the poor in her own parish, might have done her duty by Colin, and crushed this pleasant folly in the bud. But then it did not occur to her that a "friendship" of which it was so very evident nothing could ever come could harm anybody. It did not occur to her that an ambitious Scotch boy, who knew no more of the world than a baby, and who had been fed upon all the tales of riches achieved and glories won which are the common fare of many a homely household, might possibly entertain a different opinion. So Matty asked all kinds of questions about him of Mrs. Jordan, and gave him now and then a little nod when she met his eye, and generally kept up a kind of special intercourse far more flattering to the youth than ordinary conversation. Poor Colin neither attempted nor wished to defend himself. He put his head under the yoke, and hugged his chains. He collected his verses, poor boy! when he went to his own room that night,—verses which he knew very well were true to him, but in which it would be rather difficult to explain the fatal stroke,—the grievous blow on which he had expatiated so vaguely that it might be taken to mean the death of his lady rather than the simple fact that she did not come to Kilchain Castle when he expected her. How to make her understand that this was the object of his lamentations puzzled him a little; for Colin knew enough of romance to be aware that the true lover does not venture to address the princess until he has so far conquered fortune as to make his suit with honor to her and fitness in the eyes of the world. The young tutor sat in his bare little room out of the way, and, with eyes that glowed over his midnight candle, looked into the future, and calculated visionary dates at which, if all went with him as he hoped, he might lay his trophies at his lady's feet. It is true that Matty herself fully intended by that time to have daughters ready to enter upon the round of conquest from which she should have retired into ma-

tron dignity ; but no such profanity ever occurred to Colin. Thus the two thought of each other as they went to their rest—the one with all the delusions of heroic youthful love, the other with no delusions at all, but a half-gratitude, half-affection—a woman's compassionate fondness for the man who had touched her heart a little by giving her his, but whom it was out of the question ever to think of loving. And so the coils of fate began to throw themselves around the free-born feet of young Colin of Ramore.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY HALLAMSHIRE was a woman very accessible to a little judicious flattery, and very sensible of good living. She liked Mr. Jordan's liberal house, and she liked the court that was paid to her ; and was not averse to lengthening out her visit, and converting three days into a fortnight, especially as her ladyship's youngest son, Horace Fitz-Gibbon, who was a lieutenant in the navy, was expected daily in the Clyde—at least his ship was, which comes to the same thing. Horace was a dashing young fellow enough, with nothing but his handsome face (he had his mother's nose, as everybody acknowledged, and, although now a dowager, she had been a great beauty in her day) and the honorable prefix to his name to help him on in the world. Lady Hallamshire had heard of an heiress or two about, and her maternal ambition was stimulated ; and, at the same time, the grouse were bewitching, and the cooking most creditable. The only thing she was sorry for was Matty Frankland, her ladyship said, who never could stay more than a week anywhere, unless she was flirting with somebody, without being bored. Perhaps the necessary conditions had been obtained even at Ardmartin, for Matty bore up very well on the whole. She fulfilled the threat of making use of the tutor to the fullest extent ; and Colin gave himself up to the enjoyment of his fool's paradise without a thought of flying from the dangerous felicity. They climbed the hills together, keeping far in advance of the companions, who overtook them only to find the mood change, and to leave behind in the descent the pair of loiterers, whose pace no calls nor advices, nor even the frequent shower, could quicken ; and they rowed together over the lovely loch, about which Matty, having much fluency of lan-

guage, and the adroitness of a little woman of the world in appropriating other people's sentiments, showed even more enthusiasm than Colin. Perhaps she, too, enjoyed this wonderful holiday in the life which already she knew by heart, and found no novelty in. To be adored, to be invested with all the celestial attributes, to feel herself the one grand object in somebody's world, is pleasant to a woman. Matty almost felt as if she were in love, without the responsibility of the thing, or any need for troubling herself about what it was going to come to. It could come to nothing—except an expression of gratitude and kindness to the young man who had saved her cousin's life. When everything was so perfectly safe, there could be no harm in the enjoyment ; and the conclusion Matty came to, as an experimental philosopher, was, that to fall in love really, excepting the responsibilities, would be an exciting but highly troublesome amusement. She could not help thinking to herself how anxious she should be about Colin if such a thing were possible. How those mistakes which he could not help making, and which at present did not disturb her in the least, would make her glow and burn with shame, if he were really anything to her. And yet he was a great deal to her. She was as good as if she had been really possessed by that love on which she speculated, and almost as happy ; and Colin was in her mind most of the hours of the day when she was awake, and a few of those in which she slept. The difference was, that Matty contemplated quite calmly the inevitable fact of leaving Ardmartin on Monday, and did not think it in the least likely that she would break her heart over the parting ; and that, even in imagination, she never for a moment connected her fate with that of her young adorer. As for the poor youth himself, he went deeper and deeper into the enchanted land. He went without any resistance, giving himself up to the sweet fate. She had read the poems, of course, and had inquired eagerly into that calamity which occupied so great a part in them, and had found out what it was, and had blushed (as Colin thought), but was not angry. What could a shy young lover, whose lips were sealed by honor, but who knew his eyes, his actions, his productions to be alike eloquent, desire more ? Sometimes Lady Hallamshire consented to weigh down the boat, which dipped

hugely at the stern under her and made Colin's task a hard one. Sometimes the tutor, who counted for nobody, was allowed to conduct a cluster of girls, of whom he saw but one, over the peaceful water. Lessons did not count for much in those paradisiacal days. Miss Frankland begged holidays for the boys; begged that they might go excursions with her, and make picnics on the hillside, and accompany her to all sorts of places, till Mrs. Jordan was entirely captivated with Matty. She never saw a young lady so taken up with children, the excellent woman said; and prophesied that Miss Matty would make a wonderful mother of a family when her time came. As for the tutor, Mrs. Jordan, too, took him for a cipher, and explained to him how improving it was for the boys to be in good society, by way of apologizing to Colin. At length there occurred one blessed day in which Colin and his boys embarked with Miss Frankland alone, to row across to Ramore. "My uncle has so high an opinion of Mr. Campbell," Matty said, very demurely; "I know he would never forgive me if I did not go to see him." As for Colin, his blessedness was tempered on that particular occasion by a less worthy feeling. He felt, if not ashamed of Ramore, at least apologetic of it and its accessories, which apology took, as was natural to a Scotch lad of his years, an argumentative and defiant tone.

"It is a poor house enough," said Colin, as he pointed it out, gleaming white upon the hillside, to Miss Matty,—who pretended to remember it perfectly, but who after all had not the least idea which was Ramore,—“but I would not change with anybody I know. We are better off in the cottages than you in the parlors. Comfort is a poor sort of heathen deity to be worshipped as you worship him in England. As for us, we have a higher standard,” said the lad, half in sport and more than half in earnest. The two young Jordans, after a little gaping at the talk which went over their heads (for Miss Matty was wonderfully taken up with the children only when their mother was present), had betaken themselves to the occupation of sailing a little yacht from the bows of their boat, and were very well behaved and disturbed nobody.

"Yes," said Matty, in an absent tone. "By the way, I wish very much you would tell me why you rejected my uncle's proposal

about going to Oxford. I suppose you *have* a higher standard; but then they say you don't have such good scholars in Scotland. I am sure I beg your pardon if I am wrong."

"But I did not say you were wrong," said Colin, who, however, grew fiery red and burned to prove his scholarship equal to that of any Eton lad or Christchurch man. "They say, on the other side, that a man may get through without disgrace, in Oxford or Cambridge, who doesn't know how to spell English," said the youth, with natural exasperation, and took a few long strokes which sent the boat flying across the summer ripples, and consumed his angry energy. He was quite ready to sneer at Scotch scholarship in his own person, when he and his fellows were together, and even to sigh on the completer order and profounder studies of the great universities of England; but to acknowledge the inferiority of his country in any particular to the lady of his wishes, was beyond the virtue of a Scotchman and a lover.

"I did not speak of stupid people," said Miss Matty; "and I am sure I did not mean to vex you. Of course I know you are so very clever in Scotland; everybody allows *that*. I love Scotland so much," said the politic little woman; "but then every country has its weak points and its strong points; and you have not told me yet why you rejected my uncle's proposal. He wished you very much to accept it; and so did I," said the siren, after a little pause, lifting upon Colin the half-subdued light of her blue eyes.

"Why did you wish it?" the lad asked, as was to be expected, bending forward to hear the answer to his question.

"Oh, look there, little Ben will be overboard in another minute," said Matty, and then she continued lower, "I can't tell you, I am sure; because I thought you were going to turn out a great genius, I suppose."

"But you don't believe *that*?" said Colin; "you say so only to make the Holy Loch a little more like paradise; and that is unnecessary to-day," the lad went on, glancing round him with eyes full of the light that never was on sea or land. Though he was not a poet, he had what was almost better,—a poetic soul. The great world moved for him always amid everlasting melodies, the morning and the evening stars singing together even through the common day. Just now his cup was about running over. What if, to crown

all, God, not content with giving him life and love, had indeed visibly to the sight of others, if not to his own, bestowed genius also, the other gift most prized of youth. Somehow, he could not contradict that divine peradventure. "If it were so," he said under his breath, "if it were so!" and the other little soul opposite, who had lost sight of Colin at that moment, and did not know through what bright mists he was wandering, strained her limited vision after him, and wondered and asked what he meant.

"If it were so," said Matty, "what then?" Most likely she expected a compliment—and Colin's compliments being made only by inference, and with a shyness and an emotion unknown to habitual manufacturers of such articles, were far from being unpleasant offerings to Miss Matty, who was slightly *blasé* of the common coin.

But Colin only shook his head, and bent his strong young frame to the oars, and shook back the clouds of brown hair from his half-visible forehead. The boat flew like a swallow along the crisp bosom of the loch. Miss Matty did not quite know what to make of the silence, not being in love. She took off her glove and held her pretty hand in the water over the side of the boat, but the loch was cold, and she withdrew it presently. What was he thinking of? she wondered. Having lost sight of him thus, she was reluctant to begin the conversation anew, lest she might perhaps say something which would betray her non-comprehension, and bring her down from that pedestal which, after all, it was pleasant to occupy. Feminine instinct at last suggested to Matty what was the very best thing to do in the circumstances. She had a pretty voice, and perfect ease in the use of it, and knew exactly what she could do, as people of limited powers generally can. So she began to sing, murmuring to herself at first as she stooped over the water, and then rising into full voice. As for Colin, that last touch was almost too much for him; he had never heard her sing before, and he could not help marvelling, as he looked at her, why Providence should have lavished such endowments upon one, and left so many others unprovided—and fell to rowing softly, dropping his oars into the sunshine with as little sound as possible, to do full justice to the song. When Matty had come to the end, she turned on him quite abruptly, and, almost before the last

note had died from her lips, repeated her question. "Now tell me why did you refuse to go to Oxford?" said the little siren, looking full into Colin's face.

"Because I can't be dependent upon any man, and because I had done nothing to entitle me to such a recompense," said Colin who was taken by surprise; "you made a mistake about that business," he said, with a slight sudden flush of color, and immediately fell to his oars again with all his might.

"It is very odd," said Miss Matilda. "Why don't you like Harry? He is nothing particular, but he is a very good sort of boy, and it is so strange that you should have such a hatred to each other—I mean to say, he is not at all fond of you," she continued, with a laugh. "I believe he is jealous because we all talk of you so much, and it must be rather hard upon a boy after all to have his life *saved*, and to be expected to be grateful; for I don't believe a word you say," said Miss Matty. "I know the rights of it better than you do—you *did* save his life."

"I hope you will quite release him from the duty of being grateful," said Colin; "I don't suppose there is either love or hatred between us. We don't know each other to speak of, and I don't see any reason why we should be fond of each other;" and again Colin sent the boat forward with long, rapid strokes, getting rid of the superfluous energy which was roused within him by hearing Frankland's name.

"It is very odd," said Matty again. "I wonder if you are fated to be rivals, and come in each other's way. If I knew any girl that Harry was in love with, I should not like to introduce you to her," said Miss Matilda, and she stopped and laughed a little, evidently at something in her own mind. "How odd it would be if you were to be rivals through life," she continued; "I am sure I can't tell which I should most wish to win—my cousin, who is a very good boy in his way, or you, who puzzle me so often," said the little witch, looking suddenly up into Colin's eyes.

"How is it possible I can puzzle you?" he said; but the innocent youth was flattered by the sense of superiority involved. "There can be very little rivalry between an English baronet and a Scotch minister," continued Colin. "We shall never come in each other's way."

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?"

said Miss Matty, softly. There was a regretful tone in her voice, and she gave an appealing glance at him, as if she were remonstrating against that ministry. Perhaps it was well for Colin that they were so near the shore, and that he had to give all his attention to the boat, to secure the best landing for those delicate little feet. As he leaped ashore himself, ankle-deep into the bright but cold water, Colin could not but remember his boyish scorn of Henry Frankland, and that dislike of wet feet which was so amusing and wonderful to the country boy. Matters were wonderfully changed now-a-days for Colin; but still he plunged into the water with a certain relish, and pulled the boat ashore with a sense of his strength and delight in it, which at such a moment it was sweet to experience. As for Miss Matty, she found the hill very steep, and accepted the assistance of Colin's arm to get over the sharp pebbles of the beach.

"One ought to wear strong boots," she said, holding out the prettiest little foot, which indeed had been perfectly revealed before by the festooned dress, which Miss Matty found so convenient on the hills. When Colin's mother saw from her window this pair approaching alone (for the Jordan boys were ever so far behind, still coquetting with their toy yacht), it was not wonderful if her heart beat more quickly than usual. She jumped, with her womanish imagination, at all kinds of incredible results, and saw her Colin happy and great, by some wonderful conjunction of his own genius and the favor of others, which it would have been hopeless to attempt any comprehension of. The mistress altogether puzzled and overwhelmed Miss Matty by the greeting she gave her. The little woman of the world looked in utter amazement at the poor farmer's wife, whom she meant to be very kind and amiable to, but who, to her consternation, took the superior part by right of nature; for Mrs. Campbell, having formed her own idea, was altogether obtuse to her visitor's condescensions. The parlor at Ramore looked dingy certainly after the drawing-rooms of Ardmartin, and all the business of the farm was manifestly going on as usual; but even Colin, sensitive as he had become to all the differences of circumstances, was puzzled, like Matty, and felt his mother to have suddenly developed into a kind of primitive princess. Perhaps the poor boy guessed why, and felt that his love was elevating not only himself

but everybody who belonged to him; but Miss Matty, who did not understand how profound emotion could affect anybody's manners, nor how her young admirer's mother could be influenced by his sentiments, was entirely in the dark, and could not help being immensely impressed by the bearing and demeanor of the mistress of Ramore.

"I'm glad it's such a bonny day," said Colin's mother; "it looks natural and seemly to see you here on a day like this. As for Colin, he aye brings the light with him, but no often such sunshine as you. I canna lay any great feast before you," said the farmer's wife with a smile, "but young things like you are aye near enough heaven to be pleased with the common mercies. After a', if I was a queen, I couldna offer you anything better than the wheat bread and the fresh milk," said the mistress; and she set down on the table, with her own tender hands, the scones for which Ramore was famous, and the abundant overrunning jug of milk, which was not to be surpassed anywhere, as she said. Matty sat down with an odd involuntary conviction that Mr. Jordan's magnificent table on the other side of the loch offered but a poor hospitality in comparison. Though she laughed at herself, we know, after, it was quite impossible at that moment to feel otherwise than respectful. "I never saw anybody with such beautiful manners," she said to Colin as they went back to the boat. She did not take his arm this time, but walked very demurely after him down the narrow path, feeling upon her the eyes of the mistress, who was standing at her door as usual to see her son go away. Matty could not help a little natural awe of the woman, whose fierce eyes were watching her. She could manage her aunt perfectly, and did not care in the least for Lady Halamshire, who was the most accommodating of *chaperones*, but Mrs. Campbell's sweet looks and generous reception of her son's enslaver somehow overwhelmed Matty. The mistress looked at the girl as if she considered her capable of all the grand and simple emotions, and Matty was half-ashamed and half-frightened, and did not feel able at the moment to pursue her usual amusement. The row back, to which Colin had been looking with a thrill of expectation, was silent and grave, in comparison with all their former expeditions, notwithstanding that this was the last time they were likely to see each

other alone. Poor Colin thought of Lauderdale and his philosophy, for the first time for many days, when he had to stop behind to place the boat in safety on the beach, even Matty, who generally waited for him, skipping up the avenue as fast as she could go, with the little Jordans beside her. Never yet was reality which came truly up to the expectation. Here was an end of his fool's paradise; he vexed himself by going over and over all that had passed, wondering if anything had offended her, and then thought of Ramore with a pang at his heart—a pang of something nobler than the mere bitterness of contrast, which sometimes makes a poor man over-ashamed of his home. But all this time the true reason for this new-born reserve—which Miss Matty kept up victoriously until about the close of the evening, when, being utterly bored, she forgot her good resolution and called him to her side again—was quite unsuspected by Colin. He could not divine how susceptible to the opinion of women was the woman's heart, even when it retained but little of its first freshness. Matty was not startled by Colin's love, but she was by his mother's belief in it and herself; it stopped her short in her careless career, and suggested endings that were not pleasant to think of. If she had been left in amazement for a day or two after, it might have been well for Colin; but, being bored, she returned to her natural amusement, and this interruption did him no good in the end.

CHAPTER XII.

THE parting of the two who had been thrown so much together, who had thought so much of each other, and who had, notwithstanding, so few things in common, was as near an absolute parting as is practicable in this world of constant commotion, where everybody meets everybody else in the most unlikely regions. Colin dared not propose to write to her; dared not, indeed,—being withheld by the highest impulses of honor,—venture to say to her what was in his heart; and Miss Matty herself was a little silent,—perhaps a little moved,—and could not utter any commonplaces about meeting again, as she had intended to do. So they said good-by to each other in a kind of absolute way, as if it might be for ever and ever. As for Matty, who was not in love, but whose heart was touched, and who had a vague, instinctive

sense that she might never more meet anybody in her life like this country lad—perhaps she had enough generosity left in her to feel that it would be best they should not meet again. But Colin had no such thoughts. He knew in his heart that one time—how or when he knew not—he should yet go to her feet and offer what he had to offer: everything else in the world except that one thing was doubtful to Colin, but concerning that he was confident, and entertained no fear. And so they parted; she, perhaps, for half an hour or so, the more deeply moved of the two. Miss Matty, however, was just as captivating as usual in the next house they went to, where there were one or two people worth looking at, and the company in general was more interesting than at Ardmartin; but Colin, for his part, spent most of the evening on the hillside, revolving, in the silence a hundred tumultuous thoughts. It was the end of September, and the nights were cold on the Holy Loch. There was not even a moon to enliven the landscape, and all that could be seen was the cold blue glimmer of the water, upon which Colin looked down with a kind of desolate sense of elevation—elevation of the mind and of the heart, which made the grief of parting look like a grand moral agent, quickening all his powers, and concentrating his strength. Henceforward the strongest of personal motives was to inspire him in all his conflicts. He was going into the battle of life with his lady's colors on his helmet, like a knight of romance, and failure was not to be thought of as a possibility. As he set his face to the wind going back to Ardmartin, the pale sky lightened over the other side of the loch, and underneath the breaking clouds, which lay so black on the hills, Colin saw the distant glimmer of a light, which looked like the light in the parlor window at Ramore. Just then a sudden gust swept across the hillside, throwing over him a shower of falling leaves, and big raindrops from the last shower which had been hanging on the branches. There was not a soul on the road but Colin himself, nor anything to be seen far or near, except the dark tree-tops in the Lady's Glen, which were sighing in the night wind, and the dark side of Ardmartin, where all the shutters were closed, and one soft star hanging among the clouds just over the spot where that little friendly light in the farmhouse of Ramore held up its glimmer of human conso-

lation into the darkness. It was not Hero's torch to light his love—was it, perhaps, a sober gleam of truth and wisdom to call the young Leander back from those bitter waters in which he could but perish? All kinds of fancies were in Colin's mind as he went back, facing the wind, to the dull, closed-up house, from which the enchantment had departed; but among them there occurred no thought of discouragement from this pursuit upon which now his heart was set. He would have drowned himself, could he have imagined it possible that he could cease to love—and so long as he loved, how was it possible to fail?

“And *must* you be a Scotch minister?” When Colin went home a fortnight later to make his preparations for returning to the University, he was occupied, to the exclusion of almost all other questions, by revolving this. It is true that at his age, and with his inexperience, it was possible to imagine that even a Scotch minister, totally unfavored by fortune, might, by mere dint of genius, raise himself to heights of fame sufficient to bring Sir Thomas Frankland's niece within his reach—but the thing was unlikely, even to the lively imagination of twenty. And it was the fact that Colin had no special “vocation” toward the profession for which he was being trained. He had been educated and destined for it all his life, and his thoughts had a natural balance that way. But otherwise there was no personal impulse in his mind toward what Mrs. Jordan called “the work of the ministry.” Hitherto his personal impulses had been neither for nor against. Luckily for Colin, and many of his contemporaries, there were so many things to object to in the Church of Scotland, so many defects of order and external matters which required reformation, that they were less strongly tempted to become sceptical in matters of faith than their fellows elsewhere. As for Colin himself, he had fallen off, no doubt, from the certainty of his boyhood upon many important matters; but the lad, though he was a Scotsman, was happily illogical, and suffered very little by his doubts. Nothing could have made him sceptical, in any real sense of the word, and accordingly there was no repulsion in Colin's mind against his future profession. But now! He turned it over in his mind night and day in the interval between Matty's departure and his own return to Ramore. What if, instead

of a Scotch minister, incapable of promotion, and to whom ambition itself was unlawful, he were to address himself to the Bar, where there were at least chances and possibilities of fame? He was occupied with this question, to the exclusion of any other, as he crossed the loch in the little stream, and landed on the pier near Ramore, where his young brothers met him, eager to carry his travelling-bag, and convey him home in triumph. Colin was aware that such a proposal on his part would occasion grievous disappointment at home, and he did not know how to introduce the subject, or disclose his wavering wishes. It was a wonderful relief, as well as confusion to him, when he entered the Ramore parlor, to find Lauderdale in possession of the second arm-chair, opposite the mistress's, which was sacred to visitors. He had arrived only the evening before, having left Glasgow “for a holiday, like anybody else, in the saut-water season,” said the gentle giant, “the first I ever mind of having in my life. But I'm very well off in my present situation,” he said, breaking off suddenly, with a twinkle of mirth in his eye, as was usual when he referred to his occupation, the nature of which was unknown even to his dearest friends.

“It's ower cauld to have much good of the water,” said the mistress; “the boat's no laid up yet, waiting for Colin, but the weather's awfu' winterly—no to say soft,” she added, with a little sigh, “for it's aye soft weather among the lochs, though we've had less rain than common this year.”

And as the mistress spoke, the familiar, well-known rain came sweeping down over the hills. It had the usual effect upon the mind of the sensitive woman. “We maun take a' the good we can of you, laddie,” she said, laying her kind hand on her boy's shoulder, “it's only a sight we get now in passing. He's owre much thought of, and made of, to spend his time at hame,” said the mistress, turning, with a half-reproachful pride to Lauderdale; “I'll be awfu' sorry if the rain lasts, on your account. But, for myself, I could put up with a little soft weather, to see mair of Colin; no that I want him to stay at hame when he might be enjoying himself,” the mother added, with a compunction. Soft weather on the Holy Loch signified rain and mist, and everything that was most discouraging to Mrs. Campbell's soul; but she was

ready to undergo anything the skies could inflict upon her, if fortified by the society of her son.

It was the second night after this before Colin could make up his mind to introduce the subject of which his thoughts were full. Tea was over by that time, and all the household assembled in the parlor. The farmer himself had just laid down his newspaper, from which he had been reading to them scraps of country gossip, somewhat to the indignation of the mistress, who, for her part, liked to hear what was going on in the world, and took a great interest in Parliament and the foreign intelligence. "I canna say that I'm heeding about the muckle apple that's been grown in Clydesdale, nor the new bailies in Greenock," said the farmer's wife. "If you would read us something wise-like about the poor oppressed Italians, or what Louis Napoleon is thinking about—I canna excuse him for what they ca' the *coo-deta*," said Mrs. Campbell; "but for a' that, I take a great interest in him;" and with this the mistress took up her knitting with a pleasant anticipation of more important news to come.

"There's nothing in the *Herald* about Louis Napoleon," said the farmer, "nor the Italians neither—no that I put much faith in those Italians; they'll quarrel amang themselves when there's naeboddy else to quarrel wi'—though I'm no saying onything against Cavour and Garibaldi. The paper's filled full o' something mair immediately interesting—at least, it ought to have mair interest to you wi' a son that's to be a minister. Here's three columns mair about that Dreepdaily case. It may be a grand thing for popular rights, but it's an awfu' ordeal for a man to gang through," said big Colin, looking ruefully at his son.

"I was looking at that," said Lauderdale. "It's his prayers the folk seem to object to most—and no wonder. I've heard the man mysel', and his sermon was not bad reasoning, if anybody wanted reasoning; but it's aye a wonderful thing to me the way that new preachers take upon them to explain matters to the Almighty," said Colin's friend, reflectively. "So far as I can see, we've little to ask in our worship; but we have an awfu' quantity of things to explain."

"It is an ordeal I could never submit to," said Colin, with perhaps a little more heat than was necessary. "I'd rather starve than

be set up as a target for a parish. It is quite enough to make a cultivated clergy impossible for Scotland. Who would submit to expose one's life, all one's antecedents, all one's qualities of mind and individualities of language to the stupid criticism of a set of boors? It is a thing I never would submit to," said the lad, meaning to introduce his doubts upon the general subject by this means.

"I dinna approve of such large talking," said the farmer, laying down his newspaper. "It's a great protection to popular rights. I would sooner run the risk of disgusting a fastidious laird now and then, than put in a minister that gives nae satisfaction; and if you canna submit to it, Colin, you'll never get a kirk, which would be worse than criticism," said his father, looking full into his face. The look brought a conscious color to Colin's cheeks.

"Well," said the young man, feeling himself driven into a corner, and taking what courage he could from the emergency, "one might choose another profession;" and then there was a pause, and everybody looked with alarm and amazement on the bold speaker. "After all, the Church is not the only thing in Scotland," said Colin, feeling the greatness of his temerity. "Nobody ventures to say it is in a satisfactory state. How often do I hear you criticising the sermon and finding fault with the prayers? and, as for Lauderdale, he finds fault with everything. Then, look how much a man has to bear before he gets a church as you say. As soon as he has his presentation, the Presbytery comes together and asks if there are any objections; and then the parish sits upon the unhappy man; and, when everybody has had their turn, and all his peuliarities and personal defects and family history have been discussed before the Presbytery, and put in the newspapers, if they happen to be amusing, then the poor wretch has to sign a confession which nobody"—

"Stop you there, Colin, my man," said the farmer, "that's enough at one time. I wouldna say that you were a'thegither wrong as touching the sermon and the prayers. It's awfu' to go in from the like of this hillside and weary the very heart out of you in a close kirk, listening to a man preaching that has nothing in this world to say. I am whiles inclined to think," said big Colin, thoughtfully—"laddies, you may as well go to your

beds. You'll see Colin the morn, and ye canna understand what we're talking about. I am whiles disposed to think," he continued after a pause, during which the younger members of the family had left the room, after a little gentle persuasion on the part of the mistress, "when I go into the kirk on a bonnie day, such as we have by times on the loch, baith in summer and winter, that it's an awfu' waste of time. You lose a' the bonnie prospect, and you get naething but weariness for your pains. I've aye been awfu' against set prayers read out of a book; but I canna but allow the English chapel has an advantage there, for nae fool can spoil your devotion as I've heard it done many and many's the time. I ken our minister's prayers very near as well as if they were written down," said the farmer of Ramore, "and the maist part of them is quite nonsense. Ony little scraps o' real supplication there may be in them, you could get through in five minutes; the rest is a' remarks, that I never can discriminate if they're meant for me or for the Almighty; but my next neibor would think me an awfu' heathen if he heard what I'm saying," he continued, with a smile; "and I'm far from sure that I would get a mair merciful judgment from the wife herself."

The mistress had been very busy with her knitting while her husband was speaking; but, notwithstanding her devotion to her work, she was uneasy and could not help showing it. "If we had been our lane, it would have been naething," she said to Colin, privately; "but afore yon man that's a stranger and doesna ken!" With which sentiment she sat listening, much disturbed in her mind. "It's no a thing to say before the bairns," she said, when she was thus appealed to, "nor before folk that dinna ken you. A stranger might think you were a careless man to hear you speak," said Mrs. Campbell, turning to Lauderdale with a bitter vexation, "for a' that you hanna missed the kirk half a dozen times a' the years I have kent you, and that's a long time," said the mother, lifting her soft eyes to her boy. When she looked at him, she remembered that he, too, had been rash in his talk. "You're turning awfu' like your father, Colin," said the mistress, taking up the same thoughtless way of talking. "But I think different for a' you say. Our ain kirk is aye our ain kirk to you as well as to me, in spite o' your

speaking. I'm well accustomed to their ways," she said, with a smile, to Lauderdale, who, so far from being the dangerous observer she thought him, had gone off at a tangent into his own thoughts.

"The Confession of Faith is a real respectable historical document," said Lauderdale. "I might not like to commit myself to a' it says, if you were to ask me; but then I'm not the kind o' man that has a heart to commit myself to anything in the way of intellectual truth. I wouldna bind myself to say that I would stand by any document a year after it was put forth, far less a hundred years. There's things in it naebody believes—for example, about the earth being made in six days; but I would not advise a man to quarrel with his kirk and his profession for the like of that. I put no dependence on geology for my part, nor any of the sciences. How can I tell but somebody might make a discovery the morn that would upset all their fine stories? But, on the whole, I've very little to say against the Confession. It's far more guarded about predestination and so forth than might have been expected. Every man that has a head on his shoulders believes in predestination; though I would not be the man to commit myself to any statement on the subject. The like of me is good for little," said Colin's friend, stretching his long limbs toward the fire, "but I've great ambition for that callant. He's not a common callant, though I'm speaking before his face," said Lauderdale; "it would be terrible mortifying to me to see him put himself in a corner and refuse the yoke."

"If I cannot bear the yoke conscientiously, I cannot bear it at all," said Colin, with a little heat. "If you can't put your name to what you don't believe, why should I?—and as for ambition," said the lad, "ambition! what does it mean?—a country church, and two or three hundred ploughmen to criticise me, and the old wives to keep in good humor, and the young ones to drink tea with—is that work for a man?" cried the youth, whose mind was agitated, and who naturally had said a good deal more than he intended to say. He looked round in a little alarm after this rash utterance, not knowing whether he had been right or wrong in such a disclosure of his sentiments. The father and mother looked at each other, and then turned their eyes simultaneously upon their son. Perhaps

the mistress had a glimmering of the correct meaning which Colin would not have betrayed wittingly, had it cost him his life.

"Eh, Colin, sometime ye'll think better," she cried under her breath,—“after a' our pride in you and our hopes!” The tears came into her eyes as she looked at him. “It's mair honor to serve God than to get on in the world,” said the mistress. The disappointment went to her heart, as Colin could see; she put her hands hastily to her eyes to clear away the moisture which dimmed them. “It's maybe naething but a passing fancy; but it's no what I expected to hear from any bairn of mine,” she said, with momentary bitterness. As for the farmer, he looked on with a surprised and inquiring countenance.

“There has some change come over you, Colin, what has happened?” said his father. “I'm no a man that despises money, nor thinks it as in to get on in the world; but it's only fools that quarrel wi' what's within their reach for envy of what they can never win to. If ye had displayed a strong bent any other way I wouldna have minded,” said big Colin—“but it's aye appeared to me that to write in a kind of general way on whatever subject might chance to turn up was mair the turn of your mind than any other line, which is a sure sign you were born to be a minister. It's the new-fangled dishes at Ardmartin that have spoiled the callant's digestion,” said the farmer with a twinkle of humor in his eye—“they tell me that discontent and meesery of a' kinds proceeds no from the mind but from the mucous membrane. He'll come back to his natural inclination when he's been at home for a day or two. I would na' say but Gregory's mixture was a great moral agent according to the new philosophy,” said big Colin, laying his large hand on his son's shoulder with a pressure which meant more than his words; but the youth was vexed and impatient, and imagined himself laughed at, which is the most dreadful of insults, at Colin's age, and in his circumstances. He paid no attention to his father's looks, but plunged straightway into vehement declaration of his sentiments, to which the elder people around him listened with many complications of feeling unknown to Colin. The lad thought, as was natural at his years, that nobody had ever felt before him the bondage of circumstance, and that it was a new revela-

tion he was making to his little audience. If he could have imagined that both the men were looking at him with the half-sympathy, half-pity, half-envy of their maturer years, remembering as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday similar outbreaks of impatience and ambition and natural resistance to all the obstacles of life, Colin would have felt deeply humiliated in his youthful fervor; or, if he could but have penetrated the film of softening dew in his mother's eyes, and beheld there the woman's perennial spectatorship of that conflict which goes on forever. Instead of that, he thought he was making a new revelation to his hearers; he thought he was cruel to them, tearing asunder their pleasant mists of illusion, and disenchanting their eyes; he had not an idea that they knew all about it better than he did, and were watching him along the familiar path which they all had trod in different ways, and of which they knew the inevitable ending. Colin, in the heat and impatience of his youth, took full advantage of his moment of utterance. He poured forth in his turn that flood of immeasurable discontent with all conditions and restrictions, which is the privilege of his years. To be sure, the restrictions and conditions surrounding himself were, so far as he knew, the sole objects of that indignation and scorn and defiance which came to his lips by force of nature. The mistress listened, for her part, with that mortification which is always the woman's share. She understood him, sympathized with him, and yet did not understand nor could tolerate his dissent from all that in her better judgment she had decided upon on his behalf. She was far more tender, but she was less tolerant than the other spectators of Colin's outburst; and mingled with all her personal feeling was a sense of wounded pride and mortification, that her boy had thus betrayed himself “before a stranger.” “If we had been our lane, it would have been less matter,” she said to herself, as she wiped the furtive tears hurriedly from the corners of her eyes.

When Colin had come to an end, there was a pause. The boy himself thought it was a pause of horror and consternation, and perhaps was rather pleased to produce an effect in some degree corresponding to his own excitement. After that moment of silence, however, the farmer got up from his chair. “It's very near time we were a' gaun to our

beds," said big Colin. "I'll take a look round to see that the beasts are comfortable, and then we'll have in the hot water. You and me can have a talk the morn," said the farmer to his son. That was all the reply which the youth received from the parental authorities. When the master went out to look after the beasts, Lauderdale followed to the door, where Colin in another moment strayed after him, considerably mortified, to tell the truth; for even his mother addressed herself to the question of "hot water," which implied various other accessories of the homely supper-table; and the young man, in his excitement and elevation of feeling, felt as if he had suddenly tumbled down out of the stormy but lofty firmament, into which he was soaring—down with a shock, into the embraces of the homely, tenacious earth. He went after his friend, and stood by Lauderdale's side, looking out into a darkness so profound that it made his eyes ache and confused his very mind. The only gleam of light visible in earth or heaven was big Colin's lantern, which showed a tiny gleam from the door of the byre where the farmer was standing. All the lovely landscape round the loch and the hills, the sky and the clouds, lay unseen,—hidden in the night. "Which is an awfu' grand moral lesson, if we had true sense to discern it," said the voice of Lauderdale, ascending half-way up to the clouds; "for the loch has na vanished, as might be supposed, but only the light. As for you, callant," said the philosopher, "you hae neither the light nor the darkness as yet, but are aye seeing miraculous effects like yon man Turner's pictures, Northern Streamers, or Aurora Borealis, or whatever ye may call it. And it's but just you should have your day;" with which words Lauderdale heaved a great sigh, which moved the clouds of hair upon Colin's forehead, and even seemed to disturb for a moment the profound gloom of the night.

"What do you mean by having my day?" said Colin, who was affronted by the suggestion. "You know I have said nothing that is not true. Can I help it if I see the difficulties of my own position more clearly than you do, who are not in my circumstances?" cried the lad with a little indignation. Lauderdale, who was watching the lantern gliding out and in through the darkness, was some time before he made any reply.

"I'm no surprised at yon callant Leander, when one comes to think of it," he said, in his reflective way; "it's a fine symbol, that Hero in her tower. Maybe she took the lamp from the altar and left the household god in darkness," said the calm philosopher; "but that makes no difference to the story. I would na' say but I would swim the Hellespont myself for such an inducement—or the Holy Loch—it's little matter which—but whiles she lets fall the torch before you get to the end"—

"What on earth do you mean? or what has Hero to do with me?" cried Colin, with a secret flush of shame and rage, which the darkness concealed, but which he could scarcely restrain.

"I was not speaking of you—and after all, it's but a fable," said Lauderdale; "most history is fable, you know; it's no actual events (which I never believe in, for my part), but the instincts o' the human mind that make history, and that's how the Heros and Leanders are aye to be accounted for. He was drowned in the end like most people," said Lauderdale, turning back to the parlor where the mistress was seated, pondering with a troubled countenance upon this new aspect of her boy's life. Amid the darkness of the world outside, this tender woman sat in the sober radiance of her domestic hearth, surrounded and enshrined by light; but she was not like Hero, on the tower. Colin, too, came back, following his friend with a flush of excitement upon his youthful countenance. After all, the idea was not displeasing to the young man. The Hellespont, or the Holy Loch, was nothing to the bitter waters which he was prepared to breast for the sake of the imaginary torch held up in the hand of that imaginary woman who was beckoning Colin, as he thought, into the unknown world. Life was beginning anew in his person, and all the fables had to be enacted over again; and what did it matter to the boy's heroic fancy, if he, too, should go to swell the records of the noble martyrs, and be drowned, as Lauderdale said, like most people in the end.

There was no more conversation upon that important subject until next morning, when the household of Ramore got up early, and sat down to breakfast before it was perfect daylight; but Colin's heart jumped to his mouth, and a visible thrill went through the whole family, when the farmer came in from his early inspection of all the byres and stables, with another letter from Sir Thomas Frankland conspicuous in his hand.

From The Examiner, 27 Feb.

THE DEBATE ON THE STEAM RAMS.

THE Tories are said to be dreaming of office; they certainly talk like men in their sleep. They are impatient, angry, and loud, but there is no coherence in what they say; and when asked the simplest question, they cannot give an intelligible answer. To make out against ministers a case of oppression and cruelty, they dwell on the arrest of the Confederate rams on the eve of their going forth from the Mersey to prey on the mercantile marine of a people with whom we are at peace; and to prove this despotic intention and temper they dwell upon the offer to buy the vessels for the use of the admiralty at their full value, and taunt the law officers of the crown with not having indicted Messrs. Laird for building the *Alabama*, and getting her by stealth out of port. A great principle, we are gravely told, is at stake. Constitutional freedom is in jeopardy. With solemn face, Mr. Walpole warns the House of Commons against applying to international questions the principles of justice with which we are familiar in municipal law; with an amusing affectation of liberalism, Sir Hugh Cairns likens the stoppage of notoriously unlawful ships to the power formerly assumed of issuing general warrants for the seizure of persons and papers; and, outrunning as usual his leaders in rashness, Lord *Rupert Cecil* informs us that it is an evil day for England when Parliament refuses to censure a government which, at the dictation of a foreign power, had "set at defiance every safeguard that the law had placed around private rights." If he had said pirate rights there would have been more candor, though not more sense or justice in the farrago. Can any one in his sober senses believe that if the Administration had really been guilty of anything of the sort imputed to them, the House of Commons would hesitate in saying so, and in driving them from their places? This is Lord Derby's Parliament, and it is five years old. Though not containing at first as many members of the Carlton Club as those who called it into existence hoped for, the ranks of the minority, we are daily reminded, have been gradually reinforced, by returns like those for Southampton and Brighton, by the defection of the Catholic party, and by the change of sides of men like Messrs. Lindsay and Roebuck. Parties are thus nearly balanced in

parliamentary numbers, and a day of reckoning at the hustings is at hand. If, then, any real case could be made out of such an assumption of oppressive power by the executive as the reckless and eloquent expectants of office pretend, why do they not give the House of Commons an opportunity of saying so in plain terms? That was not the way that opposition behaved on Lord Clarendon's conspiracy bill. Parliament was then young, and had no immediate fear of dissolution to quicken its sense of national honor: and it was a Parliament called into being by the Cabinet of which the noble earl was a member. But the moment it was shown that at the dictation of a foreign government the Cabinet of 1858 was tampering with our municipal law, the doom of that Cabinet was sealed. A majority of that Parliament sits in the Parliament of to-day. The precedent is too recent to be forgotten; why is it not followed? We will tell Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Walpole; because they cannot convince anybody, not even themselves, that Earl Russell has made the blunder with respect to America which Lord Clarendon made with respect to France.

But there is absurdity and incoherency in the charge, in whatever aspect we view it. Parliament is justly jealous of whatever looks like truckling to the menace of a foreign state; and the nation, though ready to waive many a punctilio for the sake of preserving peace, is always tenacious of its dignity, and prompt to resist dictation from an overbearing neighbor. But then the neighbor must be in a condition to overbear. The English people and English Parliament cannot be worked up into a rage at paulo-post-future expressions of resentment on the part of a country whose military resources it believes to be well-nigh exhausted, and which is still writhing in the agonies of a fearful civil war. Nothing can be more unlike the attitude of France in 1858, flushed with recent triumph and full of men, money, and arms, than the position of Federal America in 1863. If it be not a Tory secret, which we have no right to ask, will Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald or any of his supporters in Tuesday night's debate, tell us what there was to be afraid of in Mr. Seward's rhetoric or Mr. Adams's more temperate expostulation? If public opinion be with the building of buccaneering vessels in our ports, contrary to the obvious

meaning and intent of the Statute Law, would not a trimming and time-serving minister be far more likely to yield, to court its smile preparatory to a general election, than to yield to the feeble frown of a distant, disorganized, and disaster-stricken government? In other words, what conceivable motive could the Foreign Secretary have had for acting against his conviction of what was right regarding the detention of the rams? Knowing the feverish susceptibility of the Americans on the subject, he naturally listened incredulously to their earlier statements respecting these vessels. In a spirit of courtesy he invited the member for Birkenhead to say, on the honor of an English merchant and an English gentleman, for what foreign power these unmistakable ships of war were intended. He received for answer that they had been ordered by a Paris agent, M. Bavray, for the Pasha of Egypt.

Mr. Adams at once branded the story as a fable, and warned the Government not to believe it. By telegraph the question was asked at Alexandria, and M. Bavray and his order were unconditionally repudiated. Lord Russell ordered inquiries to be set on foot; but for a time they were baffled, and he did not feel himself at liberty to act upon surmise or suspicion. When pressed at the beginning of September by Mr. Adams for an answer to his previous communications, he had no choice but to say that up to that time no adequate information had been furnished to him on which he could act, but that every diligence would still be used in the matter. What sort of man would the American minister have been if under the circumstances he had received such a reply with equanimity? He knew the fearful havoc already wrought upon the unarmed shipping of his country by the *Alabama*; he knew that the *El Monassia* and *El Tousson* were rapidly approaching completion, and that, once escaped from the harbor of Liverpool, there was no limit to the devastation and ruin they were likely to spread. Would he have been worthy of the name he bears, or of any one of the terms of respect in which even his parliamentary critics speak of him, if he had not promptly made one more earnest appeal to our Foreign Office against suffering the acknowledged law of the land to be evaded, to the ruin of all international friendship and amity? It is admitted on all hands that even then his language was measured, polite, and calm, and that there

can be garbled from it no phrase or word offensive to national dignity. What more than this could the haughtiest stickler for the honor of England ask? what less than this could the envoy of the pettiest Conservative court have been expected to say? Meanwhile, more decisive proofs of the destination and ownership of the rams reached the Foreign Office. In proportion as Lord Russell had previously been cautious not to promise interference without sufficient *primâ facie* ground to justify it, so now he was prompt in volunteering the intimation that he at last had obtained evidence of a more tangible nature, and that the whole case was consequently under reconsideration. A week later this reconsideration led to an embargo being placed on the vessels until the mystery about them should be satisfactorily cleared up. A month was given to M. Bavray and to Mr. Laird to disclose, or to devise a story that would hang together better than the Egyptian tale; and on their failing to do so, they were allowed the opportunity to get out of the scrape they were in by realizing the outlay theretofore incurred. They refused to give any lawful account of their proceedings; they refused to sell what the law has branded as the means of piratical adventure; and then, but not till then, the ships were seized in the name of the Queen. And this is what is called a case of partiality and oppression, and of usurpation by the Executive of unconstitutional powers!

Not any one member of Opposition ventured in the late debate to hint his disbelief that the rams—of which the order has been openly confessed in a Confederate official navy report—were Confederate property; and not even Mr. Horsfall or Lord R. Cecil had the temerity to deny that, if built for the Confederate Government for purposes of war, the scope and intent of the Foreign Enlistment Act has been violated. Well then, if so, what was it the duty of Government to do? If a breach of the peace is about to be committed in a particular street, if credible information is given upon oath that a conspiracy exists to set fire to a particular house, if deadly weapons are sworn to have been provided at a particular spot for the purpose of being thence suddenly snatched up in order to maim unoffending citizens, what would be thought of the directors of police who stood by passively and used no interposition to prevent the perpetration of a heinous crime? What is meant by

the protection of life and property, if the futuristic designs of selfish and unscrupulous men are not to be watched and baffled whenever it is possible? The doctrines propounded by Mr. Walpole and Sir Hugh Cairns savor more of the lawlessness of feudal barbarism than of the polity of a civilized nation. The Executive, it is said, may make a mistake, may act lightly, partially, or upon insufficient grounds of probability; and when they do so, they ought to be censured in the strongest language and driven from power. But manifestly it is impossible to form any judgment regarding them in this respect until the case has been heard in a court of justice and there disposed of. To ask them to show their accusers beforehand the proofs on which they rely as prosecutors of the alleged violators of the law, would be absolute nonsense. If, pending the suit by the Crown, ministers should be deemed to have lost the confidence of Parliament or of the country, that may be an excellent reason for setting up other men in their stead; but it is no reason whatever for letting the rams put to sea or exonerating their builders from the penalties of a wilful and deliberate infraction of the law.

Mr. Thomas Baring did himself very great honor by his manly protest against the motion of Mr. Fitzgerald and the arguments of his supporters. His instinctive good sense and good feeling overbore all mere considerations of party; and the majority of the House of Commons justly cheered the first of English merchants when he, though a Tory and sitting on a Tory bench, denounced the factious impolicy of driving the country into connivance at wrong on the empty pretence that our honor was touched by some idle sally in an uncommunicated despatch from Mr. Seward. No country in the world, as Mr. Baring truly said, has so deep a stake in the recognition and observance of the correlative duties and rights of neutrals. He might have added, that no country would be held by the civilized world so inexcusable as England, if in a paroxysm of party madness she suffered those rights and duties to be set at naught.

From The Spectator, 20 Feb.

A NATION UNDER AMPUTATION.

THOSE Englishmen are oddly made who can read the daily tidings from Denmark without a stifled feeling of shame. The bravest of little

kingdoms, the only one in Europe which can claim full kindred with ourselves, is visibly in the death throes, struggling for life with vain self-sacrifice and useless heroism against a foe who answers appeals to justice by the bayonet, repays concession by showers of bullets, and meets a patriotic despair by ordering up more Croats. We compared Denmark last week to a queenly woman dying amidst the wolves, but the comparison did her injustice. There is not a scream in her whole frame, not even a cry such as Italy sent forth under the same circumstances, nothing but that stern silence with which strong men fight up against a nevertheless inevitable wrong. The people see that despite the friendship, to gain which they have made such concessions, despite the much-vaunted regard of Europe for its own public law, despite the crave for international justice which English Liberals profess to feel, they are abandoned by all the world, abandoned because they are weak, to a foe in whose eyes weakness is the best excuse for brutality, and they are doing their work as men whose valor is not, like German fidelity, a matter of calculation. The Rigsdag, with a gloomy self-restraint that suggests what Englishmen once were, calls on the population to maintain order and trust to the honor of its Parliament: the Premier thanks the House for not distrusting a general who has failed; the king tells the people that he relies on God and them alone, and the army, forced to retreat without fighting, through snow-storms and cold such as destroyed the army of the Niemen, with the men half asleep from fatigue, and horses dropping dead under the snow, and the bitter conviction that honor and national existence had both alike been sacrificed, still struggled on, its discipline intact, "the laggards springing up at the first word from their officers."

Holstein is lost, and Schleswig; Jutland is indefensible, and the monarchy is reduced to two small islands in a sea frozen for half the year, and still the Danes utter no word of treaty or surrender. The army is massed at Düppel and in Alsens, positions from which it cannot retreat, and there awaits an attack which must end in massacre from an army treble its own numbers, and backed by nations with thirty-five times the Danish population. Since in the Indian mutinies eighteen thousand Englishmen turned at bay against the population of a continent, there has been no such spectacle. As in India, too, the assailants feel and fear the superiority of the individual Northman, and expel isolated Danish officials, hunting them out into the snow with their wives and families, as the Hindostanees hunted Englishmen, lest if they remained, the more numerous race should

again feel compelled, as by a mesmeric force, to render them obedience. Day after day, the Prussians, and the heavy allies to whom they leave the fighting, and from whom they will steal the spoil, are bringing up more troops, more artillery, more material, for a grand overwhelming rush across the Alsen Sound, are occupying Schleswig, driving their own countrymen out of Holstein, collecting peasant's rafters for firewood, ordering in boots and wheat and forage and beef to be paid for by paper warrants, and expelling newspaper agents in order that if at last unsuccessful, they may have a monopoly of the manufacture of bulletins.

The stick makes Prussians good soldiers, though they have only a silly martinet for their commander-in-chief, Düppel will be taken though every Dane should die before the works, and Prince Charles will have the glory of announcing that every Prussian who helped to win a struggle of thirty-five to one will be pointed at hereafter as "a brave man." Do they in Prussia point in astonishment at a man who is brave? Jutland is menaced already, and can be entered at will, and Denmark,—though Germans are, like the fiends of the Middle Ages, unable to cross flowing water,—may in a fortnight be, as a nation, extinct. There is no help in their proud history of nearly twelve hundred years, none in their freedom or their high character, none in the agony of courage and humiliation with which they now witness the probable extinction of their name, the certainty of their downfall from their old place among the nations. They can die, it is true, and do die, but their deaths only fertilize a soil better fertilized with dung than men, leaving the victory now, as it has been ever since history began, to the relentless and the strong. It is said, apparently with truth, that before Oversee a Danish regiment allowed an Austrian one to approach within a hundred yards and then swept away a third of them by a single discharge; but even self-restraint like that, the last and highest quality acquired by soldiership, is in this case valueless. There are Germans to spare on earth, and their leaders are flinging them away as if even they regarded them only as somewhat slow projectiles. The frightful haste of the campaign will cost the allies ten thousand lives in hospital, but then to these military despotisms what are ten thousand lives? They have

not even to pay for the substitutes the conscription sends them up, and as for opinion, correspondents can be expelled, and letters intercepted and read, and editors imprisoned for being truthful, until opinion has ceased to be an executive force.

It is, we fear, still vain to call upon the governing class to vindicate the position of Great Britain, and arrest this course of triumphant violence; but they may reasonably be asked to spare the allies whom they are deserting—because, forsooth! no man should help another, except where refusal would cost him something—the pain of dishonorable counsel. To judge by the language of some of the papers, Denmark is considered unreasonable and violent because she persists in fighting in the face of hopeless odds, and is advised to unite herself with a great Scandinavian monarchy. That is not the way in which Englishmen regard a struggle against overwhelming numbers when it is waged by themselves, or by those with whom they sympathize. The Danes, at the worst, can only be extinguished, and there are times in a nation's life, as in the life of a man, when concession is simply baseness, when there is nothing to be done but to set one's back to the wall and fight on till death or Providence close the struggle. Such an hour has arrived for Denmark, and Englishmen, if they are content to stand aloof, may at least in decency, if not from sympathy, refrain from hissing. There are men among us who despise Leonidas for defending Thermopylæ because the battle wasted arrows; but the nation has not yet reached that point of philosophic degradation. As to absorption, let Englishmen reflect with what feeling, if beaten by coalesced Europe, they would welcome a proposal to become a State of the American Union, and refrain from suggestions which seem to their objects apologies at once for treachery and for murder. In truth they are but excusing to themselves an inaction of which they are half ashamed; but while they doubt and hesitate and wait till the German powers tear off the mask and compel them too late to intervene, let them at least give to men who are dying that their country may live the poor reward of appreciation. If the amputation must be performed, and performed without hope of recovery, let the bystanders who could stop it at least seem aware that amputation involves pain.

From The Athenæum.

From the young Australian poet, Mr. Henry Kendall, whom our readers will remember, we have received another parcel of verse. Many persons, we think, must feel an interest in this singer at the Antipodes, whose verse has in it so much of youth and strength. Mr. Kendall still appears to find his best delight in sombre, tragic themes. Take this specimen from the new arrivals :—

ASTARTE.

Across the dripping ridges—
Oh, look luxurious Night !
She comes, the bright-haired beauty,—
My luminous delight :
My luminous delight !
So hush, ye shores, your roar ;
That my Soul may sleep, forgetting
Dead Love's wild Nevermore !

Astarté ! Syrian Sister !
Your face is wet with tears ;
I think you know the Secret
One heart hath held for years !
One heart hath held for years.
But hide your hapless lore,
And, my sweet—my Syrian Sister,
Dead Love's wild Nevermore !

Ah, Helen Hope in Heaven,
My queen of Long Ago,
I've swooned with adoration ;
But could not tell you so !
Or dared not tell you so,
My radiant queen of yore !
And you've passed away, and left me
Dead Love's wild Nevermore !

Astarté knoweth, darling,
Of eyes that once did weep,
What time out-wearied Passion
Hath kissed your lips in sleep :
Hath kissed your lips in sleep !
But now these tears are o'er :
Gone, my Saint, with many a moan, to
Dead Love's wild Nevermore !

If I am past all crying,
What thoughts are maddening me,
Of you, my darling, dying
Upon the lone wide Sea ?
Upon the lone wide Sea !
Ah ! hush, ye shores, your roar ;
That my soul may sleep, forgetting
Dead Love's wild Nevermore !

We also extract the following sonnets on Byron and Tennyson :—

THE STANZA OF "CHILDE HAROLD."

Who framed the stanza of "Childe Harold" ?

He

It was, who, halting on a stormy shore,
Knew well the lofty voice which evermore,
In grand distress, doth haunt the sleepless Sea,
With solemn sounds ! And as each wave did
roll

Till one came up, the mightiest of the whole,
To sweep and surge across a vacant lea,
Wild words were wedded to wild melody !

This Poet must have had a speechless sense
Of some dead Summer's boundless affluence :
Else whither can we trace the passioned lore
Of Beauty, steeping to the very core
His royal Verse, and that rare light which lies
About it, like a Sunset in the skies ?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The silvery dimness of a happy dream,
I've known of late :—Methought where Byron
moans,

Like some wild gulf in melancholy zones,
I passed, tear-blinded ! Once a lurid gleam
Of stormy sunset loitered on the Sea,
While travelling troubled, like a straitened stream,
The voice of Shelley died away from me ;—
Still sore at heart, I reached a lake-lit lea ;
And then, the green-mossed glades, with many a
grove

Where lies the calm which Wordsworth used to love ;
And lastly, Locksley Hall ; from whence did rise
A haunting Song, that blew and breathed and blew,
With rare delights :—'twas there I woke and knew
The sumptuous comfort left in drowsy eyes.

SHADOWS.

WHEN the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves ;
Then I open the inner chamber
That was closed from the dust of day,
And gently undraw the curtain
Where my holiest treasures lay.

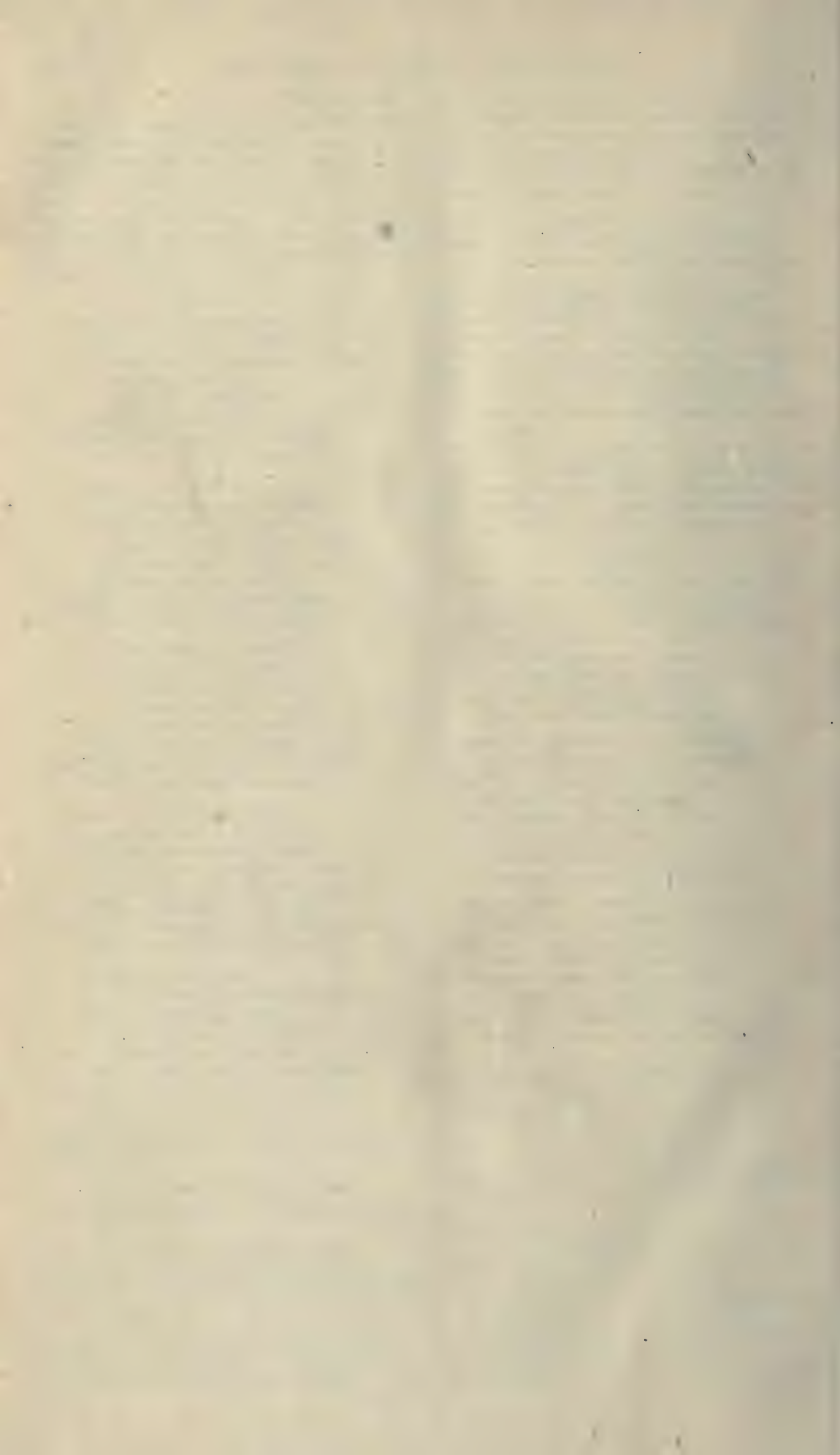
Sweet spirits that may not slumber ;
Cool shadows from lights now gone ;
And the echo of voices sounding,
All sounding for me alone.
And, blending among the others,
One echo is softer yet ;
One shadow is cooler, deeper ;
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

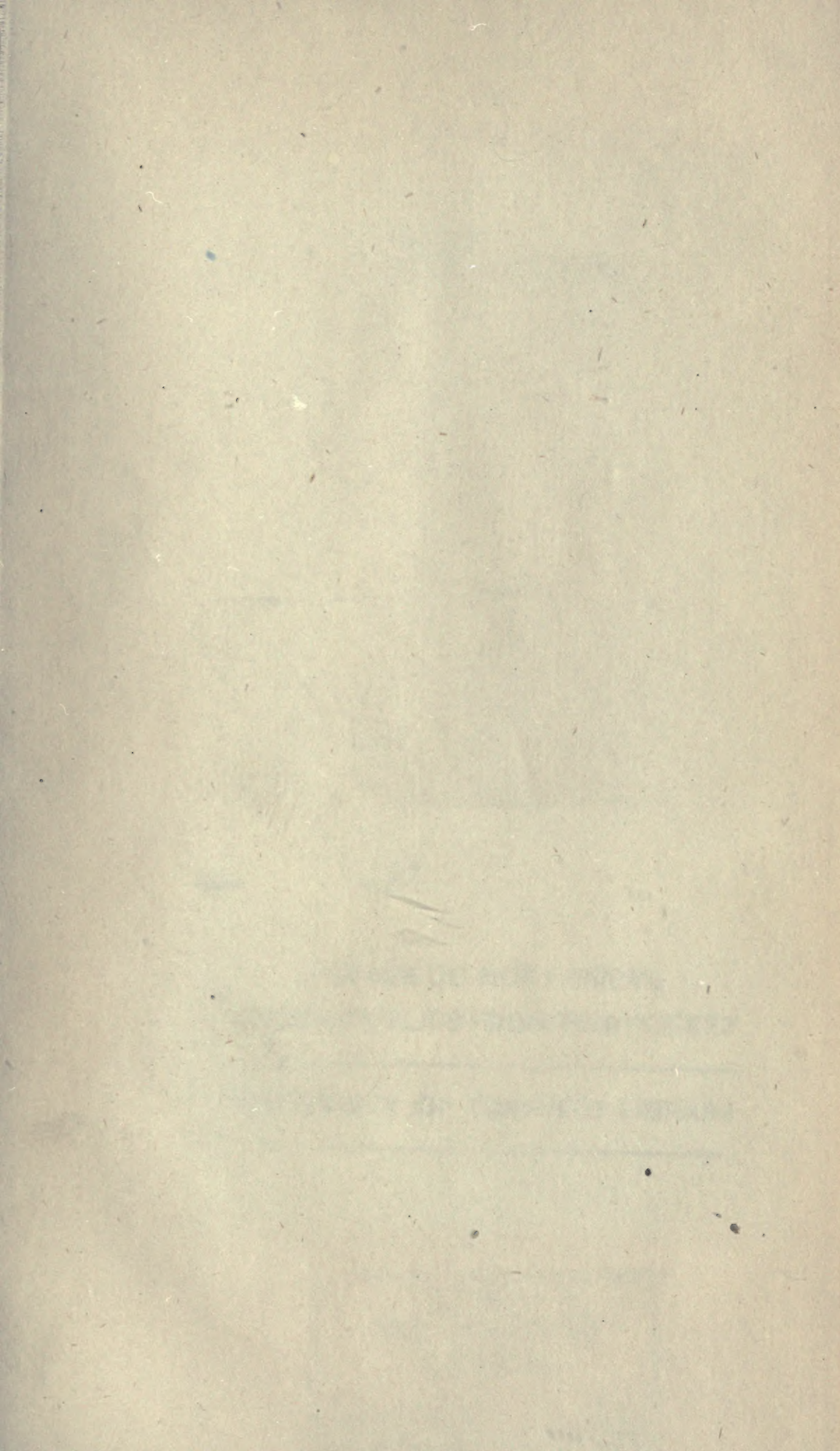
For the image I gaze on longest,
Is the image that blessed my youth ;
The angel that lit my journey
With her lamp of love and truth.
We travelled life's way together
A little while side by side ;
And when I grew faint or weary,
That light was my strength and guide.

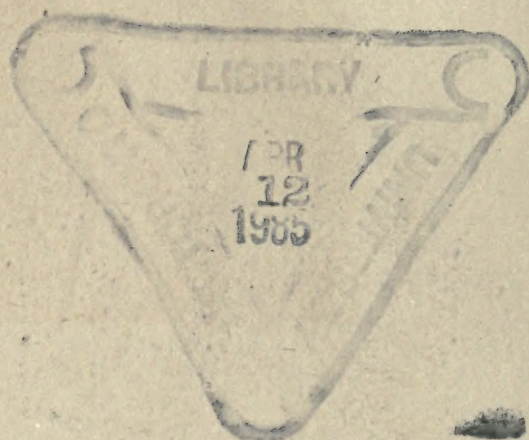
And dearer it grew—how dearer !
Till I watched it wane and fade :
And my angel said, as we parted,
Be patient, be not afraid.
And when I am sick and weary
With the heat and the dust of the day,
How the sense of her words comes o'er me,—
Her words ere she went away.

And I ask for a patient wisdom,
As I journey the way alone ;
Till I tread on the golden threshold
Of the heaven where she is gone.
When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves.

—From *Winter Weavings*. By Isabella Law.







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